

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Does he remember how he was hurt?"

"He declares his men mutinied, because instead of returning to New York, he had taken on a cargo for the East India company, and that the blow was given him by his first or second mate. He vows he will get well and find his ship and the rascals that stole her; and I should not wonder if he does. He has will enough for anything. Madame desires to see you, Cornelia. Can you go there with me in the morning?"

"I shall be glad to go. Madame is like no one else."

"She is not like herself at present. She has but one thought, one care, one end and aim in life—her husband."

Cornelia was taken to the dim uncanny drawing-room by Amser, and left among its ill-omened gods, and odd treasures for nearly half an hour. When madame at length came to her, she looked ten years older. Her wonderful dark eyes glowing with a soft tender fire alone remained untouched by the withering hand of anxious love. They were as vital as ever they had been, and when Cornelia said so, she answered, "That is because my soul dwells in them, and my soul is always young. I have had a year, Cornelia, to crumble the body to dust, but my soul made light of it for love's sake. Did your father tell you how much Capt. Jacobus had suffered?"

"Yes, madame."

"Poor Jacobus! Till I be key-cold dead, I shall never forget my first sight of him in that dreadful place—and then she described her overwhelming emotions when she perceived he was alike apathetic to his pauper condition, and to her love and presence. There never came a moment during the whole visit when it was possible to speak of Hyde. Madame seemed to have quite forgotten her liking for the handsome youth, it had been swallowed up in her adoring affection for her restored husband."

One morning, however, the long-looked-for topic was introduced. "I had a visit from Madame Van Heems-kirk yesterday afternoon," she said, "and the dear old Senator came with her to see Capt. Jacobus. While they talked madame told me that you had refused that handsome young fellow, her grandson. What could you mean by such stupidity, Miss Moran?"

Her voice had just that tone of indifference, mingled with sarcastic disapproval, that hurt and offended Cornelia. She felt that it was not worth while to explain herself, for madame had evidently accepted the offended grandmother's opinion and the memory of the young Lord was lively enough to make her sympathize with her supposed wrong.

"I never considered you to be a flirt," she continued, "and I am astonished. I told Madame Van Heems-kirk that I had not the least doubt Doctor Moran dictated the refusal."

"Oh, indeed," answered Cornelia, with a good deal of spirit, and some anger, "you shall not blame my father."



"I have been thoughtless, selfish—"

Hyde knew whatever of Lord Hyde's offer until I had been subjected to such insult and wrong as drove me to the grave's mouth. Only the mercy of God and my father's skill, brought me back to life."

"Yes, I think your father to be wonderfully skillful. Doctor Moran is a fine physician; Jacobus says so."

Cornelia remained silent. If madame did not feel interest sufficient in her affairs to ask for the particulars of one so nearly fatal to her, she determined not to force the subject on her. Then Jacobus rang his bell and madame flew to his room to see whether his want had received proper attention. Cornelia sat still a few moments, her heart swelling, her eyes filling with the sense of that injustice, harder to bear than any other form of wrong. She was going away, when madame returned to her and something in her eyes went to the heart of the older woman.

"I have been thoughtless, Cornelia, selfish, I dare say, but I do not wish to be so. Tell me, my dear, what has happened. Did you quarrel with George Hyde? And pray what was it about?"

"We never had one word of any kind, but words of affection. He

wrote and asked me if he could come and see my father about our marriage, on a certain night. I answered his letter with all the love that was in my heart for him, and told him to come and see my father that very night. He never came. He never sent me the least explanation. He never wrote to me, or spoke to me again."

"If what you have told me be so—and I believe it is—then I say Lord George Hyde is an intolerable scoundrel."

"I would rather not hear him spoken of in that way."

"Very well! I would rather have a man 'intolerably rude' like my nephew Rem, than one like Lord Hyde who speaks well of everybody. Upon my word, I think that is the worst kind of slander!"

"I think not."

"It is, for it takes away the reputation of good men by making all men alike. But this, that, or the other, I saw Lord Hyde in devoted attendance on Lady Annie. Give him up totally."

"I have done so," answered Cornelia. And then she felt a sudden anger at herself, so much so, that as she walked home, she kept assuring her heart with an almost passionate insistence, "I have not given him up! I will not give him up! I believe in him yet!"

CHAPTER XII.

A Heart That Waits.

Late summer on the Norfolk Broads! And where on earth can the lover of boats find a more charming resort? Close to the Manor of Hyde, the country home of Earl Hyde in Norfolk, there was one of these delightful Broads—flat as a billiard table, and hidden by the tall reeds which bordered it. But Annie Hyde lying at the open window of her room in the Manor House could see its silvery waters, and the black-sailed wherry floating on them, and the young man sitting at the prow fishing, and idling, among the lilies and languors of these hot summer days.

An aged man sat silently by her, a man of noble beauty, whose soul was in every part of his body, expressive and impressive—a fiery particle not always at its window, but when there, infecting and going through observers, whether they would or not.

There had been silence for some time between them, and he did not appear disposed to break it, but Annie longed for him to do so, because she had a mystical appetite for sacred things and was never so happy and so much at rest as when he was talking to her of them.

"Dear father," she said finally, "I have been thinking of the past years, in which you have taught me so much."

"It is better to look forward, Annie," he answered. "The traveler to Eternity must not continually turn back to count his steps, for if God be leading him, no matter how dangerous or lonely the road, He will pluck thy feet out of the net."

As he spoke these words Mary Damer entered, and she laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "My dear Doctor Roslyn, after death what then? We are not all good—what then?"

He looked at her wistfully and answered, "I will give you one thought, Mary, to ponder—the blessedness of heaven, is it not an eternity older than the misery of hell? Let your soul fearlessly follow where this fact leads it; for there is no limit to God's mercy."

Then he rose and went away, and Mary sat down in his place, and Annie gradually came back to the material plane of everyday life and duty. Indeed Mary brought this element in a very decided form with her; for she had a letter in her hand from an old lover, and she was much excited by its advent, and eager to discuss the particulars with Annie.

"It is from Capt. Seabright, who is now in Pondicherry," she explained. "He loves me, Annie. He loved me long ago, and went to India to make money; now he says he has enough and to spare; and he asks me if I have forgotten."

"There is Mr. Van Ariens to consider. You have promised to marry him, Mary. It is not hard to find the right way on this road, I think."

"Of course, I would scorn to do a dishonorable or unhandsome thing. But is it not very strange Willie Seabright should write to me at this time? How contradictory life is! I had also a letter from Mr. Van Ariens by the same mail, and I shall answer them both this evening." Then she laughed a little, and added, "I must take care and not make the mistake an American girl made, under much the same circumstances."

"What was it?" inquired Annie languidly.

"She misdirected her letters and thus sent 'No' to the man whom of all others, she wished to marry."

As Mary spoke a soft brightness seemed to pervade Annie's brain cells, and she could hardly restrain the exclamation of sudden enlightenment that rose to her lips.

"Mary," she said, "what a strange incident! Did you know the girl?"

"I saw her once in Philadelphia. Mr. Van Ariens told me about her. She is the friend of his sister the Marquise de Tournelle."

"I am sorry for that unfortunate American girl."

"So am I. She is a great beauty. Her name is Cornelia Moran; and her father is a famous physician in New York."

"And this beauty had two lovers?"

"Yes; an Englishman of noble birth; and an American. They both loved her, and she loved the Englishman. They must have both asked her hand on the same day, and she must have answered both letters in the same hour; and the letter she intended for the man she loved, went to the man she did not love. Presumably, the man she loved got the refusal she intended for the other, for he never sought her society again; and Mr. Van Ariens told me she nearly died in consequence."

"And what became of the two lovers, Mary?"

"The Englishman went back to England; and the American found another girl more kind to him."

"I wonder what made Mr. Van Ariens tell you this story?"

"He talked much of his sister, and this young lady was her chief friend and confidante."

"When did it happen?"

"A few days after his sister's marriage."

"Then the Marquise could not know of it; and so she could not have told



"Your servant, ladies."

her brother. However in the world could he have found out the mistake? Do you think the girl herself found it out?"

"That is inconceivable," answered Mary. "She would have written to her lover and explained the affair."

"Certainly. It is a very singular incident. I want to think it over—how did—Mr. Van Ariens—find—it—out, I wonder!"

"Perhaps the rejected lover confided in him."

"What did Mr. Van Ariens say about the matter? What did he think? Why did he tell you?"

"We were talking of the Marquise. The story came up quite naturally. I think Mr. Van Ariens felt sorry for Miss Moran. Of course he did. Will you listen to Capt. Seabright's letter? I had no idea it could affect me so much."

"But you loved him once?"

"Very dearly."

"Well then, Mary, I think no one has a double in love or friendship. If the loved one dies, or goes away, his place remains empty forever. We have lost feelings that he, and he only, could call up."

At this point in the conversation Hyde entered, brown and wind-blown, the scent of the sedgy water and the flowery woods about him.

"Your servant, ladies," he said gaily. "I have bream enough for a dozen families, Mary; and I have sent a string to the rectory."

(To be continued.)

The Northwest Territory.

The Canadian government has issued a census bulletin, which gives statistics as to agriculture in Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, which united comprise the Northwest Territory. The total area of these territories is 190,963,117 acres. Of this area, 75.99 per cent is unimproved. Field crops, exclusive of hay, occupy 53 per cent of the improved land, but only a fair beginning has been made with fruit trees and vegetables. The area of land in wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn, peas, potatoes and other field roots in 1891 was 194,773 acres, an increase in a decade of 333 per cent.

New Method in Photography.

Katattyp, the new method in photography, is described as follows: "Over the finished negative is poured a solution of hydro-superoxide. This leaves, after the evaporation, a uniform layer of peroxide of hydrogen. Soon the silver of the plate works upon this peroxide and produces a catalytic dissolution wherever there is silver, while in the places free from silver the peroxide remains. By this means an invisible picture of hydro-superoxide is produced upon the plate. This picture can be printed from the plate directly upon common paper, to which the image is transferred."

Danger of Gas Poisoning.

The modern method of mixing coal gas with "water gas" greatly increases the amount of carbon monoxide in the gas supplied for illumination. Hence an alarming increase in the number of cases of carbon monoxide poisoning has recently been noticed.

Good of Municipal Pawnshop.

A beneficence to the unfortunate in German cities is the municipal pawnshop.

"MEMORIAL DAY."



He was a veteran of the Civil War, a brave and fearless soldier, and his grandchildren knew that such another grandfather had never lived. Every sunny day you could see him in his wheel chair or limping painfully along, Tod and Tucker trying to help on one side, and Marthy and Emmy on the other. It troubled them not a little that grandfather, who was the bravest of the brave and the truest gentleman on the whole earth, should wear clothes that were shiny and frayed and had been worn for many, many years. For themselves they did not care; they had never done anything to merit fine clothes.

But grandfather had done so much, had been so faithful and brave and true, and he should be clad in fine raiment, it seemed to them. By hard work they had managed to gather enough nickels and dimes together to buy the wheel chair from a second-hand furniture man. It wasn't good enough for grandfather, but it was the very best they could do.

It was all Mrs. Monroe, the children's mother, and grandfather's only daughter, could do to keep the four pairs of feet covered and the four little bodies from suffering from the cold. She worked hard and long, but she never complained—not even when father left her suddenly to go to the Beautiful Country where we shall all meet some day when we are called away.

His four grandchildren were not the old man's gaily admirers by any means. He was always the center of an interested group of boys and girls, who listened with rapt attention to his wonderful tales of the war. The policemen all knew and shook hands with him, the firemen always touched their caps to him, and the car conductors smiled at him as they dashed by. Grandfather thought it was only common politeness, for he greeted everyone because he had joy in his heart, if his body was warped and bent.

Grandfather had been shot in trying to carry an important message through the lines—he was the only one who volunteered to carry the message, for it was a terribly dangerous undertaking.

What did it matter now, that he had fallen then? Was it not just as brave a deed as though he had been successful? He was the only man in the regiment brave enough to undertake it. The Monroe children knew that if one is brave and does one's very best, failure is as honorable as success.

Margie Morris lived around the cor-

ner from the Monroes, in a much finer house, and her dresses were soft and pretty and not at all like those Marthy and Emmy wore.

"Please dress me plainer, mother," she said more than once. "You see, I feel very gaudy beside Marthy and Emmy and the rest, and I wouldn't like them to feel I'm better dressed."

Margie need not have worried about her clothes, however, for the Monroe children did not care, although they admired the dainty things she wore. It was grandfather they cared about—and Marthy had no grandfather, so they gave her a share in theirs. If grandfather only had fine new clothes and comforts like other old men they would be happy indeed.

"Marthy," said one of the newcomers in the neighborhood one day, "why don't your grandfather wear his soldier cap 'stead of that shabby old felt hat?"

Marthy looked at Tod, Tod looked at Tucker and Tucker looked at Emmy. Then Emmy answered bravely: "It's because his sojer cap is moth-eaten."

"Then why don't you buy him a new other hat," persisted the newcomer. "I should think you'd be ashamed of him."

Emmy and Tod and Tucker and Marthy had tears in their eyes by this time, when Margie cried suddenly to the newcomer:

"I can beat you to the next corner!" and off they started.

"I think it was just cruel, I do!" declared Margie at supper that night. "They're just as poor as can be, and every cent has to buy food, and their dear old grandfather won't let them buy anything for him. I do wish I could help them."

"I doubt if they would accept charity," said her mother.

"Indeed they wouldn't," said Margie. Big sister Mabel spoke up:

"Didn't he ever get a pension?" she said.

"What is that?" asked Margie.

"It's money paid yearly by the government to those who are disabled in its service," explained Mabel.

The next day Margie asked Marthy about it.

"We tried to once," said Marthy, "but grandfather always said his family thought more of him than the government did, for the pension was never given him."

"Mabel says he ought to have one," said Margie thoughtfully. "Oh, Marthy—I have an idea, and if you'll promise not to tell till it's time I'll let you help."

"Cross my heart," said Marthy sol-

emny. "I'll only tell grandfather."

"But he's the most important one," cried Margie. "You must keep it a great secret."

Marthy agreed, and later two flushed faces bent over a sheet of paper, upon which Marthy was writing at Margie's dictation.

Nothing wonderful happened for a long time, though the two little girls had many talks over their "secret." It was necessary to have some help, and sister Mabel was asked for advice.

All the spring Margie and Marthy acted very mysteriously, but not a word of explanation would they make. On Decoration Day Tod and Tucker, Marthy and Emmy brushed grandfather's shabby suit, helped him to his wheel chair, and started off in the morning to the cemetery. Grandfather had never missed this yearly trip to honor the memory of his dead comrades, many of whom had gone to the Beautiful Country. He would salute beside the graves of the officers in whose regiment he served with tears in his brave old eyes; and then he would tell of their hardihood and valor. This day Margie joined the ranks, and other boys and girls, too, till there was quite a procession. Each grave was visited, and each name was read to grandfather, who remembered every man perfectly.

As grandfather's chair was turned towards home a shout in the woods attracted the attention of the little cavalcade, and there was Margie's sister Mabel running toward them and waving something high in the air.

Margie and Marthy looked at each other and gasped.

"A letter for the captain," called sister Mabel, holding out a long envelope with an official seal.

Grandfather was too surprised for words, and his eyes were too dim to see.

"Let Margie open it," whispered Marthy in his ear, "it was her idea."

So grandfather asked Margie to open it; and open it she did right there in the cemetery, among the graves of many of the brave soldiers. And what was it? A document that told of a pension for grandfather! And that meant enough money to keep him clothed and comfortable all the rest of his life.

"And Margie got it!" cried Marthy, anxious to give her friend all the glory. "She wrote to the President herself, and he answered her letter, grandfather; isn't it beautiful?"

Grandfather's eyes were dim with tears of joy. Slowly he rose from his wheel chair, and, standing erect on his crippled feet, he saluted little Margie in the stately way that he saluted his general's grave.

What cheering there was, and what a happy cavalcade danced home, each in turn pushing grandfather's chair. Margie never forgot that day, and her most valued possession is a beautiful letter from the President himself, thanking her for her interest in one of the country's heroes.

"Cross my heart," said Marthy sol-