THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Poor little fish!" answered Annie. "They could not cry out, or plead with you, or beg for their lives, because they were dumb and opened not their mouths, they were wounded and strangled to death."

"Don't say such things, Annie. How can I enjoy my sport if you do?"

"I don't think you ought to enjoy sport which is murder. You have your wherry to sail, is not that sport enough? I have heard you say nothing that floats on fresh water, can beat a Norfolk wherry."

Then Hyde and Mary had a game of battledore, and she watched them tossing the gayly painted corks, until amid their light laughter and merry talk she fell asleep. And when she awakened it was sunset, and there was no one in her room but her maid. She had slept long, but in spite of its refreshment, she had a sense of something uneasy. Then she recalled the story Mary Damer had told her, and because she comprehended the truth, she was instantly at rest. The whole secret was clear as daylight to her. She was positive Rem Van Ariens was himself the thief of her cousin's love and happiness, and the bringer of grief—almost of death—to Cornelia. She said to herself, "I shall not be long here, and before I go away I must put right love's wrong."

She would write to Cornelia. Her word would be indisputable. Then she would dismiss the subject from her conversations with Mary, until Cornelia's answer arrived; nor until that time would she say a word of her suspicions to Hyde. In pursuance of these resolutions the following letter to Cornelia left Hyde Manor for New York the next mail:

"To Miss Cornelia Moran:

"Because you are very dear to one of my dear kindred, and because I feel that you are worthy of his great love, I also love you. Will you trust me now? There has been a sad mistake. I believe I can put it right. You must recollect the day on which George Hyde wrote asking you to fix an hour when he could call on Doctor Moran about your marriage. Did any other lover ask you on that day to marry him? Was that other lover Mr. Van Ariens? Did you write to both about the same time? If so, you misdirected your letters, and the one intended for Lord Hyde went to Mr. Van Ariens, and the one intended for Mr. Van Ariens went to Lord Hyde. Now you will understand many things.

"Can you send to me, for Lord Hyde, a copy of the letter you intended for him. When I receive it, you may content your heart. Delay not to answer this; why should you delay your happiness? I send you as love gifts my thoughts, desires, prayers, all that is best in me, all that I give to one high in my esteem, and whom I wish to place high in my affection. This to your hand and heart, with all sincerity. Annie Hyde."

She calculated her letter would reach Cornelia about the end of September, and she thought how pleasantly the hope it brought would brighten her life. And without permitting Hyde

With clothing of every description.

to suspect any change in his love affair, she very often led the conversation to Cornelia, and to the circumstances of her life. Hyde was always willing to talk on this subject, and thus she learned so much about Arenta, and Madame Jacobus, and Rem Van Ariens, that the people became her familiars.

Certainly the letter sent to Cornelia sped on its way all the more rapidly and joyfully for the good wishes and unselfish prayers accompanying it. The very ship might have known it was the bearer of good tidings, for if there had been one of the mighty angels whose charge is on the great deep at the helm of the Good Intent she could not have gone more swiftly and surely to her haven. One morning, nearly a week in advance of Annie's calculation, the wonderful letter was put into Cornelia's hand. The handwriting was strange, it was an English letter, what could it mean?

Let any one who has loved and been parted from the beloved by some misunderstanding, try to realize what it meant to Cornelia. She read it through in an indescribable hurry and emotion, and then in the most natural and womanly way, began to cry. There was only one wonderful thought she could entertain—it was not the fault of Joris. This was the assurance that turned her joyful tears into gladder smiles, and that made her step light as a bird on the wing, as she ran down the stairs to find her mother; for her happiness was not perfect till she shared it with the heart that had borne her sorrow, and carried her grief through many weary months with her.

In the first hours of her recovered gladness she did not even remember Rem's great fault, nor yet her own carelessness. These things were only accidentals, not worthy to be taken into account while the great sweet hope that had come to her, flooded like a springtide every nook and corner of her heart. In such a mood how easy it was to answer Annie's letter. She recollected every word she had written to Hyde that fateful day, and she wrote them again with a tenfold joy.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Return of Joy.

Now it is very noticeable that when unusual events begin to happen in any life, there is a succession of such events, and not unfrequently they arrive in similar ways. At any rate, about ten days after the receipt of Annie's letter, Cornelia was almost equally amazed by the receipt of another letter—a piece of paper twisted carelessly but containing these few pregnant words:

"Cornelia, dear, come to me. Bring me something to wear. I have just arrived, saved by the skin of my teeth, and I have not a decent garment of any kind to put on. Arenta."

A thunderbolt from a clear sky could hardly have caused such surprise, but Cornelia did not wait to talk about the wonder. She loaded a maid with clothing of every description, and ran across the street to her friend. Arenta saw her coming, and met her with a cry of joy, and as Van Ariens was sick and trembling with the sight of his daughter, and the tale of her sufferings, Cornelia persuaded him to go to sleep, and leave Arenta to her care. Poor Arenta, she was ill with the privations she had suffered, she was half-starved, and nearly without clothing, but she did not complain much until she had been fed, and bathed, and "dressed," as she said, "like a New York woman ought to be."

"You know what trunks and trunks full of beautiful things I took away with me, Cornelia," she complained; "well, I have not a rag left. I have nothing left at all."

"Your husband, Arenta?"

"He was guillotined."

"Oh, my dear Arenta!"

"Guillotined. I told him to be quiet. I begged him to go over to Marat, but no! his nobility obliged him to stand by his order and his king. So for them he died. Poor Athanase! He expected me to follow him, but I could not make up my mind to the knife. Oh, how terrible it was!" Then she began to sob bitterly, and Cornelia let her talk of her sufferings until she fell into a sleep—a sleep, easy to see, still hunted by the furies and terrors through which she had passed.

For a week Cornelia remained with her friend and Madame Jacobus joined them as often as possible, and gradually the half-distraught woman recovered something of her natural spirits and resolution. Of course with many differences. She could not be the same Arenta, she had outlived many of her illusions. She took but little interest for a while in the life around her. Rem she did talk about, but chiefly because he was going to marry an English girl, an intention she angrily deplored.

"I am sure," she said, "Rem might have learned a lesson from my sad fortune. What does he want to marry a foreigner for? He ought to have prevented me from doing so, instead of following my foolish example."

"No one could have prevented you, Arenta. You would not listen even to your father."

"Oh, indeed, it was my fate. We must all submit to fate. Why did you refuse Rem?"

"He was not my fate, Arenta."

"Well, then, neither is George Hyde your fate. Aunt Jacobus has told me some things about him. She says he is to marry his cousin. You ought to marry Rem."

As she said these words Van Ariens, accompanied by Joris Van Heemskirk, entered the room, and Cornelia was glad to escape. She knew that Arenta would again relate all her experiences, and she disliked to mingle them with her renewed dreams of love and her lover.

"She will talk and talk," said Cornelia to her mother, "and then there will be tea and chocolate and more talk, and I have heard all I wish to hear about that dreadful city, and the demons who walk in blood. Senator Van Heemskirk came in with her father as I left."

"I hope he treated you more civilly than madame did."

"He was delightful. I courtesied to him, and he lifted my hand and kissed it, and said, 'I grew lovelier every day,' and I kissed his cheek and said, 'I wished always to be lovely in his sight.' Then I came home, because I would not, just yet, speak of George to him."

"Arenta would hardly have given you any opportunity. I wonder at what hour she will release Joris Van Heemskirk!"

"It will be later than it ought to be."

Indeed it was so late that Madame Van Heemskirk had locked up her house for the night, and was troubled at her husband's delay—even a little cross.

"An old man like you, Joris," she said in a tone of vexation—"sitting till nine o'clock with the last runaway from Paris; a cold you have already, and all for a girl that threw her senses behind her, to marry a Frenchman."

"Much she has suffered, Lysbet."

"Much she ought to suffer. And I believe not in Arenta Van Ariens' suffering."

"I will sit a little by the fire, Lysbet. Sit down by me. My mind is full of her story. Bitter fears and suffering she has come through. Her husband was guillotined last May, and from her home she was taken—no time to write to a friend—no time to save anything she had, except a string of pearls, which round her waist for many weeks she had worn. Hungry and sick upon the floor of her prison she was sitting, when her name was called; for bead after bead of her pearl necklace had gone to her jailor, only for a little black bread and a cup of milk twice a day; and this morning for twenty-four hours she had been without food or milk."

"The poor little one! What did she do?"

"When in that terrible iron arm-

"Arenta Jefferson de Tournnerre."

chair before those bloody judges, she says she forgot then to be afraid. She had no dress to help her beauty, but she declares she never felt more beautiful, and well I can believe it. They asked her name, and my Lysbet, think of this child's answer! 'I am called Arenta Jefferson de Tournnerre," she said, and at the name of 'Jefferson' there were exclamations, and one of the jurymen rose to his feet and asked excitedly, 'What is it you mean? Jefferson! The great Jefferson! The great Thomas Jefferson! The great American who loves France and Liberty?' 'It is the same,' she answered, and then she sat silent, asking no favor, so wise was she, and Fouquier-Tinville looked at the President and said, 'Among my friends I count this great American!' and a juryman added, 'When I was poor and hungry he fed and helped me,' and he bowed to Arenta as he spoke. When questioned further she answered, 'I adore Liberty, I believe in France, I married a Frenchman, for Thomas Jefferson told me I was coming to a great nation and might trust both its government and its generosity. They were all extremely polite to her, and gave her at once the papers which permitted her to leave France. The next day a little money she got from Minister Morris, but a very hard passage she had home."

"After all, it was a lie she told Joris."

(To be continued.)

IT WAS HIS LAST "MASH."

Young Lady's Remark Too Much for Elderly Gallant.

A handsome gentleman of 60, who looks much younger and still retains an eye for the beautiful in the fair sex and a tender fluttering of the heart when the ladies glance his way, got into a street car in company with his son, a grown young man. A striking feature of the elderly gallant is an extremely long and full goatee and big, flowing mustaches. The gentleman found a seat directly opposite two unusually attractive young ladies, immediately beside whom the son found his seat.

In a few moments the girls were glancing often at the old gentleman and chattering together in great glee. The gentleman hugged himself mentally, but restrained his emotions in the presence of his son. On leaving the car the son said:

"Say, Governor, I've got a good one on you."

"Well, what is it, my son?"

"Why, one of those girls next to me said: 'What a funny looking thing that old man is over there.' To which the other replied: 'Yes, isn't he? He looks like a goat!'"

That was the old man's last "mash."

Progressive.

Giles—"By the way, what became of that fellow Skinnem who was in the coal business here last winter?"

Miles—"Oh, he sold out about a month ago and went to Arizona. Last I heard of him he was in jail for robbing a stage coach."

Giles—"In other words, he evoluted from a light weighman to a highwayman."

DUE TO PROTECTION

FACTS REGARDING DOMESTIC PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURE.

In Spite of Wages Twice as High as in England and Three Times as High as in Belgium the Cost to the Consumer Has Been Greatly Lowered.

A Republican member of Congress from Minnesota has forwarded to the American Economist a postal card which has been circulated all over the State of Minnesota and has been printed in many newspapers. It has also found its way into print outside of Minnesota, the Republican of Springfield, Mass., having recently used it as the text of an editorial adverse to protection. The postal card emanates from a Minneapolis business house, and is as follows:

"If there was no duty to be paid on imported plate glass, based on today's market, an ordinary store front would cost $100, f. o. b. Minneapolis. The same store front, with the present tariff added, costs $275, the consumer being obliged to pay $175 extra for duty, which is the "protection" given to the trust. As plate glass is manufactured entirely by machines, no skilled labor entering therein (and machines are operated about as cheap in America as in Europe), it must be clear to any one that the trust is not entitled to such enormous and unreasonable "protection" as it has at present at the expense of the consumers of plate glass. Your truly,

"Foreman, Ford & Co."

This is the customary form of argument chosen by free traders as a reason for urging the removal of the protective tariff from all competitive imports. In the case of plate glass there is a semblance of truth on the surface of the statement that if there was no duty to be paid, a store front which now costs $275 would cost $100 in Minneapolis. Undoubtedly the store front would be cheaper without a tariff than with a tariff—to begin with. But how long would it stay cheaper? That is the question. Twenty-five years ago, before a protective tariff had helped to establish that industry, we imported all our plate glass. It sold then at an average of $2.50 per square foot. Today the average price per square foot is forty cents. With the cost of labor in the United States twice as high as it is in Great Britain and three times as high as it is in Belgium—the exact figures in support of this statement may be found in the testimony taken before the Industrial Commission in December, 1900—abolish the protective tariff, and who would make the plate glass consumed in the United States? Answer: It would be made in countries where wages are one-half or one-third what they are in the United States. Either that, or the American wage rate would have to be reduced to one-half or one-third of what it now is.

It is, after all, almost wholly a question of wages. The Minneapolis postal card seeks to convey the impression that the labor cost in plate glass making is a minor quantity, practically a negligible quantity, since the work is done "entirely by machines." This is a flagrant perversion of the truth. The wage cost in plate glass manufacture is 48 per cent of the total cost of production, as sworn to before the Industrial Commission.

We have said that in the absence of a protective tariff the selling price of plate glass in the United States would probably be reduced, to begin with. How long would lower prices remain after all the mills making plate glass in this country were closed up? Before we had any mills the foreigners charged us five or six times what we now pay for plate glass. They did the same thing with tin plate before protection gave us our tin plate mills. They would do it again if home production were crushed out of existence by the removal of the tariff.

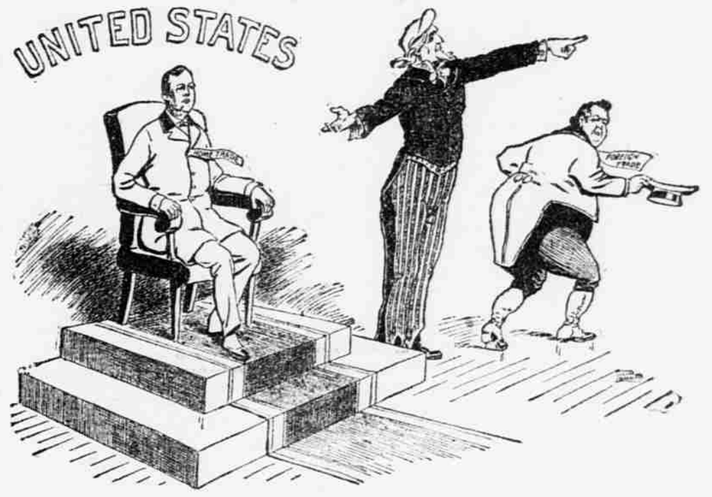
Just now the foreigners are selling plate glass very cheaply in the United States. All the foreign factories are operating on an agreed plan, whereunder great discounts are granted on exports to the United States. For example, while the discount on Belgian polished plate glass sent to England is 10 per cent off the list price, on Belgian glass exported to the United States the discount is 40 and 5 per cent., making a difference in price of 58 per cent. In France the local price of polished plate glass is at least 100 per cent higher than the price obtained for the same glass when shipped to the United States. They make this country their dumping ground by means of cut prices, and our imports of plate glass in consequence increased from 368,797 square feet in 1898 to 1,590,350 square feet in 1900.

The American railroads, strangely in sympathy with foreign production, help along the dumping ground and cut price game by charging 25 cents per 100 pounds more on plate glass shipped from Pittsburg to Minneapolis than on plate glass shipped from Antwerp in Belgium to Minneapolis—that is, they charge twenty-five cents per 100 pounds more for a haul of 1,000 miles than for a haul of 5,000 miles. See testimony before the Inter-State Commerce Commission, January, 1903. They are charging precisely the same rate on domestic glass that they charged when the selling price was four or five times higher than it is. This rank robbery and discrimination is an additional reason why domestic plate glass makers need a protective tariff to enable them to compete with foreigners.

The rate in the Dingley tariff on all sizes of plate glass from 24x30 inches up is precisely the rate in the Wilson Democratic free trade tariff of 1894. On these sizes the existing rate of duty is 2½ to 15 cents per square foot lower than the McKinley tariff rate of 1890.

As to trust monopoly in plate glass production the case is very different from what it is generally supposed to be. Three years ago the Pittsburg Plate Glass company produced about 72½ per cent, of our domestic plate glass. Then there were but three "independent" factories. To-day that number has increased to twelve, and the percentage of the Pittsburg company has been cut down to probably less than 60 per cent of the total output. To-day six-sevenths of the plate glass used in this country is supplied by domestic labor and industry. To the extent of six-sevenths the republic is doing its own work in the production of plate glass, and is employing thousands of American workmen at wages twice as high as the wages paid in England, and more than three times as high as the wages paid in Belgium. And the price of plate glass to-day is about one-sixth what it was prior to the establishment of the industry in the United States through the operation of a protective tariff.

If the enormous discounts which European makers grant on exports to this country were abolished; if the selling price for export were the same that it is for local consumption in Europe, instead of being one-half; and if American railroads were not in a conspiracy to help foreigners capture this market by charging considerably less to haul plate glass from Antwerp to Minneapolis than from Pittsburg to Minneapolis—in short, if there was a fair field and no favor, there would be little ground for complaint as to the influence of the tariff on the market price of plate glass. As the case stands there is little ground for complaint so far as any tariff-protected trust is concerned. There is an abundance of competition in plate glass production, and in view of the heavy advances that have taken place in wages and the cost of raw materials, current prices of plate glass would not seem to be excessive or unreasonable. This country is making its own plate glass and it will keep on doing it.—American Economist.



DOMESTIC TRADE THE REAL KING.

Not Very Broad Ground.

It is probably a demonstrable fact that any treaty of reciprocity that could be negotiated would injure some industries in the United States. The question is whether we would derive compensating benefits to an extent sufficient to warrant the sacrifice. On this question radical differences of opinion are bound to exist, even among protectionists. The preponderance of opinion in the Senate (and no doubt throughout the country) is clearly against the ratification of these treaties. The Cuban treaty appears to be the only one which has any real fighting chance for ratification, and the fate of that, as we have said, is doubtful. It will be ratified, if at all, chiefly because it is the personal desire of the President to have it ratified. This, it must be confessed, is not very broad ground for action on an important question of public policy.—Los Angeles Times.

Has Had a Wholesome Effect.

Altogether, the effect of the tariff utterances of the President and members of his cabinet seems to have been wholesome in Iowa. There is a prospect that the Republicans of that State will be able to meet upon common ground at their coming convention. They should then exhibit a degree of harmony in contrast with the Kilkenny fight that the Democratic state convention will repeat over the approval of Bryan's Kansas City platform.—New York Mail and Express.

SORROW ENOUGH FOR TWO.

World Wise Stonecutter Proved He Knew His Business.

"That a man may be an artist in any profession, no matter how lowly, was brought to my attention in an amusing manner last summer when I was visiting a little country town in England," said the Tourist Girl.

"There was a stonecutter in the town whose reputation was great among the people as a designer of tombstones and a writer of appropriate epitaphs to put upon the stones. One day a disconsolate widow came to him with a request for a headstone for her departed husband which should bear this inscription:

"'My sorrow is Greater Than I Can Bear.'

"Being a wise man, aware of the frailties of the human heart, he took care to leave space on the stone so that more could be added at any time.

"A year later the widow made him another visit. She was about to remarry, and wanted him to efface the inscription on the stone and write a more fitting one.

"'No need for that, ma'am,' was the reply. 'I allays looks to contingencies when there's widders left. All that's wanted to that inscription is just one word put at the end of the others, in the space left there."

"And the revised epitaph read as follows:

"My Sorrow is Greater Than I Can Bear Alone."

HAD AN EXCELLENT REASON.

Youngster Tells Why He Thinks Versifier Was Wrong.

Robert is a bright little chap of five years. "We are the best of friends," said a neighbor, "and he often runs in to see me. He likes to have me read to him and is particularly fond of Gelett Burgess's rhymes.

"The other day I happened to run across this little verse and took it to his home to read to him:

'I'd rather have fingers than toes;
I'd rather have ears than a nose.
And as to my hair
I'm glad it's all there,
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.'

"I read no further than the second line—'I'd rather have ears than a nose'—when Robert burst out with:

"I wouldn't. I wouldn't rather have ears than a nose.'

"Wondering what possible reason this small critic could have for disagreeing so emphatically with his friend Mr. Burgess, I ventured to ask:

"'Why is it, Robert, that you fouldn't rather have ears than a nose?'

"'Cause they're harder to wash.'"

Her Smile.

Of all her smiles the dearest
Is that which takes its rise
Where love shines forth the clearest—
In and about her eyes.

It sparkles there and wrinkles,
Then slyly downward goes;
While tiny little wrinkles
Nestle about her nose.

Its sweetness unabating,
At last it lightly slips
To where, impatient, waiting,
I kiss it—on her lips.

The Source of Supply.

At last the doctor consented to smile, the nurse was already laughing; the shadow had lifted from the sickroom, and everything was well, and after profusely bathing her eyes Aunt Jennie came down to the breakfast table where her two small nieces were seated, wondering what had turned the house to topsy-turvy that morning.

"Guess what I know, girlies!" she said, gayly. "There is a little baby brother upstairs. He came this morning when you were asleep. What do you think of that?"

"Did he?" exclaimed the sharp-eyed Edith. "Then I know who brought him."

"You do?"

"Yes, it was the milkman. It said so on his cart yesterday."

"Said what?" asked Aunt Jennie in astonishment.

"Why, 'Families supplied daily'!" was the quick reply.

Benevolence in Dictionary Terms.

A benevolent woman made a tour of Cherry Hill. To every family who could be induced to listen she said something like this:

"The value of cleanliness can hardly be over-estimated. It is well known that fevers and diseases are far more prevalent in countries where little attention is paid to hygiene. This is especially the case in hot weather, when all kinds of germs multiply rapidly. The plentiful use of water is one of the greatest preventives of disease, and by cleansing the pores of the skin of waste matter and dust and dirt keeps the blood cool and clean and much less liable to infection."

A majority of the women listened stolidly to the oration; some smiled, others grunted. But she persevered in her self-imposed mission, and was only routed by the shrill cries of a dirty-faced urchin, who shrieked delightedly: "Hey, fellers, come an' hear the dopy lady wot swallowed the dickshunary!"—New York Press.

Buncoing the Innocent Babe.

Little Margery ran into the house, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed.

"Mama," she cried, "mama, can anybody be arrested for cheating a baby?"

"Why," answered he mother, "why do you want to know?"

"Well," said the little girl, "I saw the lady next door fixing the baby's bottle for him, and she put a lot of water in it!"

Tyranny is always weakness.—Lowell.