

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"That is so, but I think her life was worth a few words. And Thomas Jefferson says she was ten thousand times welcome to the protection his name gave her. I thank my God I have never had such temptation. Over-righteous we must not be, Lysbet."

"I am astonished, also. I thought Arenta would cry out and that only."

"What a man or a woman will do and suffer, and how they will do and suffer, no one knows till comes some great occasion. All the human heart wants is the chance."

"As men and women have in Paris to live, I wonder me, that they can wish to live at all! Welcome to them must be death."

"So wrong are you, Lysbet. Trouble and hardship make us love life. A zest they give to it. It was not from the Jews in exile and captivity, but from the Jews of Solomon's glory came the only dissatisfied, hopeless words in the Bible."

"To-morrow, Joris, I will go and see Arenta. She is fair, and she knows it; witty, and she knows it; of good courage, and she knows it; the fashion, and she knows it. To Aurelia Van Zandt she said, my heart will ache forever for my beloved Athanase, and Aurelia says that her old lover Willie Nicholls is at her feet sitting all the day long—yet for all these things she is a brave woman and I will go and see her."

"Willie Nicholls is a good young man, and he is rich also; but of him I saw nothing at all. Cornelia Moran was there and no flower of Paradise is so sweet, so fair!"

"A very proud girl! I am glad she said 'no' to my Joris."

"Come, my Lysbet, we will now pray and sleep. There is so much not to say."

CHAPTER XIV.

The New Days Come.

One afternoon in the late autumn Annie was sitting watching Hyde playing with his dog, a big mastiff of noble birth and character. The creature sat erect with his head leaning against Hyde, and Hyde's arm was thrown around his neck as he talked to him of their adventures on the Broad that day.

Outside there was in the air that November feeling which chills like the passing breath of death. But in the house Annie and Hyde and the dog sat within the circle of warmth and light made by the blazing ash logs, and in that circle there was at least an atmosphere of sweet content. Suddenly George looked up and his eyes caught those of Annie watching him.

"What have you been reading, Annie?" he asked, as he stooped forward and took a thin volume from her lap.

"Why!" he cried, "'tis Paul and Virginia. Do you read love stories?"

"Yes. The mystery of a love affair pleases every one, and I think we shall not tire of love stories till we are of the mystery of spring, or of primroses and daffodils."

"Love has been cruel to me. It has made a cloud on my life that will help to cover me in my grave."

"You still love Cornelia?"

"I cannot cure myself of a passion so hopeless. However, as I see no end to my unhappiness, I try to submit to what I cannot avoid."

"My uncle grows anxious for you to marry. He would be glad to see the succession of Hyde assured."

"Oh, indeed, I have no mind to take a wife. I hear every day that some of my acquaintance have married; I hear of none that have done worse."

"You believe nothing of what you say. My uncle was much pleased



"It is from Cornelia," with Sarah Capel. What did you think of the beauty?"

"Cornelia has made all other women so indifferent to me, that if I cannot marry her, my father may dispose of me as he chooses."

"Cannot you forget Cornelia?"

"It is impossible. Her very name moves me beyond words."

Then they were silent, and Hyde drew his dog closer and watched the blaze among some lighter branches, which a servant had just brought in. At his entrance he had also given Annie a letter, which she was eagerly reading. Hyde had no speculation about it; and even when he found Annie regarding him with her whole

soul in her face, he failed to understand, as he always had done, the noble love which had been so long and so faithfully his—a love holding itself above endearments; self-repressed, self-sacrificing, kept down in the inmost heart-chamber a dignified prisoner behind very real bars. Yet he was conscious that the letter was of more than usual interest, and when the servant had closed the door be-



His eyes ran over the sweet words, and he asked, "Whom is your letter from, Annie? It seems to please you very much."

She leaned forward to him, with the paper in her little trembling hand, and said:

"It is from Cornelia."

"My God!" he ejaculated, and the words were fraught with such feeling, as could have found no other vehicle of expression.

"She has sent you, dear George, a copy of the letter you ought to have received more than two years ago. Read it."

His eyes ran rapidly over the sweet words, his face flamed, his hands trembled, he cried out impetuously:

"But what does it mean? Am I quite in my senses? How has this letter been delayed? Why do I get only a copy?"

"Because Mr. Van Ariens has the original."

"It is all incredible. What do you mean, Annie? Do not keep me in such torturing suspense."

"It means that Mr. Van Ariens asked Cornelia to marry him on the same day that you wrote to her about your marriage. She answered both letters in the same hour, and misdirected them."

"God's death! How can I punish so mean a scoundrel? I will have my letter from him, if I follow him round the world for it."

"You have your letter now. I asked Cornelia to write it again for you; and you see she has done it gladly."

"Angel of goodness! But I will have my first letter."

"It has been in that man's keeping for more than two years. I would not touch it. 'T would infect a gentleman and make of him a rascal just as base."

"He shall write me then an apology in his own blood. I will make him do it, at the point of my sword. Remember, Annie, what this darling girl suffered. For his treachery she nearly died. I speak not of my own wrong—it is as nothing to hers."

"However, she might have been more careful."

"Annie, she was in the happy hour of love. Your calm soul knows not what a confusing thing that is—she made a mistake, and that sneaking villain turned her mistake into a crime. By a God's mercy, it is found out—but how? Annie! Annie, how much I owe you! What can I say? What can I do?"

"Be reasonable. Mary Damer really found it out. His guilty conscience forced him to tell her the story, though to be sure, he put the wrong on people he did not name. But I knew so much of the mystery of your love sorrow, as to put the stories together, and find them fit. Then I wrote to Cornelia."

"How long ago?"

"About two months."

"Why then did you not give me hope ere this?"

"I would not give you hope, till hope was certain. Two years is a long time in a girl's life. It was a possible thing for Cornelia to have forgotten—to have changed."

"Impossible! She could not forget. She could not change. Why did you not tell me? I should have known her heart by mine own."

"I wished to be sure," repeated Annie, a little more sadly.

"Forgive me, dear Annie. But this news throws me into an unspeakable condition. You see that I must leave for America at once."

"No. I do not see that, George."

"But if you consider—"

"I have been considering for two months. Let me decide for you now, for you are not able to do so wisely. Write at once to Cornelia; that is your duty as well as your pleasure. But before you go to her there are things indispensable to be done. Will you ask Doctor Moran for his child, and not be able to show him that you can care for her as she deserves to be

cared for? Lawyers will not be hurried, there will be consultations, and engrossings, and signings, and love—in your case—will have to wait upon law."

"'Tis hard for love, and harder perhaps for anger to wait. For I am in a passion of wrath at Van Ariens. I long to be near him. Oh, what suffering his envy and hatred have caused others!"

"And himself also."

"The man is hateful to me."

"He has done a thing that makes him hateful. I hear your father coming. I am sure you will have his sympathy in all things."

She left the room as the Earl entered it. He was in unusually high spirits. Some political news had delighted him, and without noticing his son's excitement he said:

"The Commons have taken things in their own hands, George. I said they would. They listen to the king and the Lords very respectfully, and then obey themselves. Most of the men in the Lower House are unfit to enter it."

"Well, sir, the Lords as a rule send them there—you have sent three of them yourself. But the government is not interesting. I have something else, father, to think about. I have very important news from America. Will you listen to it?"

"Yes, if you will tell it to me straight, and not blunder about your meaning."

"Sir, I have just discovered that a letter sent to me more than two years ago has been knowingly and purposely detained from me."

"Did the letter contain means of identifying it as belonging to you?"

"Ample means."

"Then the man is outside your recognition. You might as well go to the Bridewell and seek a second among its riff-raff scoundrels. Tell me shortly whom it concerns."

"Miss Moran."

"Oh, indeed! Are we to have that subject opened again?"

His face darkened, and George, with an impetuosity that permitted no interruption, told the whole story. As he proceeded the Earl became interested, then sympathetic. He looked with moist eyes at the youth so dear to him, and saw that his heart was filled with the energy and tenderness of his love. He felt that his son had rights all his own, and that he must cheerfully and generously allow them.

"George," he answered, "you have won my approval. What do you wish to do?"

"I am going to America by the next packet."

"You desire to see Miss Moran without delay, that is very natural."

"Yes, sir. I am impatient also to get my letter."

"I think that of no importance."

"What would you have done in my case, and at my age, father?"

"Something extremely foolish. I should have killed the man, or been killed by him. I hope that you have more sense. What does Annie say?"

"Annie is an angel. I walk far below her—and I hate the man who has so wronged—Cornelia. I think, sir, you must also hate him."

"I hate nobody. God send, that I may be treated the same. George, you have flashed your sword into a noble quarrel, will you now stain it with the blood of a man below your anger or consideration?"

"What do you wish me to do, sir?"

"I advise you to write to Miss Moran at once. Tell her you are more anxious now to redeem your promise, than ever you were before. Say to her that I already look upon her as a dear daughter, and am taking immediate steps to settle upon you the American Manor, and also such New York property as will provide for the maintenance of your family in the state becoming your order and your expectations. Tell her that my lawyers will go to this business to-morrow, and that as soon as the deeds are in your hand, you will come and ask for the interview with Doctor Moran, so long and cruelly delayed."

(To be continued.)

BORESOMENESS OF A BEGINNER.

Why Robinson Was Deserted by His Acquaintances.

Ruggles—Poor old Robinson! It's sad, the saddest thing in the world, perhaps, to see a man deliberately alienate his friends, estrange his family, and make himself an outcast and a horror to everybody, and do it simply to gratify a whim, too.

Struggles—Why, what do you mean? I saw him not so very many days ago, and he seemed perfectly happy, and he told me he never was more prosperous in all his life.

Ruggles—Yes, that's just it. Poor fellow! He's one of those weak-kneed men who can't stand prosperity, apparently. As soon as they get a few dollars—well, you know the rest.

Struggles—Do you mean he's drinking too much?

Ruggles—No. No, indeed. It's possible to feel some sympathy for a man who can't resist temptation. But poor old Robinson! It's different with him.

Struggles—You can't mean that he's in the toils of a siren? He's too devoted a husband and father for such an escapade.

Ruggles—No. Oh, no. One could wean him perhaps in time from such a miserable infatuation, if it were possible to think of him in such an engagement. But there seems to be no hope in his case.

Struggles—You certainly can't mean that he has—

Ruggles—Yes; that's exactly what he has. Bought it last week. Good heavens, here he comes now! Hurry up and get out of this, or he'll be talking automobile to us for the next five hours.—New York Times.

WATERS RECEDE FROM THE FLOODED CITIES.

Danger Considered Over in Kansas City and Topeka—St. Louis in Fear of Disastrous Flood—Three Lives Already Lost in Vicinity.

The latest reports from Kansas City show that the danger from the flood is over and the stricken inhabitants are counting up their losses in lives and property. There are about 27,600 people temporarily homeless, distributed as follows: Argentine, 2,000; Armourdale, 16,000; Kansas City, Kan., 4,000; Kansas City, Mo., 5,000; Harlem, 600.

The rain ended June 2 and blue sky was visible for the first time in a week. The waterworks have resumed operations and gas already has been turned into the mains. This affected Kansas City in Missouri only, and across the river the situation is more gloomy and the needs far greater.

A feature of the flood now regarded as important is the prospective change in the courses of both the Missouri and the Kaw rivers.

TOPEKA CALLS FOR AID.

Unable to Cope Alone with the Fearful Calamity.

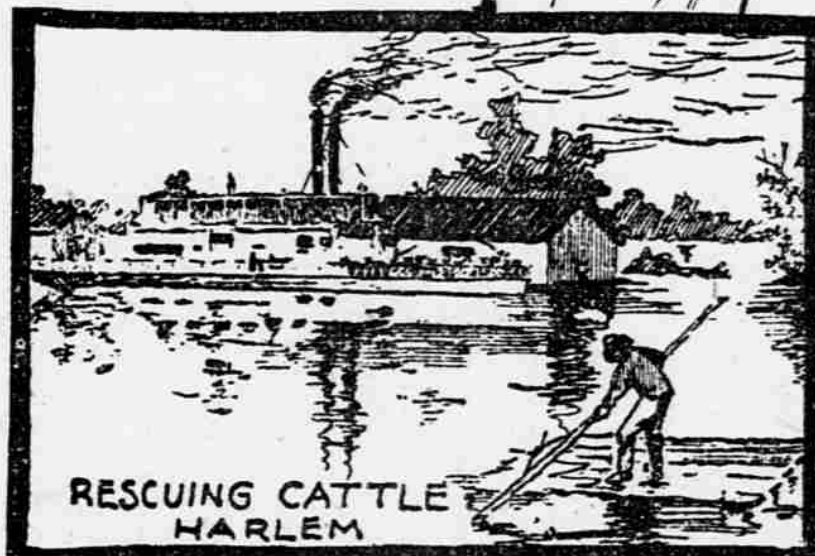
With 10,000 people homeless, the inhabitants of the city threatened by contagion, crops ruined and with three or four weeks of time to pass before the flood is entirely receded, citizens of Topeka decided to appeal to the outside world for help. Gov. Bailey has issued a proclamation calling on the charitable people of the country to send assistance in the shape of money.

A pathetic incident was the drowning of Edward Grafstrom, mechanical engineer of the Santa Fe, by the capsizing of a steam launch he had spent a night and day putting together for rescue work. He had saved seventy-four persons by his unaided efforts.

A thorough investigation as to conditions in and about Topeka and in the water-covered portions of Kansas has been instituted. Much information was collected—enough to prove the general situation is little less than appalling. The gist of the information thus gained follows:

Loss in North Topeka, \$2,000,000. Number of homeless, 10,000. Flooded district uninhabitable for at least three months. Known dead, forty-eight. Sanitary conditions due to decaying carcasses and human bodies promises to be frightful. Territory under water in Kansas probably 3,000 square miles, or 2,000,000 acres. Crops this year in flooded district virtually ruined. Rich valleys under many feet of water and raining still in many places.

Added to the horror and uncertainty in this region is the belief that



RESCUING CATTLE HARLEM

many farmers and families lost their lives. Bodies of the dead have been seen floating in the torrent frequently the last few days. Hundreds of cattle were also drowned. When the water falls away and the bodies of animals and human beings are attacked by the sun, the physicians fear much sickness will follow. Already the stench is being noticed and in some quarters of the city is well-nigh unbearable.

FEARS FOR ST. LOUIS.

Flood Almost Certain to Do Damage to That City.

Already beyond the danger line at St. Louis, the Mississippi river continues to rise, and four or five feet more of water may be seen before the maximum is reached. Reports from up the river indicate that the rise will continue for a day or two.

Much property damage has already been caused by the flood, but with the higher water to come it is feared the loss will grow to enormous sums.

When the thirty-four foot stage shall be reached there will be two feet of water in the streets on the levee, the cellars of which are now nearly full of seep water. Damage to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars will be done in St. Louis and contiguous territory.

For a week the weather bureau has been sending out warnings of the floods sweeping down from the upper Mississippi and upper Missouri rivers, and all have had ample opportunity to seek places of safety.

There will doubtless be some in the lowlands who will not heed the warnings until they are surrounded by water, but the facilities for rescuing such here are so ample that none should perish.

The river has risen to such a stage at Alton, Ill., that steamers can pull

near the Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis right of way and run their gangplanks on the tracks to unload freight.

The Altonian, a ferryboat, and dozens of small craft have been saving the household effects and cattle of flood victims. Hundreds of head of cattle have been rescued. Two feet more rise and the Alton glass the boilers will be extinguished. A suspension will enforce the idleness of 4,500 men.

Thirty feet, the danger point, has been passed by the river. The crest of the flood from the Kansas and Missouri rivers is yet to come, and when it shall reach St. Louis and find augmentation from the high water in the Mississippi some loss of life is feared and destruction to property must ensue.

The first loss of life attending the present flood in this vicinity was reported in the drowning of Mrs. William Schmidt and her two children in an attempt to escape on a flatboat from Catfish Island, in the Missouri river, seven miles southwest of St. Charles. Schmidt and his family of four were compelled to abandon their

Des Moines, Iowa—It has been practically determined that there will be no extra session of the legislature. Gov. Cummins is satisfied that he can supply the needs of the flood sufferers and tornado victims by borrowing money and having the next session of the legislature approve his course. The situation in Des Moines is still disheartening, although the water continues to fall rapidly. Train service on main lines is once more nearly normal. At Ottumwa the water has begun to decline, and the danger is past.

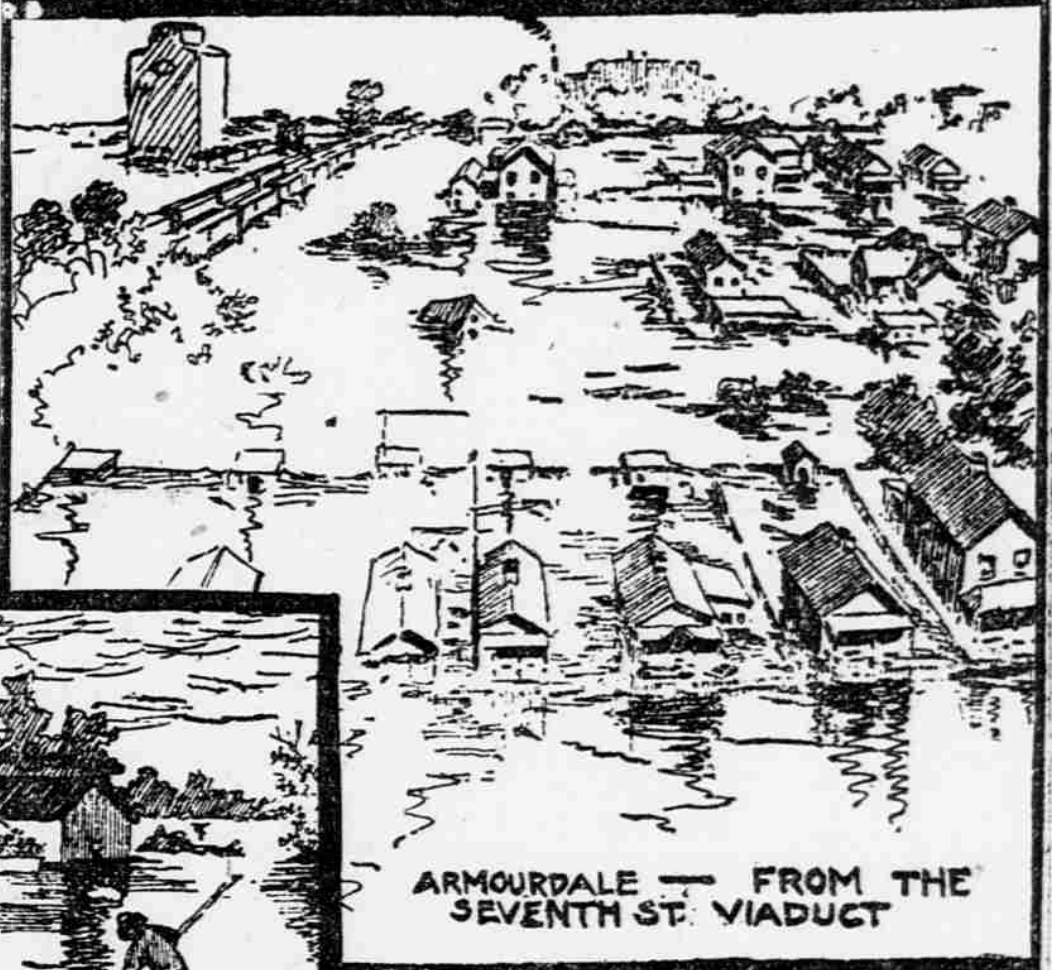
Davenport, Iowa—Flooded streams still block all railroads in this vicinity, but the Mississippi is stationary two feet below the danger line.

St. Paul, Minn.—The Minnesota reservoir is on a rampage, caused by the bursting of the dam at Big Stone lake. The stream is a mile and a half in width, and thirty feet deep. The members of an unknown family who recently removed from Oklahoma were all drowned. Their house is strewn along the Mississippi. Farm buildings near the river and the bridges have been damaged and the loss to crops will be heavy.

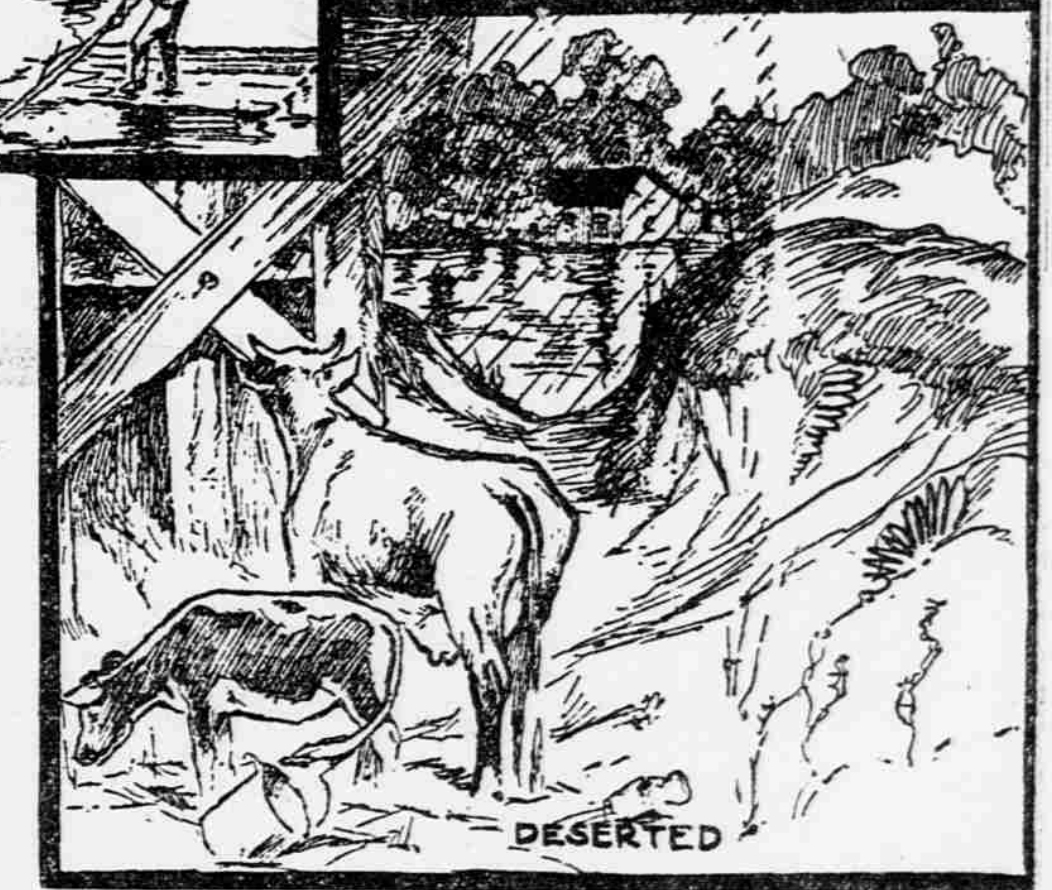
SCENE IN FLOODED DISTRICT.



HARLEM—FROM THE HANNIBAL DEPOT



ARMOURDALE—FROM THE SEVENTH ST. VIADUCT



DESERTED

home on the island and loaded a part of their household goods on the small boat. In midstream the boat capsized and Schmidt was able to save only one of his children.

In some places between here and Alton the river is five to seven miles wide, covering thousands of acres of farm land, destroying crops, and driving out the farmers. The greatest damage yet reported is at Missouri point, at the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, where several hundred farmers and their families have been driven from their fertile lands by the high water. Still greater damage in this section is feared during the coming year.

SITUATION BETTER IN NORTH.

Iowa Flood Is Passing and State Will Assist Its Sufferers.

Telegrams from various points gave flood news of general import as follows:

Lincoln, Neb.—The flood danger has passed in southeastern Nebraska, but the high water has left the railroads in a badly crippled condition.

Lexington, Mo.—The Missouri river is within six inches of the high-water mark of 1881. Houses and barns are floating down the river. The government steamer Atalanta has removed many flood sufferers from lowlands.

Louisian, Mo.—The Mississippi river rose one foot here overnight. In the country north the crop damage is serious. Galt river is rising and steamboats and pleasure launches are rescuing stock.

New York—Telegrams have been sent by Mayor Low to the mayors of Topeka, Kansas City and Des Moines tendering his good offices in obtaining relief for flood sufferers.

Missoula, Mont.—The melting snows in the Couer d'Alene mountains are causing a rampage of all streams. The tracks of the Northern Pacific are in danger near Hope, Idaho.