

# THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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## CHAPTER XV.

### "Hush! Love Is Here!"

On the morning that Hyde sailed for America, Cornelia received the letter he had written her on the discovery of Rem's dishonorable conduct. So much love, so much joy, sent to her in the secret foldings of a sheet of paper! In a hurry of delight and expectation she opened it, and her beaming eyes ran all over the joyful words it brought her—sweet fluttering pages, that his breath had moved, and his face been aware of. How he would have rejoiced to see her pressing them to her bosom, at some word of fonder memory or desire.

In the afternoon, when the shopping for the day had been accomplished, Cornelia went to Capt. Jacobus, to play with him the game of backgammon which had become an almost daily duty, and to which the captain attached a great importance. "I owe your daughter as much as I owe you, sir," he would say to Doctor Moran, "and I owe both of you a bigger debt than I can clear myself of."

This afternoon he looked at his victor with a wondering speculation. There was something in her face and manner and voice he had never before seen or heard, and madame—who watched every expression of her husband—was easily led to the same observation. She observed Cornelia closely, and her gay laugh especially revealed some change. It was like the burst of bird song in early spring and she followed the happy girl to the front door and called her back when she had gone down the steps, and said, as she looked earnestly in her face:

"You have heard from Joris Hyde? I know you have!" and Cornelia nodded her head, and blushed and smiled, and ran away from further question.

When she reached home she found Madame Van Heemskirk sitting with her mother, and the sweet old lady rose to meet her, and said before Cornelia could utter a word:

"Come to me, Cornelia. This morning a letter we have had from my Joris, and sorry am I that I did thee so much wrong."

"Madame, I have long forgotten it, and there was a mistake all round," answered Cornelia cheerfully.

"That is so—and thy mistake first of all. Hurry is misfortune; even to be happy, it is not wise to hurry. Listen now! Joris has written to his grandfather, and also to me, and very busy will he keep us both. His grandfather is to look after the stables, and to buy more horses, and to hire serving men of all kinds. And a long letter also I have from my daughter Katherine, and she tells me to make her duty to thee my duty. That is my pleasure also, and I have been talking with thy mother about the house. Now I shall go there, and a very pleasant home I shall make it."

Then Cornelia kissed madame, and afterwards removed her bonnet, and madame looked at her smiling.

For nearly a week Cornelia was too busy to take Arenta into her consideration. She did not care to tell her about Rem's cruel and dishonorable



She seized and read it.

able conduct, and she was afraid the shrewd little Marquise would divine some change, and get the secret out of her.

After a week had elapsed Cornelia went over one morning to see her friend. But by this time Arenta knew everything. Her brother Rem had been with her and confessed all to his sister. She heard the story with indignation, but contrived to feel that somehow that Rem was not so much to blame as Cornelia, and other people.

"You art right served," she said to her brother, "for meddling with foreigners, and especially for mixing your love affairs up with an English girl. Proud, haughty creatures all of them! And you are a very fool to tell any woman such a—crime. Yes, it is a crime. I won't say less. That girl over the way nearly died, and you would have let her die. It was a shame. I don't love Cornelia—but it was a shame."

"The letter was addressed to me, Arenta?"

"Fiddlesticks! You knew it was not yours: You knew it was Hyde's. Where is it now?"

She asked the question in her usual dominant way, and Rem did not feel able to resist it. He opened his pocket-book and from a receptacle in it, took

the fateful letter. She seized and read it, and then without a word, or a moment's hesitation threw it into the fire.

Rem blustered and fumed, and she stood smiling defiantly at him. "You are like all criminals," she said, "you must keep something to accuse yourself with. I love you too well to permit you to carry that bit of paper about you. It has worked you harm enough. What are you going to do? Is Miss Damer's refusal quite final?"

"Quite. It was even scornful."

"Plenty of nice girls in Boston."

"I cannot go back to Boston."

"Why then?"

"Because Mary's cousin has told the whole affair."

"Nonsense!"

"She has. I know it. Men, whom I had been friendly with, got out of my way; women excused themselves at their homes, and did not see me on the streets. I have no doubt all Boston is talking of the affair."

"Go away as soon as you can. I don't want to know where you go just yet. New York is impossible, and Boston is impossible. Father says go to the frontier, I say go South. And I would let women alone—they are beyond you—go in for politics."

That day Rem lingered with his sister, seeing no one else; and in the evening shadows he slipped quietly away. He felt that his business efforts for two years were forfeited, and that he had the world to begin over again. Without a friend to wish him a Godspeed the wretched man went on board the Southern packet, and in her dim lonely cabin sat silent and despondent, while she fought her way through swaying curtains of rain to the open sea.

This sudden destruction of all her hopes for her brother distressed Arenta. Her own marriage had been a most unfortunate one, but its misfortunes had the importance of national tragedy. Rem's matrimonial failure had not one redeeming quality; it was altogether a shameful and well-deserved retribution.

But the heart of her anger was Cornelia—"but for that girl," Rem would have married Mary Damer, and his home in Boston might have been full of opportunities for her, as well as a desirable change when she wearied of New York.

When Cornelia entered the Van Arents parlor Arenta was already there. She looked offended, and hardly spoke to her old friend, but Cornelia was prepared for some exhibition of anger. She had not been to see Arenta for a whole week, and she did not doubt she had been well aware of something unusual in progress. But that Rem had accused himself did not occur to her; therefore she was hardly prepared for the passionate accusations with which Arenta assailed her.

"I think," she said, "you have behaved disgracefully to poor Rem! You would not have him yourself, and yet you prevent another girl—whom he loves far better than he ever loved you—from marrying him. He has gone away 'out of the world,' he says, and indeed I should not wonder if he kills himself. It is most certain you have done all you can to drive him to it."

"Arenta! I have no idea what you mean. I have not seen Rem, nor written to him, for more than two years."

"Very likely, but you have written about him. You wrote to Miss Damer and told her Rem purposely kept a letter, which you had sent to Lord Hyde."

"I did not write to Miss Damer. I do not know the lady. But Rem did keep a letter that belonged to Lord Hyde."

Then anger gave falsehood the bit and she answered, "Rem did not keep any letter that belonged to Lord Hyde. Prove that he did so, before you accuse him. You cannot."

"I unfortunately directed Lord Hyde's letter to Rem, and Rem's letter to Lord Hyde. Rem knew that he had Lord Hyde's letter, and he should have taken it at once to him."

"Lord Hyde had Rem's letter; he ought to have taken it at once to Rem."

"There was not a word in Rem's letter to identify it as belonging to him."

"Then you ought to be ashamed to write love letters that would do for any man that received them. A poor hand you must be to blunder over two love letters. I have had eight and ten at once to answer, and I never failed to distinguish each, and while rivers run into the sea I never shall misdirect my love letters. Very clever is Lord Hyde to excuse himself by throwing the blame on poor Rem. Very mean indeed to accuse him to the girl he was going to marry."

"Arenta, I have the most firm conviction of Rem's guilt, and the greatest concern for his disappointment. I assure you I have."

"Kindly reserve your concern, Miss Moran, till Rem Van Arents asks for it. As for his guilt, there is no guilt in question. Even supposing that Rem did keep Lord Hyde's letter, what then? All things are fair in love and war. Willie Nicholls told me last night that he would keep a hundred letters, if he thought he could win me by doing so. Any man of sense would."

"All I blame Rem for is—"

"All I blame Rem for is, that he asked you to marry him. So much for

that! I hope if he meddles with women again, he will seek an all-round common-sense Dutch girl, who will know how to direct her letters—or else be content with one lover."

"Arenta, I shall go now. I have given you an opportunity to be rude and unkind. You cannot expect me to do that again."

Arenta watched Cornelia across the street, and then turned to the mirror and wound her ringlets over her fingers. "I don't care," she muttered. "It was her fault to begin with. She tempted Rem, and he fell. Men always fall when women tempt them; it is their nature to. I am going to stand by Rem, right or wrong."

To such thoughts she was raging when Peter Van Arents came home to dinner, and she could not restrain them. He listened for a minute or two, and then struck the table no gentle blow.

"In my house, Arenta," he said, "I will have no such words. What you think, you think; but such thoughts must be shut close in your mind. In keeping that letter, I say Rem behaved like a scoundrel; he was cruel, and he was a coward. Because he is my son I will not excuse him. No indeed! For that very reason, the more angry am I at such a deed. Now



"You have behaved disgracefully."

then, he shall acknowledge to George Hyde and Cornelia Moran the wrong he did them, ere in my home and my heart he rights himself."

"Is Cornelia going to be married?"

"That is what I hear."

"To Lord Hyde?"

"That also, is what I hear."

"Well, as I am in mourning I cannot go to the wedding, so then I am delighted to have told her a little of my mind."

"It is a great marriage for the Doctor's daughter; a countess she will be."

"And a marquise I am. And will you please say, if either countess or marquise is better than mistress or madam? Thank all the powers that be! I have learned the value of a title, and I shall change marquise for mistress, as soon as I can do so."

"If always you had thought thus, a great deal of sorrow we had both been spared."

"Well, then, a girl cannot get her share of wisdom till she comes to it. After all, I am now sorry I have quarreled with Cornelia. In New York and Philadelphia she will be a great woman."

"To take offense is a great folly, and to give offense is a great folly—I know not which is the greater, Arenta."

"Oh, indeed, father," she answered, "if I am hurt and angry, I shall take the liberty to say so. Anger that is hidden cannot be gratified, and if people use me badly, it is my way to tell them I am aware of it. One may be obliged to eat brown bread, but I, for one, will say it is brown bread, and not white."

(To be continued.)

## BARRYMORE NOT ON SHOW.

Famous Actor's Cutting Rebuke to Group of Club Men.

The real bohemian does not wish to be put on show for the delectation of persons who do not understand him. There is a story told of Maurice Barrymore which illustrates this point. Entering the famous bohemian club in New York one night, he found a lot of commercial men in full possession. They greeted "Barry" effusively. He had hardly got himself "fairly sat" when one of them slapped him on the back and said: "Barry, speak us a piece." Then a chorus said: "Yes, get funny, old man; cut up. We've all heard that you were a great entertainer." Barry glared around for a moment and then said, quietly: "I'll do a handspring for you, gentlemen, but I can't speak a piece." Then he reached through the silence and picked his hat off the hook. That was the last time he entered the club.

## Southern Strawberry Picking.

Norfolk, Va., men shipped north in one day recently 12,200 crates of strawberries, or about 732,000 quarts. The season was at its height last week, and some of the growers in the vicinity had between 300 and 400 negro pickers at work. They begin at day-break and earn from \$1 to \$1.25 a day in wages. The average yield this season is about 2,500 quarts to the acre. The crop in that section is about 20 per cent short, but the berries are better than usual. The negroes do not pick the berries one at a time, but grab handfuls. A plantation owner said that his workers from a distance looked like a gigantic flock of blackbirds.

## Same Reply in All Ages.

"What," asked the youth, "is the first step toward knowledge?" "The discovery that you are a blank fool!" answered the sage.

## GROVER CLEVELAND

HE LOOMS UP AGAIN AS A POSSIBLE NOMINEE.

Will the Democrats Bring Forward as Their Candidate the Man Whose Election in 1892 Cost More in Money and Suffering Than the Civil War?

The American Economist does not often concern itself with a discussion of the merits of an improbable, much less an impossible, presidential candidate. However, both the improbable and impossible sometimes happen, and as no one man in our history has had a more disastrous influence upon our industrial life than the subject of this sketch, we propose simply to remind our readers of Grover Cleveland's contribution to his country's history, and what he would do again, if placed in a position to accomplish his purpose, which, we may add, was not fully accomplished in the first instance.

It was decided in 1884 that a man's domestic faults need not affect his public life and executive ability. Mr. Cleveland was elected in that year in spite of his shortcomings as a man, and because of his good fortune as a politician. He was elected not because of his own strength, but because of the weakness of his opponent's campaign and the lack of complete harmony in his opponent's party.

His first administration has left nothing worth remembering, except his message to the Fifty-fifth Congress in December, 1887. Mr. Cleveland had studied his Cobden club literature well and stated precisely, if not honestly, some of their most important tenets. The message was devoted almost wholly to the tariff and taxation, and its several thousand words can be put

into two of its sentences as indicating the tenor of the whole. These two sentences follow:



ple must remember for them. Grover Cleveland must never be President again. He should never even be a candidate, and he ought not to be so much as thought of in that respect.—American Economist.

But our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended. These laws, as their primary and plain effect, raise the price to consumers of all articles imported and subject to duty by precisely the sum paid for such duties. . . . So it happens that while comparatively a few use the imported articles, millions of our people, who never use and never saw any of the foreign products, purchase and use things of the same kind made in this country, and pay, therefore, nearly or quite the enhanced price which the duty adds to the imported articles."

These are false statements, and Mr. Cleveland knew them to be false, for he could have gone into the open market and bought hundreds of articles at a less price than the duty on similar imported articles of no better quality. His message defeated him for reelection, and a Republican Congress and President thought best to revise the tariff, and the McKinley law was the result. The effects of that law were marvelous. In May, 1892, Edward Atkinson, the noted statistician and free trader, who was in full possession of his mental faculties at that time, said in the Forum:

"There never has been a period in the history of this or any other country when the general rate of wages was as high as it is now, or the prices of goods relatively to the wages as low as they are to-day, nor a period when the workman, in the strict sense of the word, has so fully secured to his own use and enjoyment such a steadily and progressively increasing proportion of a constantly increasing product."

Such testimony was repeated by the commercial agencies, by the President in his message to Congress and by the whole honest press of the country. And yet Grover Cleveland was again nominated, and, adopting the double dealing tactics of Polk and Dallas in 1844, was elected by a very positive popular and electoral vote. We have not to do now with the methods of that campaign, but with the result. For the first time since the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 the three branches of the government were to be in the hands of the Democratic, free trade party. The very moment that the people, and particularly the commercial world, realized this there was consternation in every industrial and financial circle. Wise capitalists, shrewd manufacturers and cautious

merchants knew what was before them. That grim specter, sure to materialize in the evil monster, free trade, which had more than once devastated our land and impoverished our people, was bound to come. It mattered not just how soon, or in just what form; we must prepare for it as best we could and take the consequences—and we did.

It was not as bad as Mr. Cleveland would have had it. Mad clean through he would not sign his party's law. But that Gorman-Wilson tariff did its work most effectively, and completed the panic and ruinous work begun in its anticipation. Is there need to recall those awful years? Is there need to repeat the billions of dollars lost, the suffering, the sickness, the sadness that entered almost every home in the land?

We are loyal and patriotic enough to add our plaudits to those of the multitude when cheering an ex-president of the United States. We are willing to blur our memory, to wipe off the slate and say, "Well, in the light of later events perhaps it was all for the best. We need adversity once in a while; we must learn by experience." And so we find no fault in the hearty greeting and acclaim given to our rapidly ageing ex-president; but when the mugwump and free-trader and politician step in and turn patriotism into politics we say No; never again must Grover Cleveland be in power and gain the opportunity to conspire and ruin our country. Once is enough, and though we may condone we must not forget. Far more than the civil war did Grover Cleveland cost our country in financial loss. More lives were sacrificed through sickness and sorrow, through despair and poverty, through hunger and cold, than by the bullets of the rebellion.

If free traders, if mugwumps, if Democrats do not forget, then the peo-

## TOO LONESOME IN PRAGUE.

Old City Made the Consul Long for Something Modern.

"Did you ever realize what a rasping sound a foreign language can have upon the human ear in a strange city where one has no friends?" asked Judge A. A. Freeman of New Mexico, in the lobby of the Ebbitt. A veteran figure, Judge Freeman has held many offices of honor and emolument, having served for eight years as assistant attorney general in charge of the legal work of the postoffice department.

"President Grant appointed me consul to Prague, the ancient capital of Bohemia," continued the judge, who sat on the bench in New Mexico. "It is a beautiful old city, with many things to delight the visitor, but I was exceedingly lonesome there. The people were all strangers to me and I did not understand the language. There were hundreds of remarkable places and buildings, places rich with historical interest, for Prague was founded in the year 900. But even the ancient historical places enhanced my gloom, and I began to realize how it is that soldiers can actually die of homesickness."

"One day I visited an ancient synagogue in one of the quaint sections of the city. The guide took me to the aged tombstones, where the inscriptions had been worn off by the elements. He was plotting me, a man weary of delving into the past, among the graves of the long ago and reciting what those graves were."

"My dear man," I exclaimed in despair, "can't you show me a grave that was made yesterday? It would be positively companionable."

"It wasn't long afterward," concluded the judge, "that I resigned my consulship in the beautiful old city of Prague. It was too lonesome there for me."—Washington Post.

## CAPTURED THE WRONG LION.

How Head Waiter Came to Have Honors Thrust Upon Him.

The career of a social lion hunter is liable to be attended with an occasional disappointment, even though on the whole successful. Burton Holmes, on some of his tours as a lecturer, has been considerably lionized and he tells this story of a compliment which he missed, but which was enjoyed by another. He was lecturing in an eastern city, and a reception was given in his honor at the principal hotel of the place.

Among those who attended this reception was a woman prominent socially, who has established a sort of "salon" and receives her friends Sunday afternoons, trying to provide a "lion" or two for each occasion.

Burton Holmes was so fortunate as not to be presented to the fair lion hunter, but she presented herself to the man she had stalked for her game, and urged upon him her invitation for the Sunday afternoon. He very modestly attempted to decline it. His excuses were not accepted, and the victim consented to appear. Extra arrangements were made for this occasion and the fact that Mr. Holmes was to be there was heralded abroad. On the day all the youth and beauty of the place gathered together awaiting the advent of a somewhat tardy lion, who was received with every mark of consideration and appeared to be embarrassed thereby. The head waiter had been mistaken for the eminent lecturer.

## Jairus' Daughter.

The little maid's twelve stainless years were past, and she was fallen on sleep. When to her side the Master came, Uttering strange music in her ears, And with the touch of a new birth That, like a fine and fragrant flame, Through every vein swept full and deep, Called her again to happy earth.

How far in heaven her little feet Had followed, there are none to say. What atmosphere of love the while Wrapped her like sunshine warm and sweet;

What soft wings stooped about her there, The gracious light of what glad smile, What tenderness along the way Met and caressed her everywhere.

Whether she saw in rank o'er rank— First venturing into heaven alone— A phalanx of archangels shine, Or whether on some blossom-bank A cloud of cherubs sang and sang, One knows not, nor if all divine She saw; about the Great White Throne, The rainbow like an emerald hang.

Yet earth must needs be sweet to her After that voice, that touch of grace, The heavenly peace imparted then For her blishest hands to minister, And still a question comes to me Of days ere heaven was hers again, And which of all her wandering race Child of that little maid might be, —Harriet Prescott Spofford in Youth's Companion.

## Very Human.

F. L. Colver, president of Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly Publishing Company, has a mechanical playing attachment for the piano at his suburban home in Tenafly. On a recent evening while Mr. Colver was entertaining some friends, it so happened that the attachment did not operate properly, something being wrong with the mechanism.

"What remarkable devices these new mechanical attachments are, anyway," remarked one of the guests. "I declare they seem to be almost human!"

"Yes," responded Mr. Colver, as he continued to tinker with the attachment, "you see, this one even has to be coaxed to play!"—New York Times.

## Union Is Strong.

The International Longshoremen's Union now ranks second in membership in this country. It has 142,000 members.

## Record Fire Loss in Britain.

Sixty million dollars is the record loss by fire for a year in the British Isles.