

The Bow of Orange Ribbon

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By ANELIA E. BARR

Author of "Friend Olive," "The and the Other One," etc.

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Now, here was the real Katherine. Her very presence, her smiles, her tears, her words, would be a consolation so far beyond all hope, that the girl by her side seemed a kind of miracle to her.

She was far more than a miracle to Hyde. As the door opened, he slowly turned his head. When he saw who was really there, he uttered a low cry of joy—a cry pitiful in its shrill weakness. In a moment Katherine was close to his side. She kissed his hands and face, and whispered on his lips the sweetest words of love and fidelity. Hyde was in a rapture. He lay still, speechless, motionless, watching and listening to her.

Hyde could speak little, but there was no need of speech. Had he not nearly died for her? Was not his very helplessness a plea beyond the power of words. And so quickly, so quickly, went the happy moments! Ere Katherine had half said, "I love thee," Mrs. Gordon reminded her that it was near the noon.

"Then we must part, my Katherine, for a little. When will you come again?"

This was a painful question, because Katherine felt that, however she might excuse herself for the unforeseen stress of pity that all unwarlike women feel, she could not find the same apology for one deliberate and prearranged.

"Only once more," Hyde pleaded. "I had, my Katherine, so many things to say to you. In my joy, I forgot all. Come but once more. Upon my honor, I promise to ask Katherine Van Heemskirk only this once. To-morrow? No. Two days hence, then?"

"Two days hence I will come again. Then no more."

He smiled at her, and put out his hands; and she knelt again by his side, and kissed her "farewell" on his lips. And, as she put on again her cloak and veil, he drew a small volume towards him, and with trembling hands tore out of it a scrap of paper, and gave it to her.

Under the lilac hedge that night she read it, read it over and over,—the bit of paper made almost warm and sentient by Phœdria's tender petition to his beloved:

"When you are in company with that other man, behave as if you were absent; but continue to love me by day and by night; want me, dream of me, expect me, think of me, wish for me, delight in me, be wholly with me; in short, be my very soul, as I am yours."

CHAPTER VIII.

"The Silver Link, the Silken Tie." If Katherine had lived at this day, she would probably have spent the time between her promise and its fulfillment in self-analysis and introspective reasoning with her own conscience.

But the women of a century ago were not tossed with winds of various opinions, or made foolishly subtle by arguments about principles which ought never to be associated with dissent. A few strong, plain dictates had been set before Katherine as the law of her daily life; and she knew, beyond all controversy, when she disobeyed them.

In her own heart, she called the sin she had determined to commit by its most unequivocal name. "I shall make happy Richard; but my father I shall deceive and disobey, and against my own soul there will be the lie." This was the position she admitted, but every woman is Eve in some hour of her life. The law of trust and wisdom may be in her ears, but the apple of delight hangs within her reach; and, with a full understanding of the consequences of disobedience, she takes the forbidden pleasure.

There are women who prefer secrecy to honesty, and sin to truthfulness; but Katherine was not one of them. If it had been possible to see her lover honorably, she would have much preferred it, but she knew well the storm of reproach and disapproval which would answer any such request; and her thoughts were all bent toward devising some plan which would enable her to leave home early on that morning which she had promised her lover.

But all her little arrangements failed; and it was almost at the last hour of the evening previous, that circumstances offered her a reasonable excuse. It came through Batavius, who returned home later than usual, bringing with him a great many patterns of damask and figured cloth and stamped leather. At once he announced his intention of staying at home the next morning in order to have Joanna's aid in selecting the coverings for their new chairs, and counting up their cost.

He had taken the strips out of his pocket with an air of importance and complaisance; and Katherine, glancing from them to her mother, thought she perceived a fleeting shadow of a feeling very much akin to her own contempt of the man's pronounced self-satisfaction. So when supper was over, and the house duties done, she determined to speak to her. Joris was at a town meeting, and Lyset did not meet with the lovers. Katherine found her standing at an open window, looking thoughtfully into the autumn moon.

"My mother,"

morning, Batavius I cannot bear. About every chair cover he will call in the whole house. Mother, you know how it will be. To-morrow I cannot bear him. Very near quarrelling have we been for a week."

"I know, Katherine, I know. Leave, then, with Bram, and go first to Margaret Pitt's, and ask her if the new winter fashions will arrive from London this month. And look now, Katherine, peace is the best thing; and to his own house Batavius will go in a few weeks."

"Mijn moeder, sad and troubled are thy looks. What is thy sorrow?"

"For thee my heart aches often—mine and thy good father's, too. Dost thou not suffer? Can thy mother be blind? Nothing hast thou eaten lately. Joanna says thou art restless all the night long. Thou art so changed then, that wert ever such a happy little one. Hard is thy mother's lot. The dear children I nursed on my breast, they go here and they go there, with this strange one and that strange one. Last night, ere to our sleep we went, thy father read to me some words of the loving, mother-like Jacob. They are true words. Every good mother has said them, at the grave or at the bridal. 'If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.'"

There was a sad pathos in the homely old words as they dropped slowly from Lyset's lips. Many a year afterward Katherine remembered the hour and the words, especially in the gray glooms of late October evenings.

The next morning was one of perfect beauty, and Katherine awoke with a feeling of joyful expectation. She said a very short visit to the mantuamaker, and then went to Mrs. Gordon's.

A coach was in waiting, and in a few minutes they stood together at Hyde's door. There was a sound of voices within; and, when they entered, Katherine saw, with a pang of disappointment, a fine, soldierly looking man in full uniform sitting by Richard's side. But Richard appeared to be in no way annoyed by his company. He was looking much better, and wore a chamber gown of maroon satin, with deep laces showing at the wrists and bosom.

With an air that plainly said, "This is the maiden for whom I have fought and suffered; is she not worthy of my devotion?" he introduced her to his friend, Capt. Earle. But, even as they spoke, Earle joined Mrs. Gordon, at a call from her; and Katherine noticed that a door near which they stood was open, and that they went into the room to which it led, and that other voices then blended with theirs. But these things were as nothing. She was with her lover, alone for a moment with him; and Richard had never before seemed to her half so dear or half so fascinating.

"My Katherine," he said, "I have one tormenting thought. Night and day it consumes me like a fever. I hear that Neil Semple is well. They will make you marry him, my darling."

"No; that they can never do."

"But I suffer in the fear. I suffer a thousand deaths. If you were only my wife, Katherine!"

"Oh, my love, my love!"

"See how I tremble, Katherine. Life scarcely cares to inhabit a body so weak. If you refuse me I will let it go. If you refuse me, I shall know that in your heart you expect to marry Neil Semple—the savage who has made me suffer unspeakable agonies."

"Never will I marry him, Richard, never, never. My word is true. You only I will marry."

"Then now, now, Katherine. Here is the ring. Here is the special license from the governor; my aunt has made him to understand all. The clergyman and the witnesses are waiting. Now, Katherine? Now, now!"

She rose, and stood white and trembling by his side—speechless, also. To her father and her mother her thoughts fled in a kind of loving terror. But how could she resist the pleading of one whom she so tenderly loved, and to whom, in her maiden simplicity, she imagined herself to be so deeply bounden? And when Richard ceased to speak, and only besought her with the unanswerable pathos of his evident suffering for her sake, she felt the argument to be irresistible.

"Well, my Katherine, will you pity me so far?"

"All you ask, my loved one, I will grant."

"Angel of goodness! Now?"

"At your wish, Richard."

He took her hand in a passion of joy and gratitude, and touched a small bell. Immediately there was a sudden silence, and then a sudden movement in the adjoining room. The next moment a clergyman in canonical dress came toward them. By his side, was Col. Gordon, and Mrs. Gordon and Capt. Earle followed. The ceremony was full of solemnity, and of that deepest joy which dims the eyes with tears, even while it wrathes the lips with smiles. During it, Katherine knelt by Richard's side; and every eye was fixed upon him, for he was almost fainting with the fatigue of his emotions; and it was with fast receding consciousness that he whis-

pered rapturously at its close, "My wife, my wife!"

Throughout the sleep of exhaustion which followed, she sat watching him. The band of gold about her finger fascinated her. She was now really Richard's wife; and the first sensation of such a mighty change was, in her pure soul, one of infinite and reverent love. When Richard awoke, he was refreshed and supremely happy.

The coach was waiting; and, without delay, Katherine returned with Mrs. Gordon to her lodgings, and then home.

As time went on, without being watched, Katherine felt herself to be under a certain amount of restraint. If she proposed a walk into the city, Joanna or madam was sure to have the same desire. She was not forbidden to visit Mrs. Gordon, but events were so arranged as to make the visit almost impossible; and only once, during the month after her marriage, had she had an interview with her husband. For even Hyde's impatience had recognized the absolute necessity of circumspection.

The marriage license had been obtained from the governor, but extraordinary influence had been used to procure it. Katherine was under age, and yet subject to her father's authority. In spite of book and priest and ring, he could retain his child for at least three years; and three years, Hyde—in talking with his aunt—called "an eternity of doubt and despair." Fortunately Joanna's wedding-day was drawing near, and it absorbed what attention the general public had for the Van Heemskirk family. For it was a certain thing, developing into feasting and dancing; and it quite put out of consideration suspicions which resulted in nothing, when people examined them in the clear atmosphere of Katherine's home.

In the middle of the afternoon of the day before the marriage, there was the loud rat-tat-tat of the brass knocker, announcing a visitor. It was Mrs. Gordon, and she nodded and laughed in a triumphant way that very quickly brought Katherine to her side. "My dear, I kiss you. You are the top beauty of my whole acquaintance."

Then, in a whisper, "Richard sends his devotion. And put your hand in my muff; there is a letter. And pray give me joy; I have just secured an invitation. I asked the councillor and madam joint blank for it. Faith, I think I am a little of a favorite with them! How is the young Bruce? My dear, if you don't make him suffer, I shall never forgive you. Alternate doses of hope and despair, that would be my prescription."

Katherine shook her head.

"On my wedding day, as I left Richard, this he said to me, 'My honor, Katherine, is now in your keeping.' By the lifting of one eyelash, I will not stain it."

"My dear, you are perfectly charming. You always convince me that I am a better woman than I imagine myself. I shall go straight to Dick, and tell him how exactly proper you are. Really, you have more perfections than any one woman has a right to."

"To-morrow, if I have a letter ready, you will take it?"

"I will run the risk, child. Now, adieu. Return to your evergreen and ribbons." And so, lightly humming Katherine's favorite song, she left the busy house.

Before daylight the next morning, Batavius had every one at his post. The ceremony was to be performed in the Middle Kirk, and he took care that Joanna kept neither Dominie de Ronde nor himself waiting.

Katherine looked for Mrs. Gordon in vain; she was not in the kirk, and she did not arrive until the festival dinner was nearly over. Batavius then considerably under the excitement of his fine position and fine fare. He sat by the side of his bride, at the right hand of Joris; and Katherine assisted her mother at the other end of the table.

(To be continued.)

Sails for Skaters.

Considering the number of persons in this country that indulge in skating. It is somewhat of a surprise to see how few of them have ever used a skate sail, or in fact have ever heard of such a thing. However, in the last few years this sport has become better known, and it is not an uncommon sight to see dashing hither and thither among the dark forms of the skaters, the glistening sails of the skate sailors.

To the onlooker it seems at the first glance that the sailor must certainly lose his balance and topple over, so sharply does he lean backward against his sail; but so strong is the force of the wind exerted against it that this expected fall is seldom a reality. When it does happen the unfortunate is usually a novice.

There are but few requisites for the enjoyment of this pastime. First and of the most importance is a pair of sharp skates. A few yards of cotton cloth and some small poles furnish the rest of the material. From these any person can with a little care fashion a sail that will furnish him with many a happy hour.—Country Life in America.

The Merest Thing.

Cholly—I find that it's the twifles that worry me most in the world, don't you know?

Miss Pepper—Yes, I've noticed that you think about yourself entirely too much, don't you?

"Must" is a great peacemaker as well as a peace destroyer.

SISTERS OF CHARITY

RELY ON PE-RU-NA TO FIGHT CATARRH, COUGHS, COLDS AND GRIP.



SISTER BEATRIX.

A letter recently received by Dr. Hartman from Sister Beatrix, 410 W. 30th street, New York, reads as follows:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio: Dear Sir:—I cannot say too much in praise of Peruna. Eight bottles of it cured me of catarrh of the lungs of four years standing, and I would not have been without it for anything. It helped several Sisters of Coughs and colds and I have yet to find one case of catarrh that it does not cure. SISTER BEATRIX.

Interesting Letters from Catholic Institutions.

In every country of the civilized world the Sisters of Charity are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of the charges committed to their care, but they also minister to their bodily needs. With so many children to take care of and to protect from climate and disease, these wise and prudent sisters have found Peruna a never-failing safeguard.

Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters from all over the United States. A recommendation recently received from a Catholic institution in Detroit, Mich., reads as follows:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio: Dear Sir:—"The young girl who used the Peruna was suffering from laryngitis, and loss of voice. The result of the treatment was most satisfactory. She found great relief, and after further use of the medicine we hope to be able to say she is entirely cured."—Sisters of Charity.

This young girl was under the care of the Sisters of Charity and used Peruna for catarrh of the throat, with good results as the above letter testifies.

From a Catholic institution in Central Ohio comes the following recommendation from the Sister Superior. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Advertisement for Constipation Makes Bad Blood. MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CURES CONSTIPATION. Constipation is the rotting and decaying of undigested food in the alimentary canal. Disease germs arise from this festering mass, which find their way into the blood. The blood becomes impure and shortly the entire system gives way to the unhealthy condition. You cannot cure a case like this by taking pills or other common cathartics. A laxative will not do. A blood tonic is ineffective. Mull's Grape Tonic is a gentle and mild laxative in addition to being a blood-making and strength-giving tonic which immediately builds up the wasted body and makes rich, red blood that carries its health-giving strength to every tissue at every heart beat. Mull's Grape Tonic is made of pure crushed fruit juices and is sold under a positive guarantee. Doctors prescribe it. All druggists sell it at 50 cents a bottle. Send for a Lightbulb Bulletin Co., Box 1000, St. Louis, Mo., to cover postage on large sample bottles.

How an abscess in the Fallopian Tubes of Mrs. Hollinger was removed without a surgical operation. "I had an abscess in my side in the fallopian tube (the fallopian tube is a connection of the ovaries). I suffered untold misery and was so weak I could scarcely get around. The sharp burning pains low down in my side were terrible. My physician said there was no help for me unless I would go to the hospital and be operated on. I thought before that I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which, fortunately, I did, and it had made me a stout, healthy woman. My advice to all women who suffer with any kind of female trouble is to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once."—Mrs. I. B. HOLLINGER, Hillside, Ohio.—\$5000 worth of original Fallopian Tube surgery guaranteed or not paid.



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