low of Orange Ribbon ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

BY AMELIA E. BAR.S. "Friend Olivin," "I. Whou and the Other One," Etc. Concretent, 1998, by Dotte, Mead and Company,

BYAPTER Xt.—(Complement)

If was during this bour of trial
briam, that Jorie was talking to es of her. It did him good to put many fato words, for Lysbet's tances were comfortable; and as weary and went earlier to his than usual. On the contrary, M was very wakeful. She carher sewing to the candle and sat to think

the midst of her reflections, returned. She had not expectm so early, but the sound of his was pleasant. He came in slowly. after some pottering, irritating os he pushed his father's chair the from the light and with a heavy th sat down in it.

many sigh you so heavy, Bram? wery sigh still lower sinks the

light heart I shall never have mother. For me there is no So huice and shy was my

indeed! Of all the coquettes, s mulet, shy ones are the worst." "No coquette is Miriam Cohen. My new life is at an end, mother." "When began it, Bram?"

was at the time of the duel. aved her from the first moment. ther, mother!"

"Does she not love you?" think so; many sweet hours we

have Ead together. My heart was full Well then, my son, be not easy to are thy heart. Try once more.".

"Useless it would be. Mirlam is not ome of those who say 'no' and Mearly two years you have known

That was long to keep you in lope and doubt. I think she is a You know her not, mother, Very

words of love have I dared to say. wa have been friends. I feared to one all by asking too much." Then, why did you ask her to-

that It would have been better had father spoken first to Mr. Co-

lime all she could. This is what aid to me, Bram, dear Bram, I ar that you begin to love me, be-I think of you very often. And adfather has just told me that m promised to Judah Belanco of In the summer he will come re and I shall merry him." "What said you then?"

Oh I senece know! But I told her ow dearly I loved her and I asked se do be my wife."

futher I must obey. Though be in to alay myself, I must obey By the flod of latnel, I have

a a good girl. I wish that you m her, Bram," And Lysbet put work and went to her son's me with a great sob Bram laid ad against her breast. whom his mother comfort-

Ob tender and wonderful con-It is the mother that turns he bitter waters of life into wine. ram talked his sorrow over to his other's love and pity and sympathy; and when she parted with him, long fter the midnight, she said cheer-"Thou hast a brave soul, mijn on min Bram; and this trouble is of all for thy loss and grief. A sweet will this beautiful Miriam be as thou livest; and to have pred well a good woman, will make bee siways a botter man for it."

CHAPTER XII.

London Life.

The trusting, generous letter which the had written to his son-in-law arrived a few days before Hyde's de extens for London.

de knew well the importance of fortune. It enabled him face his relatives and friends on very much better footing than he anticipated. So he was no longer erse to meeting his former companms; even to them, a rich wife would

His first social visit was paid to his al grandmother, the dowager dy Capel. He found her In the careless dishabille, wigless and sainted, and rolled up comfortably an old wadded morning gown that men years of snuffy service. But had outlived her vanity, Hyde had the very hour in which she had photever to amuse her, and a very welcome interruption.

on the whole, she liker her a heard the rattle of Hyde's the clatter of his feet on ed stairs, with a good deal faction, "I have him here and my best to keep him here," Why should a proper in Dick bury himself s for a Dutch woman

"No; madam; she preferred to re main at liyde, and I have no happi ness beyond her desire."

"Here's fame! Here's constancy And you have been married a whole year! I am struck with admiration." "A whole year a year of divine

happiness, I assue you." "Lord, sir! You will be the laughing stock of the town if you talk in such fashion. They will have you in the playhouses. Pray let us forget our domestic joys a little. You can make a good figure in the world; and as your cousin, Arabella Suffolk is staying with me, you will be the properest gallant for her when Sir Thomas is at the House. Here comes Arabella, and I am anxious you should make a figure in her eyes."

Arabella came in very quietly, but she seemed to take possession of the room as she entered it. She had a bright, piquant face, a tall, graceful form, and that air of high fashion which is perhaps quite as captivating.

Arabella made Hyde a pretty, mocking courtesy, and he could not help looking with some interest at the woman who might have been his wife. Katherine was ignored in the conversation that followed, and Hyde did not feel any desire to bring even her name into such a mocking, jeering, perfectly heartless conversation. He was content to laugh and let the hour go past in flim-flams of criticism and

persiflage. A couple of hours passed; and then it became evident, from the pawing and snorting outside, that his horse's potience was quite exhausted. Hyde went away in an excitement of hope and gay anticipations. A momentary glance upward showed him Lady Capel and Lady Suffolk at the window, watching him; the withered old woman in her soiled wrappings, the youthful beauty in all the bravery of her white and gold pondesoy. He made them a salute, and then, in a clamor of clattering hoofs, he dashed through the square.

During the next six months society made an idol of Capt. Hyde, and, if he was not at Lady Arabella's feet, and not ask Miriam to-night. She he was certainly very constantly at

> Hyde leved his wife, loved her tenderly and constantly; he felt himself to be a better man whenever he thought of her and his little son, and he thought of them very frequently; and ye him v. . s, his actions, the tones us are voice daily led his countr, Lady stuffolk, to imagine homeif the empress of his heart and life. Unfortunately, I is military duties were only on very rare occasions any restraint to I iss. His days were mainly spent ir dangling after Lady Suffolk and other fair dames. And it must be remembered that the English women of that day were such as England may well hope never to see again. In the higher classes they married for money or position, and gave themselves up to intrigue. They drank deeply; they played high; they very seldom went to church, for Sunday was the fashionable day for all kinds of frivolity and amusement. And as the men of any generation are just what the women make them. England never had sons so profligate, so profane and drunken. The clubs, especially Brooke's, were the nightly scenes of indescribable orgies. Gambling was their serious occupation; duels were of constant occurrence.

Such a life could not be lived except at frightful and generally rulnous expense. Hyde was soon embarrassed. Towards Christmas bills began to pour in, creditors became importunate, and, for the first time in his life, creditors really troubled him. The income from Hyde Manor had never been more than was required for the expenses of the place; and the interest on Katherine's money had gone. though he could not tell how. He was destitute of ready cash, and he foresaw that he would have to borrow some from Lady Capel or some other accommodating friend.

He returned to barracks one Sunday afternoon, and was moodily thinking over these things, when his orderly brought him a letter which had arrived during his absence. It was from Katherine. His face flushed with delight as he read it, so sweet and tender and pure was the neat epistle. "She wants to see me. Oh, the dear one! Not more than I want to see her. Fool, villain, that I am: I will go to her. Katherine! Kate! My dear little Kate!" So he ejaculated as he paced his narrow quarters, and tried to arrange his plans for a Christmas visit ot his wife and child.

He had determined to ask Lady Capel for a hundred pounds; and he thought it would be the best plan to make his request when she was surrounded by company, and under the pleasureable excitement of a winnin rubber. And if the circumstance proved adverse, then he could try hi fortune in the hours of her morning

of the gamesters, and the hollow laughter of bollow hearts. Not very hopefully he approached Lady Capel. She had been unfortun-

ate all the evening and was not ami-"Dick, I am angry at you. I have a mind to banish you for a month." "I am going to Norfolk for two

weeks, madam." "That will do. It is a worse punishment than I should have given you. Norfolk! There is only one word between it and the plantations. Give me your arm, Dick; I shall play no more until my luck turns. Losing

cards are dull company." "I am very sorry that you have been losing. I came to ask for the loan of

a hundred gounds, grandmother." "No, sir, I will not lend you a hundred pounds; nor am I in the humor to de anything else you desire."

"I make my apology for the request. l ought to have asked Katherine." "No, sir, you ought not to have ask- | acter.

ed Katherine. You ought to take what you want. Jack Capel took every shilling of my fortune and neither said, 'by your leave,' nor 'thank you.' Did the Dutcaman tie the bag too close?"

"Councillor Van Heemskirk left i open, in my honor. When I ar scoundrel enough to touch it. I shall not come and see you at all, grand mother."

"Upon my word, a very pretty compliment! Well, sir, I'll pay you a hundred pounds for it. When do you start?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Make it afternoon, and take care of me as far as your aunt Julia's. And I daresay you want money to-night. Here are the keys of my desk. In the right hand drawer are some rouleans of fifty pounds each. Take two."

The weather, as Lady Capel said was "so very Decemberish" that the roads were passably good, being frozen dry and hard, and on the evening of the third day Hyde came in sight of his home. His heart warmed to the lonely place; and the few lights in its windows beckoned him far more pleasantly than the brilliant illuuminations of Vauxhall or Almacks, or even the cold splendors of royal receptions. · He had given Katherine no warning of his visit. He wanted to see with his own eyes, and bear with his own ears, the glad tokens of her happy wonder.

The kitchen fire threw great lustres across the brick-paved yard; and the blinds in Katherine's parlor were undrawn, and its fire and candle light shone on the freshly laid tea table, and the dark walls gleaming with bunches of holly and mistletoe. But she was not there. He only glanced inside the room and then, with a smile on his face, went swiftly upstairs. He had noticed the light in the upper windows, and he knew where he would find his wife. Before he reached the nursery he heard Katherine's voice. The door was a little open, and he could see every part of the charming domestic scene within the room. A middle-aged woman was quietly putting to rights the awest disorder incident to the undressing of the baby. Katherine had played with it until they were both a little flushed and weary and she was softly singing to the drowny child at her breast.

Over and over, softer and slower, went the melody. It was evident that the boy was asleep and that Katherine was going to lay him in his cradle. He watched her do it; watched her gently tuck in the cover and stand for a moment to look down at the child. Then with a face full of love she turned away, smiling, and quite unconsciously came toward him on tiptoes. With his face beaming, with his arms opened, he entered; but with such a sympathetic understanding of the sweet need of silence and restraint, that there was no alarm. no outcry, no fuse or amazement Only a whispered "Katherine," and the swift rapture of meeting hearts and lips.

(To be continued.)

BROUGHT THEM TO TIME.

Why Criticism of New York's Finest Hotels Suddenly Stopped.

"Some years ago I was dining with party of wealthy Westerners in New York City," said Mr. Benjamin T. Leslie, of Montana, to a Washington Post reporter. "Among them were Marcus Daly, Charlie Broadwater, ex-Gov. Hauser, Hon. Tom Carter, Senator W. A. Clark, John W. Mackay, "Lucky" Baldwin and E. E. Bonner.

"It seems that no two of them were stopping at the same hotel, and each had a grievance against the hostelry where he put up. One said he meant to quit the Fifth Avenue; another inveighed against the Walderf; a third thought that Delmonico's was terribly overrated, and so on. Not one had a good word to say of any of the taverns or eating houses of Gotham, and there was special criticism of

"Finally, after there was a little luil in the choruses of adverse criticism. old man Bonner burst into a loud laugh. When asked the cause of his merriment, Bonner said; , Tru her listening to you fellows talk, and I tell you traikly, you give me a pain.
To hear their as you run down these swell establishments in New York is enough to make the angels weep. Why.

QCENQ QCENQ QCENQ QCENQ

The Bride's Farathought. Frank Holme, the artist, who was incorporated by Kirke La Shelle and other thestrical men, artists and journalists, and sent to Arizona some months ago to print books while fighting tuberculosis, was one day telling of the advantage of having a reserve

ready at all times. "I have always admired the bride," he said, "who bought two rolling pins when she began keeping house. Sh explained that she wanted to keep one of them clean to use in making bread -New York Times.

New Dip-Front Belt. An effort has been made to bring out a modified dip-front belt, and with considerable success. There is reason to believe that the dip-front belt of the coming season will impart a more graceful and less exaggerated effect to the female figure than have previous productions of similar char-

The black silk belts, more especially those of an elastic material, comtinue in good demand. Cut steel is an acceptable ornament, as also is oxidized silver.

Beginning with the March number of "Current Literature," the magazine "Current History" will be incorporated with it and a new department will be added to "Current Literature" which will be a complete encyclopedic record of the world's news for the month. We feel that "Current Literature" in this new form will appeal still more strongly to all serious persons and especially to the busy man, and at the same time will lose none of its old-time charm for the general reader.

Frisky Bears in Norway.

The bears in Norway amuse themselves by climbing telegraph poles and squatting on the crossbeams, swaying themselves to and fro. In many cases the poles fall. This has necessitated the appointment of watchmen to guard the poles and drive off the bears.

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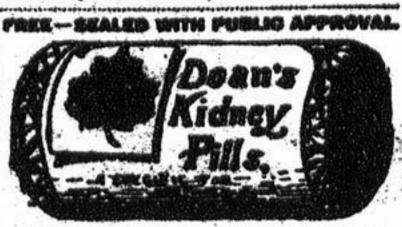
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