

# THE MAID OF MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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## CHAPTER I.

The Home of Cornelia Moran. Never, in all its history, was the proud and opulent city of New York more glad and gay than in the bright spring days of Seventeen-Hundred-and-Ninety-One. It had put out of sight every trace of British rule and occupancy, all its homes had been restored and re-furnished, and its sacred places re-consecrated and adorned. The skies of Italy were not bluer than the skies above it; the sunshine of Arcadia not brighter or more genial. These gracious days of Seventeen-Hundred-and-Ninety-One were also the early days of the French revolution, and fugitives from the French court—princes and nobles, statesmen and generals, sufficient for a new Iliad, loitered about the pleasant places of Broadway and Wall street, Broad street, and Maiden Lane. They were received with courtesy, and even with hospitality, although America at that date almost universally sympathized with the French Republicans, whom they believed to be the pioneers of political freedom on the aged side of the Atlantic. Love for France, hatred for England, was the spirit of the age; it effected the trend of commerce, it dominated politics, it was the keynote of conversation wherever men and women congregated.

Yet the most pronounced public feeling always carries with it a note of dissent, and it was just at this day that dissenting opinion began to make

as for Rem, he was not made in a day. God is good, who gives us boys and girls to sit so near our hearts!" "And such a fair, free city for a home!" said Van Heemskirk as he looked up and down the sunshiny street. "New York is not perfect, but we love her. Right or wrong, we love her, just as we love our mother, and our little children."

"That also is what the Dominie says," answered Van Ariens; "and yet, he likes not that New York favors the French so much."

"He is a good man. With you, last night, was a little maid—a great beauty I thought her—but I knew her not. Is she then a stranger?"

"A stranger! Come, come! The little one is a very child of New York. She is the daughter of Dr. Moran—Dr. John, as we all call him."

"Well, look now, I thought in her face there was something that went to my heart and memory."

"And yet, in one way, she is a stranger. Such a little one she was, when the coming of the English sent the family apart and away. To the army went the Doctor, and there he stayed, till the war was over. Mrs. Moran took her child, and went to her father's home in Philadelphia. It was only last month she came back to New York. But look now! It is the little, maid herself, that is coming down the street."

"And it is my grandson who is at her side. The rascal! He ought now to be reading his law books in Mr.

the Hall of Representatives, saying to himself, with silent exultation as he went:

"The Seat of Government! Let who will, have it; New York is the Crowned City. Her merchants shall be princes, her traffickers the honorable of the earth; the harvest of her rivers shall be her royal revenue, and the marts of all nations shall be in her streets."

## CHAPTER II.

This is the Way of Love. Cornelia lingered in the garden, because she had suddenly, and as yet unconsciously, entered into that tender mystery, so common and so sovereign, which we call Love. In Hyde's presence she had been suffused with a bewildering, profound emotion, which had fallen on her as the gentle showers fall, to make the flowers of spring. This handsome youth, whom she had only seen twice, and in the most formal manner, affected her as no other mortal ever done. She was a little afraid.

"I have met him but twice," she thought; "and it is as if I had a new, strange, exquisite life. Ought I tell my mother? But how can I? I have no words to explain—I do not understand—Alas! if I should be growing wicked!"

The thought made her start; she hastened her steps towards the large entrance door, and as she approached it a negro in a fine livery of blue and white tawed the door wide open for her. She turned quickly out of the hall, into a parlor full of sunshine. A lady sat there hemstitching a damask napkin; a lady of dainty plainness, with a face full of graven experience and mellow character. As Cornelia entered she looked up with a smile, and said, as she slightly raised her work, "it is the last of the dozen, Cornelia."

"You make me ashamed of my idleness, mother. I went to Embree's for the linen thread, and he had just opened some English gauzes and lute-strings. Mrs. Willets was choosing a piece for a new gown, for she is to dine with the President next week, and she was so polite as to ask my opinion about the goods. Afterwards, I walked to Wall street with her; and coming back I met, on Broadway, Lieut. Hyde, and then he walked home with me. Was it wrong? I mean was it polite—I mean the proper thing to permit? I knew not how to prevent it."

"How often have you met Lieut. Hyde?"

"I met him for the first time last night. He was at the Sylvesters."

"And pray what did Lieut. Hyde say to you this afternoon?"

"He gave me the flowers, and he told me about a beautiful opera, of which I had never before heard. It is called Figaro. He asked permission to bring me some of the airs to-night, and I said some civilities. I think they meant 'Yes.' Did I do wrong, mother?"

"I will say 'no,' my dear; as you have given the invitation. But to prevent an appearance of too exclusive intimacy, write to Arenta, and ask her and Rem to take tea with us."

"Mother, Arenta has bought a blue lute-string. Shall I not also have a new gown? The gauzes are very sweet and genteel, and I think Mrs. Jay will not forget to ask me to her dance next week. Mr. Jefferson is sure to be there, and I wish to walk a minute with him."

"I told Mrs. Willets, and with such a queer little laugh she asked me 'if his red breeches did not make me think of the guillotine?' I do not think Mrs. Willets likes Mr. Jefferson very much; but, all the same, I wish to dance once with him. I think it will be something to talk about when I am an old woman."

"My dear one, that is so far off. Go now, and write to Arenta."

(To be continued.)

### GOOD CUSTOMER OF FRANCE.

England Makes Heavy Purchases from Her Old-Time Foe.

Jean Finot, editor of the Revue des Revues, recently put the relations between France and England in a most striking fashion. He said:

"Great Britain deserves the name of the richest and most important of French colonies. France is so bound up with her fate that the disappearance of England's economic power would cause her incalculable mischief. Our total exports in 1901 were only 4,155,000,000 francs, of which England took 1,264,000,000 francs, or more than 30 per cent of all the merchandise which we cast on the world's market. But even of more importance is the fact that the amount of English purchases in France is constantly growing. From 1,032,000,000 francs in 1896 it rose to 1,132,000,000 francs in 1897, to 1,238,000,000 francs in 1899, and to 1,264,000,000 francs in 1901, thus showing an increase of 232,000,000 francs, or over 22 per cent in five years. Now the purchases from the mother country of all the French colonies, including Algeria, 259,000,000 francs, and Tunis, about 34,000,000 francs, together with those scattered all over the world, about 183,000,000 francs, did not amount in 1900 to more than 476,000,000 francs. Besides this colossal amount of purchases, the English yearly spend considerable sums in France. The money left in our country by Englishmen visiting Paris or their favorite resorts is commonly estimated at 500,000,000 francs, thus making 1,800,000,000 francs as the formidable total yearly paid by England to France."



With Respectful Eagerness He Talked to Her.

Itself heard. The horrors of Avignon, and of Paris, the brutality with which the royal family had been treated, and the abolition of all religious ties and duties, had many and bitter opponents.

In these days of wonderful hopes and fears there was, in Maiden Lane, a very handsome residence—an old house even in the days of Washington, for Peter Van Clyffe had built it early in the century as a bridal present to his daughter when she married Philip Moran, a lawyer who grew to eminence among colonial judges.

One afternoon in April, 1791, two men were standing talking opposite to the entrance gates of the pleasant place. They were Capt. Joris Van Heemskirk, a member of the Congress then sitting in Federal Hall, Broad street, and Jacobus Van Ariens, a wealthy citizen, and a deacon in the Dutch church. Van Heemskirk believed in France; the tragedies she had been enacting in the holy name of liberty, though they had saddened, had, hitherto, not discouraged him. But the news received that morning had almost killed his hopes for the spread of republican ideas in Europe.

"Van Ariens," he said warmly, "this treatment of King Louis and his family is hardly to be believed. It is too much, and too far. After this, no one can foresee what may happen in France."

"That is the truth, my friend," answered Van Ariens. "The French have gone mad. We won our freedom without massacres."

"We had Washington and Franklin, and other good and wise leaders who feared God and loved men."

"So I said to the Count de Moustier but one hour ago. Yet if we were prudent and merciful it was because we are religious. When men are irreligious, the Lord forsakes them; and if bloodshed and bankruptcy follow it is not to be wondered at. I am but a tanner and currier, as you know, but I have had experiences; and I do not believe in the future of a people who are without a God and without a religion."

"Well, so it is, Van Ariens. I will now be silent, and wait for the echo; but I fear that God has not yet said 'Let there be peace.' I saw you last night at Mr. Hamilton's with your son and daughter. You made a noble entrance."

"Well, then, the truth is the truth. My Arenta is worth looking at; and

Hamilton's office."

"We also have been young, Van Heemskirk."

"I forget not, my friend. My Joris sees not me, and I will not see him. Then the two old men were silent, but their eyes were fixed on the youth and maiden, who were slowly advancing toward them.

She might have stepped out of the folded leaves of a rosebud, so lovely was her face, framed in its dark curls. Her dress was of some soft, green material; and she carried in her hand a bunch of daffodils. She was small, but exquisitely formed, and she walked with fearlessness and distinction.

Of all this charming womanhood the young man at her side was profoundly conscious. A tall, sunbrowned, military-looking young man, as handsome as a Greek god. He was also very finely dressed, in the best and highest mode; and he wore his sword as if it were a part of himself. Indeed, all his movements were full of confidence and ease; and yet it was the vivacity, vitality, and ready response of his face that was most attractive.

His wonderful eyes were bent upon the maid at his side; he saw no other earthly thing. With a respectful eagerness, full of admiration, he talked to her; and she answered his words—whatever they were—with a smile that might have moved mountains. They passed the two old men without any consciousness of their presence, and Van Heemskirk smiled, and then sighed, and then said softly—

"So much youth, and beauty, and happiness! It is a benediction to have seen it! I shall not reprove Joris at this time. But now I must go back to Federal Hall."

When their eyes turned to the Moran house the vision of youth and beauty had dissolved. Van Heemskirk's grandson, Lieut. Hyde, was hastening towards Broadway; and the lovely Cornelia Moran was sauntering up the garden of her home, stooping occasionally to examine the pearl-powdered arbutus or to twine around its support some vine, straggling out of its proper place.

Then Van Ariens hurried down to his tanning pits in the swamp; and Van Heemskirk went thoughtfully to Broad street. When he reached Federal Hall, he stood a minute in the doorway; and with inspired eyes looked at the splendid, moving picture; then he walked proudly toward

# Easter Question.

by Lucy Jackson.

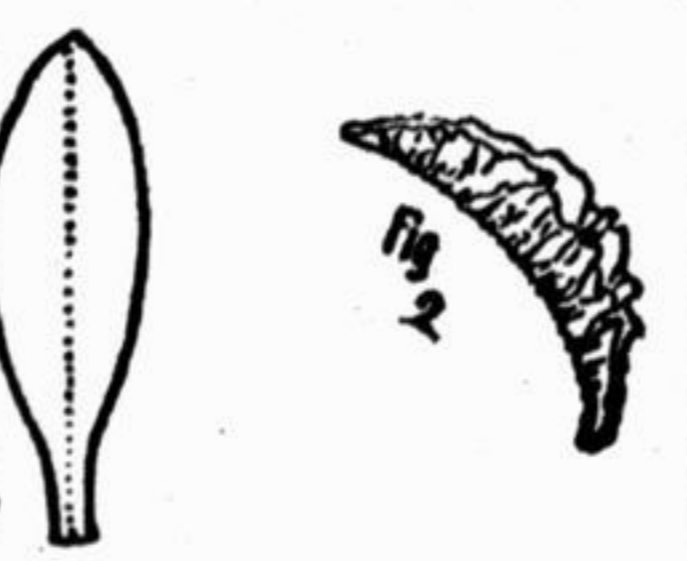
**I**f we had seen Christ with the lame,  
If we had seen the blind, or the poor who cry,  
If we had known him as he came  
Truly with sin and leprosy,  
Would we who care what people say,  
Have walked with him a little way?  
Would you or I?

**I**f we had been among the throng  
That saw the lowly Saviour die,  
If we had heard the cruel song,  
The heartless jest, the mockery,  
Would we who now this triumph sing,  
Have hailed him then, as Lord and King?  
Would you or I?

**W**e love the Easter story sweet,  
Our prayers ascend to God on high,  
We cast our treasures at His feet,  
And sing with joy His victory,  
But when we hear the hymn with men,  
Would we have seen His glory then?  
Would you or I?

## Easter Pastimes to Amuse the Children

Much Easter amusement can be secured from eggs made into a variety of objects, such as great purple plums, watermelons and fine radishes, says the Delineator. To prepare them color some eggs and make the eggs all solid hues, some a rich purple, some red,



others brown or light green, one or two dark green.

Begin by making the radish. Gum a number of crisp tissue-paper leaves cut from Figure 1 on the big end of the red egg. Fold each leaf lengthwise through the center, according to the dotted line; then slip a hat pin or the back of the blade of a table knife tight up in the fold and, holding the leaf in place with the right hand, gradually push it up together on the blade with the left hand; this gives the leaf a natural crimped appearance (Fig. 2). Take a small piece of raw cotton and dip it in the dye, or better still, color it with a little crushed red crayon; then pull the cotton into the form of Figure 3. Fasten this red point on the end of the egg and the egg will be a radish (Fig. 4).

Use a dark green egg to make the baby watermelon. Mark uneven, lengthwise hands around it with a soft lead pencil, and fasten in the stem with sealing wax. Bore a hole in the large end of the melon, making the opening big enough to admit the end of a small curved swig, which must form the stem; put on enough sealing wax to secure firmness (Fig. 5).

Convert the purple egg into a plum by fastening it on the natural twig in the same way you stick the melon on



its stem. Gum two green tissue-paper leaves to the branch for the foliage (Fig. 6).

The funny big acorn must likewise be attached to a stem, and on its small end you should fasten with seal-

ing wax a leaf bud from the lilac bush; if that cannot be had make the little point of cotton. Let a band of colored raw cotton or crumpled tissue paper be glued on to form the edge of the acorn cup (Fig. 7).

A neat little tea pot, one from which tea can really be poured out of the saucy wee spout, blow the contents from an egg. Have the sealing wax, if possible, of a soft gray color, delicate brown or quiet gray-green. With a sharp scissors cut a round hole in each end of the shell and another small one in the side a small distance from the top as an opening for the spout. Soaking the shell in warm water for nearly half an hour will render it less brittle. Make the bottom of the teapot of a round piece of



stiff paper, cover the upper side of the paper all over with melting sealing wax and before the wax hardens set the shell down on it. For greater security drop melted sealing wax en-



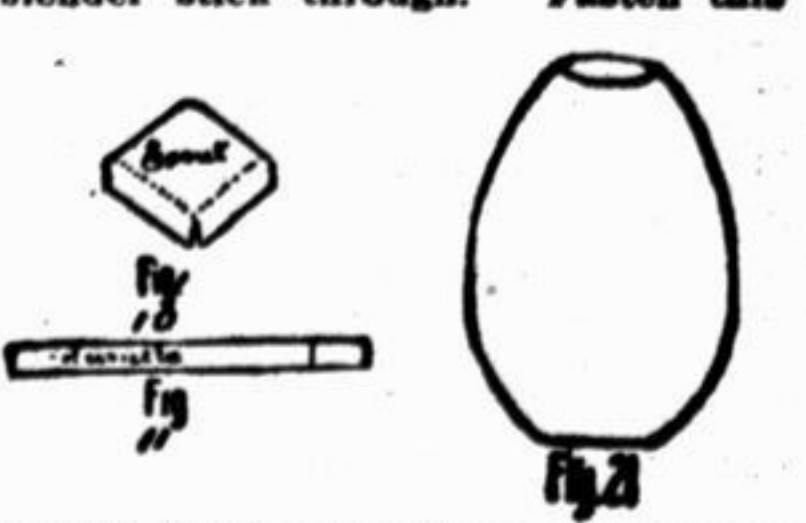
tirely around the bottom where it joins the shell, as in Fig. 9. The spout (Fig. 10) should be cut from stiff paper, also the handle (Fig. 11); fasten both on the egg-shell with sealing wax in their respective positions, following the dotted lines. When finished test the teapot to make sure it is waterproof; then more than half fill it with water and have the fun of pouring the water in a tiny stream out of the spout. If the teapot leaks the least bit fill the crack with sealing wax. Be sure 'hat the little gift is in perfect order before it leaves your hands.

Having completed the teapot, the sugar bowl will be easy work. Use two strips of paper for the handles; fasten them on with sealing wax, and set the round bottom of the half egg-shell in the soft sealing wax which you have dropped on a circular bit of paper. The paper being flat will give the sugar bowl a level stand, enabling it to set erect and firm. (Fig. 12). In old-fashioned country houses

there is usually a pair of clear, cold spring water conveniently near, with a gourd dipper from which to drink in place of a common glass. The



gourds are interesting, odd-looking drinking vessels, but cannot compare in quaintness to the little egg dippers fashioned from eggshells. A large half of an eggshell forms the bowl and a slender stick the handle. (Fig. 13). Bore a hole in one side of the dipper and slide the end of any kind of a slender stick through. Fasten this



securely in place with hot sealing wax both outside and inside at the juncture of the bowl and handle, and in less time than it takes to tell it the dipper will be made.

Place all the unique Easter gifts you have manufactured on a table, where you may enjoy them, and in order that you shall get the full benefit of their beauty, look at them through a pair of opera glasses, but first you must make the glasses. Cut (Fig. 14) from cardboard; then bore holes in each end of two eggs, remove the contents and cut the openings large enough to see through. (Fig. 15.) Attach the large ends of the shells to Fig. 14 by means of melted sealing wax; glue them on tightly and the



opera glasses will be ready for use (Fig. 16.)

### A Good Old Custom.

It used to be a custom among good Christians to salute one another with a kiss, but now, although indiscriminate osculation is no longer kept upon Easter morning, the custom, which is as old as the human race, still prevails, most desirably in houses of evening and with families