

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Dow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

About six o'clock Arenta Van Ariens made a personal response to her friend's message. She was all excitement and expectation. Who do you think called on me this afternoon. No less a person than Madame Kippon. Gertrude Kippon is going to be married. She is going to marry a French count! And madame is beside herself with the great alliance.

"Our drawing-rooms, and even our streets, are full of titles," said Cornelia; "I think it is a distinction to be plain master and mistress."

"That is the truth; even this handsome dandy, Joris Hyde, is a lieutenant."

"He was in the field two years. He told me so this afternoon. I dare say, he has earned his title, even if he is a lieutenant."

"Don't be so highly-tighty, Cornelia. I have no objection to military titles. In fact, I rather lean to official titles of every kind."

Then Arenta, having arranged her ringlets, tied her sash and her sandals, the girls went down to the parlor.

Dr. Moran, Rem Van Ariens, and Lieut. Hyde were present. The latter was handsomely dressed in a dark-blue velvet coat, silver-laced, a long white satin vest and black satin breeches. His hair was thrown backwards and tied with the customary black ribbon, and his linen and lace were of the finest quality. He met Cornelia as he might have met a princess; and he flashed into Arenta's eyes a glance of admiration which turned her senses upside down, and

"Dear Arenta, we shall have so much more time, to-morrow. Come to-morrow."

But Arenta was not pleased. She left her friend with an air of repressed injury, and afterwards made little remarks about Cornelia to her brother, which exactly fitted his sense of wounded pride.

"Ever since she was a little girl, eleven years old, I have loved her," said Rem; "and she knows it." "She knows it; that is so. When I was at Bethlehem, I read her all your letters, and many a time you spoke in them of her as your 'little wife.' Come, come, we must go to our rooms, for that is our father I hear moving about. In a few minutes he will be angry, and then—"

She did not finish the sentence; there was no necessity; Rem knew what unpleasantness the threat implied, and he slipped off his shoes and stole quietly upstairs. Arenta did not hurry, though the great Flemish clock on the stair-landing chimed eleven as she entered her room.

"After all," she mused, "the evening was a possibility. It was a door on the latch—I may push it open and go in—who can tell? I saw how amazed he was at my beauty when I first entered the parlor—and he is but a man—and a young man who likes his own way—so much is evident."

Then she heard her brother moving about the floor of the room above her and a shadow darkened her face. She had strong family affections, and she was angry that Rem should be troubled by any man or woman, living.

their meeting, and the delay had been intended, and the consequences foreseen!

In a dim kind of way Hyde realized this fact as he sat the next day with an open book before him. He was not reading it; he was thinking of Cornelia. Soon he closed his book with impatience, and went to Prince's and bought a little rush basket filled with sweet violets. Into their midst he slipped his visiting card, and saw the boy on his way with the flowers to Cornelia ere he was satisfied they would reach her quickly enough. Then turning aimlessly into Pearl street, he saw Cornelia.

She was dressed only in a little morning gown of Indian chintz, but in such simple toilet had still more distinctively that air of youthful modesty which he had found so charmingly tantalizing.

Cornelia was going to the "Universal Store" of Gerardus Duyckinck, and Hyde begged to go with her. He said he was used to shopping, and could tell the value of laces, and know how to choose a piece of silk, or match the crewels for her embroidery; and, indeed, pleaded his case so merrily, that there was no refusing his offer. And how it happened lovers can tell, but after the shopping was finished they found themselves walking towards the Battery, with the fresh sea wind, and the bright sunshine, and the joy of each other's presence all around them.

Now Love has always something in it of the sea, and the murmur of the tide against the pier, the hoarse voices of the sailor men, the scent of the salt water, and all the occult unrecognized, but keenly felt life of the ocean, were ministers to their love, and forever and ever blended in the heart and memory of the youth and maid who had set their early dream of each other to its potent witchery. Time went swiftly, and suddenly Cornelia remembered that she was subject to hours and minutes. A little fear came into her heart, and closed it, and she said, with a troubled air, "My mother will be anxious. I had forgotten. I must go home." So they turned northward again.

At the gates of her home they stood a moment, and there Hyde touched her hand and said, "I have never, in all my life, been so happy. It has been a walk beyond hope, and beyond expression!" And she lifted her face, and the smile on her lips and the light in her eyes answered him.

Cornelia trembled as she opened the parlor door; she feared to look into her mother's face, but it was as serene as usual, and she met her daughter's glance with one of infinite affection and some little expectancy. This was a critical moment, and Cornelia hesitated slightly. Then she said with a blunt directness which put all subterfuge out of the question:

"Mother, I have been a long time, but I met Lieut. Hyde, and we walked down to the Battery; and I think I have stayed beyond the hour I ought to have stayed, but the weather was so delightful!"

"The weather is very delightful and Lieut. Hyde is very polite. Did he speak of the violets he sent you?"

"I suppose he forgot them. Ah, there they are! How beautiful! How fragrant! I will give them to you, mother."

"They are your own, my dear. I would not give them away. Take your flowers and put them in water—the young man is very extravagant, I think. Do you know that it is quite noon, and your father will be home in a little while?"

And there was such kind intent, such a divining sympathy in the simple words, that Cornelia's heart grew warm with pleasure, and she felt that her mother understood, and did not much blame her. She went with some haste to her room, and, forgetting all else, sat down and permitted herself to enter the delicious land of reverie. She let the thought of Hyde repeat over and over again, and again to her imagination his form, his face, his voice, and those long caressing looks she had seen and felt, without seeming to be aware of them.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPH WINS A CASE.

Bright Idea That Was Worked by Clever Lawyer.

A Philadelphia lawyer tells the story that a picture of Fanny Davenport once won a case for him. His client was suing the Pennsylvania Railroad company, of which Wayne MacVeagh was counsel, for \$7,500 damages for the death of her husband. "Just a few days before the case was to have come up she happened into my office and announced that she had married again. 'Good Lord, madam,' I gasped, 'why couldn't you have waited until your case came up? It's next to impossible for me to get damages for you now.' She said she didn't care very much, and went out, seeming very happy.

"Well, it just happened that I had a photograph of Fanny Davenport on my desk, and when the next day Wayne MacVeagh happened into my office to discuss quite another matter he picked up the photo and admired it. 'Who's your friend?' he asked.

"I had a sudden inspiration and I said: 'Why, that's the lady who is suing your company for \$7,500.'

"The deuce you say," said he. "Handsome woman, isn't she?"

"She is, indeed," I replied. "'H—m!' he exclaimed, looking at the picture closely. 'A deuced handsome woman, I should say. A deuced handsome woman.' There was a slight pause. 'What'll you take to settle this case?' he asked.

"I thought of my client's second marriage, and I fixed the figure at \$5,000. The deal was consummated, and the case never came to court."—New York Tribune.

WILL EXPLORE NATIONAL PARK

President Will Spend Sixteen Days in the Yellowstone Reservation.

SPEAKS TO CROWD FROM HORSE

Nation's Executive Addresses Audience of Cowboys, Guides and Native and Then Rides Away Accompanied by Major Pitcher and Aids.

Cinnabar, Mont., special: President Roosevelt, John Burroughs, the naturalist, and a detachment of United States cavalry disappeared up the trail into Yellowstone park to remain for sixteen days.

The president's special will remain here, where Secretary Loeb can keep in touch with Washington and supply the president's couriers with such information as the president may desire. This, it is understood, will only be upon subjects absolutely demanding attention.

In Rough Attire. The president bade farewell to the rest of the party at Gardner, at the gateway to the park, and the crowd of cowboys, guides and tourists assembled to see the start was treated to the usual experience of being addressed from the back of a horse by

ARSENAL EXPLOSION KILLS 1,500 PERSONS

Powder Factory in China, Located at Canton, is Scene of Disaster—Was Government Clearing-House.

Hong-Kong cablegram: Fifteen hundred persons are reported to have been killed by an explosion at the Canton Arsenal powder factory, which is one of the largest in China. The arsenal is the government's clearing-house for ammunition.

Since the use of powder has for centuries been known to the Chinese the old arsenal for many scores of years fulfilled all purposes, but recently the modern commerce in explosives led to the erection of immense buildings.

Canton, supposed to have 2,000,000 inhabitants, is the largest city in China, and has many industries. It is the great market for the silk goods of south China. Though it has a European quarter the foreigners are mostly brokers, nearly all the trade being in the hands of native merchants.

MAY ENFORCE THE BLUE LAWS

Labor Unions of La Crosse, Wis., Want All Stores Shut on Sunday.

La Crosse, Wis., special: The labor unions of this city have invoked the law to enforce Sunday closing and promise to close La Crosse up tight and enforce the obsolete blue laws which have always remained on the statute books. George W. Briebe, a union barber, was arrested on complaint of the secretary of the Barbers' union. Briebe is accused of opening

BOATS COLLIDE DURING A FOG

Many of the Passengers Are Panic-Stricken and Try to Jump Overboard.

PLACE WOMEN IN THE BOATS

All Hands Are Taken Aboard a Tug and Landed in New York—Both Vessels Are Badly Damaged, but No Lives Are Lost.

New York dispatch: The Atlas liner, Allegheny, from Port Limon, Costa Rica, was badly damaged in the harbor of New York as the result of a collision with the British steamer, Joseph Merryweather, bound out for Baltimore and Cork, Ireland.

The passengers, many of them being women, were panic-stricken, and a number of them attempted to jump overboard. The tug Coastwise, which was passing, responded to the signals of distress. Meanwhile the steamer's officers had lowered two boats into which the women were placed.

Is Partly Submerged. All the passengers were taken on board the tug and brought to the city. The Allegheny had been struck on the starboard side, and a huge hole was torn in the plates. The bow settled rapidly to the bottom, but owing to the watertight bulkheads, the stern remained afloat, and here the crew gathered, preferring to remain by the ship.

The Merryweather stood by until the passengers had been rescued. Its stern was stove in, and it anchored off the statue of Liberty until the extent of the injuries could be ascertained. The Allegheny was finally towed to Brooklyn.

Occurs During Fog. The Allegheny left quarantine early in the day, but had anchored in the bay below Robbins' reef because of the fog. It was here the collision took place.

The passengers on the Allegheny brought tidings of an eruption of the old Colcano Del Tierra Firme in Colombia, near Galera Zambie, on March 22. The village of Tojio was destroyed and from sixty to 100 persons were killed and wounded. During the night of March 24 flames from the volcano were seen by passing vessels at a distance of sixty miles.

TEACHER SUED FOR HUGGING

Miss Nichols of Palmer, Ill., Suffers Dislocation and Wants \$2,500.

Pana, Ill., dispatch: In the circuit court here Miss Stella Nichols of Palmer is trying to convince a jury that a hug from a man dislocated her shoulder. She is suing E. F. Colwell, a school teacher, for \$2,500, alleging because of a hug he gave her against her will her shoulder was thrown out of place, permanently injuring her.

SHORTER SKIRTS ARE DESIRED

Milwaukee School Board Officials Think Long Trains Unhealthful.

Milwaukee, Wis., special: Because they believe shorter skirts worn in the schoolroom by teachers would enhance healthful conditions Superintendent Siefert of the school board, William George Bruce and others well known in educational circles here have gone on record as favoring the abolishment of trailing skirts.

THE LATEST MARKET REPORTS

Wheat. New York—No. 2 red, 79 1/2c. Chicago—No. 2 red, 73c. St. Louis—No. 2 red, 68 1/2c. Kansas City—No. 2 hard, 66 1/2c. Milwaukee—No. 1 northern, 77c. Minneapolis—No. 1 northern, 74c. Duluth—No. 1 northern, 74 1/2c. Corn. New York—No. 2, 51 1/2c. Chicago—No. 3, 40c. St. Louis—No. 2, 39 1/2c. Kansas City—No. 2 mixed, 36 1/2c. Peoria—No. 3, 36 1/2c. Oats. New York—No. 2, 41c. Chicago—Standard—34 1/2 @ 36 1/2c. St. Louis—No. 2, 34c. Kansas City—No. 2 white, 34c. Milwaukee—Standard, 33 @ 33 1/2c. Cattle. Chicago—\$1.75 @ 7. Kansas City—\$2.05 @ 5.20. St. Louis—\$3.50 @ 6.50. Omaha—\$2.25 @ 6.75. Hogs. Chicago—\$6.00 @ 7.50. Kansas City—\$6.25 @ 7.35. St. Louis—\$6.50 @ 7.10. Buffalo—\$5.65 @ 7.60. Omaha—\$6.30 @ 7.10. Sheep and Lambs. Chicago—\$2 @ 7.90. Kansas City—\$3.50 @ 6.90. St. Louis—\$3.75 @ 6.75. Buffalo—\$3.15 @ 7.30. Omaha—\$3.80 @ 6.95.

May Tax Export Coffee. Rio Janeiro cable: The provincial legislature of Sao Paulo has passed a bill imposing a maximum tax of 2 per cent on exported coffee. The bill will become effective in July if signed by the president.

To Wed German Count. Berlin cablegram: The engagement is announced of Mrs. Lotta von Alton, ill, to Count Otto von Bismarck, a First Lieutenant in the Prussian artillery.

THE EMPEROR IS SIMPLIFYING THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.



Chicago Record-Herald.

a president arrayed in rough hunting clothes, and looking much like the other hunters about him.

The special bearing the president and his party arrived at Gardner, the entrance to the park, at 12:30 o'clock and was met by a detachment of the Third cavalry and a number of cowboys. Maj. Pitcher also was on hand to welcome the president. Luncheon was served in the president's car. After his horseback speech he bade the members of his party good-by and led the way into the park. Mr. Burroughs followed in an army wagon.

Will Not Hunt.

It is well understood that the president will do no hunting while he is in the park, but will devote many days and miles of walking and riding to the study of the animals on the national reservation. In this he will be greatly aided by Mr. Burroughs.

All trails leading to the president's camps will be guarded and everything possible will be done to save the president from annoyance or unwelcome visitors.

President Roosevelt will be the guest of Maj. Pitcher, the superintendent of the park, and will live in camps most of the time he is out.

On April 24 the president will start on his trip to St. Louis and then to the Pacific coast. The weather here is mild, and reports from the park are to the effect that there is little snow in the vicinity of the president's headquarters.

Milwaukee's Population.

Milwaukee, Wis., dispatch: The publisher of the Milwaukee city directory believes that the population of the city will be shown by the coming canvass to aggregate more than 315,000. The census of 1900 credits the city with a population of 285,315.

TORNADO BLOWS DOWN HOUSES

Many Persons Are Killed by Cyclone at Altamont, Kan.

Joplin, Mo., dispatch: A tornado struck Altamont, Kan., fifty miles west of here. Many houses were blown down and many persons were killed. The news was confirmed by the crew of a Frisco train. They saw the funnel-shaped cloud for many miles near Oswego, Kan. The storm came to an end near Galena, unroofing houses and doing serious damage.

his shop on Sunday. The trial was set for April 17 and the case is creating great interest about the city, as it will afford a practical test of the power of the union to prevent the breaking of union agreements and to do so by enforcing obsolete state laws.

TWENTY-SIX YEARS IN PRISON

Man Released From Sing Sing Says Sentence Was Due to Error.

New York dispatch: Michael Feeney, who has just been released from Sing Sing prison, was sentenced to twenty years on a charge of attempted burglary by Recorder Hackett, who died six months later. He is now 64 years old, having served twenty-six years, additional sentences being imposed for two attempts to escape. He received \$12 and a suit of clothes for leaving the state for a crime he says he never committed. He claims that he was sleeping on the roof and re-entered the wrong house when he was arrested.

License Packing Company.

New York, dispatch: Illinois has licensed the National Packing Company, recently incorporated at Trenton and capitalized at \$15,000,000. The company will do business in that state with a capital stock of \$4,000,000. The officers will immediately open offices in Chicago.

Snow is Thirty Feet Deep.

Gunnison, Col., special: Roadmaster Mehn of the South Park branch of the Colorado & Southern road has reached here after a trip afoot over Alpine Pass. It required two days to travel the distance of twenty-five miles. In some places, he says, the snow is thirty feet deep.

GIRL FATALLY HURT IN GAME

Freda Pink of Indianapolis, Kicked in Basket Ball Play, is Dying.

Indianapolis special: A kick in the side received during a scrimmage in a basket ball game at Crawfordsville will cause the death of Miss Freda Pink, the 18-year-old star of an Indianapolis high school girls' team. She is a social favorite, is well known and is in her senior year. The game was a championship contest and there was considerable rough work.



The fresh sea wind and the bright sunshine.

made her feel, for a moment or two, as if she could hardly breathe.

Upon Arenta's brother he had not produced a pleasant impression. Without intention, he had treated young Van Ariens with that negative politeness which dashes a sensitive man, and makes him resentfully conscious that he has been rendered incapable or doing himself justice. And Rem tried in various ways to introduce some conversation which would afford him the pleasure of contradiction. He failed to consider that his barely veiled antagonism compelled from the doctor, and even from Cornelia and Arenta, attentions he might not otherwise have received. So Hyde easily became the hero of the hour, he was permitted to teach the girls the charming old-world step of the Pas de Quatre, and afterwards to sing with them merry airs from Figaro, and sentimental airs from Lodoiska.

Fortunately, some of Dr. Moran's neighbors called early in the evening. Then whilst parties were formed. But though Cornelia was all sweetness and graciousness; though Rem played well and Lieut. Hyde played badly; though Rem had the satisfaction of watching Hyde depart in his chair, while he stood with a confident friendship by Cornelia's side, he was not satisfied. There was an air of weariness and constraint in the room, and the little stir of departing visitors did not hide it. Rem approached his sister and said, "It is time to go home." Arenta looked at her friend; she expected to be asked to remain, and she was offended when Cornelia did not give her the invitation.

"I expected you would ask me to stay with you, Cornelia."

"I think it is best for you to go home with Rem. Otherwise he might, in his present temper, find himself near Becker's, and if a man is quarrelsome he may always get principals and seconds there. In the morning Rem will, I hope, be reasonable."

"I thought you and I would talk things over to-night. I like to talk over a new pleasure."

"I have always thought Cornelia a very saint," she muttered, "but Love is the great revealer. I wonder if she is in love—to tell the truth, she was past finding out. I cannot say that I saw the least sign of it—and between me and myself, Rem was unreasonable; however, I am not pleased that Rem felt himself to be badly used."

And she said her prayers, and fell calmly asleep, to the flattering thought, "I would not much wonder if, at this moment, Lieut. Hyde is thinking about me."

In reality, Lieut. Hyde was at that moment in the Belvedere club, singing the "Marsellaise," and listening to a very inflammatory speech from the French minister. But a couple of hours later, Arenta's "wonder" would have touched the truth. He was then alone, and very ill satisfied; for, after some restless reflections, he said impatiently:

"I have again made a fool of myself. I have now all kinds of unpleasant feelings, and when I left that good doctor's house I was well satisfied. His daughter is an angel. I praise myself for finding that out."

Then he rose, threw off his velvet and lace, and designedly let his thoughts turn to Arenta. "She is pretty beyond all prettiness," he said softly as he moved about. "She dances well, talks from hand to mouth, and she gave me one sweet glance, and I think if she has gone so far—she might go further."

CHAPTER III.

Hyde and Arenta.

Seldom is Love ushered into any life with any pomp of circumstance or ceremony; there is no overture to our opera, no prologue to our play, and the most momentous meetings occur as if by mere accident. A friend delayed Cornelia a while on the street, and turning, she met Hyde face to face; a moment more, or less, and the meeting had not been. Ah, but some Power had set that moment for