

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Well, then, who knows more on that subject than Joris Hyde? Was I not, last year, at Lady Betty Somers' splendid nuptials, and at Fanny Paget's, and the Countess of Carlisle's? Indeed, I maintain that in such a discussion I am an absolute necessity. And I wish to know Madame Jacobus."

"So? Well, then, here we are, at her very door. I know not what she will say—you must make your own excuses, sir."

As she was speaking, they ascended the white steps leading to a very handsome brick house on the west side of Broadway. The door was opened by a very dark man, who was dressed in a splendid and outlandish manner—a scarlet turban above his straight black hair, and gold-hooped earrings, and a long coat or tunic, heavily embroidered in strange devices.

As soon as the front door closed, Joris perceived that he was in an unusual house. The scents and odors of strange countries floated about it. Strange tables of wonderful mosaic work held ivory carvings of priceless worth, and porcelain from unknown lands. Gods and goddesses from the yellow Gehenna of China and the utterable idolatry of India looked out with brute cruelty, or semipiternal smiles from every odd corner, or gazed with a fascinating presence from the high chimney-piece upon all who entered.

When the door opened and Madame Jacobus, with soft, gliding footsteps entered, Hyde understood how truly the soul, if given the wherewithal, builds the habitation it likes best. Once possessed of marvelous beauty, and yet extraordinarily interesting, she seemed the very genius of the room and its strange, suggestive belongings.

It was said that no man who came within his influence had been able to resist her power—no man, perhaps, but Capt. Jacobus, and he had not resisted, he had been content to exercise over her a power greater than her own. He had made her his wife; he had lavished on her for ten years the spoils of the four quarters of the world; and his worship of her had only been equalled by her passionate attachment to him. Ten years of love, and then parting and silence—unbroken silence. Yet she still insisted that he was alive and would certainly come back to her. She kept his fine house open, his room ready, and herself constantly adorned for his home-coming.

She came in now with a smile of welcome. She was always pleased that her fine home should be seen by those strange to it; and perhaps was particularly pleased that Gen. Hyde's son should be her visitor. And as Joris was determined to win her favor, there was an almost instantaneous birth of good will.

"Let me kiss your hand, madame," said the handsome young fellow, lifting the jeweled fingers in his own. "I have heard that my father had once that honor. Do not put me below him," and with his words he touched with his warm lips the long white fingers.

Her laugh rang merrily through the dim room, and she answered: "You are Dick Hyde's own son—nothing else. I see that. But where is Cornelia? I thought she would come with you."

Even as she spoke Cornelia entered. There was a little flush and hurry on her face; but oh, how innocent and joyous it was!

"Am I late, madame? Surely your clock is wrong."

"My clock is never wrong. Cor-



The assurance of her love. Cornelia. Come, now, sit down, and let us talk of such follies as weddings and wedding gowns."

In this conversation Hyde triumphantly redeemed his promise of assistance. He could describe with a delightful accuracy—or inaccuracy—the lovely toilets and pretty accessories of the high English wedding feasts of the previous year. And in some subtle way he threw into these descriptions such a glamor of romance, such backgrounds of old castles and chiming bells, of noble dames glittering with gems, and village maids scattering roses, of martial heroes, and rejoicing lovers, all moving in an atmosphere of song and

sunshine, that the little party sat listening, entranced, with sympathetic eyes drinking in his wonderful descriptions.

Madame Jacobus was the first to interrupt these pretty reminiscences. "All this is very fine," she said, "but the most of it is no good for us. The satin and the lace and even the gems, we can have; the music can be somehow managed, and we shall not make a bad show as to love and beauty. But castles and lords and military pomp, and old cathedrals hung with battle flags. Such things are not to be had here, and, in plain truth, they are not necessary for the wedding of a simple maid like our Arenta. Lieutenant, take Miss Moran and show her my garden. I tell you, it is worth walking through; and when you have seen the flowers, Arenta and I will give you a cup of tea."

With some hesitation, yet quite carried away by Hyde's personal longing and impulse, Cornelia went into the garden with her lover. Speechless with joy, Hyde clasped Cornelia's slender fingers, and they went together down the few broad steps which led them into the green shadows of the trees. Slowly, as they stepped, they came at length to a little summer house. They sat down there, and in a few moments the seal was broken and Hyde's heart found out all the sweetest words that love could speak. Cornelia trembled; she blushed, she smiled, she suffered herself to be drawn close to his side; and, at last, in some sweet, untranslatable way, she gave him the assurance of her love.

Arenta's voice, petulant and not pleasant, broke the charm. "Tea is waiting," she said, "and Rem is waiting, and my aunt is tired, and you two have forgotten that the clock moves." Then they laughed, and laughter is always fatal to feeling; the magical land of love was suddenly far away, and there was the sound of china, and the heavy tones of Rem's voice—dissatisfied, if not angry—and Arenta's lighter fret; and they stood once more among fetid and forms so foreign, fabulous and fantastical, that it was difficult to pass from the land of love, and all its pure delights, into their atmosphere.

It would have been harder but for Madame Jacobus. Her smile—quick and short as a flash of the eyes—revealed to Hyde her intention of favor, and without one spoken word, these two knew themselves to be of the same mind. And, in parting, she held his hand while she talked, saying at last the very words he longed to hear—

"We shall expect you again on Thursday, Lieutenant."

He answered only: "Thank you, madame," but he accompanied the words with a look which asked so much, and confessed so much, that Madame felt herself to be a silent confidante and a not unwilling accomplice.

As for Hyde, no thought that could mar the sweetness and joy of this fortunate hour came into his mind. Neither Rem's evident hatred, nor Arenta's disapproval, nor yet Cornelia's silence troubled him. Even the necessary parting from Cornelia was only a phase of this wonderful gladness; for Love never fails of his token, and, though Arenta's sharp eyes could not discover it, Hyde received the silent message that was meant for him, and for him only. That one thought made his heart bound and falter with its exquisite delight—for him only—for him only.

He was hardly responsible for his actions at this hour; for when a swift gallop brought him to the Van Heemskirk house, he quite unconsciously struck the door some rapid, forceful blows, with his riding whip. His grandfather opened it with an angry face.

"I thought it was thee," he said. "Now, then, in such lordly fashion, whom didst thou summon? dog or slave, was it?"

Joris flung himself from his horse and clasped his grandfather's hand. "I did wrong," he said warmly, "but I am beside myself with happiness; and I thought of nothing but telling you"

Lysbet divined the joy in her grandfather's face; and she said softly as he seated himself at the open window where his grandfather's chair was placed—

"It is Cornelia?"

"Yes, it is Cornelia. She loves me! The most charming girl the sun ever shone upon loves me. It is incredible. It is amazing. What do you say?"

"I say that thou hast chosen a good girl for a wife. God bless thee," answered Lysbet with great emotion.

Van Heemskirk smiled, but was silent; and Hyde stooped forward, gently moved his long pipe away from his lips, and said: "Grandfather, speak. You know Cornelia Moran?"

"I have seen her. Thy grandmother says she is good. Well, then, the love of a good, beautiful girl, is something to be glad over. Not twice in a lifetime comes such great fortune. But make up thy mind to expect much opposition. Doctor John and thy father were ever unkind. Thy father has other plans for thee; Cornelia's father has doubtless other plans for her. I

know not how the little Cornelia can dare to disobey him."

"She has said 'yes' to me; and, before heaven and earth, she will stand by it."

"Say that much. And of thyself, art thou sure?"

"I know not what you mean, sir," said Hyde, vaguely troubled by his grandfather's words.

"I think thou knowest well what I mean. Thy father has told thee that thy duty and thy honor are pledged to Annie Hyde."

"I never pledged! Never!"

"But, as in thy baptism thy father made vows for thee, so also for thy marriage he made promises. Noble birth has responsibility, as well as privilege. For thyself alone it is not permitted thee to live, from both the past and the future there are demands on thee."

"Grandfather, of one thing I am sure—I will marry Cornelia Moran, even if I run away with her to the ends of the earth."

"Run away with her. To be sure! That is in the blood," and the old man looked sternly back to the days when Hyde's father ran away with his own little daughter.

With some anger Lysbet answered his thoughts. "What art thou talking about? What art thou thinking of?"

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Joris relit his pipe.

Many good men have run away with their wives. Remember one May night, when thou and I sat by the Collect in the moonlight, and thou gave me this ring. What did thou say to me that night?"

"Tis years ago, Lysbet, and if I have forgotten—"

"Forgotten! The words thou said that night have been singing in my heart for fifty years; and yet, if thou must be told, some of those words were about running away with thee;—for, at the first, my father liked thee not."

"Lysbet! My sweet Lysbet! I have not forgotten. For thy dear sake I will stand by Joris, though in doing so I am sure I shall make some un-friends."

"Good, my husband, I take leave to say that thou art doing right."

"Well, then," said Hyde, "if my grandmother stand by me, and you also, I have no fear."

Then he rose, saying, "I must ride onward. My mother will not sleep until she sees me."

Then they walked with him to the door, and watched him leap to his saddle and ride into the twilight trembling over the misty meadows, tinkling with bells. And a great melancholy fell over them, and they could not resume the conversation. Joris relit his pipe, and Lysbet went softly and thoughtfully about her household duties. It was one of those hours in which Life distils for us her vague melancholy wine; and Joris and Lysbet drank deeply of it.

(To be continued.)

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

Another Instance Which Proves It Cannot Run Smooth.

"Darling," said Wilberforce Percy Poot as he reached out to clasp Mathild Pembroke's silver fox overcoat in the embrace of his silver fox overcoat to shield her from the icy blast, "have you tried real hard to love me, as I should be loved? Recollect, dearest, I have been coming up this same avenue for two sweet, delightful months. How joyous life has seemed to me during all that time! Mathild, Mathild, cannot you love me as I yearn to be loved?"

"I am trying hard, oh, so hard, Percy."

"Say it again, pet. Percy sounds so sweet to my ears from your lips. I am so glad my name is Percy."

"Percy, there are dark rings about my eyes every morning; I am trying so hard to love you. No one but a loving woman who tries to keep her loved one in mind knows the suffering I have gone through. I am growing thin trying to think about you all the time, Percy."

"And when your mind turns to Percy, your own Percy—what do you really think about, dream of my life, light of my soul?"

"Oh! Percy, I—I cannot think then; I seem to have nothing to think about when I think of you." The tailor-made form reached out its arms with a deep sob. But the silver fox overcoat turned away, and its owner hid his pallid lips under the other lined collar.

Percy, the broken-hearted, disappeared in the darkness.

Somewhat Different.

Diggaby—Hello there, Hardupp! Are you trying to raise a beard?

Hardupp—Not necessarily; I'm trying to raise the price of a shave.

Illinois News Items

State Happenings Succinctly Told by Our Special Correspondents

MAN RUNS AMUCK AT CENTRALIA TO ENTERTAIN THE PRESIDENT

Turley Tustison Cuts Capers With Pistol and Knife.

Turley Tustison, a young man from Odin was sent to jail from Centralia to await the action of the Marion county grand jury. While under the influence of liquor he shot a hole through the window in the home of A. J. Silgar. He attacked two young ladies with a knife, cutting an ugly gash in the side of Miss Fannie North, which required seventeen stitches of the surgeon's needle to close it up. She is in a critical condition. Next he attacked John Bennet, superintendent of the Big Four mine, and drew his pistol to shoot, but the officers, who were on his trail, reached him at this time.

MR. ROOSEVELT TO DEDICATE THE JAMES MILLIKEN UNIVERSITY.

Arrangements have been completed for the reception of President Roosevelt and party in Decatur on June 4. The president will go to Decatur from Springfield over the Wabash railroad. He will be there one hour and ten minutes, and during that time will deliver an address at the dedication of the James Milliken university. At the station, just before departure, he will address the railway and factory men. Supt. Robertson of the Wabash will have charge of the presidential train from Springfield to Danville.

DEPUTY SUPREME KNIGHT.

Patrick L. McArdle of Chicago, who was elected district deputy supreme knight of the Illinois Knights of Columbus at their Decatur convention, is one of the best-known Roman Catholics



in the West. Ever since the foundation of the Knights of Columbus he has been prominently identified with the order and since 1898 he has been a member of the national board of directors.

TWO NEW PLANTS.

The subscribers to the fund recently raised to secure the preserving plant of the Snyder Preserving company of Cincinnati for Collinsville held a meeting and decided to close negotiations with that firm and to accept a proposition from the Dodson-Braun company of St. Louis to locate one of its plants. The old canning site has been purchased and will be donated to the company after the third crop has been contracted for with the farmers. The company will preserve cucumbers and tomatoes this year.

WOMAN TRAMP.

A woman tramp, traveling about the country, dressed in man's clothing, was arrested by the police at Centralia. She gave her name as Mrs. Laura Hoopington and said that her home was at Terre Haute, where she left her husband and children on May 5 in company with Thos. Jones, a man whom she had only known three weeks. They tramped about the country, she donning male attire for convenience sake. Her husband was notified and he took her back to her home.

DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

Emil Brickner, aged 40, was almost instantly killed by a premature discharge of a blast of dynamite in the John Armstrong quarries, at Alton. The cause of the explosion is not known, as Brickner was using a wooden rod to tamp the explosive in the hole. Persons who saw it say Brickner was blown high in the air and fell about 25 feet below the ledge where he had been working. A large mass of rock fell on him, crushing his skull. Both arms were blown off.

CREDITORS FILE PETITION.

A petition was filed in the office of the clerk of the United States District court at Springfield by the Millikin National bank, Charles W. Montgomery and Robert Oglesby, all of Decatur, creditors of the C. M. Barnett Hardware company of Decatur, a company incorporated under the laws of Illinois, to have the Barnett Hardware company adjudged bankrupt. The liabilities are about \$30,000. The assets are unknown.

SUES FOR DAMAGES.

Chas. W. Smith, a farmer, has instituted damage proceedings at Edwardsville against the Toledo, Kansas City & Western railway et al, for \$15,000 for damage to crops, etc., during the recent overflow. The case is a test proceeding, other farmers joining the complainant in the prosecution.

NO DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

The time has elapsed for the filing of nomination papers for the First Judicial district, and the Democrats are without a ticket.

HAS CALL TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Rev. W. F. Isler, pastor of the German Methodist church, Alton, is considering the question of going to South Africa as a missionary. Bishop Hartzell of South Africa is in the United States and has tendered to Rev. Isler a post at Dongola.

JENIOUS WOMAN TAKES ACID.

Mrs. Otis Cate of Quincy, aged 27 years, attempted to commit suicide by swallowing a dose of carbolic acid in a glass of milk. Jealousy of her husband is assigned as the cause.

MARRIAGES.

At Collinsville—John Murgala and Miss Kunigunda Schwartz.

At Decatur—Marriage licenses issued: John T. O'Donnell and Edith P. Gelly; Owasso, Mich.: Alvin M. Maxey of Staunton, Ind., and Nettie M. Simpson, Ridgely, Ind.; John H. Freeman and Anna M. Phillips of Decatur.

At Waterloo—Mr. George Schaeffer and Miss Frances Jaeger were married in St. Peter and Paul's Catholic church Wednesday morn.

At Decatur—John O'Donnell and Miss Edith Gray.

QUINCY Y. M. C. A.

At the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian association of Quincy the reports showed the affairs of the association to be in satisfactory shape. During the past year the visitors to the rooms numbered 23,700 and 4,200 availed themselves of the privileges of the gymnasium. W. T. Dwire was elected president for the ensuing year; Herman Heiddred, vice president; O. B. Gordon, treasurer; E. C. Sprick, recording secretary; John Wessels, general secretary; F. Rosenmann, physical director, and Dr. C. A. Wells, medical examiner.

FOURTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE ILLINOIS STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION WILL CONVEENE IN TAYLORVILLE MAY 26.

The following is the programme for the opening day's session: "Bible Study," H. Moss; "How to Make the Convention a Success," A. M. Kennedy; "Summer Training Schools," Miss Mabel Torrey; "The Organization of Normal Classes," J. K. Falling; memorial address, Rev. George Lorimer; "Written Reviews," H. P. Hart; song service, led by Prof. E. O. Excell.

NO ROOM FOR WOMEN.

Adj. Mooney of the state soldiers' home at Quincy, is receiving many letters of inquiry in regard to admitting the wives of veterans. While the bill providing for the admission of soldiers' wives was approved by Gov. Yates, there was no appropriation made for meeting this expense, hence the idea of admitting women to the home will not be entertained at present. It will be especially necessary to erect more new buildings before the provisions of the bill could be put in force.

ESCAPES DAUGHTER'S IRA.

Miss Etta Shewmaker applied to Police Magistrate Rose of Alton for a warrant for the arrest of her father, Francis J. Shewmaker, whom she accused of stealing a gold watch, \$9 in cash and valuable papers. The father is a veteran of the civil war, and has gone to the soldiers' home at Quincy. The daughter claims to have discovered after his departure that he had taken her money and watch. Shewmaker escaped.

STRIKE COAL.

J. L. Soleman and Wm. Sturman have found coal in paving quantities one and a half miles northeast of Greenfield. At a depth of 49 feet a vein seven feet in thickness was struck. The coal is of an excellent quality and free from slate. This shaft will prove to be of great benefit to Greenfield, as all the coal used there had to be shipped in.

NEW COAL SHAFT.

The Decatur Manufacturers and Consumers' Coal company struck a four-foot vein of coal at a depth of 561 feet. About \$30,000 will be expended in machinery and buildings for the new mine. The new shaft is on the Illinois Central railroad, south of Decatur.

SALOONS FOR HARRISBURG.

The Harrisburg city council has passed an ordinance granting license to saloons at \$1,200 a year, to be paid in advance, and the one to whom the license is granted is required to file a bond in the sum of \$2,000 in addition to this.

MAISON COUNTY W. G. T. U.

Miss Margaret B. Crissey has been elected president of the Macon county W. G. T. U., Mrs. M. F. Lovrick vice president, Miss Beatie Gilman recording secretary and Mrs. S. A. Underwood treasurer.

FATAL FIRE.

In a fire which destroyed the Tremont house at Kewanee Eggert Timm of Amboy, Ill., perished and Edward Krumpelman of Macelline, Mo., suffered injuries from which he died.

MASTER MECHANIC FALLS.

J. Judson Curtis, a railroad master mechanic of Danville, filed a petition in bankruptcy, scheduling liabilities of \$5,954.93 and assets of \$39.

BOTH LEGS ARE CRUSHED.

Elmer Loeffler, son of A. Loeffler of Belleville, had both of his legs so badly crushed by falling under the wheels of an Illinois Central freight train, which he tried to board while on his way to school, that they had to be amputated.

FALLS DOWN SHAFT.

Alexander Dickson, aged 20 years, watchman for the Teak hardware company at Quincy received very painful injuries by falling down a elevator shaft.