

**THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE**

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"I am not very uneasy for her; if Arepta is in trouble she will cry it out, and call for help on every hand." During this conversation Annie was in a reverie which it is no way touched. She was thinking all the time of her cousin George, and of the singular abruptness with which his love life had been cut short, and it was this train of thought which led her to say impulsively:

"Uncle, it is my desire to go to Philadelphia."

The earl looked at her with incredulity. "What nonsense, Annie!" he exclaimed. "For you a journey to Philadelphia would be an arduous undertaking, and one without any reasonable motive."

"Oh, indeed! Do you call George Washington an unreasonable motive? I wish to see him."

"I wish the journey were an easier one."

"To be sure, the roads and the cold will be a trial; but then my uncle, you can give them to me, as God gives trials to his beloved. He breaks them up into small portions, and puts a night's sleep between the portions. Can you not also do this?"

"You little Methodist!" answered the earl, with a tender gleam in his eyes. "I see that I shall have to give you your own way. Will you go with us, George?"

"Yes; I desire to see Washington. I wish to see the greatest of Americans."

This was the initial conversation which, after some opposition, and a little temper from madame the countess, resulted in the Hyde family visiting Philadelphia.

A handsome house, handsomely furnished, had been found; and madame had brought with her the servants necessary to care for it, and for the family's comfort.

In a week she had come to the conclusion that Joris was disappointed; which indeed was very much the case. He could hear nothing of Cornelia. He had never once got a glimpse of his lovely countenance, and no scrutiny had revealed to him the place of her abode.

A month passed in unfruitful searching misery, and Hyde was almost hopeless. The journey appeared to be altogether a failure; and he said to Annie, "I am ashamed for my selfishness in permitting you to come here. I see that you have tried yourself to death for nothing at all."

She gave her head a resolute little shake and answered, "Wait and see. Something is coming. Do you know that I am going to Mrs. Washington's reception to-morrow evening? I shall see the President. Cousin, you are to be my cavalier, if it please you, and my uncle and aunt will attend us."

"I am devotedly at your service, Annie; and I will at least point out to you some of the dazzling beauties of our court—the splendid Mrs. Bingham, the Miss Allens and Miss Chews, and the brilliant Sally McKean."

The next evening Joris had every reason to feel proud of his cousin. The touch of phantasy and flame in her nature illumined her face, and no one could look at her without feeling that a fervent and transparent soul gazed from her eyes, so lambent with soft spiritual fire. This impression was enhanced by her childlike gown of white crepe over soft white silk; it suggested her sweet fretless life, and also something unknown and unseen in her very simplicity.

Mrs. Washington's parlors were crowded that night. The earl at once

look of tender reproach as she passed, but she made no movement of recognition. If she had said one syllable—if she had paused one moment, if she had shown in any way the least desire for a renewal of their acquaintance, Hyde was sure his heart would have instantly responded. As it was, they had met and parted in a moment, and every circumstance had been against him. For it was the most natural thing in life, that he should, after his cousin's interview with Washington, stoop to her words with delight and interest; and it was equally natural for Cornelia to put the construction on his attentions which every one else did.

Hyde wandered through the parlors speaking to one and another but ever on the watch for Cornelia. He saw her no more that night. She had withdrawn as soon as possible after meeting Hyde, and he was so miserably disappointed, so angry at the unpropitious circumstances which had dominated their casual meeting, that he hardly spoke to any one as they returned home.

The next day Annie asked: "Do you remember the Rev. Mr. Damer, rector of Downhill Market?"

"Very well. He preached very tiresome sermons."

"His daughter Mary was at the ball last night."

"What is Mary Damer doing in America?"

"She is on a visit to her cousin, who is married to the Governor of Massachusetts. He is here on some state matter, and as Miss Damer also wished to see Washington, he brought her with him."

"I was a mere lad when I saw her last. Is she passable?"

"She is extremely handsome. My aunt heard that she is to marry a Boston gentleman of good promise and estate. I dare say it is true."

It was so true that even while they were speaking of the matter Mary was writing these words to her betrothed: "Yesterday I met the Hydes. The young lord got out of my way. Did he imagine I had designs on him? I look for a better man. I may see a great deal of them in the coming summer, and then I may find out. At present I will dismiss the Hydes. I have met pleasanter company."

Annie dismissed the subject with the same sort of impatience. It seemed to no one a matter of any importance.

Hyde was shaken, confused, lifted on his feet, as it were; but after another day had passed, he had come to one steady resolution—he would speak to Cornelia when he next met her, no matter where it was, or who was with her.

For nearly a week he kept a cautious, constant watch. His insistent sorrowful longing was like a cry from Love's watch-towers; but it did not reach the beloved one, or else she did not answer it. One bright morning he resolved to walk through the great dry goods stores, where the beauties of the "gay Quakers" bought their choicest fabrics in foreign chintzes, lawns and Indian muslins. He was getting impatient of the bustle and pushing, when he saw Anthony Clymer approaching him. The young man was driving a new and very spirited team, and as he with some difficulty held them, he called to Hyde to come and drive with him. After an hour's driving they came to a famous hotel, and Clymer said, "Let us give ourselves lunch, and the horses bait and a rest, then we will make them show their mettle home again."

The young men had a luxurious meal and more good wine than they ought to have taken.

The champ and gallop of the horses and Clymer's vociferous enjoyment of his own wit, blended, and for a moment or two Hyde was under a physical exhilaration as intoxicating as the foam of the champagne they had been drinking. In the height of this meretricious gaiety, a carriage, driving at a rather rapid rate turned into the road; and Cornelia suddenly raised her eyes to the festive young men, and then dropped them with an abrupt, even angry expression.

Hyde became silent and speechless, and Clymer was quickly infected by the very force and potency of his companion's agitation and distressed surprise. Both were glad to escape to the privacy of his own room, that he might hide the almost unbearable chagrin and misery this unfortunate meeting had caused him.

"Where shall I run to avoid myself?" he cried, as he paced the floor in an agony of shame. "She will never respect me again. She ought not. I am the most wretched of lovers."

For some days sorrow and confusion and distraction bound his senses; he refused all company, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor talk, and he looked as white and wan as a spectre. A stupid weight, a dismal sullen stillness succeeded the storm of shame and grief; and he felt himself to be the most forlorn of human beings. At length, however, the first misery of that wretched meeting passed away, and then he resolved to forget.

"It is all past!" he said despairingly. "She is lost to me forever! Alas, alas, Cornelia! Though you would not believe me, it was the most perfect love that I gave you!"

Cornelia's sorrow, though quite as

profound, was different in character. Her sex and various other considerations taught her more restraint; but she also felt the situation to be altogether unendurable, for despite all reason, despite even the evidence of her own eyes, Cornelia kept a reserve. And in that pitiful last meeting, there had been a flash from Hyde's eyes, that said to her—she knew not what of unconquerable love and wrong and sorrow—a flash swifter than lightning and equally potential. It had stirred into tumult and revolt all the platitudes with which she had tried to quiet her restless heart; made her doubtful, pitiful and uncertain of all things, even while her lover's reckless gaiety seemed to confirm her worst suspicions. And she felt unable to face constantly this distressing dubious questioning, so that it was with almost irritable entreasy she said, "Let us go home, mother."

"I have desired to do so for two weeks, Cornelia," answered Mrs. Moran. "I think our visit has already been too long."

"My Cousin Silas has now begun to make love to me; and his mother and sisters like it no better than I do. I hate this town with its rampant, affected fashion and frivolities! Mother, let us go home, at once. Lucinda can



Had a luxurious meal.

pack our trunks to-day, and we will leave in the morning."

"Can we go without an escort?"

"Oh, yes, we can. Lucinda will wait on us—she too is longing for New York—and who can drive us more carefully than Cato? I am at the end of my patience. I am like to cry out! I am so unhappy, mother!"

"My dear, we will go home to-morrow. We can make the journey in short stages. Do not break down now, Cornelia. It is only a little longer."

"I shall not break down—if we resist sorrow proves the capacity to resist it. Cornelia kept her promise. As they reached New York her cheerfulness increased, and when they turned into Maiden Lane she clapped her hands for very joy.

She ran upstairs to her own dear room, laid her head on her pillow, sat down in her favorite chair, opened her desk, let in all the sunshine she could, and then fell with holy gratitude on her knees and thanked God for her sweet home, and for the full cup of mercies he had given her to drink in it.

When she went downstairs the maid had just come in, and the Doctor sat before a desk covered with newspapers and letters. "Cornelia," he cried in a voice full of interest, "here is a letter for you—a long letter. It is from Paris."

She examined the large sheets closed with a great splash of red wax, bearing the de Tounerre crest. It had indeed come from Paris—the city of dreadful slaughter, yet Cornelia opened it with a smiling excitement, as she read:

"It is from Arepta!"

(To be continued.)

**NEW PHASE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.**

Artists Now Go to Patrons Instead of Waiting a Call from Them.

It is no longer regarded as the proper thing in society to go to a photograph gallery to have one's picture taken. Leaders of the smart set at the east have decreed that the artist shall come to the houses of the sitters, although an extra charge is involved in the new arrangement. The men who do this at-home work must be artists of the first class. These pictures in the home have revolutionized one fashion. Formerly a woman would wear all her jewels and take her stand before the camera in her most pretentious frock, but now these display pictures are taboos and the woman dresses simply. A favorite pose with one photographer has the subject in a picture hat, with bare shoulders and wearing a simple string of pearls.

More recent, even than the dashing hat and glistening shoulders is the photographing of young matrons with their children. In England these pictures are in great vogue and the woman who poses wears a house gown suggestive of the calm of the nursery. The photograph of the lovely countess of Warwick with her daughter was one of the most popular in England. Lady Warwick's arms were entwined about the pretty child and the picture was sold just the same as those of Ellen Terry, Edna May and other celebrities. Another woman who is photographed always with her child is Rachel, countess of Dudley, wife of the lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The countess is one of the great English beauties.

**HORTICULTURE**

No Apple Belt.

We sometimes hear people speak of a belt for growing this and that, as if a well-marked territory could be described within which produce of that kind could be grown, and outside of which it could not be grown. The term has been applied to the raising of apples, and men now and then speak of the "apple belt." But there is no apple belt, and to use the term merely confuses the discussion of apple growing.

The apple can be grown over a wide area of country,—how wide we do not yet know, as that is largely dependent on varieties. Thus in Wisconsin, Minnesota and northern Iowa it seemed at one time as if it were quite useless to attempt to grow apples. The early settlers put in apple trees of the Baldwin, Pippin and Greening varieties, and experienced failure for the most part. They for some time after believed that to grow apples in those states, except in exceptionally favorable localities, was impossible. But some lovers of the apple were determined to do all possible to establish the growing of this king of fruits in the regions where they lived. They saw that varieties must be developed that would stand the severe conditions of those climates. A generation has passed, and we see those states now large producers of apples of new and hardy varieties. The apple growing territory has thus been pushed hundreds of miles further north than it was thirty years ago. We are now told that the regions of Wisconsin about Lake Superior will yet be dotted with productive apple orchards.

In these localities the problem of apple growing is a hard one, but is not too difficult for the genius of man to solve.

More work has perhaps been done in pushing the apple growing region north than in extending it toward the south. This is due largely to the fact that cold has always been recognized as an enemy of the apple, while heat has not been. Yet the apple, being a temperate climate fruit, is as certainly held in check by the heat as by the cold. In our southern states we find large areas where the apple is not grown. These are usually the level lands. Along the mountain ranges, at a good altitude, the apple has invaded the south, and in the west along the foothills of the Rockies it has nearly reached the Mexican border. Doubtless work on varieties will yet dot the southern fields with orchards bearing red and yellow apples.

Great possibilities are looked up in the variations that are found in seedlings, and what the limit of these varieties are no man can now guess; for work with them has but begun. After another hundred years of seedling growing and experimentation with new varieties we shall know more about the limitations of the apple. We may yet grow apples in abundance from the Canadian line to the Gulf of Mexico.

Hill Side Orchards.

The orchard on the top and sides of a hill must have different treatment from that growing on the level or gently-sloping land. The latter may be cultivated annually. The hill orchard cannot be cultivated, as that would result in disastrous washing during heavy rains. One object in putting an orchard on a rather steep hill is to utilize it in a way that will prevent loss of soil and its fertility by the means of running water. But in the case of the hillside orchard it is not generally necessary to set out the trees on the native sod and leave them to their fate. In many cases, where the soil is composed of heavy clay, drainage is a help. We have seen clay hillsides that would hold water in holes and hollows for a week after a rain. In such soil the excavation made for the tree at the time of setting out will prove a veritable water bowl, in which stagnant water will remain for days to the great detriment of the tree. We call attention to this fact for the reason that many people have the idea that all land with a declivity is naturally well-drained.

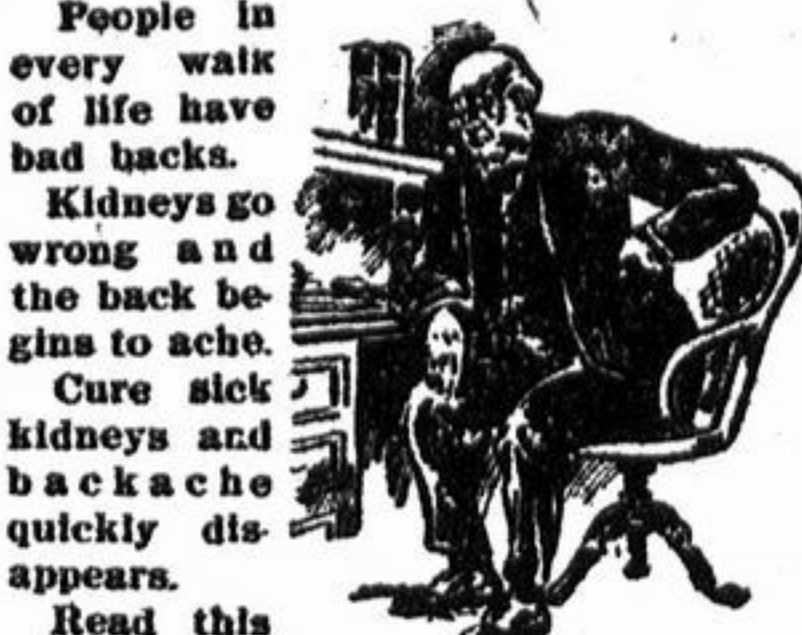
The hill orchard will generally have to be kept in sod, but this does not always prevent the use of the spade around the trees. After the ground has become well filled with the roots of the trees it is sometimes advisable to use mulch. This destroys the grass, but does not disturb the soil. To what extent this can be practiced will depend on the conditions of soil, slope of land and rainfall.

Shropshire Premiums.

Every Shropshire breeder should send to Mortimer Levering, secretary, at Lafayette, Indiana, for a circular relative to the special premiums to be offered by the association at the shows this season. The shows provided for are the International at Chicago, the Indiana State Fair at Indianapolis, the Kentucky Live Stock Breeders' Association at Louisville, Kentucky, Oregon State Fair at Portland, the Territorial Sheep Breeders' Association at Regina, N. W. T., the Maritime Stock Breeders' Association at Amherst, N. S., the American Royal Show at Kansas City, Mo., Toronto Industrial Exposition and Ontario Provincial Winter Fair at Guelph.

A woman with her hair falling off would be in a Dickens of a fit if she should lose Oliver Twist.

IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE.



People in every walk of life have bad backs. Kidneys go wrong and the back begins to ache. Cure sick kidneys and backache quickly disappear. Read this testimony and learn how it can be done.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I was unfit for anything. Mrs. Boyce noticed Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a sure cure for just such conditions, and one day when in Trenton she brought a box home from Chas. A. Foster's drug store. I followed the directions carefully when taking them and I must say I was more than surprised and much more gratified to notice the backache disappearing gradually, until it finally stopped."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Boyce will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

**A French View of America.**

A French traveler, Victor Jacquemont, who visited the United States in the early part of the last century, thus explained why he found nothing interesting to say about American society: "Take Claude Lorraine, put him in a cab and drive him to the plain of Montrouge; set him down there and say to him: 'Make me a beautiful picture out of this.' He will send you to the right about, or if you happen to have two gendarmes with you and can oblige him to paint he will never be able to find in the plain of Montrouge, and consequently to represent, anything but a straight line with here and there a windmill or a public house by way of variety. American society is in its kind what the plain of Montrouge is, and I am no Claude."

**Appreciation Comes Late.**

Poe's "Bells," in the original manuscript, was the other day sold at auction in Philadelphia for \$2,145. This was \$2,100 more than Poe received for the manuscript and the publication rights half a century ago.

**Sensible Housekeepers**

will have Defiance Starch, not alone because they get one-third more for the same money, but also because of superior quality.

An advertiser paid \$5,000 for the privilege of painting the name of his product on a big chimney in lower New York, where it could be seen from the North river ferries.

Don't you know that Defiance Starch besides being absolutely superior to any other, is put up 16 ounces in package and sells at same price as 12-ounce packages of other kinds?

At a public meeting held in Bury, England, it was decided to raise a memorial to the memory of John Kay, the inventor of the fly shuttle, who was born there in 1704.

Hundreds of dealers say the extra quantity and superior quality of Defiance Starch is fast taking place of all other brands. Others say they cannot sell any other starch.

There is no road to success but through a clear, strong purpose. A purpose underlies character, culture, position, attainment of whatever sort. —T. T. Munger.

A little girl, hearing her mother observe to another lady that she was going into half mourning, inquired whether any of her relations were half dead.

Storekeepers report that the extra quantity, together with the superior quality of Defiance Starch makes it next to impossible to sell any other brand.

It may be worth while to note the name of the intrepid man at Omaha, Judge Baxter, who has issued an injunction restraining a woman from talking.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. R. BUNN, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The man who is always complaining must be awfully tiresome to himself.

**FITS** permanently cured. No finer nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE, \$3.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. Kline, Ltd., 233 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In their eagerness to speak well of the dead some people slur the living.

Free—"HOW TO FEED LITTLE CHICKS," W. J. Gibson & Co., Inc., Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

A man is at his best when balancing evenly between his wife and his work.

"The Klean, Cool, Kitchen Kind" is the trade mark on stoves which enable you to cook in comfort in a cool kitchen.

A barber isn't necessarily a snob because he cuts an acquaintance.

**Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold** Lavative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. Price 25c. Quick transformation—when the foot racer's foot came out a head.

**HUMOR OF THE DAY**

**The Music Cure.**

"I observe," said the cheerful boarder, "that they are trying to cure the sick trees in Boston commons with music."

"Popular music, I suppose," said the boarder who puns.

"I wonder how yew would like it," growled the cynical boarder.

"I know I'd soon be scyamore," murmured the cheerful boarder as he reached for the butter, and there the subject was dropped.

**Keeping in Practice.**

"Do you know this Gov. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania?"

"No, I don't. Why?"

"I thought he'd be you did. He has just muzzled the state press, and I didn't know but what I'd like to have him come around and see if something can't be done with my mother-in-law."

Considerable.



Deacon Kindleigh—So poor Brother Littleton left all he had to the Children's home. Did he have much?

Sister Sourleigh—Eight boys and three girls.

**Bridget Was Ashamed.**

Mistress (angrily)—Bridget, I find that you wore one of my evening gowns at the ball last evening. It's the worst piece of impudence I ever heard of. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Bridget (meekly)—O! was, mum; O! was, and me young man said as if O! iver wore such a frock in public agit he'd break our engagement.

**Talking Shop.**

Dolly—So Simpkins, the cashier of the bank, proposed to you last night?

Polly—Yes; and I promised to marry him.

"Did he ask your father's permission?"

"Yes; he said he would ask papa to indorse my promissory note."

**In After Years.**

Mrs. Whoopem—There was a time when I was actually proud of the powerful voice you put into your college yell; but now I wish it had been only a whisper.

Whoopem—Why do you say that, my dear?

Mrs. Whoopem—Because the baby has inherited the aforesaid yell; that's why.

**The Whole Thing.**

Tommy—Let's play theater.

Elsie—All right, I'll be the boss.

Tommy—No, I will. The manager has to be a man.

Elsie—Oh! you can be the manager. I'll be what they call the "bella donna."

Good One.



Gazer (an astronomer)—Can you suggest a suitable inscription for my new telescope?

Boozer (a drinker)—Sure. How would "Here's looking at you" do?

**The Deacon's Opinion.**

"Yes, sah," said the old colored brother, "dat boy is so fond er tradin' dat I vely believes dat ef he wax in heaven, en day let him come back fer a holiday, he'd sell his return ticket en trust ter bein' blowed back by a hurricane!"

**A Stagger.**

Wigwag—Was it a stag affair?

Guzzler—Worse than that; it was stagger.