

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER VII.

Arenta's Marriage.

For a few weeks, Hyde's belief that the very stars would connive with a true lover seemed a reliable one. Madame Jacobs, attracted at their first meeting to the youth, soon gave him an astonishing affection. She put aside her nephew's claims with hardly a thought, and pleased herself day by day in so managing and arranging events that Hyde and Cornelia met, as a matter of course. Arenta was not, however, deceived; she understood every maneuver, but the success of her own affairs depended very much on her aunt's co-operation and generosity, and so she could not afford, at this time, to interfere for her brother.

"But I shall alter things a little as soon as I am married," she told herself. "I will take care of that."

Arenta's feelings were in kind and measure shared by several other people; Dr. Moran held them in a far bitter mood; but he, also—envisioned by circumstances he could neither alter nor command—was compelled to satisfy his disapproval with promises of a future change. For the wedding Arenta Van Ariens had assumed a great social importance. Arenta herself had talked about the affair until all classes were on the tiptoe of expectation. The wealthy Dutch families, the exclusive American set, the home and foreign diplomatic circles, were alike looking forward to the splendid ceremony, and to the great breakfast at Peter Van Arien's house, and to the ball which Madame Jacobus was to give in the evening.

One morning, as Dr. Moran was returning home after a round of disagreeable visits, he saw Cornelia and Hyde coming up Broadway together. They were sauntering side by side in all the lazy happiness of perfect love and as he looked at them the sorrow of an immense disillusion filled him to the lips. He believed himself, as yet, to be the first and the dearest in his child's love; but in that moment his eyes were opened, and he felt as if he had been suddenly thrust out from it and the door closed upon him.

He did the wisest thing possible; he went home to his wife. "Where is Cornelia, Ava?" he asked the question with a quick glance round the room, as if he expected to find her present.

"Cornelia is not at home to-day?" "Is she ever at home now?" "You know that Arenta's wedding—"

"Arenta's wedding! Bless my soul! of course I know. I know one thing at least, that I have just met Cornelia and that young George Hyde coming up the street together, as if they two alone were in the world. They never saw me, they could see nothing but themselves."

"Men and women have done such a thing before, John, and they will do it again. Cornelia is a beautiful girl, and it is natural that she should have a lover."

"It is very unnatural that she should



Arenta lifted the pearls, choose for her lover the son of my worst enemy."

"I am sure you wrong Gen. Hyde. When was he your enemy? How could he be your enemy?"

"When was he my enemy? Ever since the first hour we met. And you want me to give Cornelia to his son! Yes, you do, Ava! I see it in your face. You stretch my patience too far. Can I not see—"

"Can an angry man ever see? No, he cannot. You feed your own suspicions, John. I think Rem Van Ariens has as much of Cornelia's liking as George Hyde; and perhaps neither of them have enough of it to win her hand. All lovers do not grow to husbands."

"Thank God, they do not! But what

you say about Rem is only cobweb stuff. She is too friendly, too pleasantly familiar, I would like to see her mere shy and silent with him."

"Dinner is waiting, John, and whether you eat it or not, Destiny will go straight to her mark. Love is destiny, and the heart is its own fate. Did I not know thee, John, the very moment that we met?"

She spoke softly, with a voice sweeter than music, and her husband was touched and calmed. He took the hand she stretched out to him and kissed it, and she added:

"Let us be patient. Love has reasons that reason does not understand, and if Cornelia is Hyde's by predestination, as well as by choice, vainly we shall worry and fret, all our opposition will come to nothing. In a few days Arenta will have gone away, and as for Hyde, any hour may summon him to join his father in England; and this summons, as it will include his mother, he can neither evade nor put off. Then Rem will have his opportunity."

"To be patient—to wait—to say nothing—it is to give opportunity too much scope."

"Time and absence against any love affair that is not destiny! And if it be destiny, there is only submission, nothing else. But life has a 'maybe' in everything dear; a maybe that is just as likely to please us as not."

Then Doctor John looked up with a smile. "You are right, Ava," he said cheerfully. "I will take the maybe. Maybe have a deal to do with life. Yet, take my word for it, there is, I think, no maybe in Rem's chances with Cornelia."

"We shall see. I think there is." Rem, with the blunt directness of his nature, watched with jealous dislike, and often with rude impatience, the familiar intercourse which his aunt's partiality permitted Hyde. He was, indeed, often so rude that a less sweet-tempered, a less just youth than George Hyde would have pointedly resented many offences that he passed by with that "noble not caring" which is often the truest courage.

But wrath covered carries fate. Every one was in some measure conscious of danger and glad when the wedding day approached. Even Arenta had grown a little weary of the prolonged excitement she had provoked, for everything had gone so well with her that she had taken the public very much into her confidence. And, as if to add the last touch of glory to the event, just a week before Arenta's nuptials a French armed frigate came to New York bearing dispatches for the Count de Moustier, and the Marquis de Tounnerre was selected to bear back to France the Minister's message. So the marriage was put forward a few days for this end, and Arenta in the most unexpected way obtained the bridal journey which she desired, and also with it the advantage of entering France in a semi-public and stately manner.

"I am the luckiest girl in the world," she said to Cornelia and her brother when this point had been decided. They were tying up "dream cake" for the wedding guests in madame's queer, uncanny drawing room as she spoke, and the words were yet on her lips when madame entered with a sandal wood box in her hands.

"Rem," she said, "go with Cornelia into the dining room for a few minutes. I have something to say to Arenta that concerns no one else."

As soon as they were alone madame opened the box and upon a white velvet cushion lay the string of oriental pearls which Arenta on certain occasions had been permitted to wear. Arenta's eyes flashed with delight. With an intense desire and interest she looked at the beautiful beads, but madame's face was troubled and somber, and she said almost reluctantly:

"Arenta, I am going to make you an offer. This necklace will be yours when I die, at any rate; but I think there is in your heart a wish to have it now. And as you are going to what is left of the French court, I will give it to you now, if the gift will be to your mind."

"There is nothing that could be more to my mind, dear aunt. You always know what is in a young girl's heart."

"First, listen to what I say. No woman of our family has escaped calamity of some kind, if they owned these beads. My mother lost her husband the year she received them. My Aunt Hildegard lost her fortune as soon as they were hers. As for myself, they very day they became mine our Uncle Jacobus sailed away and he has never come back. Are you not afraid of such fatality?"

"No, I am not. What power can a few beads have over human life or

happiness? To say so, to ask so, is foolishness."

"I know not. Yet I have heard the both pearls and opals have the power to attract to themselves the ill fortune of their wearers."

"Do you believe such tales, aunt?" "do not. I snap my fingers at such tales."

"Give them to you, I will not, Arenta; but you may take them from the box with your own hands."

The maiden left the room and Arenta lifted the box and carried it nearer to the light. And a little shiver crept through her heart and she closed the lid quickly and said irritably:

"It is my aunt's words. She is always speaking dark and doubtful things. However, the pearls are mine at last!" and she carried them with her downstairs, throwing back her head as if they were round her white throat and—as was her way—sprawling herself as she went.

All five weddings are much alike. It was only in such accidental costume that Arenta's differed from the five weddings of to-day.

New York was not then too busy making money to take an interest in such a wedding, and Arenta's drive through its pleasant streets was a kind of public invitation. For Jacob Van Ariens was one of a guild of wealthy merchants, and they were at



"It is the curse of Adam."

their shop doors to express their sympathy by lifted hats and smiling faces; while the women looked from every window, and the little children followed, their treble voices heralding and acclaiming the beautiful bride. Then came the breakfast and the health drinking and the speech-making and the rather sadder drive to the wharf at which lay La Belle France. Then the anchor was lifted, the cable loosened, and with every sail set La Belle France went dancing down the river on the tide-top to the open set.

Van Ariens and his son Rem turned silently away. A great and evident depression had suddenly taken the place of their assumed satisfaction. They had outworn emotion and knew instinctively that some common duty was the best restorer. The same feeling affected, in one way or another, all the watchers of this destiny. Women whose household work was belated, had used up their nervous strength in waiting and feeling, were now cross and inclined to belittle the affair and to be angry at Arenta and themselves for their lost day. And men, young and old, went back to their ledgers and counters and manufacturing with a sense of lassitude and dejection.

Peter had nearly reached his own house when he met Doctor Moran. The doctor was more irritable and depressed. He looked at his friend and said sharply, "You have a fever, Van Ariens. Go to bed and sleep."

"To work I will go. That is the best thing to do. My house has no comfort in it. Like a milliner's or a mercer's store it has been for many weeks. He suddenly stopped and looked at the doctor with brimming eyes. In that moment he understood that no putting to rights could ever make his home the same. His little saucy, selfish, but dearly loved Arenta would come there no more; and he found not one word that could express the tide of sorrow in his heart. Doctor John understood. He remained quiet, silent, clasping Van Ariens' hand until the desolate father with a great effort blurted out:

"She is gone! And smiling, also, she went."

"It is the curse of Adam," answered Doctor John bitterly—"to bring up daughters, to love them, to toil and save and deny ourselves for them, and then to see some strange man, of whom we have no certain knowledge, carry them off captive to his destiny and his desires. 'Tis a thankless portion to be a father—a bitter pleasure."

Very thoughtfully the Doctor went on to William street, where he had a patient—a young girl of about Arenta's age—very ill. A woman opened the door—a woman weeping bitterly. (To be continued.)

DELICATE LINES OF PRINT.

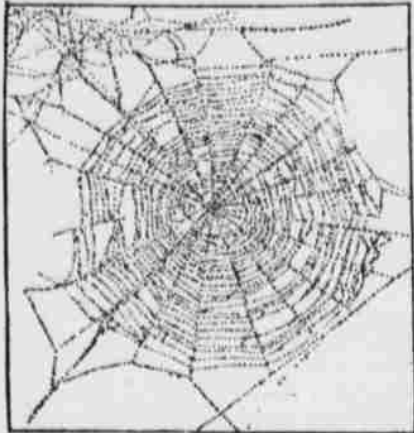
Perfect and Exact Reproduction of a Spider's Web.

Did you ever make a "spore print" of a toadstool or mushroom—reproduce on paper the delicate lines, colors and conformations of the marvelous, innumerable and frequently infinitesimal "gills" of a toadstool or mushroom?

Did you ever make a print of a spider's web?

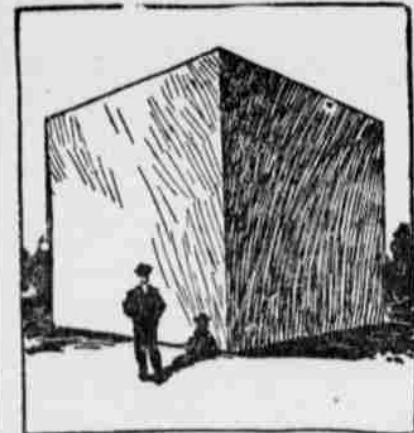
If you have performed either of these feats you are something unusual, although doubtless you have longed to do so far back in the happy, childish days when all toadstools were "fairy umbrellas," and when the silvery cobweb invariably figured as an enchanted castle, restraining a beautiful princess.

To the real nature lover, however



scientific in trend and attitude, the childish love is carried straight up to the adult consciousness, modified rather than translated or broken. Wherefore it comes about that so many nature lovers and scientists have been much interested in the "fairy umbrellas" of the 200 supposedly edible varieties, of which it is possible to eat so few without suffering, and the gleaming, shimmering, fragile cobwebs that must surely have conveyed to the world's first lacemakers their original impulse and idea. To one such Chicago nature lover has it been granted to accomplish both the feats just mentioned. Mrs. Bertha E. Jacques, artist and devoted nature student, cannot only boast the finest collection of "spore prints" in Chicago—in all the world most likely—but also a remarkably wonderful because precisely exact and perfect reproduction of a spider's web.

World's Output of Gold.



The total output of gold since the beginning of mining is here shown compared with man.

Trade in Sea Lions.

One of the most peculiar industries of the Pacific coast is that conducted by two old sea captains, Calico Vasquez and Charles Lyons. It consists in capturing and training sea lions. Capt. Vasquez attends to the sea end of the industry and with his sloop and crew visits St. Nicholas, San Clemente, Santa Catalina, Santa Cruz and other islands off the coast to capture puppers for the school which Capt. Lyons maintains on shore. This industry is not so insignificant a one as might appear at first glance. The demand for trained animals is greater than these men can meet. From all parts of the world come orders for sea lions which have been more or less educated.

A Fishing Smack.



Hunter Bagged Tame Cat.

A gunning story from Lakeville, Mass., is to the effect that a Taunton ex-alderman went out with his gun after rabbits, and after a time found a nice, sleek bunny, which he shot. When he picked up his game he found it to be a cat, and from its appearance it was some one's pet.

COMPLETELY RESTORED.

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 2111 Grand ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For 15

teen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest, and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Agriculture in Korea.

Koreans cultivate their fields largely with spades. One of these implements has a handle about eight feet long. The wooden bowl is tipped with iron and has two straw ropes fastened to it. The man manipulating the handle pushes the spade into the ground. Then those holding the ropes throw an insignificantly small amount of earth a distance of about two feet. In the Korean fields one may often see nine men thus employed on one spade.

\$100 Rewarded, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known for the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NO NEED FOR EFFUSION.

Witty Answer of French Prefect to Revolutionaries.

During the reign of Emperor Napoleon III he and the empress visited Normandy and had arranged to spend a couple of days at Evreux. M. Janvier de la Monte, who was the prefect, learned that the revolutionaries intended to hiss the sovereigns as they passed, and so he summoned the leaders of the movement and told them that he knew of their plot. "If you carry out your plan," said he to them, "you will get six months in prison; if you do not, your friends will accuse you of cowardice and treason. As a way out of the difficulty I propose to lock you up at once until the emperor has gone." The conspirators accepted the terms offered them. After the emperor and empress had gone the prefect went in person to release his prisoners, who had had such a pleasant time that they greeted him with cries of "Long live the prefect!" to which M. Janvier de la Monte, who was a man of wit, replied: "My friends, do not overdo it."

Incomprehensible.

An eccentric minister in Virginia was noted for quaint sayings. He was the owner of a fine yoke of oxen, and, losing one of them—a loss he could ill afford—was well nigh inconsolable. His good wife, endeavoring to comfort him, quoted: "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away." "Yes, Elizabeth, I know; but I can't see what the Lord wanted with an odd steer."

KNOWS NOW

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me although I had palpitation of the heart every day.

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried a small quantity of coffee which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone.

"When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color.

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off coffee and drink Postum; in fact, I daily give this advice." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients. "There's a reason."

A remarkable little book "The Road to Wellville" can be found in each package.