

# The Bow of Orange Ribbon

## A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

By AMELIA E. BARR  
Author of "Friend Olivia," "I, Thou and the Other One," Etc.  
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### CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

And it was during this hour of trial to Miriam, that Joris was talking to Lysbet of her. It did him good to put his fears into words, for Lysbet's assurances were comfortable; and as it had been a day full of feeling, he was weary and went earlier to his room than usual. On the contrary, Lysbet was very wakeful. She carried her sewing to the candle and sat down to think.

In the midst of her reflections, Bram returned. She had not expected him so early, but the sound of his feet was pleasant. He came in slowly, and, after some pottering, irritating delays, he pushed his father's chair back from the light and with a heavy sigh sat down in it.

"Why sigh you so heavy, Bram? Every sigh still lower sinks the heart."

"A light heart I shall never have again, mother. For me there is no hope. So quiet and shy was my love."

"Oh, indeed! Of all the coquettes, the quiet, shy ones are the worst."

"No coquette is Miriam Cohen. My love life is at an end, mother."

"When began it, Bram?"

"It was at the time of the duel. I loved her from the first moment. O mother, mother!"

"Does she not love you?"

"I think so; many sweet hours we have had together. My heart was full of hope."

"Well, then, my son, be not easy to lose thy heart. Try once more."

"Useless it would be. Miriam is not one of those who say 'no' and then 'yes.'"

"Nearly two years you have known her. That was long to keep you in hope and doubt. I think she is a coquette."

"You know her not, mother. Very few words of love have I dared to say. We have been friends. I feared to lose all by asking too much."

"Then, why did you ask her to—"

"During the next six months society made an idol of Capt. Hyde, and if he was not at Lady Arabella's feet, he was certainly very constantly at her side."

Hyde loved his wife, loved her tenderly and constantly; he felt himself to be a better man whenever he thought of her and his little son, and he thought of them very frequently; and yet his eyes, his actions, the tones of his voice daily led his cousin, Lady Suffolk, to imagine herself the mistress of his heart and life. Unfortunately, his military duties were only on very rare occasions any restraint to him. His days were mainly spent in darning after Lady Suffolk and other fair dames. And it must be remembered that the English women of that day were such as England may well hope never to see again. In the higher classes they married for money or position, and gave themselves up to intrigue. They drank deeply; they played high; they very seldom went to church, for Sunday was the fashionable day for all kinds of frivolity and amusement. And as the men of any generation are just what the women make them, England never had sons so profligate, so profane and drunken. The clubs, especially Brooke's, were the nightly scenes of indescribable orgies. Gambling was their serious occupation; duels were of constant occurrence.

Such a life could not be lived except at fruitful and generally ruinous expense. Hyde was soon embarrassed. Towards Christmas bills began to pour in, creditors became importunate, and, for the first time in his life, creditors really troubled him. The income from Hyde Manor had never been more than was required for the expenses of the place; and the interest on Katherine's money had gone, though he could not tell how. He was destitute of ready cash, and he foresaw that he would have to borrow some from Lady Capel or some other accommodating friend.

He returned to barracks one Sunday afternoon, and was moodily thinking over these things, when his orderly brought him a letter which had arrived during his absence. It was from Katherine. His face flushed with delight as he read it, so sweet and tender and pure was the neat epistle. "She wants to see me. Oh, the dear one! Not more than I want to see her. Fool, villain, that I am; I will go to her. Katherine! Kate! My dear little Kate!" So he ejaculated as he paced his narrow quarters, and tried to arrange his plans for a Christmas visit to his wife and child.

He had determined to ask Lady Capel for a hundred pounds; and he thought it would be the best plan to make his request when she was surrounded by company, and under the pleasurable excitement of a winning rubber. And if the circumstances proved adverse, then he could try his fortune in the hours of her morning retirement.

The mansion in Berkeley Square was brilliantly lighted when he approached it. Sunday night was Lady Capel's great card night, and the rooms were full of tables surrounded by powdered and painted beauties intent upon the game and the gold. The odor of musk was everywhere, and the sound of the tapping of gold coins, and the sharp, technical calls

"No, madam; she preferred to remain at Hyde, and I have no happiness beyond her desire."

"Here's flame! Here's constancy! And you have been married a whole year! I am struck with admiration."

"A whole year—a year of divine happiness, I assure you."

"Lord, sir! You will be the laughing stock of the town if you talk in such fashion. They will have you in the playhouses. Pray let us forget our domestic joys a little. You can make a good figure in the world; and as your cousin, Arabella Suffolk is staying with me, you will be the properest gallant for her when Sir Thomas is at the House. Here comes Arabella, and I am anxious you should make a figure in her eyes."

Arabella came in very quietly, but she seemed to take possession of the room as she entered it. She had a bright, piquant face, a tall, graceful form, and that air of high fashion which is perhaps quite as captivating. Arabella made Hyde a pretty, mocking courtesy, and he could not help looking with some interest at the woman who might have been his wife. Katherine was ignored in the conversation that followed, and Hyde did not feel any desire to bring even her name into such a mocking, jeering, perfectly heartless conversation. He was content to laugh and let the hour go past in flim-flams of criticism and persiflage.

A couple of hours passed; and then it became evident, from the pawing and snorting outside, that his horse's patience was quite exhausted. Hyde went away in an excitement of hope and gay anticipations. A momentary glance upward showed him Lady Capel and Lady Suffolk at the window, watching him; the withered old woman in her soiled wrappings, the youthful beauty in all the bravery of her white and gold poudsey. He made them a salute, and then, in a clamor of clattering hoofs, he dashed through the square.

The kitchen fire threw great lustrous and the blinds in Katherine's parlor were un-drawn, and its fire and candle light shone on the freshly laid tea table, and the dark walls gleaming with bunches of holly and mistletoe. But she was not there. He only glanced inside the room and then, with a smile on his face, went swiftly upstairs. He had noticed the light in the upper windows, and he knew where he would find his wife. Before he reached the nursery he heard Katherine's voice. The door was a little open, and he could see every part of the charming domestic scene within the room. A middle-aged woman was quietly putting to rights the sweet disorder incident to the undressing of the baby. Katherine had played with it until they were both a little flushed and weary and she was softly singing to the drowsy child as he slept.

Over and over, softer and slower, went the melody. It was evident that the boy was asleep and that Katherine was going to lay him in his cradle. He watched her do it; watched her gently tuck in the cover and stand for a moment to look down at the child. Then with a face full of love she turned away, smiling, and quite unconsciously came toward him on tiptoes. With his face beaming, with his arms opened, he entered; but with such a sympathetic understanding of the sweet need of silence and restraint, that there was no alarm, no outcry, no fuss or amazement. Only a whispered "Katherine," and the swift capture of meeting hearts and lips.

"To-morrow morning."

"Make it afternoon, and take care of me as far as your aunt Julia's. And I darsay you want money to-night. Here are the keys of my desk. In the right hand drawer are some rouleaux of fifty pounds each. Take two."

The weather, as Lady Capel said, was "so very Decemberish," that the roads were passably good, being frozen dry and hard, and on the evening of the third day Hyde came in sight of his home. His heart warmed to the lonely place; and the few lights in its windows beckoned him far more pleasantly than the brilliant illuminations of Vauxhall or Almacks, or even the cold splendors of royal receptions. He had given Katherine no warning of his visit. He wanted to see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, the glad tokens of her happy wonder.

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of the gamblers, and the hollow laughter of hollow hearts.  
Not very hopefully he approached Lady Capel. She had been unfortunate all the evening and was not amiable.  
"Dick, I am angry at you. I have a mind to banish you for a month."

"I am going to Norfolk for two weeks, madam."

"That will do. It is a worse punishment than I should have given you. Norfolk! There is only one word between it and the plantations. Give me your arm, Dick; I shall play no more until my luck turns. Losing cards are dull company."

"I am very sorry that you have been losing. I came to ask for the loan of a hundred pounds, grandmother."

"No, sir, I will not lend you a hundred pounds; nor am I in the humor to do anything else you desire."

"I make my apology for the request. I ought to have asked Katherine."

"No, sir you ought not to have asked Katherine. You ought to take what you want. Jack Capel took every shilling of my fortune and neither said, 'by your leave,' nor 'thank you.' Did the Dutchman tie the bag too close?"

"Councillor Van Heemskirk left it open, in my honor. When I am a scoundrel enough to touch it, I shall not come and see you at all, grandmother."

"Upon my word, a very pretty compliment! Well, sir, I'll pay you a hundred pounds for it. When do you start?"

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The kitchen fire threw great lustrous and the blinds in Katherine's parlor were un-drawn, and its fire and candle light shone on the freshly laid tea table, and the dark walls gleaming with bunches of holly and mistletoe. But she was not there. He only glanced inside the room and then, with a smile on his face, went swiftly upstairs. He had noticed the light in the upper windows, and he knew where he would find his wife. Before he reached the nursery he heard Katherine's voice. The door was a little open, and he could see every part of the charming domestic scene within the room. A middle-aged woman was quietly putting to rights the sweet disorder incident to the undressing of the baby. Katherine had played with it until they were both a little flushed and weary and she was softly singing to the drowsy child as he slept.

Over and over, softer and slower, went the melody. It was evident that the boy was asleep and that Katherine was going to lay him in his cradle. He watched her do it; watched her gently tuck in the cover and stand for a moment to look down at the child. Then with a face full of love she turned away, smiling, and quite unconsciously came toward him on tiptoes. With his face beaming, with his arms opened, he entered; but with such a sympathetic understanding of the sweet need of silence and restraint, that there was no alarm, no outcry, no fuss or amazement. Only a whispered "Katherine," and the swift capture of meeting hearts and lips.

"To-morrow morning."

"Make it afternoon, and take care of me as far as your aunt Julia's. And I darsay you want money to-night. Here are the keys of my desk. In the right hand drawer are some rouleaux of fifty pounds each. Take two."

# MRS. HAROLD STAGG.

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### CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Don't disturb yourself; you are to sing," she cried to Struthers, who started up as though to take his turn at swinging her. "I am enjoying it so much."

He thought a little and began once more with one of Moore's short love songs, and a second, and still a third time he made a new choice before the humor seized him to desist or her to speak. Then they chanced to look up at the same moment and to perceive that the professor's head had fallen forward on his breast and that he was no longer smoking.

"He is asleep," said Eleanor, in a whisper. Then, as she watched the electrician lay the banjo softly beside him, she added with enthusiasm: "It must be an endless delight to be able to sing like that."

"It is a relaxation to me from my work, at any rate. Your uncle seems to like to hear me, and none of the neighbors have complained as yet."

Eleanor, shrouded in the hammock, was able to peep at him through the network without being observed. The moonlight fell upon him in such a way that his features were thrown into relief. They were refined and suggested a sensitive temperament. Eleanor said to herself that he was fifty-fold more interesting to her than Owen Page and the other young men with whom she had associated during the past year. There was, moreover, something shy and unsophisticated about this one, which gave her a sense of composure which it was rather pleasant to feel.

"Have you lived here long, Mr. Struthers?" she asked.

"Only about six months in this house. But I was born and brought up in the city. Last summer I was graduated from the school of mines."