# The Bow of Orange Ribbon

## A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"Disgrace! The word goes not with our name, Batavius; and what mean you, then? In one word, speak."

"Well, then, Neil Semple and Capt. Hyde have fought a duel. That is what comes of giving way to passion. I never fought a duel. No one should make me. It is a fixed principle with me."

"Poor Neil! His fault, I am sure, it was not."

"Joanna! Neil is nearly dead. If he had been in the right he would not be nearly dead. The Lord does not forsake a person who is in the right way."

In the hall behind them, Katherine stood. The pallor of her face, the hopeless droop of her white shoulders and arms, were visible in its gloomy shadows. Softly as a spirit she walked, as she drew nearer to them.

"And the Englishman? Is he hurt?"

"Killed. He has at least twenty wounds. Till morning he will not live. It was the councillor himself who separated the men."

"My good Joris. It was like him."

For a moment Katherine's voice's essences reeled. The roar of the ocean which girds our life round was in her ears, the feeling of chill and collapse at her heart. But with a supreme will she took possession of herself. "Weak I will not be. I will know what I must suffer. And with these thoughts she went back to the room and took her place at the table. In a few minutes the rest followed. Batavius had anticipated madam's amusement and shock. He read it a jot satisfaction from discovering he was bringing to Katherine. But nothing had happened as he expected. The meal, instead of being pleasantly lengthened over such dread intelligence, was hurried and silent.

It was some comfort that after it Joanna and he could walk in the garden and talk the affair thoroughly over. Katherine watched them away, and then she fled to her room. And oh, how she wept! She took from their hiding place the few letters the lover had written her, and she mourned over them as women mourn in such extremities. In the full tide of her anguish, Lysbet stood at the door. She heard the inarticulate words of woe, and her heart ached for her child. She had followed her to give her comfort, to weep with her; but she felt that hour that Katheine was no more a child to be soothed with her mother's kiss. She had become a woman, and a woman's sorrow had found her.

It was near ten o'clock when Joris came home. His face was troubled, his clothing disarranged and blood stained; and Lysbet never remembered to have seen him so completely exhausted. "Hush!" said Neil," he said, "he will not be home."

"And thou?"

"I helped them carry—the other. To the 'King's Arms' we took him."

"Live will he?"

"His left lung is pierced through. A bad wound in the throat he has. But then, youth he has, and a great spirit, and hope. I wish not for his death, my God knows."

"Neil, what of him?"

"Uncomfortable he was when I left him at his home. Does Katherine know?"

"She knows."

"How, then?"

"O Joris, if in her room thou could have heard her crying! My heart for her aches, the sorrowful one!"

"See, then, that this lesson she miss not. It is a hard one, but learn it she must. If thy love would pass it by, think this, for her good it is."

The next morning was the sabbath, and many painful questions suggested themselves to Joris and Lysbet Van Heemskirk. Joris felt that he must not take his seat among the deacons until he had been fully exonerated of all blame of blood-guiltiness by the dominie and his elders and deacons in full kirk session. Madam could hardly endure the thought of the glances that would be thrown at her daughter, and the probable slights she would receive, so Katherine's piteous entreaty was listened to, and she was allowed to remain at home.

The kirk that morning would have been the pillory to her. She was unspeakably grateful for the solitude of the house, for space and silence, in which she could have the relief of unrestrained weeping. About the middle of the morning, she heard Bram's footsteps. Bram had not thought of Katherine's staying from kirk, and when she confronted him, so tear-stained and woe-beone, his heart fell of pity for her. Within the last twenty-four hours he had begun to understand the temptation in which Katherine had been; begun to understand that love never asks, What is thy name? Of what country art thou? What is thy father? He felt that so long as he lived he must remember Miriam Cohen as she stood talking to him in the shadowy store And this memory of Miriam made him very pitiful to Katherine.

"Sorry one is angry at me, Bram, even my father and Batavius will not sit on the chair at my side; will Joanna says a great disgrace I have made for her. And thou? Wilt thou also scold me? I think I shall die of grief."

"Scold thee, thou little one? That I will not. And those that are angry with thee may be angry with me also."

"Bram! my Bram! my brother! There is one comfort for me,—if I knew that he still lived; if one hope thou could give me!"

"What hope there is, I will go and see, and, if there is good news, I will be glad for thee."

Not half an hour was Bram away; and yet, to the miserable girl, how grief and fear lengthened out the moments! When Bram came back, it was with a word of hope on his lips.

"I have seen," he said, "who dost thou think?—the Jew Cohen. He of all men, he has sat by Capt. Hyde's side all night; and he has dressed the wound the English surgeon declared beyond mortal skill.' And he said to me, 'Three times, in the Persian desert, I have cured wounds still worse, and the Holy One hath given me the power of healing; and, if He wills, the young man shall recover.' That is what he said, Katherine."

"Forever I will love the Jew. Though he fail, I will love him. So kind he is, even to those who have not spoken well, nor done well, to him."

At this moment the family returned from the morning service, and Bram rather delighted to view his sister by his side. Joris was not with them. He had stopped at the "King's Arms" to ask if Capt. Hyde was still alive; for, in spite of everything, the young man's peculiar charm was in the agony of the preceding night fast fading from Joris. No one spoke to Katherine—even her mother was annoyed and humiliated at the social effect thrown which they had not passed, and she thought it only reasonable that the erring girl should be kept out of the trial.

As the time went on poor Katherine Van Heemskirk shivered and sickened in the presence of every cross and upbraiding word spoken; and that chill in her soul which the disapproval of her society created, drove her deeply and painfully to the feet of Him who was despised and rejected of men. Joris, on his return, described the crowds that had poured into the "King's Arms." Hyde was lying upon a couch which had been drawn close to the window, she was yet too weak to stand, too weak to endure the strain of conversation, or even of thought.

He heard his aunt's voice and footfall, and felt, as he always did, a vague pleasure in her advent. Whatever of the came into his chamber of suffering came triumph here. She brought him calm and kindness and smiles as she thought conducive to his recovery, and if these be acknowledged that it was not always her "manner to be truthful." For Hyde had so craved news of Katherine, that she believed he would die wanting it, and she had therefore fallen, with the best conscience in the world, into the reporter's temptation—inventing the things which ought to have taken place, and did not.

(To be continued.)

## WHY HE LAUGHS AT DOCTORS.

### Representative Livingston of Georgia, Tells Good Story.

Representative Livingston of Georgia, believes that he got the better of the doctors who were trying to cure him of stammering himself accordingly. As a result of his arduous campaign he became possessed of a very bad temper. It refused to yield to ordinary treatment, so he went to a specialist and asked him to put a quietus on the outbreaks of anger that were a part of the country. The surgeon took a glance at the inflamed organ and then got out his knives and prepared for an operation. Mr. Livingstone demurred. After much pleading he was granted twenty-four hours in which to straighten up his affairs for the ordeal. While engaged in the tightening process another patient came along, was stretched out on the operating table and died before the surgeon finished with him. Livingston heard of this and found the surgeon on one portion of another until he was ready to start for Washington. Just before leaving home he came upon an old negro mammy who offered a cure for his throat. She soaked a lump of sugar in turpentine. The dose did all the alleged healing claimed for it. "And that," said Representative Livingstone, "is the reason I laugh every time I see a doctor's sign."

## THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

### Completely Strips Bark From Tree—No Trace of Fire.

That much valuable knowledge as to the effects of lightning may be gained by a study of trees that have been struck by it is maintained by many foresters. A giant pine tree, which stood for many years on the side of a road a few miles from Watlingford, in England, was struck by lightning during a violent storm a short time ago and utterly destroyed. Mr. Peyton, a timber dealer, examined it a few hours afterward, and found that the bark had been completely stripped off and flung to one side, and that a large branch had also been torn away and splintered. He looked for some token of fire but was unable to find any. He noticed, however, that the inner surface of the bark was marked longitudinally with thin wavy lines, very close set, of which the crests were about a quarter of an inch apart. He took several photographs of the ruined tree and he regards them as most useful, since they show clearly the rending effect of lightning on a fibrous tissue.

### Youth and Happiness.

After all, it is Open to dispute whether or not people are happy when they are young. Only one boy in town can carry water for the elephant; and he is oppressed by the thought that his father will spring the "detrimental to minds" argument on him just before the big show opens.

Perhaps, to dim it all, there is more pleasure in seeming young when you know that you are not than in being so.

Else why the complexion remedies, wrinkle chasers, and hair retainers, to say nothing of false teeth and other falseness?

### Frogskin Makes Tough Leather.

Frogskin makes the toughest leather known in proportion to its thickness.

### Come of Age Early.

In Hungary the legal age of an individual dates only from baptism.

There are plenty of people who have become depressed and discouraged, because that dry, hacking cough bangs to them continually. They have taken much medicine, mostly of the advertised quack sort, nothing like Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, the discovery of a then noted German physician 25 years ago. We do not say that this will cure a case where the lungs are badly diseased, for it will not, and up to this date there is nothing that will cure under these conditions; but on the other hand, if the lungs are not hard hit, the patient should take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, a cup full every night on going to bed, have it hot, drink slowly, then every other night rub the throat and top portion of the lungs with St Jacobs Oil, cover with oil silk, let it remain an hour, then remove. Eat good, plain, nourishing food, live in the open air as much as possible. By all means sleep in a room out of doors as possible, that is, windows wide open, except in the very severe weather. Take a cold sponge bath every morning; then immediately rub the body vigorously with a coarse towel. Take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea every other day according to directions. One can buy the three remedies for $1.25 of any reliable druggist. Begin the treatment at once and see how much better you will be almost within a week's time.

## HOW TO PRESERVE A HUSBAND

### Good Advice by One Who Has Studied the Subject.

In spite of the middle age in which we live, the above kind of preservative is of no little moment to a great number of women who would like to learn the great mystery of how to keep husbands in the wedding day spirit from the day forever.

Some one who has studied the question carefully says:

"First, be careful in your selection. Do not choose one who is too young, and take only such varieties as have been tested in a good moral atmosphere. When you have made your selection, be sure that you first remain forever settled, and give the entire thought to the future. Some insist on keeping the husband in a pickle. While others prefer hot water. It does not pay to be too highly flavored, was an absolute failure all over the state. If you find you have married a man of indigestible qualities, give him gentle exercise, or pasture. It is well fenced—and nothing is more delightful than a gentle ride in sure to the south. It is all ready for you. Produce a profitable farming business. All things duly considered, it is a very large farm. Utilities, during the season of 1901 it were raised 2,000 bushels of corn to the acre. Seven acres produced 1,000 bushels of potatoes. Also an abundance of