

# THE MAID OF MALDEN LAKE

Sequel to 'The Bow of Orange Ribbon.'

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR  
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CHAPTER VII.

**Arena's Marriage.**

For a few weeks, Hyde's belief that the very stars would be with a true lover seemed a reliable one. Madame Jacobus, attracted at their first meeting to the young man gave him an astonishing affection. She put aside her nephew's claims with a thought, and pleased herself daily in so managing and arranging events that Hyde and Cornelia met as a matter of course. Arena 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 approval, and so she could not afford any time to interfere for her brother.

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

Arena's feelings were in kind and measure shared by several other people. Dr. Moran held them in no less esteem, but he also—envained by circumstances—he could neither alter nor command—was content to let his misdiagnosed wife promise of a future change. For the wedding, Arena Van Arden had assumed a great social importance. The great wedding had taken about the affair until all classes were on the tip-toe of expectation. The wealthy French family, the exalted American aristocracy and the home and foreign diplomatic circles, were alike looking forward to the splendid ceremony. Not a night passed but that Peter Van Arden's home and to the hall which Madame Jacobus was to give in the evening.

The morning after the wedding was returning home after a round of indiscreet visits, he saw Cornelia and Hyde coming up Broadway together. They were walking side by side in all the laziness of perfect love and as he looked at them the sorrow of an intimate distinction, the glow of the life. 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 in her 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 Cornelia to be there. "Cornelia is not at home to-day?"

"Is she ever at home now?"

"You know that Arena's wedding."

"Arena'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. It is natural that she should have a lover."

"It is very unnatural that she should choose for her lover the son of my worst enemy."

"I am sure you wrong George 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 him? 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 Arden has as much of a right to be fighting as George Hyde; and perhaps neither of them have enough of it to win her hand. All these do not grow to husbands."

"Thank God, they do not! But what you say about Rem? He only cobweb stuff. She is too bright for that. He is only familiar, I would like to see her weary shy and silent with him."

"Dinner is waiting, John, and whether you eat it or not, it will go straight to her mark. Love is destiny, and the heart is its own fate."

Arena lifted the pearls.

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, yield we shall worry and fret, all our opposition will come to nothing. In a few days Arena will have gone away, and as for Hyde, any hour may summon him to his father in England; and this summer, 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 to mock me."

"Time and absence against any love affair that is not destiny! And it is

for their last day. And men, young and old, went back to their homes and counties and manufacturing with a sense of lassitude and dejection.

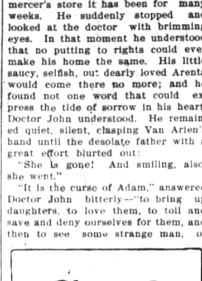
Peter had nearly reached his own home when he met Doctor Moran. The doctor was more irritable and depressed. He looked at his friend and said sharply, "You have a fever, Van Arden. Go to bed and sleep."

"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 in rights could ever make his home the same. His little sanctuary, where he had been so long would come no more; and he found not one word that could express the tide of sorrow in his heart. Doctor John understood.

"Be quiet, sit, chaw Van Arden's hand until the desolate father with a great effort blurted out:

"She is gone! And smiling, also, he 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 heard nothing, come in and take away their hearts."



# THE CITY OF BENARES MECCA OF THE HINDOO

Thousands of the Faithful Throng Here Annually for the New Year Celebrations—Scenes of Pathetic Interest at Cawpoor.

(Special Correspondence)

Because it was the season of Makar Sankranti—the Hindoo's holiday of New Year—the native population of the Ganges appeared in many better dressed and possessed a cleaner aspect than we are told, could be seen all the rest of the year. During the New Year celebrations, the natives, the faithful crowd the ghats along by the sacred Ganges, the throng augmented by thousands of pilgrims from other parts of India, and bathed in the muddy waters, thereby washing away the sins of the past year and insuring the purification of the soul. The bathing for another twelvemonth. So the faithful say.

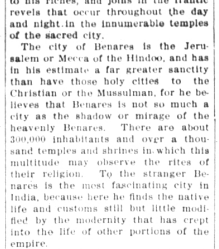
After the bath is finished the devout and pious devotees immerse themselves with assiduous oil, a preparation that endows him with an odor of sanctity, extenuatingly disagreeable to the Christian nostrils, and then he puts on his new clothes, bedecked according to his riches, and joins in the frantic rejoicing that covers the ghats day and night in the innumerable temples of the sacred city.

The city of Benares is the Jerusalem of the Hindus and has in his estimate a far greater sanctity than have those holy cities to the Christian or the Mussulman, for he believes that Benares is not so much a city as the shadow or mirage of the heavenly Benares. There are about 200,000 inhabitants and over a thousand temples and shrines in which the multitude may observe the rites of their religion. The stranger Hindu, however, that fascinates the eye in India, because here he finds the native life and customs still but little modified by the modernity that has crept into the life of other portions of the empire.

We took a boat at one of the ghats in the morning and sailed up the river in front of the Ganges for several miles is provided, and were slowly rowed down the stream. The sun, now about two hours high, shone full on the long line of palaces, temples and mosques, built on the edge of the city which the river is situated.

From the summit of the cliff, which is about eighty feet above the river, a long and continuous line of broad stone steps leads down to the water's edge. Near the bottom of the ghats there is a broad platform, which serves as a thoroughfare, and gives accommodation to the multitude of bathers, boatmen and pedlars that are always to be found there. From this platform jetties project into the river. At the farther end of these jetties are graceful stupa kiosks, sheltering pilgrims from their colleagues in the sun. Many may generally be seen performing puja.

The buildings which crown the cliff, and form the water front of the city, are all striking in appearance. The



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Very thoughtfully the doctor went on to William street, where he had a patient—a young girl, about Arena's age—very ill. A woman opened the door and woman weeping bitterly.

(To be continued.)

# THE POLICE OF NICE.

They Are Accommodating, but They Like to Talk.

The policemen of Nice differ radically from their colleagues in Paris. They are not so business-like and they want to talk things over. If you ask a Paris police officer to arrest a man, he will only say briefly, "Take them down," and you are gone. In France, the police are more human. They are not so business-like and they want to talk things over. If you ask a Paris police officer to arrest a man, he will only say briefly, "Take them down," and you are gone.

# MONKEYS SPOILED THE PARTY.

Nerve-Shattering Experience of Lady Barker in India.

An amusing story is told of Lady Barker's first dinner party at Simla, India. Desirous of having a pretty table, Lady Barker had herself expended much care in decorating it.

# Memorial Well.

She had just received from Europe certain dainty china figures and ornamental dishes and had arranged a tempting show of sweetmeats, flowers and fruit. When dressing time came Lady Barker charged her servants to be on the watch and take care of the domestic animals which occurred outside and every servant, the room, quite forgetting to close an open window. Before this window was a big tree on which sat several monkeys, which had watched the preparations for dinner with much interest. A half-hour later the kitchen appeared, ready to receive her guests. Just to be sure that everything was right, she gave a glance into the dining room, which she had just entered. She found the table covered with a scene of frightful devastation—broken glass and china, fair high and everything tossed about. She was helpless confusion. From this wreck she had to turn aside and welcome her guests with as much ease of manner as possible. "Plant trees" and "up the upper right-hand corner" were to be deferred until another could be restored.

# CONGRESSMAN WILBER SAYS "Pe-ru-na is All You Claim For It."

(To The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, O.)



Congressman D. F. Wilber, of Ontario, N. Y., writes: "Pe-ru-na is All You Claim For It."

Pe-ru-na is a preventive and cure for Colds, AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. President of "The Pastime Boating Club," writes: "I have for years past been very sure to catch a severe cold which was hard to throw off, and which would leave after-effects on my constitution the most of the winter."

Last winter I was advised to try Pe-ru-na, and within five days the cold was broken up, and in five days more I was a well man. I recommended it to several of my friends and all speak the highest praise for it. There is nothing like Pe-ru-na for catarrhal affections. It is well high infallible as a cure, and gives confidence to the patient."

A prominent physician, Dr. Ross of Los Angeles, writes: "My Julian Weisler, 175 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of the Sangerian Club of New York; about twelve years ago he suffered from a severe cold which was hard to throw off, and which would leave after-effects on my constitution the most of the winter."

Senator Hanna's high opinion of Justice Day of the Supreme Court was manifested during the latter's recent illness. When Mr. Day's ailment was at its worst the first person to inquire about him in the morning and the last at night was the senator from Ohio. The first flowers went to the patient's room, and the second to the secretary of the House.

Argument Against Early Marriages.

"Do not marry the little man at the club, 'do not marry too young.'"

"And what do you call too young?"

There are two young men to whom the advice was so solemnly tendered.

"I married my wife," replied the little man, "when she was but five. She grew up and had but no more growth. And now," the little man pointed to a sign, "now she's two feet tall and a hundred pounds."

And he sighed again.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Veteran's Story.

Bath, N. Y., April 13th.—The fraternal consideration of the Commandant and Officers in the conduct of the Soldiers and Sailors' Home here is the health of the Veterans. Kidney Troubles are the most common cause of ailment. Very few of the old men escape these in some form or other.

Of course the remedies do as much for themselves, and one of the most popular and useful remedies employed is Foddy's Kidney Pills, which seem to be almost infallible in their removal of the ailments. There are among the veterans several who claim to owe their lives to Foddy's Kidney Pills.

For instance, A. E. Ayers, who came to the home from Minneapolis, Minn., was given up by four doctors in that city. He had Rheumatism, Gout, and never expected to live through it, but his life was saved and his health restored by Foddy's Kidney Pills.

His experience has made the remedy very popular among the men, and one who has used Foddy's Kidney Pills has been disappointed.

After a fine hand concert, poor piano playing actually broke.

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Keep them white with Laid's Rose Ball Soap.

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AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT SLEEP DRINK. The next morning I feel bright and new and my complexion is better.

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE. All families or small sets, and to be had at the drug stores.

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