THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"My dear father! How wise and kind you are!"

"It is my desire to be so, George. You cannot, after this unfortunate delay, go to Doctor Moran without the proofs of your ability to take care of his daughter's future."

"How soon can this business be accomplished."

"In about three weeks, I should think. But wait your full time, and do not go without the credentials of your position. This three or four weeks is necessary to bring to perfection the waiting of two years."

"I will take your advice, sir. I thank you for your generosity."

"All that I have is yours, George. And you can write to this dear girl every day in the interim. Go now and tell her what I say. I had other dreams for you, as you know—they are over now—I have awakened."

"Dear Annie!" ejaculated George.

"Dear Annie!" replied the Earl with a sigh. "She is one of the daughters of God. I am not worthy to call her mine, but I have sat at her feet, and learned how to love, and how to forgive, and how to bear disappointment. I will tell you, that when Col. Saye inaulted me last year and I felt for my sword and would have sent him a sheter on its point—Annie stepped before him. 'Forget, and forgive, dear uncle,' she said, and I did so with a proud, one heart at first, but quite cheerfully in a week or two, and at the last Hunt dinner, he came to me with open hand and we ate and drank together, and are now firm friends. Yet, but for Annie, one of us might be dead, and the other flying like Cain exiled and miserable. Think of these things, George. The good of being a son is to be able to profit from your father's mistakes."

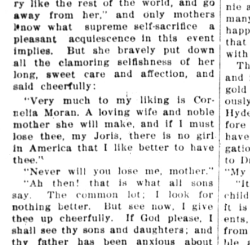
They parted with a handclasp that went to both hearts and as Hyde passed his mother's room, he went in, and told her all that happened to him. She listened with a smile and a heartache. She knew now that the time had come to say "farewell" to the boy who had made her life for twenty-seven years. "He must marry like the rest of the world, and go away from her," and only mothers know what supreme self-sacrifice a pleasant acquiescence in this event implies. But she bravely put down all the clamoring selfishness of her long, sweet care and affection, and said cheerfully:

"Very much to my liking is Cornelia Moran. A loving wife and noble mother she will make, and if I must lose thee, my Joris, there is no girl in America that I like better to have thee."

"Never will you lose me, mother."

"Ah then! that is what all sons say. The common lot; I look for nothing better. But see now, I give thee up cheerfully. If God please, I shall see thy sons and daughters, and thy father has been anxious about the Hydes. He would not have a stranger here—for would I. Our hope is in thee and thy sweet wife, and very glad am I that thy wife is to be Cornelia Moran."

And even after Joris had left her she smiled, though the tears dropped down upon her work. She thought of the presents she would send her



Visits from his London tailor.

daughter, and she told herself that Cornelia was an American, and that she had made for her, with her own hands and brain, a lovely home wherein her memory must always dwell. Indeed she let her thoughts go far forward to see, and to listen to, the happy boys and girls who might run and shout gleefully through the fair large rooms, and the sweet shady gardens her skill and taste had ordered and planted. Thus her generosity made her a partaker of her children's happiness, and whoever partakes of a pleasure has his share of it, and comes into contact—not only with the happiness—but with the other partakers of that happiness—a divine kind of interest for generous deeds, which we may all appropriate.

The next morning Mary Damer called. She knew that a letter from Cornelia was possible, and she knew also that it would really be as fateful to herself as to Hyde. If, as she suspected, it was Rem Van Ariens who had detained the misdirected letter, there was only one conceivable result as regarded herself. She, an upright, honorable English girl, loving truth with all her heart, and despising whatever was underhand and disloyal, had put one course to take—she must break off her engagement with a man so far below her standard of simple morality.

So she looked anxiously at Annie as she entered, and Annie would not keep her in suspense. "There was a letter from Miss Moran last night," she said. "She loves George yet. She re-wrote the unfortunate letter, and this time it found its owner. I think he has it next his heart at this very moment."

"I am glad of that, Annie. But who has the first letter?"

"I think you know, Mary."

"You mean Mr. Van Ariens?"

"Yes."

Then there is no more to be said. I shall write to him as soon as possible."

"I am sorry—"

"No, no! Be content, Annie. The right must always come right. Neither you nor I could desire any other end, even to our own love story."

"But you must suffer."

"Not much. None of us weep if we lose what is of no value. And I have noticed that the happiness of any one is always conditioned by the unhappiness of some one else. Your cousin and Cornelia will be happy, but there are others that must suffer, that they may be so. I will go now, Annie, because until I have written to Mr. Van Ariens I shall not feel free. And also, I do not wish him to come here, and in his last letter he spoke of such an intention."

So the two matters—that of Hyde to Cornelia, and that of Mary Damer to Van Ariens, left England for America in the same packet.

The tone of the Manor House was now set to a key of the highest joy and expectation. Hyde un-consciously struck the note, for he was happily busy from morning to night about affairs relating either to his marriage or to his future as the head of a great household. All his old exiled extravagant liking for rich clothing returned like a flood, and his constant visits from his London tailor, who brought with him a profusion of rich cloth, silk and satin, and who firmly believed that the tailor made the man. There were also endless interviews with his family lawyer, endless readings of law papers, and endless consultations about rights and successions, which Hyde was glad and grateful to leave very much to his father's wisdom and generosity.

Some of the last days were occupied in selecting jewels for Cornelia, with webs of gold and silver tissues, and Spitalfields silks so rich and heavy, that no mortal woman might hope to outwear them. To these Annie added from her own store of lace, many very valuable pieces, and the happy bridegroom was proud to see that love was going to send him away with both arms full for the beloved.

The best gift, however, came last, and it was from the Earl. It was not gold or lace, though he gave generously of both these, but one which Hyde felt made his way straight before him, and which he knew must have cost his father much self-abnegation. It was the following letter to Dr. John Moran:

"My Dear Sir:

"It seems then, that our dear children love each other so well, that it is beyond our right, even as parents, to forbid their marriage. I ask from you, for my son, who is an honorable and ancient suitor for Miss Moran's hand, all the favor his sincere devotion to her deserves. We have both been young, we have both loved, accept then his affection as some atonement for any grievance or injustice you remember against myself. Had we known each other better, we should doubtless have loved each other better; but now that marriage will make us kin, I offer you my hand, with all it implies of regret for the past, and of respect for the future. Your servant to command,

"RICHARD HYDE."

"It is the greatest proof of my love I can give you, George," said the Earl, when the letter had been read, "and it is Annie you must thank for it."

"Have you not a father, how small and fragile-looking she is? Can she really be slowly dying?"

"No, she is not dying; she is only going a little further away—a little further away, every hour. Some hour she will be called, and she will answer, and she shall see her no more—here. But I do not call that dying, and if it be dying, Annie will go as calmly and simply, as if she were fulfilling some religious rite or duty. She loves God, and she will go to Him."

The next morning Hyde left his father's home forever. It was impossible that such a parting should be happy. No hopes, no dreams of future joy, could make him forget the wealth of love he was leaving. Nor did he wish to forget. And was the man or woman who would buy composure and contentment by forgetting—by really forfeiting a portion of their existence—by being a suicide of their own moral nature.

The day was a black winter day, with a monotonous rain and a dark sky troubled by a ghostly wind. Inside the house the silence fell on the heart like a weight. The Earl and Countess watched their son's carriage turn from the door, and then looked silently into each other's face. The Earl's lips were firmly set, and his eyes full of tears; the Countess was weeping bitterly. He went with her to her room, and with all his old charm and tenderness comforted her.

At that moment she had forgotten, ye, no one was suffering more than she was. Hyde had knelt by her sofa, and taken her in his arms, had covered her face with tears and kisses, and she had not been able to oppose a parting so heart-breaking and so final. The last tears she was ever to shed dropped from her closed eyes, as she listened to his departing steps; and the roll of the carriage carrying him away forever, seemed to roll over her shrinking heart. She cried out feebly—a pitiful little shrill cry, that she hushed with a sob still more full of anguish. Then she began to cast over her suffering soul the balm of prayer, and prostrate with closed eyes, and hands feebly hanging down, Doctor Roslyn found her. He did not need to ask a question, he had long known the brave self-sacrifice that was consecrating the child-heart suffering so sharply that day; and he said only—

"We are made perfect through suffering, Annie."

"This is the last sorrow that can come to me, father."

"And my dear Annie, you would have been a loser without it. Every grief has its meaning, and the web of life could not be better woven, if only love touched it."

"I have been praying, father."

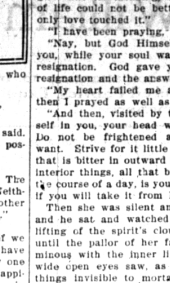
"Nay, but God Himself prayed in you, while your soul waited in deep resignation. God gave you both the resignation and the answer."

"My heart failed me at the last—then I prayed as well as I could."

"And then, visited by the not yourself in you, your head was lifted up. Do not be frightened at what you want. Strive for it little by little. All that is bitter in outward things, or in interior things, all that befalls you in the course of a day, is your daily bread for you will take it from His hand."

Then she was silent and quite still, and he sat and watched the gradual lifting of the spirit's cloud—watched, until the pallor of her face grew luminous with the inner light, and her wide open eyes saw, as in a vision, the unfolding to mortal sight, but open to the spirit on that dazzling line where mortal and immortal verge.

And as he went home, stepping slowly through the misty world, he himself hardly knew whether he was in the body or out of it. He felt not the dripping rain, he was not conscious of the encompassing earthly vapors,



Hyde had knelt by her sofa.

he had passed within the veil. And his feet stumbled not, nor was he aware of anything around, until the Earl met him at the park gates and touching him said reverently—

"Father, you are close to the highway. Have you seen Annie?"

"I have just left her."

"She is further from us than ever."

"Richard Hyde," he answered, "she is on her way to God, and she can rest nothing short of that."

(To be continued.)

TALES OF PRECIOUS STONES.

Diamonds Were Not Known to Us Until the Discovery of India.

Not until India was discovered were diamonds known to the Western world. The Indians called rock crystal an "unripe diamond," and up to the eighteenth century India was supposed to be the only country where that precious stone could be found. Pliny and writers after him in "The history" of precious stones was written, and in Pliny's time the supply must have been plentiful, as he wrote: "We drink out of a mass of gems and our drinking vessels are formed of emeralds."

It is difficult to determine whence all the gems came, as discoverers took care to leave no record. The nations which traded in them were afraid of their whereabouts being known, and even the most ancient merchants would not disclose any definite locale.

"Diamon" was the name given to a youth who was turned into the hardest and most brilliant of substance to preserve him from "the ills that flesh is heir to." Amethyst was a beautiful nymph beloved by Bacchus, but saved from his by Diana, who changed Amethyst into a gem, whereupon Bacchus turned the gem into wine color and endowed the wearer with the gift of preservation from intoxication.

The pearl was thought to be a dewdrop the shell had opened to receive, Amber was said to be honey melted by the sun, dropped into the sea and congealed.

NEED OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Noted Minister Makes Strong Plea for Its Retention.

Rev. John Fearnley, pastor of St. Mary's Episcopal church in Burlington, Vt., in a sermon, Sunday, said:

"The nation that educates its children aright is insuring for itself prosperity, freedom and happiness. America's greatest statesman, Washington said has inherited the greatness of him all. She is the last speaker in the drama of history, the valedictorian of time. Her heraldry is full of high suggestion. Her emblem is the eagle. Her flag, like the midnight heavens, blossoms with stars. Eagles and stars belong near the sky, and she will take then home if glory's wing can lift her there.

"The main cause of the United States' unexampled prosperity and greatness is our splendid system of education. Education, but education without religion leads to ruin. There can be no prosperity without honesty, no freedom without self-restraint, no happiness without a good conscience, and honesty, self-restraint and conscience are meaningless unless they are based on a belief in a God of right and truth."

How It Came About.

"I wish," said the young man in the sketch, "that you would be less informal and call me by my first name."

"I'd rather not," replied his fair companion; "your last name suits me all right."

And a little later they were discussing the merits of firms that supply furniture on the installment plan.

He Was Satisfied.

"Life," said the parson, "is made up of trials."

"Yes and I'm glad of it," replied the lawyer.

HORTICULTURE

Stocks for Apple Trees.

In a discussion on apple-tree stocks at an Illinois convention, H. Augustine said: The American nurserymen went to France for seed because they could get more vigorous, stronger and better seed from the wild apple of France than they could anywhere else, and because the apple seeds from our mills here were not satisfactory in any way. I think every nurseryman here will bear me out in that statement. You take a Belleflower apple, and take a dozen seeds from it, and you have a dozen varieties of apples. Why? Because it has been pollenized by something else, and that something else you cannot tell how hardy or how weak it is. It may be that one of those seeds will produce a tree that is hardier than anything that we have got in our orchard, and it may be that the other seed will be weaker than anything we have got in our orchard. Then, let us go to work and take that theory, and let us select the seeds from the best specimens of apples, and the best varieties of apples, we will say. Even if we were going to follow that plan, where would we get the apples from. If all the fine class apples had been taken and cut to pieces that have been grown in the state of Illinois and the state of Missouri together this year, I do not believe that there would have been enough seed even for one single nurseryman who is in the seedling business to grow his plants. I know of a nurseryman that are planting ten bushels of apple seed that they shipped from France, and I do not believe that all the apples in the state of Missouri and state of Illinois together for the last two years would produce that. I want to say here that the nurserymen are planting the very best seed that can be found, and I do not suppose there is a bushel planted from that is taken from the cider mills. We do not want that seed; it is not vigorous enough, it does not sprout well enough; it has not got strength to come up through the ground. The seed that is being planted now is either the seed from France, from the wild apple of Italy, or from the mountains and hills and ground up, from which they make the national drink, and the seeds are washed out and in perfect condition and sent to this country, and it makes a strong seed propagated from its own kind. Or else we get the seeds from mountains of Western Vermont, along those hills where the wild apples are growing; I would just as leave have them as from France. And I believe I am correct in the statement that the seed grown from the Vermont seedlings, as grown from the French seedlings, is decidedly better and decidedly stronger and decidedly hardier than any seed we can select from the best varieties of apples that we have, from the very fact that they are pollenized from their own kind; and our seeds that we gather here might be pollenized from the very weakest and diseased kinds.

Big Fruit on Young Wood.

From the writings of Prof. Goff we take the following: "Now, the question is, how much can we do and how can we do it to regulate the size of the fruit? I think that the principle that we need to observe is this, that large fruits will grow on young fruit spurs and they will not grow else where. If we have young fruit spurs, we will have large fruit, provided, of course, that we have a vigorous growth, and generally speaking, the younger the fruit spur the finer will be the fruit. If this is true, then we must so prune our trees as to have young fruit spurs rather than old ones. You all know that a Duchess tree that is twenty years old is just one mass of fruit spurs, and sometimes these will branch like a deer's horn. If we could in some way prune our trees that we could have young fruit spurs instead of old ones, we could grow fruit just as well on a Duchess twenty years old as one of six or seven I believe. Then the next question is, how shall we do it? I do not claim to have answered this question fully, but I think that one secret is this: we must—with the oldest fruit spurs, that is, one step in doing, that is—we must thin our fruit; then we must prune our trees in such a way that then we shall grow some strong new shoots. In other words, we must adopt something like a renewal system, such as we use in the grape. I think that we can get a great deal by pruning our trees rather strongly, so as to start new growth. I know there is danger of starting too much new growth, but I believe that we should aim to grow up two or three strong sprouts every year, with the view that they will come in pretty soon and take the place of some old and feeble branch that has done its work and that is no longer able to nourish its fruit so that the fruit will grow large.

Putting in Clover.

In a communication to Ontario farmers, A. D. Shamel said: I will say that our farmers have followed the practice of putting up clover hay green for the past 10 years, with universal success. The clover is usually cut down in the evening, allowed to wilt the next morning, and stored in the mow in the afternoon. This process prevents the loss of leaves after the ordinary process of curing, and places the hay in the very best possible condition for future use. When this hay is taken out of the mow it comes as fresh and green as the day it was put in, without any dust or mold. The only precaution that seems necessary is to keep the mow as tightly closed as possible for a few days after the hay has been stored in the barn, and until the heat from the processes of fermentation has disappeared. There have been some cases of spontaneous combustion reported, but these are usually the results of storing partially green hay in stacks, rather than the green hay directly from the field.

The "face" of a fowl is the bare skin around the eye

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

2.

Farm of 80 acres, well fenced, well watered—never-failing stream; 30 acres timber, 10 miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

3.

Twenty-nine and two-thirds acres of land near Irish Church in Royal Oak township. It is an excellent land, four good buildings and fences all in good repair; 65 apple trees, 100 plum trees and plenty of other small fruit. Buildings insured for $1,200. Price $2,900. Terms easy. This place is just out side of the lighter soil of Royal Oak and cannot be beaten for anyone acquiring a small farm suitable for small fruit or poultry farming. Come and let us show you over the place some day.

4.

No better farm in the State of Michigan is the John Keyser farm in the township of Southfield, Oakland county, one mile west of the line of Pontiac R'y and one mile south of the Lostoffice in Birmingham, over good roads, consists of 153¾ acres, of which 133 acres are cleared and the balance in timber and acres of orchard, all selected fruit and in good bearing. The balance is rich clay loam and there are nine good buildings which are valued at $6,000 and upon which there is $3,500 insurance. They consist of good two story brick house with ten rooms, and finished throughout, large barn, shed, hop-house, horse-barn, cattle-barn, new wind-mill house, creamery, etc., fine flowing well piped to the creamery and to barns. The large barn (80x80) is one of the finest in this section and is filled with boxed in stables and all conveniences whatever. Over 40 acres of this farm are now in grass but could be easily broken and put in crops. There were 130 bushels of corn to the acre, seven tons timothy and clover hay per acre. There was an absolute failure all over the state. It never fails on good crops whether hay, or other crops, of passing the land selected and thoroughly tiled and lies on a gently sloping surface in the south. It is all ready to commence a profitable farming business. All things considered, this farm is worth every cent of One Hundred Dollars per Acre and we have it for even less than that. If you have the most remote desire to become the possessor of one of the most productive and profitable farms in Michigan, we ask you to call, write or telephone, or better yet, come and see us about it. We want to sell this farm to some one and will be very glad to take you to see it. We will sell 40 head of stock, crops and all for a song if nothing else and if you do not buy you will never hear of us again. Better inquire about this farm it may pay you.

5.

8 cegant house and lot 66 feet front and 20 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, (half an acre). Fine lot of fruit in good bearing condition. Has cellar, bath, closet, etc. Can be bought for what the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

6.

The VanEvery farm on the north shore of Wing Lake, 160 acres, two good houses, three barns, fine orchard, 17 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

7.

Beautiful lake property for sale, located on the east side of Gilbert Lake in the township of Bloomfield, Oakland county, 5 miles from the Detroit & Pontiac Electric R'y with half hour service each way. It constitutes the northerly part of the farm formerly known as the Henry Gardner property and is owned by his daughter, Mrs. M. Frances Fuller, of Detroit, Mich. She finds it inconvenient to manage the property and prefers to sell the farm and employ the investment elsewhere. These circumstances combine to make it necessary to sell the farm at once and have ind ced the owner to offer it at the extremely low price of $50 per acre. The farm contains 80 acres of land on the east side, gently sloping shores go down to a gravelly beach, which is delightful opportunity for boating, fishing and bathing. The house is comparatively new and is modern in every way. Two good barns and other buildings for the simple accommodation of stock; 15 acres of excellent orchard and 50 acres of hardwood timber bordering the lake. The fences are in good shape and the whole farm is inspected and tiled. The terms will be made extremely favorable and persons having enough cash to simply secure the purchase price, will receive every consideration and be given the opportunity of acquiring one of the most beautiful lake farms in the country for a mere nal price. If parties are desirous of making a summer home on the lake shore, at any time, conveyances will be gladly furnished.

8.

One of the best farms in Oakland county. It is almost enough to s y when we tell you that it is the John Burleigh farm in the township of Troy, 88 acres, excellent buildings, two good flowing wells, large pond full of ice, 7 miles of Detroit, 3 miles to church, 5 miles from Birmingham, 2 miles straight south of Troy corners, where there is a church, store, post office, creamery, etc. In fact it has runs past the door. I ara very hour to Detroit, Rochester, Utica and Lake Orion. Price low and terms easy.

9.

Large, roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, corner lot, 80 feet front and 132 deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

12.

The Bayley farm in the town of Troy, 127½ acres. Good buildings, two wells, one of them flowing well at the barn which is the wonder and pride of Troy. 20 acres of heavy soft hardwood timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard, transplanted to suit. Is able to sell at once, and the man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the country. Look it up.

13.

Farm in Southfield, 67 acres, of which 10 acres is timber, good beech and maple. Soil, clay loam. Creek runs through farm. Water in every lot; one good new, and one never-failing small barn. Terms easy and price so low that it will pay you to look it up. Will trade for Birmingham property.

14.

Two hundred and fourteen acres in sections 14 and 15, Southfield township, fine farm buildings in the town ship. Large and productive orchard of all kinds of the best varieties. Soil clay loam of very heavy timber. Will sell or exchange for city property. Will divide and give terms if required. Buildings on each tract. Price as low as any on our list, all things considered. Ask us about it.

16.

Fine fruit farm of 66 acres about 2 miles from Birmingham, on Telegraph road, 5 acres timber. No waste land; 2300 peach trees, 1 acre cherries, 200 grapes, 50 apples, 1/2 of 1 acre raspberries, 1 acres strawberries, etc. Good buildings. Will sell at a bargain. Price $60 per acre. Will take other property for part pay. Tell you more about it if you ask us.

10.

A small farm of 5 acres, being part of the west section 8, Southfield township, Oakland county. Four rods from Telegraph road. Good house and big barn. Buildings insured for $1,200. Premises all fenced and cross fenced. Has well water from flowing well, which is piped to barn, furnishing plenty of water for stock and other purposes all the year round. Soil gravelly loam. Is excellent small fruit land, and is within 45 minutes by steam cars of the Detroit city hall. Price $2,500. Terms easy.

11.

Putting in Clover.

In a communication to Ontario farmers, A. D. Shamel said: I will say that our farmers have followed the practice of putting up clover hay green for the past 10 years, with universal success. The clover is usually cut down in the evening, allowed to wilt the next morning, and stored in the mow in the afternoon. This process prevents the loss of leaves after the ordinary process of curing, and places the hay in the very best possible condition for future use. When this hay is taken out of the mow it comes as fresh and green as the day it was put in, without any dust or mold. The only precaution that seems necessary is to keep the mow as tightly closed as possible for a few days after the hay has been stored in the barn, and until the heat from the processes of fermentation has disappeared. There have been some cases of spontaneous combustion reported, but these are usually the results of storing partially green hay in stacks, rather than the green hay directly from the field.

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33.

Twenty-three hundred dollars cash will buy one of the prettiest little farms in the township of South field, consisting of 36 acres. The price is $62 per acre, but the owner of the farm says the price will be allowed to continue on mortgage at 6 per cent, or will trade for a smaller farm or house and lot in Birmingham. There is a fine building, good cellars, wells, cisterns and all the buildings are insured for $1,000. Any one wishing which we will whisper in your ear can drop us a postal.

34.

Nice little forty-acre farm up in Sanilac county for sale per acre; 30 acres cleared, 3 acres of orchard, good house and barn, convenient to school; 35 miles from Lexington; 4 miles east of Applegate post office on the D. & M. R'y. Will exchange for Birmingham property or a small farm in Bloomfield. Can give you a big bargain in this farm if you have a small amount to invest and a right good chance to get the balance, this will be worth coming to see us about. Will sell on easy terms to any one looking for someone else and without a home. Come and tell us what you want to do and see if we can help you out. It don't cost anything if we don't close a deal with you. Tell us what you are willing to pay and what you have to offer and we will