

# THE JEWELLED TALISMAN

OR  
PURITAN AND CAVALIER

BY  
MRS. CAROLINE ORNE

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"I thought you had come and that it was I who was to deal with you," said Gabriel, addressing Harleigh, "and so, unseen by you, I raised my hand against you. But it was a living spirit that whirled in my ear. You need not fear me now."

"I fear no one, not even an enemy, who is not mean enough to steal upon me in a way," was Harleigh's reply.

"My spirit is still exceedingly bitter against you, and I may again be tempted. Yet I shall wrestle hard against the temptation, though you have, as it were, touched the apple of my eye."

"I am not aware that there is any reason for your accusation," said Harleigh. "Is it not known to you that Alice Dale is mine?"

"No, nor to her, either."

"Why do you say so, Gabriel?" asked Alice.

"When you were no higher than my knee, I said to Nathan Walworth, 'I will serve you seven years, and then seven more added to them, for your wife, Alice, even as Jacob of old served Laban for his daughter Rachel.'"

"And did he accept your services on the condition you named?" inquired Harleigh.

"He said if I labored for him, he should recompense me with silver and gold, but when twelve seven years were accomplished, if I remained in the same mind, I was free to win the maiden if I could, and he smiled graciously on me, as he said these words."

"And the twelve seven years are now gone?" said Harleigh.

"They are. Last evening, half an hour after sunset, they were finished, but there was one standing in my path, whose apparel was ornamented with gold and silver, such as dazzles the eyes of a thoughtless maiden, and I knew she would not listen to me. Soberly was I tempted to enslave my own garments to be adorned with shining gauds, in order to please her eye, and thus obtain favor in her sight. I even listened to the tempter so far as to fasten ruffles of fine lace about my wrists, and mightily did it please my vanity to see them fall over these hands."

"But, after all, you concluded not to wear them," said Harleigh.

"I did. Strength was given me to tear them from my wrists and cast them down into the dust, where I trampled on them with my feet, till they bore no likeness to what had so tickled my fancy. But as it did not seem good unto me that they should be lost, I told the girl Rebecca what I had done, and she rescued them from the dust and dirt, and cleansed them with water and soap."

"A very praiseworthy piece of economy," said Harleigh, "in you as well as in the girl."

"And that I might not again be tempted to adorn myself with them, I sold them to her for the price demanded for such merchandise, thereby making fourpence-hapenny by my bargain, the dealer having been prevailed upon to abate thus much from the price he at first demanded."

"A sum worth looking after," said Harleigh, with a smile.

"Verily it is to those who would thrive, Silas Watkins told me on my way hither that you intended soon to go beyond the sea. Is it true?"

"It is."

"How soon?"

"In a week or ten days."

"Then I shall not have to strive long with the temptation which urges me to adorn my person with worthless gauds; for when you are gone, I shall no longer have a rival. Come, Alice, leave this ungodly cavalier, and return to your home with me. You belong to me, and it isn't my pleasure for you to remain with him."

"It must be time for breakfast," said Alice, turning to Harleigh. And then drawing nearer to him, she added, in a low voice: "I am alike afraid to go with him or to refuse."

"I should be afraid to trust you," was Harleigh's reply. "Look! If that isn't the glare of frenzy burning in his pale, almost colorless eyes, I know not what to term it."

"And so you can't go without him," said Gabriel. "It is well that he has only a short time to tarry among us, or the temptation to deliver you from the snare which he has laid for you might grow too strong and mighty to resist. But I will shield her from you, if the power is given me."

Saying this, he took Alice by the arm, though she involuntarily recoiled as he did so, and with rapid strides, which showed little regard for her comfort or accommodation, urged her forward in the direction of the house, while Harleigh, though an excellent walker, was barely able to keep so near as to assist Alice whenever the width of the path permitted.

Mildred Daines," said Harleigh, as they turned to obey the summons of Ella.

"What of her?" said Alice.

"I hardly know, but I begin to think that she isn't so much your friend as she pretends to be."

"O, don't tell me to distrust Mildred. She is the only one I have to speak to about you, and when you are gone, it will be such a privilege."

She did not realize how much there was in this confession till the words had left her lips. The sudden lighting up of Harleigh's countenance caused her to perceive the force of the words she had made use of, and dyed her own face with crimson.

"Don't regret having given me so much satisfaction," said he, observing her confusion. "But let me advise you to make your Aunt Esther your confidant. She is your best friend. From her there is nothing to fear. She is of so gentle and so generous and noble a nature that it cannot be undisturbed or narrowed down, even by the influence of the strict, uncompromising sect to which she belongs."

"I will take your advice, for she is worthy of my fullest confidence. Still, in certain cases, it is natural to seek the sympathy of those near our own age."

That evening, when all had retired to rest except themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Walworth heard the outer door open.

"You have chosen a late hour for your call," said Mr. Walworth, as Gabriel entered.

"For a full hour I have been watching for the others to withdraw," replied Gabriel. "I have something to say to you."

"Well, I am ready to listen."

Gabriel seated himself in a chair, which he had first drawn close to Mr. Walworth's.

"Have you," he then said, "forgotten what you told me just fourteen years ago last evening?"

"I don't remember now. Fourteen years is a long time."

"I haven't forgotten, if you have, I have treasured your words in my mind ever since."

"I am unable to recall the conversation which passed between us the evening you mention," said Mr. Walworth.

"It was touching your niece Alice, who has grown to be a dainty fair to look upon."

"No one will attempt to ginsay that," was Mr. Walworth's reply.

"And she has goodly lands for a heritage, besides silver and gold."

"Neither can that be denied," said Mr. Walworth, still at a loss as to what might be Gabriel's drift, for he found it impossible to recall a word which had passed between them on the evening referred to.

"She is, moreover, apt and skillful in matters pertaining to the household."

"She is, for which thanks are due to my excellent wife."

"I am now," said Gabriel, again clearing his throat, "arrived at years of discretion."

"O, ought to be," replied Mr. Walworth, with the least possible approach to a smile.

"An old enough to take unto myself a wife."

"Yes; but of years cannot be urged as an objection."

"And you gave me your promise that at the end of twelve seven years I should have your free consent to win Alice for a wife."

"Yes, I remember now, and you have it, freely as it was promised; but she may not be willing to listen to you."

"I shall not disdain to make use of such pleasant wiles as may be harmless, in order to tempt her to incline her ear to my suit." And by way of illustration he contrived to mould his grim-looking features into what he considered a most fascinating smile. At the same time he succeeded in throwing his gaunt and uncouth figure into a position which strongly caricatured one of the peculiarly graceful attitudes habitual to Clarence Harleigh.

Mrs. Walworth was obliged to turn away to hide a smile, and it was with difficulty that even Mr. Walworth so far overcame his naturally keen sense of the ludicrous as to preserve the appearance of his wonted gravity.

"Gabriel," said he, "I should advise you, as a friend, to leave smiles and wiles to those they better become."

"They will be harmless, and cost me nothing," said the obtuse Gabriel. "Why then should I let them alone?"

"Because they will hinder rather than prosper your suit."

"I shall use them only as a harmless help. I mean not to depend on them. I shall not hesitate to bestow on the damsel as a gift the fessces of the choicest lambs of my flock, that she may convert them into warm and goodly garments; for, thanks to Dame Walworth, besides the common household affairs, she has taught her to be cunning in the art of spinning and weaving, and in fashioning the coat and the doublet. Even the fessces of the patriarch of the flock I will not withhold from her, should she consent to be my wife, inasmuch as my garments have grown thin and threadbare, so that the bleak winds of the coming winter will pierce through them."

Mr. Walworth's sense of the ludicrous again got the better of him, and a merry light for a moment danced in his keen, gray eyes.

"You have an eye to comfort as well as profit," Mrs. Walworth remarked.

"As far as may be allowable."

"Gabriel," said Mr. Walworth, "I feel it to be my duty to speak to you seriously in this matter."

"I am far from desiring to treat it lightly."

"What I wish," said Mr. Walworth, "is to caution you against being too sanguine."

"Alice may like some one better than she does you," Mrs. Walworth ventured to remark.

"You are thinking of Clarence Har-

leigh, but I shall resist against him."

"The chances are not on your side," said Mr. Walworth.

"You think that her heart has gone out to the ungodly cavalier that she pretends to be?"

"There can be little doubt of it."

"And do you think it meet that one of the daughters of our little band in the wilderness should be given as a wife to this man? In his hands, her goodly inheritance will be brought. It will be consumed in vain adornments, such as are practiced in the court of Charles Stuart. Ay, it will vanish like the dew of the morning. Nathan Walworth, do you dare give your niece to this man for a wife?"

"She is now of an age to know her own mind. I shall not attempt to control her. She is free to choose between you and him."

"Mind what you do, Nathan Walworth."

"As far as Clarence Harleigh is concerned, I have more than once considered the subject well."

"In your secret heart, you've been conspiring against me."

"As Gabriel said this he sprang from his seat, and in his eyes, which were fixed upon Mr. Walworth, was burning the old flame and glowing light.

"Gabriel, sit down, and listen to me calmly," said Mr. Walworth.

"You are my enemy."

"I am not your enemy, neither have I, in thought or in action, conspired against you. Clarence Harleigh's father was one of the dearest friends I ever had. He was more than a brother to me. For many years he has slept with his father, but in the son, he is almost restored to me. In personal appearance he is nearly the same, and is richly endowed with all good and noble qualities of mind."

"Which were but sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal; for was he not to our people what a son of the Hittites of Canaanites of old was to the children of Israel?"

"His creed was different from mine, but his conduct was above reproach. His influence tempered my zeal, which otherwise I sometimes should have been in danger of carrying too far. Even now it is my besetting sin."

"You are blinded, Nathan Walworth, or you wouldn't thus rise up against me. But I shall have strength to carry this matter through. I shall triumph over my enemies; I shall see them humbled in the dust."

"You are angry now, Gabriel. In the morning your mind will be calmer."

"It would be better for Alice Dale to be in her grave than to be married to that man."

"We will say no more on that subject now," said Mr. Walworth. "It is late; time for you to be at home."

"Last night you invited me to tarry with you."

"And would now, only you are excited, and the walk will do you good."

Gabriel had reached the door, and was about to lift the latch, when he turned round.

"You little think what danger your Dagon was in this morning," said he. "It is well for him that he means soon to leave the place."

"Don't ask him what he means," said Mrs. Walworth, in a low voice. "When he is gone, I will tell you."

Mr. Walworth was greatly shocked when, as soon as Gabriel was gone, his wife informed him of what Alice had told her concerning his attempting Harleigh's life; yet, on reflection, so strong was his faith in Gabriel's desire to do right, that he thought Alice must have been deceived.

"I will, however," said he, "give the subject serious and careful consideration."

(To be continued.)

**About Snakes.**

"It is common to hear people speak about poisonous serpents," writes a zoologist. "Serpents are never poisonous; they are venomous. A poison cannot be taken internally without bad effects; a venom can. Venoms, to be effective, have to be injected directly into the circulation, and this is the manner in which the snakes kill. Their venom taken internally is innocuous. Another popular error is the supposition that a snake bites. Probably no creature in the world provided with teeth and jaws has so little power of biting. The jaws are not lodged, but are attached one to the other by cartilage. Thus a snake can have no leverage in opposing one jaw to the other, and could not in this manner pierce the skin. The fangs are driven into the flesh by a stroke, and not by a bite. A snake is harmless unless in coil. From its coils it throws its head and body forward, and strikes or hooks its fangs into the object aimed at. The entire work is done with the upper jaw, the lower jaw having nothing at all to do with it. A man striking a boat-hook into a pier furnished an example of the way in which a snake strikes."

**Singing Spiders.**

A naturalist who has given many years of study to some of the smaller forms of insect life has discovered that certain sorts of spiders are possessed of organs for which there seems to be no use save to create sound. They are mostly used when the little creatures are alarmed, although the opinion is held by some that this is their means of calling to their mates. The alarm idea, however, has some support in the case of the rattlesnake, which is provided with the means of making its presence known whenever an enemy approaches. Whether the possession of organs for creating sound is designed merely as a protection or warning is a point to which naturalists are giving careful and enthusiastic attention.

**The Laziest Creature.**

A most curious and sluggish creature is the fantawa, a nine-inch lizard, whose home is in New Zealand. The little imitation scorpion has the reputation of being the laziest creature ever created. He is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes, and has been known to remain in one position perfectly motionless for many months. How the creature manages to exist is a mystery.

# Women's Doings.

**THE PLAIN GIRL.**

THESE are a few regular occasions on which every pretty girl feels inclined to give vent to her feelings by a "good cry." One is when her plain sister enters into the bonds of matrimony with an exceedingly good-looking man.

It is very mortifying, if you happen to be pretty, to be left out in the cold, and the pretty girl never has understood, and never will understand, how it is. And perhaps it is really a good thing for the beauty of the family that she is so ignorant on this matter. If she fully comprehended the brain workings of that strange creature, man, matrimony would lose its dearest charm.

The handsome man marries the plain girl. Cry as we will, this is a fact, and one that we may test the actuality of every day if we will.

To take up the question of forlorn beauty. Why is it? A man who is good-looking must admire beauty. He does admire it; he cannot help himself. Then why, the pretty girl inquires, does he marry her plain sister?

The answer may best be found in the answers of twelve intelligent men on the subject of choosing a wife. Each one stated seriously what qualities he would look for in a possible partner and set them down in order, the most important first, the less important following.

Taking an average, their ideal was to be as follows: First, kind-hearted, true and sympathetic; second, lively and fond of children; third, proud of herself for the sake of her friends; fourth, a good housekeeper and a busy bee; fifth, a graceful figure and beautiful; sixth, wealthy and clever.

The plain girl scores at once with her sympathy; it is her chief and most powerful weapon against a man. The girl with good looks has no need to find friends by being sympathetic, and it is doubtful if people would believe her sympathy to be genuine. At all social gatherings the plain girl is so much alone that her manner appears at once modest and retiring. Let a handsome man give her half an hour of his company and her whole mind is bent on being agreeable. But the pretty girl has a score of men to talk to, and falls into a habit of inattention. The pretty girl has a harder time than the plain girl.

**Book, Tray or Embroidery Holder.**

The invention shown in the accompanying drawing has other uses besides that for which it is being utilized by the young lady, being provided, in addition to the embroidery hoop, with a tray, bookholder and writing outfit. The object is to produce a device which can be attached to a chair, table or bed rail, with an adjusting clamp to support the frame in a convenient position for embroidering, reading, writing

or for any work for which a tray may be used. In the picture the embroidery frame, consisting of the two usual interlocking hoops, may be tilted at any desired angle or related to bring any portion of the pattern nearer the operator. The tray provided has a flange on one edge to support a book, which can be elevated until in a convenient position for the eyes, and is attached to the fixed ring by three spring clips triangularly mounted on the tray. For kitchen use this invention can be made to support a strainer or dish, and will be especially useful when looking over berries to hold an extra receptacle adjacent for receiving the cleaned fruit.

**Scolding the Children.**

Suppose you are the mother, and the children dash into your presence with some experience of childish triumph to relate; now is your test. The children's eyes are like diamonds as they tell their story, and all the eagerness of their sinless souls is shining through them, but from a large round hole in a new pair of stockings a little round knee stares at you—a dear, soiled, plump, pink baby knee it is, and you love the owner of it. Well, you know how it irritates you when you see the hole in the stocking. What do you do then? Do you still see the love and joy shining in their eyes, or do you frown and scold and send the children away to be cleaned up, as though the soil on their faces and clothes were spots on their souls instead?

**The Honest Thing to Do.**

The honest thing to do is to do a thing for the sake of the thing itself—because we love it, because we believe in it, because we want to do it, because we feel that it is the one thing of all other things that we feel we can do and would like to do. Then we bring mind and heart together, and that is a com-



HOLDS THE WORK.

Reflection of a Bachelor Girl.

If all men were wise all women would seem sensible.

Women value dress because men value it so much more.

Men are not nearly so wise as women let them think they are.

More women would be angels if more men cared anything about heaven.

Most men look at a pretty girl as if she had been born expressly for their account.

Most men divide women into two classes—their mothers and sisters and all other women.

A woman can seldom stop to look in a corner shop window because there are so many men around.

Man's consistency permits him to take beer in winter to keep him warm and in summer to keep him cool.

Many men in a restaurant give the impression that they are there not so much to eat as to talk to the waitresses.

A man can earn \$10,000 a year, and yet he has to marry some little woman with \$1 a week spending money just to make himself comfortable.

Men will never concede that a woman knows anything, yet some men spend all their time fussing because some women don't know more than they do.

**Baby's Hammock.**

Hammocks in which a child of 5 years or under may take summer naps in the open air are swung on folding frames. Upright corners and cross pieces of half inch wire support a gauze canopy that is effective protection from flies and mosquitoes.

**Rattan Chairs in Favor.**

There is a continued demand for rattan furniture upholstered with bright cretonnes. Chairs of this kind are so decorative, so comfortable and so inexpensive, that they are practical for all classes of people.

**A SLEEPING PREMIER.**

Lord North had a habit of sleeping in Parliament.

Lord North was the sleeping parliamentarian of the eighteenth century. He was forever yawning in the faces of members and their speeches. Black and White says of him that indignant orators were constantly complaining of his refusal to listen to them, and he was never at a loss in subjecting them to the further humiliation of a sharp rebuff.

"Even now, in these perils, the noble lord is asleep!" burst forth an angry member of the opposition; and Lord North awoke in time to murmur, "I wish I were!"

Again he said to another grumbler, "The physician should never quarrel with his own medicine."

To a speaker who impeached him of all sorts of crimes and called attention to his dozing through the attack, Lord North rejoined:

"It is cruel to deny me the solace enjoyed by other criminals—that of a night's rest before they meet their fate."

The best story of the sleepy premier is that connected with a peer who bored Parliament from the time of Noah and his ark. North began dozing at the mention of the ark, and slept until the speaker reached the Spanish Armada. Then a colleague woke him.

"Where are we now?" asked North.

"In the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed the prime minister. "Why didn't you let me sleep a century or two more?"

**FEARLESS SCIENTISTS.**

**They Dwell Within Reach of Vesuvius Scorching Breath.**

On the side of Mount Vesuvius, which has been comparatively quiet during the last few years but may break out at any time, is an observatory. Here live some scientists whose task it is to study the volcano. Nothing can exceed, says Mr. Arthur Norway in "Naples, Past and Present," the value of the services rendered to science by these gentlemen, who elect to spend their lives upon a spot which is always dreary and exposed to constant danger.

The last great eruption of Vesuvius was in 1872. While it was proceeding the position of the courageous men in the observatory was rather glorious than safe. Vesuvius was "sweating fire," to use the words of Professor Palmieri, one of the scientists who was in the observatory at the time.

"On the night of April 26th," he writes, "the observatory lay between two torrents of fire. The heat was insufferable. The glass of the windows was hot and crackling. In all the rooms there was a smell of scorching."

When one ponders on what is involved in these words, and learns that "stones fell on the observatory of such size that the glass of the unshuttered windows was broken," one is ready with Mr. Norway, "to take off his hat" to the stout hearts and keen intellects, to these "composts of mankind," who do not merely dare danger occasionally, but live in the midst of it; who fear nothing that comes to them while they serve the cause of science.

**The Old-Timer Tunes.**

Oh, Mr. Organ Grinder, play a tune that is a tune!

Five of old Florodora and the razz-dance of the room!

These rootless tunes, today, don't seem to get a proper hold.

So play me some or anything that's reasonably old.

Grind me the strains your fathers ground with such consummate ease.

From "Olivette" or "Mignon," either one of them would please.

Or Lamberash, or "Hinterberg," or many more like these.

Or 'ere the one devoted to the praise of Lindberg chimes!

You've surely notched all the bands of all the world, today.

Can't sweeten up the atmosphere in Patsy Gilmore's primas never one can put a tongue.

And of all the hoarsest primas never one can put a tongue.

To a tune that has the flavor of the sort that Lotta sung.

And pianists imported for the splendor of their hair.

And virtuoso fiddlers pulling corgat through the air—

Oh, their renderings are well enough, but yet they can't compare.

With the olden organ grinder tunes for solid wear and tear.

Say, if an organ grinder of the kind we used to know.

With a little strap-back organ of the make of long ago.

Should wander into town and ravel out a little string.

(Or the songs that Marie Stone and Susie Kirwin used to sing.

Nay, a prophet I am not, and yet a vision I can see.

A judge a-spitting jubilee, happy as a judge can be.

A dancing, prancing crowd around, including you and me.

And a minister a-kicking up his caters in his glee!

—Chicago Journal.

**Transplanted by a Storm.**

Will Stephenson, residing near Aitchison, Kan., grows onion sets for a large seed house under a contract, and he planted twenty acres this spring. When the high winds blew recently nearly all the onion sets were actually blown out of the ground and into an adjoining corral. The wind continued to blow, and blew dirt around the roots, and Stephenson now has about ten acres of perfectly planted onions from a quarter of a mile to a mile from the spot where they were originally planted. They have since sprouted and are doing nicely.

They talk of the path of the transgressor being hard, but every good man thinks it is dead easy.