

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN
OR
PULITAN AND CAVALIER
BY
MRS. CAROLINE ORNE

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)
"Where you found where the would be murdered left you?"
"I was beset by more than one, and after trying like one dead for hours life but no reason returned. The master of the house where I now am, who was preparing to start on a journey, had risen earlier than usual, and the light which gleamed from the door, which he opened to see what the weather was, must have attracted my attention, for I succeeded in reaching the doorstep, where I fell. He, with the assistance of a servant, carried me into the house. A Jew surgeon was procured, who dressed the wound on my forehead, and another, which he considered more dangerous, in my side. When it became known to them that their neighbor who lived opposite was charged with the crime of murder, and that I must be the person supposed to be murdered, they determined for a while to keep silent on the subject, while, if possible, they increased their efforts for my recovery. This is the second day of the trial, I understand."
"It is."
"I wish to give in my testimony."
"Are you able? Can you endure the necessary excitement and fatigue?"
"My physician has given his consent."
Harleigh was the first witness who was called that afternoon. When he had finished the little he had to say he left the room by a private door, just back of the witness box. Elliston in the meantime had been called to the stand. He had little to add to what Harleigh had said, and when he had withdrawn, a chair was placed where he had stood. Before the spectators had time to express to each other the curiosity and surprise occasioned by this proceeding, Harleigh entered by the same door he went out at with a man leaning on his arm.
The man seemed weak and agitated, and was very pale, an appearance which was heightened by the almost crimson hue of a newly cicatrized wound on his forehead. At sight of him Falkland started, and a sudden flush overspread his countenance. For a few moments he found it impossible to control his agitation, and his first impulse was to attempt, while the attention of those present was drawn towards Redding, to leave the court house.
"It will look as if I were guilty," he said to himself, after a moment's reflection, and the half-formed intention was therefore abandoned.
Redding having been sworn, said that on the evening of his supposed murder, Gilbert Falkland sent him to Jeduthan, the Jew's, for the purpose of paying one hundred pounds, for which the Jew held Falkland's bond.
"As I was passing a little blind cord adjoining the Jew's buildings," he went on to say, "I heard some one say, in a low voice: 'That must be our man, Corkle.' This somewhat startled me, as I thought he might mean me. I quickened my steps, and the next minute I reached the shop door. To my dismay, I found that it was locked. I gave several loud raps, when I was seized by the arm and pulled off the steps. I struggled to free myself, and at the same time cried loudly for help, for I found that I had more than one to contend with. From that time, for more than two weeks, all was a blank to me, except that at one time I have a dim recollection of feeling cold and weak, and of going towards something which I took to be the fire on the hearth of my master's lodgings."
This statement, instead of being invalidated by a strict cross-examination of the witness, and by the testimony of the different members of the family who had acted towards him the part of the good Samaritan, was more fully substantiated, and rendered more consistent.
As Redding steadily persisted in denying that he entered the shop, or any part of the building, so how Falkland's bond came to be in the place where the Jew admitted he had found it, remained a mystery still to be explained. Till it could be the counsel for the prosecution objected to the release of the prisoner. The assassins, he maintained, might have been employed by him for the purpose of obtaining it. The greed of gain, supposed to be common to his race, justified him in making this assertion.
At this crisis, an honest-looking yeoman, who had entered the court room just as the question of the bond was brought up, and whom Harleigh recognized as Hendrick Dykes, made his way towards the counsel's benches, and requested to be sworn as a witness.
"I think," said he, when his request had been complied with, "that what I have to say may throw some light on the point in question. Late in the evening of the seventeenth day of last month, I started from home with a load of country produce, and arrived in the city before daybreak. I went to the stable where I commonly go, and waking the hostler, had my horses taken care of. As there wasn't room for my wagon under cover, I didn't like to leave it, so I crept under the straw in the back part of the wagon, close to a couple of barrels, and was beginning to be a little drowsy when I heard voices close by. I was wide awake in an instant, for I didn't know but some thieves had strolled that way, and would be helping themselves to some of my cheese. I kept still as a mouse, and listened to what they said."
"It was lucky," said one of them, "that he got the bond, when he went to the old Jew's yesterday morning."
"Don't you see that it will be proof right to the point?" said he who had first spoken.
"Yes, I see now, and I rather think that if Jeduthan had known how it was gone to burn his own fingers, he would have let it be where it was, instead of pickin' it up," said the other.
"Was the name of the person mentioned, who was referred to, as obtaining

possession of the bond?" was here asked by the counsel for the defense.
Harleigh and Elliston both looked at Falkland when this question was asked, and saw that a look of intense agony swept over his face. The delay was not more than half a minute's duration, but to Falkland, the horror crowded into that half minute was enough to embitter a lifetime.
When the answer of Hendrick came clear and distinct, "It was not," it was well for Falkland that he stood wedged in, among so dense a crowd, as otherwise, so great and sudden was the revulsion of his feelings, that he must have fallen.
"Did they call each other by name?" was the next question which was asked of Hendrick.
"I heard one of them call the other by name," was his answer.
"Do you remember what it was?"
"Yes; it was Skellum."
Corkle and his two guilty confederates were conveyed from the court house to Newgate, their employer remaining still unsuspected; while the Jew, conducted to his own home by Harleigh and Elliston, found Abi, Alice and Mrs. Selwyn to welcome him. Aseneth and Mizar were also there, the same testimony which proved their master's innocence having shown them to be guiltless.
Two days later Falkland visited Corkle in his cell.
"Are you going to help me out of this?" asked the condemned man.
"You are beside yourself. You don't know what you are saying," was the retort.
"I shall know when I proclaim to the world what a double-dyed villain Gil Falkland is."
"You'll think better of what you say when your rage has had time to cool."
"You'll find yourself mistaken. As surely as you live, the world shall know it."
"There is one way to prevent it," and as he spoke he drew forth a poniard which had been concealed about his person.
The quick eye of Corkle caught the gleam of the shining steel aimed at his breast, in season to wrench it from his hand. The next moment Falkland lay at his feet with the poniard sheathed in his heart.
The deep silence of his cell for ten or fifteen minutes remained unbroken, except that now and then a nervous motion of the prisoner caused a faint clash of his iron fetters. Then the door was unlocked and held a little ajar.
"Come," said the turnkey, "the time is up you were to stay. But how is this, Corkle?" he added, seeing Falkland extended on the floor. "Has your friend gone to sleep?"
"Yes, and won't wake very soon, I'm thinking."
"Who did this?"
"The deed lies between him and me, I suppose," said Corkle, suddenly.

CHAPTER XXI.
In deference to the wishes of Mrs. Elliston, the marriage of Clarence Harleigh and Alice Dale was to take place at her house, and the ceremony was to be performed in the plain, simple manner suited to the religious faith of the sect to which she belonged.
The guests were assembled, and Abi had just finished twining the bridal wreath, with the rich brown tresses of Alice, when there came several quick, sharp raps at the door.
"For the bride," said some one who stood in the shade of the portico, and who quickly turned away after heading something to the servant who had opened the door.
"Here is something for the bride," said he to Mrs. Elliston, who ordered it to be sent to Alice.
Abi undid the cord of blue and white floss bound round it, and removed the envelope.
"How beautiful!" she exclaimed, as a box of pure white ivory, delicately and elaborately carved, was disclosed to view. They bent over it, and read what was written on the slip of paper glued to the cover of the box.
"Sweets to the sweet," it says," said Abi. "The writer must be some one who knows you. Shall I remove the cover?"
"Yes. We must see what it is."
"A gift delicate and lovely as the casket which contains it."
"See," said Alice; "the morning dew is still sparkling in the heart of these half-blown roses."
"They are just what are needed," said Abi; "for though Mrs. Elliston requested you to wear no jewelry, she cannot object to your wearing these."
They were soon arranged amid the snowy folds of the lace kerchief worn by Alice, which was of a texture so fine and delicate as to make it of a price many times greater than its weight in gold. Word had already been sent them that all was ready.
The Jew, who had been bidden to the wedding, was standing in the doorway of the room contiguous to that where the ceremony was to be performed, and where Harleigh, Elliston and others were awaiting the bride.
"Whence comes this sickening and deathly odor?" exclaimed the Jew, as he stepped back for Alice and Abi to enter.
"What is it?" said Harleigh, coming quickly forward.
"There is a subtle and deadly poison somewhere near," replied the Jew.
"It is nothing but the perfume of these roses," said Abi.
"Where? What roses?" he asked.
"These," and she pointed to those worn by Alice.
"They are poisoned," said he, as he tore them from the bosom of the frightened bride.
Harleigh snatched them from his hand,

and in the almost frantic terror of the moment, threw them from a window.
"How is it, Alice?" said he. "Speak and tell me they haven't had time to do you harm."
"I'm a little faint," she replied, attempting to smile.
"Look!" said Edward Elliston, aside to the Jew. "Her lips are as white as snow."
"Is there nothing which can save her?" exclaimed Harleigh, as he took her in his arms and bore her to a couch.
"I know of an antidote; I have it at home, but it cannot be obtained in time. I fear the hand of death is already upon her," said the Jew.
"If you mean the perfume such as you gave me," said Abi, "I have some here." And she drew a little gold box from her pocket, in shape resembling the vinaigrette in use at the present day.
"That is it. Take courage. It is still more subtle than the poison, and will soon pervade the whole system," and he held the pleasant though pungent perfume so that Alice could inhale it.
There was a minute of harassing doubt, scarcely relieved by hope. Then her color began to return, and the sluggish, almost frozen pulse to resume its natural, healthful beat. A few moments more and all danger was past. The Jew handed the perfume to Abi.
"Make use of it," said he. "You, too, have been endangered."
They did not see, during all this time, a pale, haggard face pressed against one of the window panes, nor the cold, glittering eyes which were watching them. Even if they had, they would not, in their wild terror and intense excitement, have given the circumstance a single thought.
It was not till they knew that the terrible danger was past that some one asked what had become of the poisoned flowers. No one knew. Harleigh, too much agitated to know what he did when he threw them from the window, had no recollection of the circumstance. The servant who had received at the door what had so nearly proved a fatal gift, entering the room as the inquiries were being made, said that he saw Mr. Harleigh throw them from the window.
"They mustn't remain there," said the Jew. "If they do, more than one life may be lost by means of them."
Edward Elliston, having called for a lantern, went in search of them. As he held the light close to the ground its rays fell on some object which, it appeared to him, was a human form, lying under the window next to the one where he was searching for the flowers. Approaching it, he found it was a woman. He called for help, and when he had assisted to carry her into the house, Harleigh and Alice saw that it was Mildred Dacres.
"She appears to be dead," said Harleigh. "Is it possible that she found the poisoned flowers?"
"There was no need that she should find them to produce the effect you see," remarked the Jew. "I can perceive that the same deadly effluvia emanates from the flowers entangled in such a manner with the breast-knot she wears, as to make it seem probable that she made an effort to tear them thence, as I detected in these."
In a short time a slight convulsive movement was perceptible, causing a mantle she had on to slip aside, which would have fallen to the floor had not a corner of it been wound round her hand. Harleigh, who stood near, removed the mantle, when it was seen that her hand was closed over the flowers which had been thrown from the window, with so firm and rigid a grasp as to crush them. An attempt to remove them awakened her to a degree of consciousness.
"No—no," she murmured. "They are flowers for the bride. I lost them somehow, but I shall keep them safe now, till I can give them into the bride's own hand."
"Can it be that it was she who sent the flowers?" said Edward Elliston.
"It must have been," replied Harleigh. She recognized his voice.
"Clarence Harleigh," said she, "there was one who stood between you and me, but she is out of the way now. Don't try to find how it came about. It will never come to light. Stay—don't go yet. In a minute I'll be ready to go with you."
As she spoke, with a sudden effort she raised herself from her recumbent posture, threw out her arms in a wild, impassioned manner, as if she wished to prevent some one's departure, fell back and immediately expired.
After what had taken place, all thoughts of the intended wedding were for that evening abandoned. When, in a week afterward, the guests re-assembled, it was not alone to witness the bridal of Harleigh and Alice, for ere they returned to their own homes, Edward Elliston and Abi Rushton had likewise received the nuptial benediction.
A few months from this time, Harleigh and his youthful bride visited the home of her childhood. It was the evening after their arrival, and the air, keen and frosty without, caused the encrusted snow to sparkle in the beams of the full moon, as if strewn with thousands of diamonds, was tempered within the ample parlor of the Walworth farm house, to a kind of festive mellowness not easy to describe.
It seemed to Alice that slim fingers must have been busy with her former guardian's face—here smoothing away some stern and rigid line—and there, slyly giving it a little dash of sunshine. It was certain that he had seldom, or never before, so fully given himself up to that social enjoyment which develops the better and the more kindly feelings of our nature, since, by a mistake common to the enthusiasts of his time, he had, in his own mind, confounded even the pure and innocent pleasures of the home circle with those which he considered vain and sinful. But an iceberg cannot resist the constant and genial influences of the sun, and his artificial coldness and austerity had gradually yielded to the gentle and benign influences of her who presided over his household.
"You don't know who Aunt Jane is, do you?" said Ella, who, as in former days, had taken a seat by the side of Alice.
"No, dear," she replied. "Who is she?"
"Uncle Gabriel's wife. You know he taught my brothers and me to call him uncle."
"And we like to, now," said Benjamin. "He don't seem so strange as he used to."
"Gabriel," said Mrs. Walworth, "has been married to the good-natured, laughing Jane Lovering more than a year, and being strong and healthy, she makes nothing of spinning and weaving the 'sacos of his flock,' which he once, on a

certain occasion, alluded to, and of managing a large dairy to his entire satisfaction."
"I guess Aunt Jane's face fills his eye," said Benjamin, "for it is as big and as round as the full moon."
"My son," said his father, reprovingly, though a smile could be seen lurking in his eye, "you mustn't suffer yourself to exaggerate when you make comparisons."
"For my part, I think it is nothing but the simple and candid truth," said Silas Watkins, who, hitherto, had been a silent partaker of the social enjoyment, and who continued to think that if ever there was an angel on earth, it was Alice.
(The end.)

HE RUINED THE FEAST.
Story of How One Jackson Got His Discharge.
"I'm not generally revengeful," said Mrs. Blank, "but willingly yesterday would have I have followed Jackson, my waiterman, to the grave."
"Jackson is a good enough man, generally, preternaturally grave, but polite and agile to a degree. I gave him a good recommendation when I sent him away this morning."
"Why did I send him away? Well, that's the story. Yesterday Mr. Blank brought two men friends home to lunch with him. I had never seen either of them before and my pantry was about in the condition of Mother Hubbard's, so, altogether, it was a very serious occasion for me. The cook worked desperately hard, though—she's a good soul, is the cook—and I got out the fruit cake I was saving for Easter and the preserved ginger that's the light of my eyes, and together we fixed up a presentable little feast.
"The piece de resistance of the repast was a dish of creamed turkey, made of the remnants of yesterday's fowl, eked out by being spread upon buttered toast," quotes the Baltimore News. "It looked quite a respectable amount when it was garnished and on the dish, and I cautioned Mr. Blank not to help too lavishly, put my trust in the potato croquettes and lettuce salad and tried to be happy.
" 'All may yet be well,' I murmured to myself, like the hero of a melodrama; but alas! it was not, for the redoubtable Jackson was well to the fore. As soon as I found that he had put on his patent-leather shoes in honor of the company I had forebodings.
"This footwear had once belonged to Mr. Blank, so I knew exactly how slippery it was, but I tried not to care, and to talk of the news of the day in an intelligent manner that would please my husband's school chums.
"The soup course passed off splendidly, though Jackson served it like a juggler tossing plates, and then came the turkey toast. I hope you haven't anticipated my denouement, but Jackson dropped the entire dish of that dainty on the foot of one of my guests. He was airily trying to lift a vegetable dish with one hand while he presented this with the other when the accident occurred.
" 'Go and get some more of that errand-entree!' thundered my husband, 'and send Sarah to remove this horrible debris.'
" 'There ain't no more turkey, sah, and dat's de trufe,' said Jackson. Then, 'Lemme wipe off your shoe, sah,' he said to my guest.
"Of course, we laughed and made merry over the occurrence, and nibbled wafers and cheese and salad and tried to think we were feasting, but I think I know two men who had luncheon at a downtown hotel about 3 o'clock that afternoon.
"Jackson? Oh! he's back at his old haunts in a quick-lunch room, and I've no doubt he's succeeding admirably."

The Peach in Babylon.
Nothing is now more universally accepted than that the peach is an improved variety of the almond. The almond has a thin shell around the stone, which splits open and exposes the stone when mature. This outer skin has simply become flesh in the peach, so that is all that gives it its specific character. It seems now clear, from investigation in the history of ancient Babylon, that in their gardens—now nearly four thousand years ago—the peach was cultivated as it is now. It must have been many years before this that the peach was improved upon the almond, and this fact goes to show the great antiquity of the fruit. Possibly, gardening in some respects, at least so far as it relates to many of our cultivated fruits, was as far advanced six, or perhaps eight or ten thousand years back as is to-day. Phoenicians, as proved by the records, had in their gardens almonds, apricots, bananas, citrons, grapes, olives, peaches, and pomegranates; and even sugarcane was in extensive cultivation.

Tributes to His Genius.
That very wealthy and fortunate violinist, Senor Sarasate, has received during his career as an artist a set of pearls from Queen Victoria, three rings from the German Emperor Wilhelm I., a blue enamel watch from the Emperor Napoleon III., a diamond ring from Dom Pedro, a portrait etched in gold from the Empress Augusta, and a set of diamonds from Alphonso XII, with which and many other valuable offerings he means to enrich his native town.

The Author of Pinafore.
The late Sir Arthur Sullivan was one of the wealthiest musicians in Europe. From the Savoy operas he drew a princely income, and many of his songs provided him with ever-welcome checks every quarter. As a man of business he had few rivals, and the directors of the Crystal Palace and those of the Savoy Theater knew well his financial ability and his shrewdness.

A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing to be Without.
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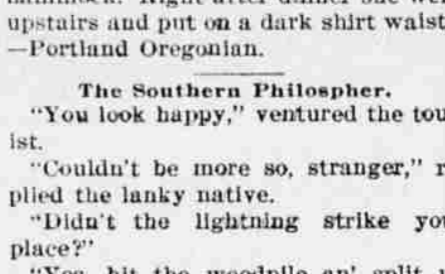
OUR BUDGET OF FUN.
The city editor was troubled, not to say angry.
"Hang it all," he exclaimed, as he read the letter addressed to his department, "my wife has been asking me that question for the last week and I refused to be bothered— He looked at the letter again and jumped out of his chair. "Thunder and guns," he cried, "it's her handwriting, too. Now that she has learned the trick, she'll make me settle every social, household and historical question that comes up, and I'll be right on hand to take the blame if I make a mistake."
For a long time he remained brooding in thought. Then he resigned.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Humorous Sayings and Doings Here and There.
Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.
Traveler—I want a bed for the night.
Clerk—Haven't got one in the house, sir.
"Got one out of the house?"
"Oh, yes."
"Well, I'll take that. Where is it?"
"Out in the back yard, sir. It's the strawberry bed. Don't roll over on the berries. Good-night, sir."
Quite Different.
Wesley—Yo' look troubled, Rastus! Haven't you got de nerve to propose to her?
Rastus—Oh, I popped de question, but I ain't got de nerve to question pop.
Handicapped.
Madge—How is it you're not going out yachting with Charlie again?
Dolly—I took both his hands to manage the boat.—September Smart Set.

How Can It?

Eddie (aged 6)—Say, pop, ain't the world round?
His Pop—Yes.
Eddie—Then how can it ever come to an end?
In the Wrong Pew.
Lady Customer—Give me a package of hairpins, please.
Green Salesman—You'll find those in the hair mattress department, madam.—Ohio State Journal.
Cautions.
Stern Mother—Were you in swimming, Bobbie?
Bobbie—What if I'll say yes?
Stern Mother—Why, I should whip you.
Bobbie—Then I refuse to answer.—Ohio State Journal.
Farsighted.
"Dolly is going somewhere with that young man this evening."
"Yes, going to sit with him in the hammock. Right after dinner she went upstairs and put on a dark shirt waist."
—Portland Oregonian.
The Southern Philosopher.
"You look happy," ventured the tourist.
"Couldn't be more so, stranger," replied the lanky native.
"Didn't the lightning strike your place?"
"Yes, hit the woodpile an' split up enough kindling to last six weeks."
"How about the cloudburst?"
"Oh, that saved the old woman a week's washing. Just hung the clothes out an' the water did the rest."
"But the earthquake?"
"Well, that saved some more work. Churned up all the milk around' into butter. Nature is man's greatest help, stranger."

Disappointed.
The Lady—Did any one call while I was out?
The Maid—No, ma'am.
The Lady—That's very strange. I wonder what people think I have an "at home day" for.—Moonshine.
A Hot One.


Cholly—In what profession would you like me to distinguish myself?
Miss Kiddem—Oh! Any at all—a lifelong explorer in Africa, for instance.

Scheme that Failed.
Tom (tearfully)—Would you be sorry to hear that I am going to marry Edyth?
Mayme—Indeed I should.
Tom—Why?
Mayme—Because I really like Edyth.
At the Minstrels.
Bones—Yess, sah. Ah kin prove dat Noah didn't take enuf to eat on dat voyage.
Tumbo—How kin yo' prove it?
Bones—Don't do good book say he only took one Ham?—Puck.
A Mortal Enemy.
"Aunt Sally is a good old soul. I suppose she hasn't an enemy in the world."
"Indeed, she has! I know one. She once spoke of Miss Bleachblood as 'that girl with the sandy hair.'"
—Puck.
Love's Golden Dream.
She—And will you speak to papa tomorrow, dear?
He (in dismay)—Oh! Don't, darling—don't wake me up!—Puck.

Not Exactly a Compliment.
Hewitt—Ignorance is bliss.
Jewett—You'd better get your life insured.
Hewitt—What for?
Jewett—You're liable to die of joy.—New York Times.
Appropriate Expression.
Reginald—Miss Wese, don't you think my imported Egyptian cigarettes are fine?
Miss Rose—Yes, they are perfectly killing.
Well Watered.
Stubb—You complain about these streets being damp. Why, I know a city where the streets are always a field of water.
Penn—What city is that?
Stubb—Venice.

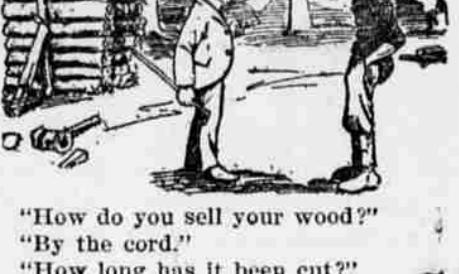
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The Author—This is all nonsense about the literary profession being unhealthy.
The Poet—Of course, Why, it is the greatest appetite producer in the world

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As He Understood It.
Smith—Where are you living now?
Brown—in St. Louis. Ever been there?
Smith—No.
Brown—Well, come over and spend a week with us and you'll never live anywhere else.
Smith—Why, is the climate that fatal?—Chicago News.
Cozy in Name Only.
Cholly—I'm awfully tired—and want to rest a bit.
Carrye—Then don't sit in the cozy corner.

His Only Request.
Judge—The jury has returned a verdict of guilty. Have you anything to say for yourself before sentence is passed?
Prisoner—Only one thing your honor I trust you will see your way clear to deduct the time occupied by my counsel's speech from my term of imprisonment.
Nearing the Age Limit.
Firstnight—Mollie, DeKiquor is billed as having appeared before many of the crowned heads of Europe. I wonder who they were?
Frontrow—All those who reigned previous to the beginning of the nineteenth century, I imagine.

Good Advice.
Hix—Green sent \$1 to a man who advertised to impart information that would enable any one to save money.
Dix—Did he get the information?
Hix—Yes. The advertiser wrote and told him not to send any more.
Took It for Granted.
Guide (at the capitol)—See that man across the way? That is the speaker of the house.
Jay Green—Dew tell! Heow long has his ole woman been dead huh?

Evanson.

"How do you sell your wood?"
"By the cord."
"How long has it been cut?"
"Four feet."
"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"
"Not a bit longer than it is now."

His Observation.
"There are two critical periods in every married woman's life," observed the bachelor philosopher.
"Put me next," said the very young man.
"One" replied the b. p. "is when she has a hired girl and the other is when she hasn't."
His Experience.
Hix—They say that every hearty laugh adds a day to one's life.
Dix—Don't believe a word of it.
Hix—Why not?
Dix—A man kicked at least a week off my life recently because I laughed when a banana peel upset him on the sidewalk.

A Pointer.
You can sometimes see pretty well into the future if you get the right focus of the past.—Puck.
How He Felt.
"Is it a severe attack?" asked his wife.
"Is it?" said the dyspeptic. "I feel as though I had eaten everything ever mentioned in a cook book!"—Puck.
Too Philosophic.
"It's terribly warm," said the person who could not suffer in silence.
"Yes," answered the man who is as good-natured that he irritates. "But it's a great comfort to think that yet are not in danger of being arrested for forgetting to clean the snow off your sidewalk."—Washington Star.

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