

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

CHAPTER I.

A boat, propelled by its only occupant, was fast nearing the shore of a small bay of the Atlantic indenting the New England coast. The air was fresh, just breaking the surface of the water into ripples, which, catching the brilliance of the slant sunbeams, shone like burnished silver.

On a broad, smooth rock, round which was thrown many a wreath of tangled seaweed, stood Mildred Daeres, who appeared to be waiting for the boat to reach the shore. Though twenty-eight years old, her beauty, instead of fading, had only ripened into fuller splendor. As she stood with her small French hood shoved back from her brow, from beneath which fell a profusion of golden curls, forming a rich contrast with a crimson mantle thrown carelessly over her shoulders, there was something so graceful and picturesque in her whole appearance, as to force an involuntary exclamation of surprise from the rough though honest-looking man in the boat.

"If she is handsome, I don't like her," said he, in half-uttered accents. "Talk of black eyes sparklin' and flashin'. If I ever had the fortune to see red lightning in a woman's eyes, 'twas in Mildred Daeres', and they are blue as a summer sky. Beshrew me, if I could ever like the girl, and if I could have my wish, she would be on her way back to Old England in the first ship that sails. I had thoughts of arruinin' my boat ashore, but now I'll keep on a little further."

At this moment, Mildred Daeres waved her handkerchief.

"I'll make believe I don't see her," said he; and he pulled still harder for the place where he intended to land.

"Silas—Silas Watkins!" said she, in clear and resonant tones.

"Did you speak?" said he, suspending his oars and looking around.

"I did, and as you very well know what I said, I shall not repeat it."

"How should I know, when the wind carried your voice right from me?" said he, at the same time slowly heading the boat towards the rock on which she stood.

"Fly your oars a little more briskly, worthy Silas. The sun is setting low, and the wind begins to be chill."

"It will be for my own convenience as much as for hers," said Silas, in a suppressed voice, and in a few minutes the keel of the boat grated on the smooth, hard beach. Mildred sprang lightly into it, and then drew her mantle more closely around her.

"I want to go to Mr. Walworth's," she said, "and the sooner we reach there the better I shall like it." As she spoke, she tossed towards him a piece of silver. At first he spurned it with his foot, but the next moment he picked it up.

"After all," he thought, "it may as well go to buy me a new jacket which I need, as fling it where she has more than she knows what to do with."

The moment Mildred had seated herself, Silas pulled vigorously towards the headland. It had originally been covered with a heavy growth of forest trees, a grove of oaks and maples were still standing, having been spared as a shelter to a dwelling house and the out buildings. The house, its high, peaked gables presenting angles so numerous as to cut the wind in its eye from whatever point of compass it should chance to blow, though only two stories, covered so large a space as to render it sufficiently commodious for the proprietor and his family, and for the entertainment of many a traveler, at a time when there were few wayside inns. The absence of all architectural embellishment evinced the severe taste or principles of the owner; for Mr. Walworth, in common with other Puritans of his time, looked upon the adornment of his habitation, no less than of his person, as one of those vanities in which it would be sinful to indulge.

"Do you expect me to wait for you and take you back?" said Silas.

"No; I shall spend the night with Alice Dale."

"She would have me think, I suppose," thought Silas, "that it is Alice Dale she is going to see. She can't deceive me. Clarence Harleigh is the lodestone that draws her up to Mr. Walworth's so often. I wish he could see her with my eyes. I do declare, I would about as lieve put my hand into a nest of serpents as among those curls of hers that fall over her shoulders and glisten so like gold on her red mantle. They do look beautiful, though, as true as my name is Silas Watkins."

Meanwhile Mildred sat looking listlessly towards the shore. Suddenly her gaze became fixed and eager. Unconsciously she bent forward, while her fingers were strained with so nervous a grasp over the edge of the boat that the blood grew purple under the nails. She had caught sight of a young man, she felt certain was Clarence Harleigh, with some one standing near him, who, she was no less sure, was Alice Dale. Without knowing it, the cold, keen light Silas had spoken to himself about glittered in her eyes, and her lips were drawn in, and so firmly compressed that they looked no thicker than a scarlet line.

"Silas," said she, "turn the boat into the stream. I see Alice Dale yonder, not far from the shore, and will join her and walk with her up to the house."

With the full strength of his strong, sinewy arms, he bent to the oars. The boat flew like a sea gull to the mouth of the river. During only the few seconds the wind had increased almost to a hurricane, while a dark, wild-looking cloud had spread itself over the whole of the western heavens. They were soon so near the mouth of the river as to feel the force of the swift, opposing current. Silas, without speaking, continued to pull steadily at the oars.

"Stop, Silas—stop!" exclaimed Mildred, for she could now see that the entrance of the river was covered with a sheet of foam, while the red waves dashed wildly against a large sharp-crested rock

which, standing out boldly from the shore, projected far into the stream.

"It is too late now," said he, in answer to this earnestly uttered command; and as he spoke, the keel of the boat grated harshly against the point of a sunken rock.

A gust of wind, stronger and fiercer than any which had preceded it, lifted the boat from the waves and hurled it against the rock, as Silas was making an effort to sweep round its base at a safe distance, as if it had been no heavier than the foam bubbles that were dancing around them.

A wild, piercing shriek mingled with the hollow voice of the wind, and then a face, white as the foam which the next moment was drifting over it, was seen amid the floating fragments of the boat. Silas, by the aid of one of the oars, succeeded in obtaining a precarious footing on the partially submerged rocks, round which the tide, lashed into fury, was foaming and raging. A corner of the mantle worn by Mildred was all that now could be seen above the eddy waves. This, with much difficulty, he succeeded in reaching, and commenced cautiously drawing it towards him. To his great joy he found that it still remained wrapped around her. A single handbreadth nearer, and those golden tresses would be within his reach. His hand was ready to grasp them, when the fastenings of the mantle gave way, causing so sudden a recoil as to precipitate him into the boiling waves. The cold white hand of the drowning woman which touched his face as he sank beneath the water, caused a shiver to run through his frame, as if it had been the hand of death. The next moment the icy fingers had clutched a portion of his garments, dragging him down and impeding his movements. He made an effort to throw off his saturated doublet.

"No, no," said he, shuddering, "I can't do that. If I could only get free of this waddy which is whirling us round, I think I could save myself and her, too."

"Bear up a little longer; I am coming to your assistance," said a voice from the shore.

The words were instantly succeeded by a plunge, and looking in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, he saw Clarence Harleigh. It was astonishing what new life and vigor were diffused through his frame by the prospect of assistance. A minute more, and Harleigh had reached them.

"Give her into my care now," said he. "You will never reach the shore, without my assist you," said Silas.

"Yes, I can. The distance is short. Take care of yourself."

With Harleigh's assistance, the locked hand was unclosed, and the next minute, though burdened with his helpless charge, he was vigorously breasting the waves. Silas, who could now divest himself of his heavy, saturated jacket, overtook them by the time they were beyond deep water.

"She must be carried to my house," said Silas, when they reached dry land. The house of Silas Watkins could be seen through the trees, and was only at a short distance. Mrs. Watkins, accompanied by Alice Dale, who had sought shelter there from the violence of the wind, came out to meet them.

"You were too late, and she is dead," said Alice, as she saw the upturned face of Mildred.

Both Silas and his wife had had some experience in such cases, and knew how to proceed according to the most approved methods at that time known. For some time there was no sign of life. They, however, did not grow restless in their exertions, which were finally rewarded with the promise of success. Two hours afterward, when Harleigh and Alice took leave, though weak, Mildred was in good, even high spirits, and assured them that they might expect to see her soon at Mr. Walworth's.

The next day a young man by the name of Gilbert Falkland, who for some time had been a member of Mr. Walworth's family, received the subjoined note from Mildred Daeres:

"Early this morning I sent word to Alice Dale that she might expect to see me half an hour after sunset. Previously to meeting her I wish to see you and have some conversation with you. By sunset, or a little before, you will find me at the place where several times we have already met."

Mildred was punctual to the hour she had named. It lacked several minutes of sunset when she reached a spot, carpeted with smooth, green turf, and walked in on every side by majestic oaks, from whose boughs the wild grape-vine hung in broad festoons. Thus the house, though distant little more than a stone's throw, was completely screened from view.

"Not here yet?" said she, seating herself on a block of granite.

The words had only time to leave her lips when the branches of an oak were thrust aside and a young man in a hunting dress entered the enclosure.

"You allowed me to arrive here before you," Gilbert Falkland, said she, with a slight accent of displeasure perceptible in her voice.

"For which I would humbly sue for pardon," he replied, "if I had not already twice sought you here in vain. I had ceased to expect you, when I caught a glimpse of you, just as you entered the glade."

"I hope Clarence Harleigh didn't see me, too?"

"No fear of that. He was too deeply engaged in chatting with the fair Alice to have eyes or ears for any one else."

"Gilbert Falkland, haven't you the will and the means of putting an end to this?"

"I certainly have the will."

"And where there's a will there's a way—so says the old saw."

"With your aid I shall not despair of finding the means."

"If my aid is wanting, you shall have it. Yet it appears to me that one so

deeply enamored as you are with pretty Alice Dale would have a spur to his ingenuity."

"And is there no spur to the ingenuity of Mildred Daeres? If I am enamored of the pretty Alice Dale, has not the handsome Clarence Harleigh excited your admiration?"

"I admit that I think him a fine specimen of humanity, physically and intellectually, yet after all—"

"You hesitate. Shall I finish the sentence for you?"

"Yes, you will."

"Yet after all, you would say, then, that with all his endowments, moral, mental and personal, his fine estate over the water possesses in your estimation the greater attraction. Am I wrong?"

"I may as well own that you are not, for if we are to assist each other, there should be a fair understanding between us."

"Certainly; it is nothing more than right."

"And now, as you have undertaken to interpret my thoughts I will volunteer a similar piece of service in behalf of yourself. If it be my wish to make the Wiltshire estate minister to my comfort and expensive tastes, so your desire to win Alice Dale for a wife would be much less ardent if she had not recently fallen heirless to those broad acres in England, to say nothing of the large tract of land in this country, of which her uncle Walsworth gave her a deed her last birthday."

"I confess that you are a good interpreter. The truth is, my father was such a flaming royalist that, in looking after the fortunes of the king, he forgot to look after his own; the upshot of which is that his only son and heir will soon be very little better than a beggar, unless these same broken fortunes can be repaired."

"And a rich heiress isn't found every turn."

"Not in these days—at least not in England, nor among those of English descent; for, zealous and reckless of an injury to himself as my father was in the cause of Charles II., there were enough to keep him company."

"All we have to do, then, is to assist each other."

"And the first step?"

"It must be one that will cause jealousy and distrust between Harleigh and Alice."

"True, but how to take this first step," said Falkland.

"I will help you. You have noticed that she often wears a blue ribbon round her neck?"

"Yes."

"But you may never have seen the jewel which is appended to it."

"No, I never have."

"It would not be likely to happen, for she keeps it scrupulously concealed beneath the folds of her neckerchief."

"I suspect it is a love token from Harleigh."

"It is, and this first step we've been speaking of is to obtain possession of it."

"Which will be no easy matter."

"Perhaps not, but leave that to me. And now, if you know, tell me when Harleigh is going to embark for England?"

"In the first vessel that sails from the port of Boston."

"That will be in a week or ten days."

"Yes, somewhere thereabouts."

"And you?"

"I shall remain here several weeks longer, it may be months."

"I thought of trying to obtain possession of this love token we have been speaking about, to-night. On reflection, however, I think it will be better to do nothing about it till after Harleigh is gone. If Alice should miss it while he is here, an explanation will be sure to take place between them, which may thwart my enigmatically devised plan."

(To be continued.)

LATEST IN CLOTHES.

SHIRT WAISTS ARE VERY FANCIFULLY MADE UP.

Embroidered and Stenciled Fronts—Elbow Sleeves in Great Vogue—Uses of Braid and Ribbon in Trimming—Other Ideas from Gotham.

New York correspondence:

THE term fancy shirt waist was new, the garments that came under this classification were satisfactorily ornate, but since then they have increased steadily in beauty. Now they are as handsome and elaborate as they well can be.

One new type that is especially attractive has beautiful embroidered and stenciled fronts, with elbow sleeves. Another fine sort has yoke and collar made in one of narrow Valenciennes lace sewed together, the body of the waist being tucked and trimmed variously. Tucking is seen on most of these waists, and nothing is too odd or fanciful in its arrangement. The range is from inch tucks to the finest pin tucks, and all manner of geometrical designs are planned from them. Shirring and smocking are used freely also, and look well on

was braided—fine black silk braid on apple green canvas over white silk. Very pretty designs are made from fancy braids in all widths and colors. Black and white together or separately, a pretty red and green are favored colors, although any shade may be chosen. These braids are silk or very fine mohair. Linen and pongee gowns are nicely trimmed with braid.

New passementeries and embroidered bands are fine and expensive at present, but so effective that a very little often will suffice. Oriental, Persian and Turkish effects are numerous, and solid colors are fashionable. Characteristic employment of these new passementeries appears in the two right hand gowns of the third accompanying picture. In the first the trimming was delicate green, the goods dark blue broadcloth. In the second were dotted black and white silk serpentine passementerie and black peau de soie. Jet and stungled hand trimming is being revived, and is shown on black dotted muslin, grenadines and swisses. It looks very fine when a bright lining is shown beneath the material. Black jet is used on soft wool materials, especially rollings, etamines and grenadines. Another stylish trick of trimming employs bands of silk mousseline in applique designs beautifully embroidered in various colors. These come in all widths. Mull bands embroidered in this way are also favored by fashionables. Then silk cord supplies its list of accepted embellishments. Fancy silk cord ornaments are used as bodice and skirt trimmings, the cord in all shades and weights. Fine cord almost as thin as thread is used for outlining applique lace bands and medallions. Sometimes

GOOD Short Stories

It is related that once, when the Earl of Lauderdale was at dinner with King Charles, he remarked to the King: "There is a good saying, that fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." "There is another as good," replied the Earl of Shaftesbury; "wits make jests and fools reap them." And the King advised Lauderdale to make sure of his man in future.

In describing a certain variety of kiss, Mark Twain said it reminded him of the sound made by a cow in dragging her hind foot out of a swamp.

At the historic field of Bull Run today the guide leads his visitors to a certain cedar tree that grew so much faster than the others in that locality that an investigation was made, revealing that it had grown over the remains of an unknown soldier, which had not been carried away to Arlington with the others.

One of the humorous incidents of the French elections is the joke perpetrated by one of the candidates in Auvergne, who is opposing the sitting member. He has distributed thousands of copies of a pamphlet bearing the title, "Speeches by M. Chose in the Legislature of 1888-1892." As a rule, deputies' speeches are used against them by their opponents, but in the present instance the member for Auvergne never once opened his mouth, unless it was in the buffet, during the whole legislature. His parliamentary eloquence is, therefore, represented by a dozen pages of blank paper.

It is related of General Wade Hampton that on one occasion he was riding along a highway that led through one of his numerous Southern plantations, when he met a slave of fine build and appearance. He drew rein and said: "You are a likely fellow—who do you belong to?" "Wade Hampton, sir." "Ah! And who is Wade Hampton?" "Please, sir, master, you must be from de Norf, 'case Mas' Wade Hampton is de berry fust gemmin in de Souf." The story used to be told to illustrate the greatness in numbers of Wade Hampton's slaves; his own slaves did not know him by sight—that is, hundreds and thousands of them did not.

President E. J. Burlington of the Illinois Steel Company declares that the day of petty economies has passed. "A man advertises for an office boy," he says. "His choice finally rests between two bright youngsters, and as the supreme test he asks that they open some packages lying on a table. This is easy for Charlie. Charlie takes up a package, unties four hard knots, unwinds the string, rolls it up around his fingers, ties it into a loop, and lays the string in a safe place. Then, unwrapping the package, he folds the paper up neatly and lays it on a shelf. By that time Willie, with his pocket-knife, has slashed the strings on seven packages, ripped the paper off, and piled the whole mass of rubbish in the waste basket. Forty years ago, of course, Charlie would have got the job; now, however, Willie is business manager for the house. Small economies must be discarded in favor of the days of saving wrapping twine are gone."

Tea Drinking in Paris.

A number of tea rooms have recently sprung up in Paris. While the 5 o'clock tea in the home circle is not new, this foregathering in restaurants for the consumption of tea and toast is quite a recent development. A fashionable rendezvous is a large hotel in the Champs Elysees, where the Parisian comes of an afternoon with his women folk to drink tea and listen to the strains of an excellent band. Most of the great hotels have an institution of the kind, and certain of the most popular tea houses have a passable orchestra. Music, possibly, is regarded as a sort of compensation for poor toast and muffins; that is one of the secrets that the French have not yet learned.

Time Saving.

A unique time-saving device is said to be used in the office of one of New York's large drug companies. Over the desks of each member of the firm and each manager of a department are four incandescent lights of different colors. When the individual is at his desk and at liberty to consider questions from others in the office, his white light is turned on. When he is in the building and must be hunted up, he leaves his green light burning. When he is engaged and not to be disturbed except for vitally important matters, his blue light is in evidence; while the display of his red light means, practically, "Danger! Will not brook interruption upon any consideration."

Might as Well.

Katie—Mis' Lummis, ma wants t know if you can let her have a cup of sugar, two eggs, 'n' a few raisins, 'n' some flour. Oh, yes—'n' a little butter.

Mrs. Lummis—Well, I never! Katie Potter, you go home 'n' tell your mother I said if she'd wait till I had time t' make it, she could come over 'n' take the cake.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Peopled by Men Only.

Malwathin, on the borders of Russia, is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border city are exclusively traders.

A wise man never trusts any one who trusts to look.



ADROIT USE OF BRAID AND RIBBON.

soft materials. Lace, of course, takes the lead as a trimming, but any of the fancy braids, cording, narrow ribbons or passementerie may be employed. Very pretty indeed are the waists of handkerchief linen in white and in batiste colors, also those of very fine white China silk. The former are beautifully embroidered in white silk or linen threads, and many are appliqued with tiny lace or embroidered medallions. White embroidered in black is especially pretty. White embroidered in delicate tints is seen now and then, but all white is liked better.

A noticeable feature of dress trimming is the use of satin and velvet baby ribbons. These appear in all decorative ways that ingenuity can devise, and on both wash and wool materials. Black, white, crimson, baby blue and several shades of green are the colors chosen. They edge many of the ruffles that are so stylish a finish. They also outline lace or embroidered medallions and edge folds of cloth, silk or velvet. Wider ribbon is used, but generally as a banding, or gathered. Inch wide velvet ribbon is liked for edging bias ruffles or Spanish bouffes, or for heading the latter. A stylish ribbon trimmed gown of white organdie figured in delicate green and red was put by the artist at the right in



AS LACE AND PASSEMENTERIES ARE EMPLOYED.

the next picture. The ribbon was crimson velvet, the belt matching. White satin ribbon in varying widths affords a very stylish trimming for all kinds of white wash and transparent materials. It is especially pretty in baby width. A still narrower ribbon, almost the width of soutache, is used as braiding. It comes in all colors, but black and white are especially favored. This does not just braids, which still have indorsement. The gown beside the one just described, and cherries are now to be seen. As a rule the grapes are embroidered in white, but the cherries are red and nearly as natural as those to be seen on hats and umbrella handles. They are in red embroidery or form a part of a pattern of embroidery, for the cherries themselves are covered with solid pieces of red cotton, raised upon the material in which they appear, so that they show nearly half the circumference of a natural cherry.

The Laziest Man.

The laziest man in North America discovered himself the other evening in the swivel bachelor apartments not far from Lafayette square, New York City, where he lives. He was lying on a couch in his lounging room, smoking a cigar, when the cigar went out—that is to say, the fire at the end of the cigar departed. The man raised himself on one arm with great effort, and snatched the messenger bell that was installed over the couch. Then he reclined and waited. After about ten minutes there was a knock at the door, and a messenger boy entered.

"D'you ring, sir?" asked the boy.

"Yes, son," said the laziest man in the western hemisphere. "Just gimme a match off that table there, will you?"

The boy handed the man on the couch a match and waited. The man relighted his cigar and smoked on.

"D'you want me to go somewhere, sir?" asked the boy, fidgeting.

"No, that's all," said the man. "Take that half-dollar on the table."

Then the boy went out, grinning.

Explicit.

This is an old one, but it goes, as it has never been printed.

A few years back when Robson and Crane were playing together, their names were seldom mentioned separately. It would be Robson and Crane's this, that or the other. Once Mr. Robson's daughter was obliged to travel unaccompanied from New York to some western point, and was carefully placed by each conductor in the protecting care of each succeeding one. At Buffalo a careful knight of the railroad, in giving his charge over to the next conductor, said:

"Now, take very good care of this young lady—she is Robson and Crane's daughter."—New York Clipper.

Spoiling a Kid.

"They are just ruining that boy of mine at the kindergarten," said the worried father.

"What is the matter?" asked the friend, glad to hear one jarring note in the usual song of praise about "the boy."

"He calls his chums 'William' and 'Henry,' instead of 'Bill' and 'Hank.' Wouldn't that jar you?"—Indianapolis Press.

The New Phonograph.

"How did you catch up the golf dialect so easily, Madge?"

"Oh, we took our parrot out to the game several days, and then we learned it from her."—Detroit Free Press.