

# THE JEWELLED TALISMAN

OR  
PURITAN AND CAVALIER

BY  
MRS. CAROLINE ORNE

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"This is a dangerous business."  
"Not so much so as it appears to be."  
"I'm afraid that you'll find that it is."  
"By no means. After altering a single date, I shall cause it to be restored to the place it was taken from."  
"What benefit to you can the alteration be? I can see none."  
"I will tell you. One of the letters I received yesterday was from my Aunt Dermont, who, after the death of Mr. Burlington's wife, presided over his household. She mentioned that a will, by which Mr. Burlington left me the whole of his property, a few legacies excepted, and dated June 8, 1656, had recently come to light. I at once recollected that this one was written exactly three years later, to a day."  
"Rather a singular coincidence, I should think, that both wills should be written the same month and the same day of the month."  
"Both singular and fortunate. A slight erasure, and a single stroke of the pen will make the nine a six."  
"True, but an alteration which must be so delicately made as to defy detection, will require a cunning as well as a careful hand."  
"Two requisites which mine isn't deficient in. Judge for yourself."  
"As he finished speaking he took another parchment from his pocket, unrolled it and handed it to Mildred."  
"You didn't tell me that your Aunt Dermont not only mentioned the will, but sent it."  
"I hadn't made up my mind then whether to show it to you or not. Look at the date."  
"I thought you said it was dated 1656."  
"So it was, when I received it."  
"Can it be possible that the figure nine which I see here so fairly inscribed was a six?"  
"It can be."  
"But you don't count on receiving any immediate benefit for your trouble."  
"Whether I do or do not must depend on circumstances. I must put things in train, so that if I don't win the bride, I may secure the fortune. It was secured in estranging Alice and Harleigh I think that I am neither so ill-favored that patience and perseverance will not finally bring her to listen to my suit."  
"In which case, neither of the wills will be of any value to you."  
"No; but if, on the other hand, Harleigh should marry her, he will find that instead of the rich heiress he expected, that a hundred acres in the very heart of the wilderness is his bride's only dower."  
"The time will never come when Alice Dale will be Clarence Harleigh's bride. Swift and sure agents must be made use of to prevent it, should others fail. You will return to England the first opportunity that offers?"  
"Yes."  
"I will go at the same time."  
"That is right. To remain here among bears and savages, and worst of all, Puritans, if nothing is to be gained by it, is what I should have no fancy for."

## CHAPTER X.

Clarence Harleigh, during the first three or four weeks after his arrival in England, had, with one or two exceptions, absented himself from court. No doubt, he felt that the companionship of such men as Rochester, Buckhurst, Harry Jermy, a mere butterfly, Killigrew, the graceful, insolent and showy Duke of Buckingham, with scores of others whose vices outnumbered their virtues, would not encourage him, either by precept or example, to pass through his two years' probation in a manner to satisfy his severe and exacting judge.  
A dozen or more courtiers were grouped together in the banquet hall, through which only a few years previously, Charles I. had passed to the scaffold, chatting on various subjects, some of them pretty liberally seasoned with court scandal, to pass away the interim which would elapse previously to the entrance of the king.  
"Will Harleigh be here this evening?" said one of them, addressing Harry Jermy.  
"I believe he has graciously condescended to give his promise to that effect," was the reply. "I understand now why the bright glances of a certain lady's eyes might as well fall on an iceberg."  
"How came you to be enlightened?" inquired the first speaker.  
"Lord Arran told me that his obduracy must be laid to the charge of a little rustic he found in the new world."  
"And what is more unaccountable still," said Killigrew, "Dame Rumor says she is a Precisianist, and schemes all gayer apparel than a sad-colored gown, a kerchief of cambrie and pinners of the same."  
"And so stiff with starch," said another, "I venture to say that, like the enormous ruffs worn by Queen Bess, they would stand alone."  
"I shouldn't wonder," said Killigrew, "if Harleigh should turn to be a Puritan himself."  
"Nor I," said Jermy. "I have suspected he had a leaning that way ever since he returned from the provinces."  
"I advise you," said Killigrew, "to be on your guard, so as not to manifest any surprise should he make his appearance here this evening with his hair cropped after the fashion of the Roundheads."  
"And wearing a simple-crowned hat and a sad-colored doublet to match his lady love's gown," said Harry Jermy, who probably being reminded of his own well-fitting purpoint of rich purple velvet, with a silk embroidered handkerchief, which sent a faint odor of musk through the room as he drew it from his pocket, he brushed away a particle or two of the glistening powder, which had been used to heighten the luster of his long, wavy hair, from one of the sleeves.  
At this moment the entrance of Harleigh in a dress whose richness and elegance accorded well with his manly and

somewhat haughty style of beauty, caused a smile to curl the lip of Buckingham. Almost at the same moment the king made his entrance by a different door. He advanced towards the group in an easy, familiar manner, for many of those composing it had been his companions, not only in many a hair-breadth escape, but in numberless wild adventures and mad frolics, during his years of exile. While noticing those present with a grace and good humor natural to him, a slight disturbance attracted attention towards the door by which Harleigh had found ingress, and, at last, rising high above suppressed words of remonstrance, were heard these words:  
"I must go in, for I am the bearer of something for his majesty which my wife Margery has for many a year preserved as the apple of her eye, giving it a place in a box of polished maple, the whole time, by the side of her best headgear."  
"Neither the permission nor the order is necessary," said Charles, laughing, as the usher stepped hastily forward, a stout-built yeoman following close to his heels, with his broad, round face a good deal flushed from excitement.  
A word from Buckingham caused the usher to fall back, while, with firmly planted steps, the man made his way towards the spot where the king stood. When arrived within a short distance of him, happening to catch sight of the Duke of Buckingham, he stopped with a puzzled air, and scratching his head to assist his memory, alternately regarded the king and the duke.  
"I should say that this was the king," said he, in a low tone to himself, fixing his eyes on Charles, "though the other one is dressed such a nation deal finer."  
"Wiser heads than his have supposed that the divinity that doth hedge a king is made of no better stuff than laces, ribbons and jewels, so don't be puffed up, George," said Charles, addressing Buckingham, who, like himself, was infinitely diverted at the man's mystification.  
Another look, longer and more searching than the others had been, appeared to overcome any lingering doubt, and approaching Charles more nearly, he knelt at his feet, at the same time hugging a parcel, round which was wrapped a snowy napkin, closely to his breast.  
"What is your wish, my good friend?" said Charles.  
"It is only that your majesty," and he busied himself with undoing the napkin, as he spoke, "would graciously please to accept this curry-comb."  
"Odd-fish, man! better give it to my groom."  
"Not for a gold ducat," said the man, "would I again have it touch horseflesh."  
"Why, there's nothing dangerous about it, I hope?" said Charles.  
"No, an' please your majesty, but it would be purtin' a slight on my good Dame Margery, who has kept it in the maple box with her best headgear ever since I carried the bay mare with it that carried your majesty beyond the reach of those who were seeking for you."  
"Let me see," said Charles, adjusting his periwig. "I think I have some recollection of a bay mare that served me, on a certain occasion, which might have claimed kindred with the wind, as far as speed was concerned, and it was blood for me that it was so. A dozen well-thirted dragons kept me in sight for ten minutes or more, then all but one began to lag, and it wasn't long before he followed his example."  
"Her name was Speedyfoot, please your majesty."  
"She was well named. Yours is Hendrick Bykes?"  
"It is, please your majesty."  
"It does please me, and that right well, to meet you in a place where, at the time you did me such good service, there appeared little chance of my ever being admitted. I thought, at the moment of your entrance, I had seen that honest face before," said Charles. Then speaking to some one in attendance, he gave orders that Hendrick should be provided with refreshment and lodging, while, turning to Hendrick himself, he charged him not to go away in the morning till he had either seen or heard from him.  
"I thought," said Harleigh, who, with two or three others, was standing a little apart, "that Gilbert Falkland was to be here this evening."  
"So he is," said he whom he addressed. "I shouldn't wonder if, instead of being lined with gold, which would enable him to resume with fresh spirit his old habits of luxury, his pockets were found to contain nothing better than a few worthless grants signed with the mark of some Indian chief, wilder than his lands."  
He had hardly finished speaking when Falkland made his appearance.  
"Ah, here is my patentee, fresh from the new world," said Charles, cordially giving him his hand. "I heartily welcome you back to merry England, even if you are the owner of as many acres as are contained in my United Kingdoms."  
"I can assure your majesty," said Falkland, "that there would be ample space for my domain between the Thames and the Tweed, the whole of which is not worth the space shaded by the Royal Oak. When the grim old Puritans called that part of the world a howling wilderness, they couldn't have hit on a more appropriate appellation, it being inhabited chiefly by bears and wolves."  
"I half expected," said Killigrew, addressing Falkland, "that, during your absence, you would espouse the red-skinned daughter of some Indian chief, and bring her here to illumine and enliven the court, with the jewels in her nose and the bells round her ankles."  
"I have seen an Indian maiden," replied he, "whose brilliant eyes would shame the rarest diamonds ever dug from the mines of Golconda; I wouldn't except even this splendid jewel."  
As he spoke, he tossed upon the table the opal filched by Mildred Dacres from Alice Dale, which in its descent, seem-

ed to flash with every hue of the rich and tempting fruits and sparkling wines ranged near. At sight of it, Harleigh's face flushed crimson. The next minute the blood receded, leaving lip and cheek as pale as death.  
"A love token, I'll be bound; is it not, Falkland?" said Harry Jermy.  
Falkland smiled, but made no reply.  
"I think I've seen this gem before to-day," said Buckingham, taking it up and examining it. "I thought I wasn't mistaken. It is the one, Harleigh, you purchased at Lingard's, previous to your going to America."  
"I don't pretend to say when, or where it was purchased," said Falkland. "The first and the last time I ever saw it, till I could call it my own, it adorned the neck of one more beautiful and bewitching than the most celebrated of the beauties of Windsor, portrayed by Sir Peter Lely's pencil."  
"You had better mind how you let the little Castlemaine, and some others, hear you compare your forest beauties with those of the court," said the Duke of Buckingham.  
"Has this little wood nymph of yours a red skin?" inquired Killigrew of Falkland.  
"Yes, as red as the freshest rose in June, save where the empire of that queenly flower is disputed by its sister, the lily."  
"Her name?" said Charles, beginning to be interested in Falkland's somewhat high-flown description.  
"Alice Dale."  
"What! the daughter of Reginald Dale, who, I've been told, a short time before his decease, caused that stiff old Puritan, Nathan Walworth, to be appointed her guardian?"  
"The same, your majesty."  
"And he soon afterward emigrated to America?"  
"He did."  
"I remember him well," said the Earl of Arran. "He served under Cromwell, as a captain of dragoons, that used to stable their horses in the stalls of the cathedrals."  
"If I mistake not," said Buckingham, "one Burlington, who owned a princely estate in Wiltshire, was the fair damsel's uncle, that Falkland is in such raptures about."  
"He was," said Arran.  
"Is she, then, who stands in your light?" said Harry Jermy.  
"That is not quite clear," replied Falkland.  
"True, if you marry her. It will then be much the same as if old Burlington had made you his heir, which, I've heard he once contemplated."  
Meanwhile, Harleigh had remained silent, though with compressed lips and flashing eyes. He now drew Falkland a little aside.  
"Dare you say, on the word and honor of a gentleman, that Alice Dale gave you that opal?" he demanded.  
"I'll make it appear by what right you ask the question, I will say nothing about it."  
"By an Englishman's right."  
"And by the same right I refuse to answer a question asked with so much arrogance."  
"I am not in a mood, just now, to clothe my language in the garb of humility. I demand to know if Alice Dale gave you that opal of her own free will."  
"It was freely given."  
"It is false. She never gave it to you."  
"What I have said is true."  
"I shall not take your word."  
"Let the sword decide it, then!"  
Charles, who had caught enough of what was said to understand by this time what was going forward, now interposed.  
"You seem to forget," said he, "that this is neither a place nor a presence for lover's broils. Both of you will please consider yourselves under arrest—you, Gilbert Falkland, for proposing to decide the question by the sword, and you, Clarence Harleigh, for provoking him to do so. Remember that you leave this place for ready furnished lodgings in the Tower. But come," and his features relaxed into their usual good-humored expression, "we have already let our feast of fruits stand waiting till one might well deem it a feast for fools."  
Saying thus, he took his place at the table, and the others, including Harleigh and Falkland, who dared not refuse, followed his example.  
(To be continued.)

## Children Must Laugh.

The sense of humor is a variable feast, undergoing different forms in reference to race, individual and society. If your little boy fails to respond with his tribute of childish merriment to your parental joke, that, depressing as at times it must be to you, does not seem to me a matter about which to lie awake nights, because, after all, dear Brutus, the fault may not be so much with the child as with the joke! If, however, little N. or M., as his catechismal name may be, never makes his own small childish jests, never plays foolish tricks upon you, at which, by the same token, he expects you to laugh; if he never is mirthful, instinct with joyousness, with natural gaiety of heart and the sunshine of vigorous young animal life and spirits—then indeed, his condition is abnormal, or his environments all wrong, and you must find a speedy way to put him into a natural and smiling rapport with life. For laughter as a mere outlet for animal spirits is natural to man.  
Playfulness we share with our furred and feathered brethren, but the audible expression of mirth is monopolized by man, the least natural of all the animals. It helps to differentiate him from the lower level of the monkey; it is one of the marks of his inferiority to the high spiritual gods.—Harper's Bazar.

## Something Wrong.

"Now, John, see here!" she began, with set jaw. "I must have \$20 to-day."  
"All right," said John promptly, "here it is."  
"Goodness, John!" she exclaimed, paling visibly, "what's the matter? Aren't you well?"—Philadelphia Press.

## Not Alone.

Miss Withers—I believe Arthur is afraid to propose to me.  
Belle—Of course he is, and there are thousands of others just like him.—Smart Set.

# WOMEN

## WOMAN'S LOVE FOR THE BRUTE.

WHY is it that the surgeon who serves on the firing line is socially ignored? asks James Creelman, the veteran war correspondent who writes of "The Man in Uniform" in the Pilgrim. No man who has seen real fighting can deny that the military surgeon is usually the man who bears the brunt of duty in any action. He must face the dangers of the fight without the excitement of fighting. He saves life while the others destroy it. But who thrills at the sight of a military surgeon?  
One is driven to the conclusion that the social idolatry of the fighting man in uniform is founded on the innate admiration of women for brute force. Disguise it as you will, the fact remains that the man who kills is more attractive to the feminine heart than the man who saves. It is the unconscious tribute of weakness to strength, and the more terrible the strength, the more ruthless its manifestations, the more irresistibly fascinating its heraldry becomes. The man in uniform may be an uncouth, graceless fellow, without a useful thought in his head—still, he represents that mysterious power chartered to slay.

One to destroy, is murder by the law; And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;  
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,  
"War's glorious art," and gives immortal fame.

It is an odd thing to reflect upon in this glorious Christian Twentieth century; and yet, no nation can preserve its integrity or its institutions without the use of soldiers. The Chinese empire, with 400,000,000 inhabitants, was conquered in 1894 by little Japan. The soldier occupies almost the lowest rank in Chinese society; in Japan the soldier is the aristocrat. And it is true of all history, that when the soldiers of any nation ceased to be a special object of honor that nation perished.



A leading tailor says there is to be any amount of silk strappings used on wool gowns. A wool veiling just "created" by him has a skirt the lower half of which is trimmed with a heavy pattern, done in narrow stitched bands of taffeta, but in a darker shade than the veiling. The blouse and upper part of the sleeves are trimmed in the same way, and the large collar is also edged with silk bands.

The batiste robe dresses continue to be the rage, and in these days of bargains they are bought up as eagerly as if the season was not more than half spent. Embroidered batistes are lively, even at 37 cents and upward. Women who have ideas and taste buy a few yards of the embroidered batiste for trimming and the plain for the gown; this makes an inexpensive dress, and if properly made will look as well as a \$75 robe dress. The embroidery counters are filled to overflowing with genuine bargains in these batiste embroideries, as well as the handsome white embroideries, at a "mere song." Those for undermuslins are especially cheap, while some rare treasures are to be found in the remnant boxes for a few stray pennies.

Folly of Oversensitiveness. Oversensitiveness is usually very fine-grained, highly organized, and intelligent, and, if they could overcome this weakness, would become capable, conscientious workers. This falling-for it is a falling, and a very serious one, too—is an exaggerated form of self-consciousness, which, while entirely different from egotism or conceit, causes self to loom up in such large proportions on the mental retina as to overshadow everything else. The victim of it feels that, wherever he goes, he is the center of observation, and that all eyes, all thoughts are focused upon him. He imagines that people are criticizing his movements and his person, and making fun at his expense; when, in reality, they are not thinking of him, and perhaps did not see him. The surest way to conquer morbid sensitiveness is to mingle with people as freely as possible, and, while appraising your own ability and intelligence, at least as impartially as you would those of a friend or acquaintance, to forget yourself. Unless you can become unconscious of self, you will never either appear at your best or do the best of which you are capable. It requires will power and an unbending determination to conquer this arch enemy to success, but what has been done can be done, and many who were held

down by it for years have, by their own efforts, outgrown it and risen to commanding positions.—O. S. Marden in Success.

To Have an Obedient Wife. See your wife as seldom as possible. If she is warm-hearted and cheerful in temper or if, after a day's or a week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face, and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her, and answer her with monosyllables. If she forces back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gaze in her presence till she is fully convinced of your indifference.

Never think you have anything to do to make her happy, but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits; and if she asks your advice, make her feel troublesome and impertinent.

If she attempts to rally you good-humoredly, on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults (which, without doubt, she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of), never attempt with kindness to correct them, but continually obtrude upon her ears: "What a good wife Mr. Smith has!" "How happy Mr. Smith is with his wife!" "Any man would be happy with such a wife!"

In company never seem to know you have a wife; treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complacent to every other lady. If you follow these directions, you may be certain of an obedient and heart-broken wife.

## Physically Perfect Woman.

A perfectly formed woman will stand at the average height of 5 feet 3 inches to 5 feet 7 inches. She will weigh from 125 to 140 pounds. A plumb line dropped from a point marked by the tip of her nose will fall at a point one inch in front of her great toe. Her shoulders and her hips will strike a straight line up and down. Her waist will taper gradually to a size on the collarbone to the hips. Her bust will measure from 28 to 36 inches, her hips will measure from 6 to 10 inches more than this, and her waist will call for a belt from 22 to 28 inches. The upper arm of the perfectly formed woman will end at the waistline, and her forearm will extend to a point permitting the fingers to reach a mark just below the middle of the thigh. She should measure from her waist to her feet about a foot more than from the waist to the crown of her head. Her neck should be from 12 to 14 inches around, her head erect, and on a line with the central plane of her body, and her foot should be of a size and shape to conform to her hands. The well-proportioned woman wears a shoe one-half the size of the glove her hand calls for. Thus, if a woman wears a six glove she should also wear a three shoe.—New York News

## Children's Punishments.

It is never wise to punish a child too severely. No pudding at dinner, being sent out of the room, a curtailing of games, or some little treat omitted will be quite sufficient to show the child that it is in disgrace, and will probably be a punishment which it will remember. Threatening or frightening naughty children is worse than useless, and never, never shut up a child, especially one at all nervous, in a room or cupboard alone. The agonies and terrors, none the less horrible for being imaginary, that some children have suffered from punishments of this sort have spoiled their nerves for life, and in some cases have seriously undermined their health. To take no notice of a fault is often the best way of punishing a child. Children are all unconscious actors, and, having a strong sense of the dramatic, enjoy being naughty enough to raise a scene; but a wise mother will not argue with her child, or declaim, but will wait until the tantrums are over, and then talk quietly. This will make far more impression than a scolding in the heat of temper.

## Observations.

Girls who know say that when you lose your appetite for chocolate fudges and want to write bad poetry, Cupid's going to "git yo' if yo' don't watch out." There's a heap of money spent for rouge, false frizzes and eyebrow pencils that should be invested in soap and bath brushes.

A woman who bought two bonnets for 5 cents at a millinery stampee says that it's a shame the way these shopkeepers get a poor mortal's money away from her.

Some misguided girls have an idea that to dress the hair artistically is to wind it up in a criss-cross mop that looks like a pile of jackstraws.

## Women's Rights in Abyssinia.

In the matter of women's rights Abyssinia is far in the lead of other countries. All affairs of the Abyssinian home are looked after by the woman. The house with all its contents belongs to the wife, and if the husband offends her, she turns him out until he is repentant and makes amends.

## INVESTIGATING "WATER CURE."

How Such a Case Would Be Handled Before a Judge and Jury.

If the "water cure," as practiced in the Philippines, were investigated in open court by our judge, jury and witness system here at home, says the Ohio State Journal, we might expect a dialogue between the plaintiff and his attorney, who begins the conversation something like the following:  
"What is your name?"  
"Jose Emilio de Songissimo."  
(Of course the defendant would at once object to the witness having a name like this and the objection would be noted.)  
"What is your nationality?"  
"I am a Filipino."  
"What is your business?"  
"I am engaged in the insurgent business."  
"How long have you worked at that trade?"  
"About three years."  
"Did you ever hear of the remedy known as the 'water cure'?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"From whom?"  
"The United States soldiers."  
"Did they recommend it highly?"  
"Very."  
"For what maladies?"  
"Insurgentitis."  
"Did they prevail on you to take the water cure?"  
"Yes, sir; six or seven of them prevailed on me."  
"Will you state plainly, Jose, to the jury just how this 'water cure' was administered?"  
"The soldiers bound me securely and while five held me the sixth inserted a hose nozzle into my mouth and turned on the water."  
"You mean to say, then, that this 'water cure' is an internal remedy?"  
"Both internal and external, sir; you see, when my capacity was taxed to its utmost the water overflowed and ran down my neck and over my person."  
"Why did you not protest?"  
"I was too full for utterance."  
"Will you please state, for the benefit of the jury, how much water you swallowed, as near as you can judge?"  
"I should say about two barrels."  
(At this point the defendant would object and an expert specialist on the capacity of the human stomach would be called on to testify.)  
"Will you kindly state to the jury what discomfort this caused you, if any?"  
"I experienced a moist sensation and a feeling of fullness that seemed to border on the point of explosion. This was probably due to the fact that I am not accustomed to taking water in such large quantities."  
"Did the soldiers hold any conversation with you while they were administering the 'water cure'?"  
"Yes, they asked me to tell all the secrets I knew."  
"Did you do it?"  
"Certainly; I told them all I knew, and more, too."  
"Did the operation impair your thirst for water?"  
"Yes, I drank enough water on that occasion to last me all summer."  
"That is all. Call the next witness."

## The Carp Nuisance.

An influence that seems to have a very material effect upon the bass fishing in Lake Erie is that of the German carp. It is very generally believed among sportsmen and fishermen alike that the carp is to our native fish as the English sparrow to our birds. No one accuses the carp of having sufficient enterprise to eat other fish—even small fry—but it roasts among the spawning beds and is believed to devour eggs by the million.  
I have heard this complaint about Lake Erie, at the St. Clair flats and along the bays of Wisconsin, showing that everywhere in the lake region the carp is held in the same disrepute. How much truth there is in the stories of his spawn eating would be hard to say, but it is certain that carp are to be found by thousands all about the great lakes. Some of them are monsters in size and all root about the banks of bay and bayou and the bottom of every shallow place.  
Many small lakes have been entered, says a writer in Outing, and their waters turned from crystal to mud color by the rooting. There is no doubt that they disturb spawn beds and do an immense amount of harm, whether they are egg-lovers or not.

## Office Hours of Reed.

Hon. Thomas B. Reed goes to Maine occasionally and occupies his summer home near Old Orchard Beach during the warm months. He has become so much in demand in New York that he is often asked if he intends to become a permanent resident of the city. The way he parries the question is interesting.  
"I find," he said to a group of friends, "that the financial importance of a New Yorker is gauged by the earliness with which he leaves the city or the lateness of his return; his riches are measured by the length of time he stays away."  
"But how about yourself?" asked one.  
"Well, he said, slowly, "I am still keeping office hours."—Philadelphia Post.

## Photography in Business.

The camera promises to become as indispensable in business affairs as the typewriter. It is now being used in the reproduction of documents, statistical tables and other papers whose duplication by hand would be laborious and expensive. In a very brief period the camera reproduces these with absolute correctness and with much labor saved.

## About six weeks after the wolf appears at a man's door, it looks to him as if it were holding a family reunion.