

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

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)
"You must find it elsewhere, then."
"You deny me?"
"Yes, I deny you?"
"Do you remember that opal I sent here a few days ago?"
"I do."
"It has a history which may cause you to alter your mind."
"What do you know about it?"
"That is was sold to Lingard the goldsmith by a Jew, who, as he has since had reason to believe, came by it dishonestly."
"And if one of my Hebrew brethren has been guilty of a dishonest deed, am I to be answerable for it?"
"You are answerable for your own misdeeds. It was you who sold it to him."
"I?"
"Yes, as can be proved."
"Nevertheless, I shall not let you have the hundred pounds."
"Not if, in return, I will undertake to procure the goldsmith's silence?"
"Not even then."
"If it can be proved that you stole that opal, not all the vile old clothes you have coiled into gold for the last twelve years will save you from the punishment which is your due."
"What if I have the means of disproving it?"
"I am not afraid of that. You will see me again, within twenty-four hours, when you may not be quite so resolute in your denial."
The Jew made no answer to this, though a smile of contempt, in which was mingled some bitterness, passed over his countenance, as Falkland withdrew.

CHAPTER XIV.
Alice, according to the directions given her by Jeduthum, knocked at the door at the termination of the passage. After a little delay, it was pushed open, and she found herself in a closet, standing face to face with one who, as the Jew had told her, was as young and as fair as herself.
"I was told to knock at this door," said Alice, "by an elderly man I saw in the shop."
"It was my grandfather who told you. You are welcome."
By means incomprehensible to Alice, which she had taken to be the back of a very plainly constructed closet, was made to swing slowly back, till there was an opening sufficiently wide for ingress into an apartment fitted up in a style of so much splendor that it reminded her of a story she had once heard told of an enchanted palace.

It was not till the massive door was closed, and a drapery of Tyrian purple embroidered with gold was drawn back over it, that Alice had opportunity to do more than note the general appearance of her hostess. When she had seated herself on a pile of cushions at her side, she found that her eyes, though shaded by lashes intensely black, were gray, overflowing with a soft and brilliant light. Her hair, restrained from falling over her forehead by a jeweled band, fell in free and flowing masses over her shoulders, and descended to the cushions where she sat.

Among the few ornaments she wore there was one which drew the attention of Alice from all others. It was the opal she had lost, and when she recalled what Silas Watkins had told her, it at once occurred to her that it might have been given her by Falkland. She observed that the eye of Alice was fastened upon it.
"A birthday present," said she, "and one that I value very highly on account of the donor."
"Who must be a very dear friend, then?"
"The dearest I have in the world," she replied.
Alice watched her as she said this, but there was no faltering of the voice, nor deepening of the faint rose color which tinged the pure white of her fair and softly rounded cheeks. Unsuspecting of what was passing in the mind of Alice, she said:
"Will you not tell me your name?"
"Alice Dale."
"And mine is Abi. How glad I am that you came here this evening! You cannot think how lonely I am."
"Have you no mother nor sister?"
"None."
"Neither have I."
"Yet you cannot be so lonely as I am, with no one but Asenath to speak to, except my grandfather, and he has little time which can be spared from his daily toil to devote to me."
"Can it be necessary for him in the evening of his days to attend so strictly to his daily task?" said Alice.
"Yes, and I've been thinking it will need a sharp argument to keep his tongue from wagging."
"But where shall we find one who will be willing to make use of such an argument?"
"Leave that to me. But then there must be time and opportunity."
"To-morrow evening I will find some pretext for sending him to the shop of Jeduthum, the Jew."
"At what hour?"
"Nine."
"Ten would be the better time."
"Yes, but the shop will be closed before then."
"Nine let it be, then. I remember a nice snug place close by the Jew's tumble-down domicile, where he who is to be employed can conceal himself."
"And let him be sure not to part company with him till he has lost all power of telling tales."
"You needn't caution me on that score."
"And tell him, if the affair occasion noise or outcry, he will be in no danger of being surprised, as the Jews, who are the sole inhabitants of that quarter, are much like the snail, which, at the intimation of danger, draws itself further into its shell. Tell him, furthermore,

that he may count on a good round sum if all is performed with skill and dexterity."
"That lies between him and me. I will take care of it, and shall look to you for the pay."
Just then some one knocked at the door. Both started, as guilty people will.
"Go, Falkland, and open the door, or I will," said Corkle.
He obeyed, though not without some misgivings. A lad of fourteen or fifteen put a sealed note into his hand, and without speaking, withdrew. The two had been sitting by the dim firelight, as if they did not care to look each other in the face. To enable him to read his note, Falkland was obliged to light a lamp.
"From a lady or a courtier," said Corkle, "as one may know by the odor of musk. Which is it?"
"A lady—Mildred Daeres."
"A billet-doux, then, I suppose?"
"Nothing of the kind," said Falkland, rather sharply.
The note contained only the following briefly worded request, or rather command:
"Come to me to-morrow morning at ten, without fail."
"It is getting late," said Corkle. "It is time for me to go. Nine o'clock to-morrow evening is the hour?"
"You'll find me here then."
"I'll speak to you through the key hole, so that you may be sure who it is."
"Well thought of."
"And as I've already charged you, mind that your door is fast."

CHAPTER XV.
Soon after Falkland's departure the second time, the Jew, casting aside his coarse gaberdine, which concealed a rich and becoming dress, joined the fair Abi and their equally fair and unexpected guest. Alice had already communicated to Abi all that she herself knew of what she supposed to be a plan for her abduction, which she now related to him.
"And have you any suspicion who was the employer of the ruffianly fellows?" he asked.
"I have," she replied. "His name, as I have reason to believe, is Falkland."
"You are right; there can be no doubt. I have had dealings with him."
"I have been thinking of my friends," said Alice, after a few moments' silence. "They will suffer much anxiety on my account, and I must let them know, as early as possible, what kind hands I have fallen into."
"I would fain relieve your anxiety to-night," said the Jew, "but the lad in my service is unfortunately absent, and it would be hardly prudent for me to convey intelligence of your welfare myself. Some one might be lurking near who would recognize me, which would be likely to lead to a still stronger suspicion as to your hiding place. As there will be explanations to make and directions to give, the message better be a written one, which Asenath, our maid, shall carry to your friends early in the morning."
"And it must be written to-night," said Alice.
Early in the morning, as the Jew had promised, he gave Asenath the note, with the necessary directions where to carry it. But when she had left what was called the Jew's quarter she became bewildered, and lost her way. There were as yet few people stirring, but those of whom she inquired the way to the street she was in pursuit of, answered her only with gibes or a sneering laugh.
She was not aware that, during all this time, a man was following her. At last, when the street passengers began to multiply, and she, becoming still more perplexed, ventured once more to inquire the way, he stepped quickly forward.
"What place do you wish to find, my good woman?" said he.
"A house in Charles street, where dwells the widow Elliston," she replied.
"Fortunately," said he, "I live in a house near hers, and can show you the way. Follow me and you will soon be there."
(To be continued.)

CHANGE IN LEADING MEN.
The Lady Settled the Question as to Who Was the Cad.
They had been engaged for a whole week, and met at the same social function. After he had missed her for an hour he explored the conservatory, and was mean enough to listen to a conversation that she was having with a young man whom she had rejected that she might accept the eavesdropper.
"Believe me," the discarded one was saying, "I wish you every happiness. I thought all the time that you were too good for me, and I think that he will make you the best of husbands. It is everything to me that you are content. It will probably never come; but should you ever need a loyal friend send for me, wherever I may be."
"Pardon me for interrupting so happy an interchange of confidences," sneered the jealous claimant, who suddenly appeared in front of them, "but they are waiting for you to sing, and naturally wondered where you were hidden."
He led her away, but it was into the hall. "See here," he began, "it is high time that you and I understand each other. I forbid you running after your old flames, and particularly that cad you have just left. We're the same as married, and there was a ring in that chap's tone that I don't like and won't have."
"And here's a ring that I don't like and won't have." One swift movement and he was alone looking at the sparkling solitaire in his hand. She called at once on her "loyal friend" to see her home, and there is not the slightest chance that the real cad in the case will be among the wedding guests just after Easter.—Detroit Free Press.

George Wyndham, who is now Chief Secretary for Ireland in the British Cabinet, is a direct descendant of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, one of the leaders of the Irish rebellion at the close of the last century. Mr. Wyndham is one of the most celebrated orators in the House of Commons.
At the Paris Exposition Ontario as a province captured 263 awards, including five grand prizes for education. Ontario received the only first medal for education.

DIED FOR ANOTHER.
UNPARALLELED SELF-SACRIFICE OF THREE SONS.
They Voluntarily Submitted to Be Devoured by a Pack of Hungry Wolves in Order to Save Their Old Father from a Similar Fate.
When Scaevola, in the days of ancient Rome, to show his contempt for a tyrant's power, thrust his right hand into a fire and held it there until it was consumed, he gave an example of sublime courage and daring which poets and orators have since immortalized. But the story is only a legend.
Infinitely greater than the legendary deed of Scaevola, because of the sacrifice, was the action of three young men in Russia, according to a story which has come from the far northern government of Archangel, along the borders of the White sea, who voluntarily faced death in its most awful form and knowingly embraced it that they might by the sacrifice of themselves save the father whom they each loved and revered. The names of these heroic young men are not revealed, but their devotion is worthy a place at the head of the highest deeds of self-sacrifice.
The young men and their father set out to make a journey by sleigh from Archangel to a village 150 miles distant along the shores of the White sea.

general collapse and death in a few hours. The poison of the sneeze weed develops mostly in the showy yellow flowers and is violent. The young plants are comparatively harmless and even in the mature ones the poison varies greatly—some having scarcely any at all.
In the case of this plant and the woolly and stemless loco weed some effort has been made to find out where they get their deadly poisons. That of the loco weed is a most subtle thing. The poison of the woolly loco produces strange hallucinations in its victims. It affects the eyesight and silently reaches one after another of the vital functions, killing the victim in two years time.
Some animals after eating it refuse every other kind of food and seek only this. They endure a lingering period of emaciation, characterized by sunken eyeballs, lusterless hair and feeble movements, and eventually die of starvation. So mystic an element gathered from the earth and the air naturally causes wonder and the desire to know what such things may be and why they are.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Bashful Elijah.
There Isabel—we Noah well—
Wood'd by a bashful feller,
For Theodora of this belle
Adored but dared not Ella.
At last one Eve upon the porch
In Ernest tones he pleaded,
He'd give up Paul to win her heart—
Her love was Saul he needed.
"I wish that Ida heart to give,"
Unto herself she Seth—
"If Pebe Levi am a flirt
His Si will close in death."
He'd Caesar Randal little while
As Titus he was Abel—
From his big Guy a tender Luke
Beamed Dora tresses sable.
No sooner Adelaide his arm
About her waist so clever,
Than up she Rose Andrew away—
She wouldn't have it—never!
In vain did he for Mercy Sue—
"This foolish swain Elijah."
"Oh, Hugo 'Ira hall," she jeered.
"I never could Abijah!"
He ne'er came Mary time again
And never after seen 'er—
And he's grown Grace since that sad day
While she's grown Eugene.
—Eugene Field.

Work Without Reasoning.
The death of Archbishop Corrigan is bringing forth many stories of his kindness, his charity and his broad view of living. The following is a story told illustrative of the latter point, says the New York Times:
Last winter he delivered a series of addresses on socialism, setting forth not only his views on that subject, but also his ideas of the art of living. One Sunday morning after one of these addresses he was approached by one of his auditors, who asked to speak with him a moment. The archbishop stopped to listen.
"It seems to me," began the person, "that you take quite a cheerful outlook upon life. The misery and misfortune of this world don't trouble you. Hiding yourself in religion, you don't see the masses of workmen who, tired of waiting for the happiness of

WEEDS THAT POISON MEN.
Animals Can Eat Them Without the Slightest Injurious Effect.
Out of weed study is certain to come remarkable information, for the poisonous plants are the most strangely constituted and given to astounding variations. For instance, the common poke berry presents a spectacle of contradictory qualities. Birds eat the berries, which to men are poisonous. Cattle may eat the leaves when green and fresh, but if perchance they should eat a wilted leaf it would poison them. The roots are deadly poison, yet the shoots which grow up six inches high in the spring are an excellent food for man—the rival of asparagus and equally healthful. Science has at last passed to inquire why this should be so, and some day the chemical action which can make a deadly poison by wilting a leaf when the fresh one is harmless will be discovered.
Similarly it has been observed of American false hellebore or itchedweed that the seeds are poisonous to chickens, and that the leaves and roots are poisonous to men and horses, but that sheep and elk, which chew the cud, seem to relish the plant. In all the poison, when in the system, acts alike, paralyzing the heart and spinal cord. The poisonous element of corncockle has not yet been explained, but its curious action has already been observed. When extracted it mixes freely with water, froths like soap and, though odorless, will when inhaled produce violent sneezing. Caper spurge, the common gopher plant or spring wort, is curious in that the mere handling of it will poison to the extent of producing pimples and often gangrene. It is a thing that cattle can eat without harm, and goats eat freely, but the milk of the latter will then be deadly poison. In men a moderate dose will produce

the world to come, knock at your door and ask for a little in this one."
"Ah, yes, my friend, I do," sighed the archbishop. "I have felt and seen all that, but after all I find that the only way for the most of us to render life supportable is to work without reasoning."
DRAGGING FOR FLOUNDERS.
How the Net Is Constructed and Handled.
The scheme of our fishermen was to scrape the bottom at a slow pace. The net was a good sixty feet in length, a sort of twine fence that rose to a height of thirty feet or so at the middle part and tapered to six or seven feet at the ends, which were each bound with a stout piece of wood and bridled on to the drag-lines that led to the sloops.
On these drag-lines were short wooden slats, of about the stoutness of fence palings, placed from six to eight feet apart. Twisting and twirling and ever moving forward, the slats were calculated to create a panic among any flounders that might be outlying and scare them toward the center of the line of advance.
The flounder is a slow swimmer, and it is a sedately moving arrangement, indeed, that does not overtake him. He is not only a slow fish, but also one of placid ways, and when overtaken by the advancing line of netting, it is his habit to seek a quiet spot. The quietest spots that he can find in a hurried

Thorough Paced Economy.
A young man living on Walnut Hills is a close worker in money matters, that is, he stays close to the shore with his expenditures. He had the good luck to marry a girl whose parents are quite wealthy, and is at present living with his wife in one of his father-in-law's houses.
One day not long since, while discussing affairs with a friend, the latter asked:
"Did the old gentleman give you that house?"
"Well—er—no, not exactly," was the answer. "He offered it to me, but I wouldn't accept it."
"How's that?" asked the friend.
"Well," answered the man who had made the lucky matrimonial venture. "You see, the house really belongs to me. I'm living in it, rent free, and I'll get it when the old man dies. If I accept it now I'd have to pay the taxes."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Followed Directions.
Murphy being sick and alone in his cabin, Hogan volunteered to take care of him. The patient had been getting very little sleep, so the doctor left some powders and told Hogan to give Murphy one about bed time.
About 7 o'clock in the evening Hogan went out for a few minutes and when he returned Murphy was fast asleep. He slept soundly until 10 o'clock, when Hogan went to the bedside, shook the sleeping man vigorously and shouted:
"Wa-ake up here, Moorphy, till Oi give yez these powders t' ma-ake ye sleep!"—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Too Cautious.
"I have the greatest confidence in Dr. Slocum as a physician," said one of the doctor's patients. "He never gives an opinion till he has waited and weighed a case and looked at it from every side."
"Um-m," said the skeptical friend. "That's all right if you don't carry it too far. There have been times, you know, when he's been so cautious that his diagnosis has come near getting mixed up with the post-mortem."

UNPARALLELED SELF-SACRIFICE.
They had taken a supply of ammunition so as to be provided against an attack by wolves, with which the region is overrun. Unfortunately a storm so dampened the powder that it was useless, and before their stock could be renewed the dreadful wolves to the number of 200 appeared. Knowing that if they remained together they would all perish, the sons determined upon a desperate scheme through which it was hoped one or more of the party might escape. The scheme was for one of them to leave the conveyance and give fight to the wolves, thereby delaying the latter in their pursuit of the sleigh. When he fell, as undoubtedly he would, the wolves would stop to devour him and probably to fight among themselves, for injured wolves, especially when stained with blood, are frequently eaten by their stronger comrades. The delay would give the occupants of the sleigh a possible chance of escape. But if the wolves again grew hot in the trail another of the brothers was to make a sacrifice of himself, and so on until the father remained.
To determine who would be the first victim the sons drew lots and the choice fell upon the youngest. Grasping his knife and with an affectionate adieu to his father and brothers, he waited until the leaders of the wolves were at the back of the sleigh and he could almost feel their hot breath as their red, hungry tongues shot out in rage and their baleful eyes shone in savage ferocity. And then with a committing prayer to Heaven he jumped to the ground, sheathing his knife in the first brute that reached him. Again and again the bloody knife was raised and as often found a fleshy scabbard until overpowered by numbers he was dragged to the ground and torn to pieces.
For the occupants of the sleigh, which was speeding along as fast as the powerful horses could draw it, it seemed but a few minutes before the cries of the wolves again filled their ears, and soon the leaders of the now thoroughly maddened pack were up to the sleigh. Lots were hastily drawn and the second son, knife in hand, jumped out and faced the infuriated beasts.
He did not die unavenged. For a little later, as the pack again took the trail and came in sight there was not over half a hundred of them.
As the leaders again came up to the sleigh the remaining son, after imploring his father to drive to the utmost, and if necessary to turn two of the horses back toward the pack and ride the other to some possible place of safety, jumped out of the conveyance and faced the animals with his knife.
Only imagination can picture that scene, for the third son perished as the other two. But the father was not again pursued by the wolves. The delay saved his life, and he reached a settlement in safety, to tell the horrible story of his escape and of the sublime deaths of his heroic children.

UNPARALLELED SELF-SACRIFICE.
The illustration shows a group of men on horseback, some on foot, and a dog, in a snowy, mountainous landscape. They appear to be on a journey or a hunt, with some men leading horses and others on foot. The scene is dramatic and captures a moment of action in a winter setting.

search are the inviting pockets that open out left and right on the net. These pockets were sufficiently wide and hospitable to enwrap a wine cask at the entrance, but at the inner end, so rapidly do they taper, it would take no infantile arm to wedge in a workman's dinner pail.
The crew of a flounder sloop are two in number; sometimes it is two grown men, sometimes a man and a well-grown boy. In this case, Charlie, the Minna's skipper, was a fair-headed fellow of 26 or 28, compact, muscular and active. The boy, August, 16 years of age, was a short and stocky boy, rather slow to grasp an idea, but a safe executive once he understood what it was that his captain ordered.
During this dragging operation, says James B. Connolly, in Scribner's, with the vessel sailing always across and sometimes almost into the wind, the crews take things comfortably. Everything was working nicely by 8 o'clock, and then our two skippers had an easy time of it to watch each other and sail their parallel courses; and, with dragging lines taut and with the net in the right place, with everything working properly, it became the boy's business to boil the coffee for breakfast.

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