

### THE TALISMAN.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

In a quaint old casket of cedar-wood  
I have laid it up safe, dear,  
A necklace old of beads of gold,  
With spheres of the amber clear;  
A gift, it is said, from a Moslem's slave  
To a brave old Christian knight,  
Who bore her away o'er the desert gray  
From the thick of a hopeless fight.

Ere she swooned to death by a dried-up well,  
Which they gained as the night set in,  
The beautiful slave this keepsake gave,  
As a charm against wrath and sin.  
And he rode away when her sad eyes closed,  
Leaving the sands to heap,  
With wave on wave, her nameless grave  
In the sinner's scorching sweep.

I hardly could tell how it came to me,  
Through heritage long and grim.  
Or whether the charm ever kept from harm  
Its owner, when hope grew dim;  
But often, I know, when my days wax dark,  
And woe and distress seem near,  
The casket I open with a strange, vague hope,  
That is partly akin to fear.

I count the beads, like a rosary,  
First a gold, then an amber bead,  
And wish it were mine each mystic sign  
On the precious spheres to read;  
For all are carven with ciphers strange  
From long-forgotten lore,  
Which, if brought to light, the old spell  
might  
Control stern fate, as of yore.

Then, as sadly and slowly the talisman  
To its scented case I return,  
I cannot but deem its charm a scheme  
Whose meaning we all may learn;  
For does not the heart in its inmost cell  
The truest amulet keep,  
To guard us from ill, as we only will  
Search hard for its motives deep?

However, I heard with a jealous care  
This relic of compact dire,  
When Crescent and Cross, for gain or loss,  
Were locked in a fight of fire;  
And bumble o' boon, it can still recall  
The fight of the Christian brave,  
And to poster faith that, by helpful death,  
Was restored to the Moslem's slave.

### CROSSING THE CREEK.

BY WM. HAUGHTON.

Twas in the pleasant month of June,  
The happiest of the year,  
When vales are filled with joyous tune,  
And skies are soft and clear—  
On one sweet summer eve-time  
Our dark-eyed Susan strayed  
By Elva's stream at Henry's side,  
The witching red-lipped maid.  
Full long in secret pined his soul,  
Of love he dared not speak—  
Till then his arm around her stole,  
In crossing o'er the creek.

Twas but a slippery way at best,  
A plank with a hole o' e'grown—  
And Henry's arm was round her pressed,  
His heart was near her own,  
The breeze awhile its whisper hushed  
And kissed them silently.  
The laughing waves looked up and blushed  
That sweet embrace to see.  
How could the youth his secret keep,  
How fail of love to speak,  
When near him turned that tempting lip,  
In crossing o'er the creek.

Ah! youngsters, when of peace ye dream,  
And side by side ye stray,  
Avoid the bridge o' Elva's stream—  
That sweet but treacherous way;  
If ye be free from Cupid's dart,  
Nor be by love betrayed,  
Don't linger close, heart to heart,  
Like Henry and the maid.  
Soft words that must the soul betray  
From lip and eye will break,  
And danger lurks upon the way,  
In crossing o'er the creek.

### BESSIE.

#### The Tragedy of My Life.

Out amidst the howling, winter winds;  
out from my door into the dread, dark,  
desolate night, I drove her.

One hour before, her beautiful head  
was resting upon my knee; her trust-  
ful, soulful, dark, liquid eyes gazing,  
with the love of idolatry, into mine.  
My hand was toying with the soft, nut-  
brown hair that glorified her; I would  
have sworn, then, that nothing but  
death should part us.

A slight, involuntary action of hers  
roused the infernal temper that was  
born in me, and I drove her forth, out  
of my house—her home—from the  
warm, glowing fireside, into the terrors  
of that fearful night.

At the threshold she paused—only  
for a moment. No sound escaped her  
lips, but those glorious eyes were more  
eloquent than words in supplication,  
wonderously pathetic in appeal.

"Go!" I said, as I stood with the door  
open, and my hand pointing to the  
outer darkness.

Slowly and sadly, with a quiet digni-  
tude, she went.

My sister's tears fell silently, and my  
younger brother muttered a curse  
against my heartlessness under his  
breath. But I was master, and none  
dared to dispute my will.

I tried to appear unmoved, but as  
the tempest blasts whirled about the  
homestead, and howled down the chim-  
neys, and rattled the solid shutters,  
the thought of Bessie out in the ter-  
rible storm, drenched with rain, chilled  
by the wild winds, crouching in some  
poorly protected nook, took possession  
of me, and I threw myself on the lounge  
and hid my face.

But temper and pride would not per-  
mit me to give way. I could not muster  
enough of manhood to go to the  
door from which I had driven her and  
shout into the night those words of  
forgiveness and recall that my heart  
yearned to utter.

The family well understood my  
moods. They did not attempt to inter-  
fere. One by one, as the hours went  
on, they departed to their respective  
rooms.

At last I too sought my bed; but  
sleep I could not. The war of the ele-  
ments raged with ever-increasing fury  
through all that wakeful night.

And poor, innocent, loving, true,  
patient, faithful Bessie I had exposed  
to these terrors.

Where was she?

I could hear the moaning and groan-  
ing of the trees about my home and in  
the forest near by, for ours was a farm  
in the far West, and ever and anon  
there would come the sharp crackling,  
the awe-inspiring crash of some mon-  
ster that had yielded before the blast  
and stretched its tall form upon the  
earth.

"Twas the most horrible night of my  
life.

At daylight I saddled my horse, and

in agony and penitence, sought the  
few neighbors for five miles around.  
None of them had seen Bessie; all of  
them wondered that she should be away  
from the home where she was so ten-  
derly loved, so carefully guarded. She  
would have been gladly welcomed by  
any of these good people, and every  
comfort their means permitted would  
have been lavished upon her, had she  
presented herself at their doors.

But they knew nothing of her.

Filled with remorse and utterly dis-  
consolate, I turned my tired horse  
homeward. My feelings were in accord  
with the desolation and wreck that  
marked the tornado's path, and I  
abandoned the road to fight my way  
through the forest.

I was within a mile of my house when  
a low moaning sound fell upon my  
ears; the horse halted before an ob-  
struction of three great trees pro-  
truding and with branches entangled.

The cries of pain were nearer, and I  
cast my glance about.

Great heaven! What did I see?"

Bessie! Crushed to the earth be-  
neath the trunk of monster timber.

Her eyes met mine. She could utter  
no sound save those of suffering and  
exhaustion.

I turned my horse about, sought the  
road, and spurred wildly for the farm.

I was powerless to aid her; I must  
seek help, though I knew it was too  
late to save her life.

I burst into the room where my fam-  
ily and the men employed about the  
place were at their morning meal.

"All of you turn out," I cried; "I  
have found Bessie. She lies, pinned to  
the ground, under a great oak tree,  
down on the edge of Martin's tract.  
Take axes, spades, anything, and cut  
or dig her free.

"I shall never forget or drive from  
my memory the look of love and sor-  
row she gave me as her eyes encoun-  
tered my own. I could not approach  
her.

"Take a sharp knife with you, boys,  
and cut her throat the moment you  
reach her. Put her out of her misery,  
for her back must be broken and her  
ribs all shattered. She cannot sur-  
vive.

"Do not mangle her. I want to  
have her staved."

They did my bidding bravely, tear-  
fully, and in silence.

Bessie was the prize pointer of our  
Territory. She had cost me \$250, solid  
cash, to import; had taken the prize at  
every county fair for six years past. I  
had just refused \$500 for her—and she  
wasn't insured. Hence these tears.—  
*American Commercial Traveler.*

### Squire Hobbs' Filosofy.

Dar will be er monstrous site ob  
babies named Franky now.

De perfeshinal bisikk ist orter be wel-  
vered in de sience ob 'stronomy.

It am er mystery ob natur wy er kow  
alwaz wates ontill yo git dun er milkin'  
her fore she kiks de bukket ober.

Konshens am er koward, an' dose  
faults it ain' got strength 'nuff to pre-  
vent, it seldum has justis 'nuff to ak-  
kuz.

Efer man war kompelled tu trade  
plases wid his hoss fo' er da or 2, it  
wood chuck er little me' kindness intu  
hiz natur.

Doan' jedg er man by hiz relashuns.

He kan' hep cat, dey am thrust upon  
him. Size him up by de kine ob kum-  
pany he keeps.

De mizer am de kokoom ob de hu-  
man rase.

He starbs hisself, known' dat doze hoo  
wish him ded wil fatten  
on his horded ganes.

Yo' kin tawl 'bout lowin' wark fo'  
itself, but jes' take awa de dollahs an'  
sense it urns, an' dar wil be er mon-  
strous site of wark go undun.

De man dat kin go er fishin' an' knm  
home widout tellin' er string ob lies

longah dan his string ob fish, hab got  
er sinc on wun ob bes' seets in de  
nex' worl'.

Wen er rich man dize de people hyar  
on yeath wundah how much wealth he  
lef' behin' him, but de angels in heaben  
wundah how much he hab stowed awa  
up dar.

De wedder buro am er falure. I  
can't see dat we hab enny bettah wed-  
der since Uncle Sam tuk charg ob de  
elements dan we had wen Dame Natur  
had hold ob de strings.—  
*Chicago Ledger.*

### A Cool House.

Battleton advertised a house for sale.  
A man who had read the advertisement  
and who had examined the house called  
on Battleton.

"My idea," said he, "is to purchase a  
healthful place."

"The very house you want," said Bat-  
tleton.

"My greatest difficulty is in getting a  
place where I can sleep comfortably at  
night."

"I think that my house will suit y. u."

"I want a cool place."

"Then you are fortunate in selecting  
my house."

"Plenty of air?"

"Plenty."

"You say it is cool?"

"Coolest place in town."

The man bought the house and paid  
for it. Shortly afterward he sought  
Battleton, and in an excited manner  
exclaimed:

"You have told me a falsehood."

"How so?"

"You said that the house which I  
bought of you is cool."

"Well?"

"But I find it to be the hottest house  
I ever saw."

"This is June, my friend."

"Yes."

"Well, I say that the house is cool  
in January. You forgot to men-  
tion the month. Good-day."—  
*Arkansas Traveler.*

At daylight I saddled my horse, and

### HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

The Secret of the Empress Eugenie's Per-  
petual Youth.

Seated in a little box of a room just  
large enough for a toilet stand, a  
mirror, and a chair, the artist in com-  
plexions begins her task by remarking:

"Ah, madame, you have not taken  
care of your face. See, you have little  
crows' feet round your eyes. The skin  
is dry and harsh; you have no color in  
particular."

"Yes," looking in the glass. "You  
have a poor subject to operate on."

"You shall see in one hour how  
pretty I shall make you. You will not  
know yourself," said the young woman,  
tying a towel about the patient's  
shoulders, then gently washing her  
face with soft water and an amber-  
colored soap in which there is no  
alkaline, and rubbing it with a fine  
towel.

"Confess, madame! Have you not  
used the powders and stuffs sold in  
the shops to improve your complexion?"

"Certainly, face powders—such as  
all women use."

"Oh, it is shameful, wicked, to sell  
these balms and powders. They are  
full of mercury, that is absorbed by the  
blood, and that eventually gets into  
the bones. Let me show you how a  
drop of ammonia will turn a teaspoonful  
of famous 'balm' black in a moment."

The artist poured the material in  
question into a saucer, added the am-  
monia, and it became jet black in-  
stantly.

The patient's face being dry, the art-  
ist proceeded with her manipulation.

Wetting a sponge with a preparation  
called "Mama Dura," a white, creamy  
substance, she applied it to the face,  
neck and ears of the subject, who asked  
meekly if this was the famous preparation  
invented by Eugenie or Mme. Jumel.

"This is Mme. Jumel's recipe. It is  
intended as a face-wash for the night,  
to soften and whiten the skin and to  
remove wrinkles and discolorations.

After washing your face, on retiring  
cover it with 'Mama Dura,' and then  
put on our beauty mask." Here the  
artist produced a white cloth mask  
lined with white cotton flannel.

"Oh, I cannot breathe!" said the patient,  
putting it on for a moment.

"That is nervousness. You would  
soon become accustomed to it. Thou-  
sands of women use the toilet mask.  
Mumel had a beautiful complexion to  
the day of her death, and she was very  
old when she died. She used this  
cream to keep her youthful in appear-  
ance. Old men will tell you how daz-  
zlingly fair she was to the very end of  
her life. It is perfectly harmless, and  
removes all crows' feet, so vexatious  
and enduring under any other treat-  
ment."

The artist poured a few drops of the  
Dura in a saucer, adding a drop of  
ammonia. The substance remained  
white. A greenish white paste was then  
laid about the patient's mouth, the art-  
ist saying as she used it:

"This is to take away superfluous  
hair. You have a deli ate little beard  
coming, madame, and hair on a woman's  
face is so ugly. This paste must dry,  
so I shall amuse you meanwhile by tell-  
ing you something. Ask some questions  
if you like."

"Do many women of respectability  
come here for this sort of thing?" said  
the patient.

"Well, madame, you would be aston-  
ished to see how many come for a reg-  
ular treatment of the complexion and  
to learn their social standing. And  
why not? Is there any harm in a woman's  
desire to look as well as possible?

Does she not use every art of dress to  
contribute to her elegance of form?  
Why not beautify her face, her hair,  
her hands, and feet?"

"But 'nature when unadorned,' etc."

"O, I don't believe in that sentiment  
at all. Art is often more attractive  
than nature, and more complete.  
Painters make sketches of nature, and  
combine the best of them in pictures—  
but the 'Kusma' is dry and I will wipe  
it off."

The little hairs round the mouth  
and chin were gone, leaving the skin as  
smooth as that of a new-born babe.  
Then a soft linen cloth removed the  
shiny traces of the "Dura."

"Madame, you are now as though  
you had wakened in the morning.  
Bathe your eyes and your mouth, but  
don't use soap. There, I am ready for  
you. See how much softer your face  
looks!"

Here she produced a pure white liq-  
uid and slowly applied it to the face—  
giving it a pale, delicate tint.</p