

**THE STORY OF THE LOST
EMERALD; OR,
OVERCOME EVIL WITH
GOOD**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649713738

The Story of the Lost Emerald; Or, Overcome Evil with Good by Mrs. Emma Marshall

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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MRS. EMMA MARSHALL

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EMERALD; OR,
OVERCOME
EVIL WITH GOOD**



"This is as fine and clean an emerald as ever I saw."

Page 41.

THE
STORY OF THE LOST
EMERALD;

OR,

Overcome Evil with Good.

By

MRS. EMMA MARSHALL,

Author of "Over the Down," "Mrs. Haycock's Chronicles,"
&c. &c.

"Her price is far above rubies."

Prov. xxxi. 10.

London:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW,
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1885.

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THE LOST JEWEL.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE VILLAGE GENERALLY.

IN the village of Chard Regis there were some points of interest, or, as the guide-books would say, objects worthy of notice. There was the old stone cross, to begin with, rough and timeworn, it is true, with the storms of centuries, but standing bravely, through all changes and chances, on the same plinth, and with the same rough carving at the top which had marked it ever since the day when it was raised there to show the place where a queen,* beloved of her husband, had rested on her long,

* Eleanor, wife of Edward I.

sad journey to a silent grave. Then there was the church, with its fine Gothic tower and chime of bells which played a hymn tune and a half three times in the twenty-four hours, and sent the jackdaws flying from their nests in the belfry with unfailing regularity. Then there was the quaint old rectory, with its many gables and smoothly-kept lawn and garden; and the almshouses, where twenty-four poor men and women were fed and clothed and lodged, under the will of Sir Richard Mainpryce, Knight, who died in 1604, and founded this charity, and endowed it, as the old inscription over the door and on the wall of the church said, "for ever." The almshouses were, I need not say, always full; and when the bell tolled for an aged man or woman who had passed to rest, many and eager were the candidates ready to fill up the vacant place.

Of course in Chard Regis there was a doctor; and a chemist who did a little quiet prescrib-

ing business for himself, and was considered by some of the village folk "a sight cleverer than the doctor." And there was a lawyer, who was perhaps a little too ready to help the people to bring actions, and to dispute rights of way, and make themselves generally disagreeable. And there was the general shop, kept by a well-to-do, brisk man of forty, who prospered in the world, and had lately shown it by throwing out a bow window and enlarging his shop, and by marrying a pretty, delicate girl—the niece of the most important person in the village—Miss Breeze.

We all know the old and homely proverb which begins, "Give a dog a bad name;" and I think the reverse is equally true: "Let a man or woman get the character for being superior to their neighbours—never mind in what class of life it may be—and they take their place on a vantage-ground from which they are prone to look down on those around them with a wonderful complacency." This