# A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER XII.

"I am sorry," said Don Maurizio, coming out the next morning to find the usual group gathered under the arcade, around the great doorway,-to wit, Dona Zarifa, Derwent, the horses, and the mozos,--"that I shall have to disappoint you about our ride this morning. I find by a letter which I have just received that I must go on business to Eitzatlan, and it would not be agreeable to either of you to accompany me there."

"Of course not, papa," said Dona Zarifa, who was standing by her horse's head, feeding him with sugar, which the beautiful, intelligent creature took daintily from her hand. "And it is really as well-at least, so far as I am concerned—that the ride is deferred," she went on. "When I went to the hospital this morning, I found poor Benita wandering in mind, and my presence seemed to soothe her. So I will go back at once. Adios, my beauty," she patted the horse's arching neck: "are you sorry that you will not have to carry me this morn-

"I am sure that he is, if I may be allowed to interpret his sentiments by my own,' said Derwent. "And you are going to the hospital, senorita? I can say nothing against such a charitable intention; but before you spoke-so quick is thought-I was about to propose a visit to the canada. Ever since you said that you would like a picture of it, I have been anxious to try what my efforts can accomplish in the way of a sketch."

"But I thought that you disclaimed any artistic skill ?" she said, with some surprise. "I said that I was not an artist. That is true. But I have a little facility in sketching from nature, though not much training. I cannot promise you a finished picture, but I may make a passable drawing of the

"I shall be delighted," she said. hope that you will try. And suely my absence cannot matter. You do n't need assistance in your drawing?"

"Oh, yes," said Derwent, though he had the grace to blush, "I need your assistance to determine the best point of view, -that tone, is, the one you would prefer. But I will take my materials and follow my own judgment. Then, when you have finished your charitable ministrations, you will perhaps come and tell me if you like my choice.

"Yes, I will come," she said, smiling. And then, without waiting to change her dress, she walked away toward the village on the other side of the gardens

she was in sight. The close-fitting habit showed every line of her statuesque figure and the passed down one of the shady avenues, her tal." favorite companion, a beautiful greyhound, walking beside her, and looking as thorough- time looked closely at the man's face. It bred as herself. All around stretched the was dark, with finely-cut features and a while the flong vista of the tree-arche perfect picture, in the heart of the green loveliness. Derwent gave a deep sigh. "If I could only paint that !" he said, half aloud, which vengeance had overtaken him; and find Padre Francisco beside him.

"What is that you would like to paint?"

taken?" Zarifa has gone to the hospital to see some

"Benita. Yes, she will die, I fear."

my failure ?" thing in which you would fail."

ly, I think, what you can do."

"I wish I did !" said Derwent, devoutly. ter made their appearance. "But I am like other men : misled by With the practised skill of one accustomed vanity, I sometimes essay tasks beyond my to such work, the padre bandaged the strength and fail. I shall probably fail wound, and the man was placed on the litter in making this sketch; but I mean to try. just as Zarifa once more appeared. Fortunately, I have sketching-materials "The doctor will be at the hospital by the with me; for I thought I would do some- time you get there," she said. Do you think, thing of the kind in Mexico. This will be padre mio, that-

under his arm and accompanied by the is still insensible, but I believe he will repadre, he was on his way to the ravine, cover consciousnees soon; and I shall stay where he had spent many delightful hours | beside him. Go home now, my child. This since the day when he was first introduced has been a great shock to you. Go." to it. They tried various points of view, But Dona Zarifa shook her head; and and it was finally decided that the sketch Derwent saw by her pallor and the expresshould be made from the pavilion. So Der- | sion of her face how much she was suffering. went settled himself, with the more satis- "I will go to the hospital," she said. "I can faction because he had a support on the rail- render assistance thereing for his book, and a roof overhead to keep away the intrusive rays of the sun. Padre ly. "You must go to the casa. If Don he was finally at work; and then, saying you can do nothing. Take Senor Derwent that his own work awaited him, he took his | with you.' departure, with many wishes for the success

of the picture. the glen, Derwent watched it with a smile, sight for ner.' saying to himself that if his picture was a "Nothing is to painful when one can do success that figure should enter into it, anything to help," she said. "But is there 'Dor a Zarifa will like that," he thought; for nothinghe knew how dear the gentle priest was to | She cast one more glance at the man on every one at Miraflores. He had heard from the litter, shuddered, and turned away. Don Maurizio that he belonged to one of the Derwent followed her with his eyes and with proscribed religious orders, which, robbed, his heart, but an intuition told him that it exiled, and defrauded by the government, was best to leave her alone, even if there are yet quietly doing the work of God in had not been work for him to do. It was

poverty and obscurity all over Mexico. figure, and of all the long line of such figures | Lady of Guadalupe stood above the doorwhich had Christianized and civilized a way, as if to welcome all who came, and dog-goned !" savage people, as he worked with a facility where he was laid down on a white bed,that surprised himself. Pernaps the stimulus | the most wild, gaunt, bloody object that was the desire to gratify Dona Zarifa, -for | had ever come within those quiet walls. love can do wonderful things and develop powers almost undreamed of,-or perhaps he possessed more talent than he had hitherto imagined. At all events, his sketch was growing in the most satisfactory manner, and he was so absorbed in its progress that he ootsy tootsy; muzzer loves her little darlin had almost forgotten to wonder if Dona Zarifa would appear according to her promise "Don't believe her, baby. When you [sob] by yourself while I go into the smoking car, when I looked in your room !

to be almost simultaneous, two shots rung sharply on the air, the last-a rifle-balljust grazing his ear, and then flattening it self on the stone column beside which he

sheet of paper on which he was sketching was borne by a current of air over the railing and fluttered unheeded into the current below, as with a violent start he looked up, to see Dona Zarifa standing on the path below , with a still smoking pistol in her up-

In an instant he was by her side, for instinct told him that the shot had not been fired idly. "For God's sake, what is it?" he cried, gazing with astonishment at the pale, set face, the shining eyes, and the uplifted hand pointing so steadily without a tremor in the direction of the pavilion.

"There is a man, an assassin, behind yonder rock," she answered, in a clear vibrant tone, pointing to a low, long boulder that crowned the hill which rose immediately in the rear of the pavilion. "I saw him about to shoot you, and I fired just as he had his finger on the trigger. His aim swerved, and he fell. I think I killed him."

ly; but she stopped him by a motion, and recall it. No, the true teacher knows all extended the pistol. " He may be merely the difficulties of his scholar and sets his wounded," she said. "Be cautious."

sprang forward and hastened up the steep speakers who have had every advantage and ascent. Eighteen or twenty yards brought gift and yet who never moved you; why him to the boulder, and there on the ground | was it? They were not in sympathy with behind it was the assassin, his rifle where it | you. So the critic. If he has any reason loose white upper garment, the young man | written if thecritic had in sight and a desire saw that the pistol-ball had entered his to be helpful. chest some little distance below the heart. "I A stream of dark blood was flowing from it; the bitterness of grief. When your friend

"Is he dead ?" need be fatal, if we can get speedy help. Can hazing exists that is worse than any bodily you go for it?"

away impetuously. But before she had always have their sting. If we have symgone three steps she turned again, and, pathy instead of scorn for those less fortunpicking up the man's weapon, carried it a ate than ourselves they will remember us as short distance away. "Have you the pistol | those who helped to make men of them. Derwent stood and watched her as long as in your hand?" she said. "Be on your guard : some of these people are very treacherous. I will soon bring assistance and perfect grace with which she moved, as she Padre Francisco. I left him at the hospi-

When she was gone, Derwent for the first grounds, dappled with sunshin e and shadow mass of black hair; but not even the closed eyes and relaxed muscles could soften its avenue held only the one moving figure, as a | fierce and sinister expression. A desperado in appearance as well as in deed, he looked thoroughly capable of the dastardly act in and then turned, with some confusion, to Derwent felt with a sense of shuddering horror, such as he had never before ever imagined, that but for the strangely fortunate asked the priest. "This view of the gardens? chance-or was it the mercy of heaven ?-Yes, is is very charming. But is not that that had brought Dona Zarifa upon the scene Dona Zarifa that I see walking away, yonder? at the critical moment, he himself would How is it that your usual ride is not to be now be lying with his life-blood welling out and hiseyes closed forever to the things of the Derwent explained, adding, "So Dona earth. The man must be indeed insensible who, having, as it were, felt the very breath poor woman who is wandering in her mind of Death upon his cheek, is not thrilled by the touch of that great and terrible mystery. Nor was the thrill lessened by thinking of "And I am going to try and sketch the hand that saved him,-the gentle woman's canada. Will you come, padre mio, and see hand that had never before taken even the life of a bird, but that had not faltered in "I will come for a little while and see your striking the murderer down. What a fire of success," the padre answered, "for I do not fierce indignation had been in the dark eyes think that you are likely to attempt any when he met them first! It was like the deadly flash of a sword from its sheath. He "I should not wish to attempt what I knew | found himself recalling it with such a sense | sympathy even as Christ felt joy in others' to be beyond my powers, certainly, But a of conflicting emotions that it was well for joy, and grief in others' grief, so must we man cannot always tell beforehand whether him that the sound of quickly-approaching preach our message to the world and hasten he will succeed in an effort, even when he steps tore his mind from the subject. Padre the time when all shall meet in universal Francisco had been met by Dona Zarifa be- brotherhood. "If he has gauged his powers correctly, he fore she had gone far, and he hurried on at can generally tell,-at least in some degree. once to join Derwent, while she proceeded You, Senor Derwent, know pretty accurate- quickly to the hospital, and, in less time than they dared hope, several men bearing a lit-

"He will live?" the priest said, concluding A few minutes later, with a portfolio her faltering sentence. "I cannot tell. He

"None," said the padre, gently, but firm-Francisco lingered, talking pleasantly, until Maurizio has returned, send him to us; but

"No," said Derwent; "my place is certainly here, to help you with your burden. As his slender, cassocked figure went down But Dona Zarifa must go. It is too painful a

slow and difficult work conveying the The young man was thinking of that wounded man to the hospital, where Our

# TO BE CONTINUED.

Had Been Through It. Mother (to baby): "It's muzzer's little or two." baby." Fanny (who has just been spanked): when suddenly, in such quick succession as grow up she'll spank you, t-t-oo !"

Human Sympathy.

BY REV. T. E. BROWN, D. D. "Rejoice with them that rejoice and weep

with them that weep." Romans XII. 15. Standing as our text does in a summary of Christian virtues, it is to be taken as a command and to be reasonably expected of us. As this is a command for sympathy, we may well consider what sympathy is. It is any kind of fellow feeling we have towards an-The book dropped from his hand, and the other, a substitution of ourselves for another, a look at life through another's circumstances This is not an easy matter but is a task that Christianity places upon us. Sympathy is not mere sentiment, which is feeling related only to ourselves; sympathy is feeling for another. Men may indulge sentiment for the mental excitement it may cause. Sentiment is selfishness, sympathy is love.

Why should we have this sympathy, this quality that is not weakness but strength, that puts us into the place of another and makes us think his very thoughts? Because sympathy is the great way in which Christian love can express itself. To love a man Two husbands came home from the base ball means to make his need ours, and further, sympathy is essential to a life of helpfulness. How can we ever get a true knowledge of those around us unless we have enough sympathy for them to be a part of their

The true teacher is the man whose boy-"I will see," said Derwent, turning quick- | hood is not so far behind him that he cannot task by the boy's capability and not by his With no recollection of his weakness, he own. So with the orator. You have heard he was still breathing. Throwing open his How many a stinging criticism would be un-

How often sympathy lessens and softens and Derwent's first act was to place his in affliction doubts the justice and kindness thumb on the bullet-hole. The next mo- of God, by the example of your sympathetic ment he heard a step, and, turning his head, | nature he may be made to reason, 'My friend saw Zarifa standing beside him, looking cares for me, may not God care for me also? down at the man's face with an expession of | His heart is larger than any earthly friend." intense pain. But she asked, in a hushed How much misery has been caused by not having sympathy for our fellows. We used to hear a good deal of hazing in college. That "No; and I am not sure that the wound has become a thing of the past, but social injury; the social cut, the gossiping story, "Yes, certainly," she answered, starting the look of scorn, these are weapons which

> Then sympathy is the only firm foundation for social life. In every country there is a deep rift between classes. The sectarianism of to-day is not in religion nor in science, but the dangerous sectarianism of to-day is between social classes. On one side is selfish wealth and on the other envious labor. How is this chasm to be closed? Argument will not do it, force only widens it. There are many elements which shall enter into the solution, but the fundamental principle will be sympathy. Let us reach out the hand and realize the burdens which each has to bear and let each learn to care for the other because he is a man.

This craving for sympathy is as great as the craving for bread. One can steal bread but no one can have sympathy unless we give it. Who does not want to be loved by his fellows? If you hear any one say he does not want sympathy tell him he does not know himself. Poor is he who has no tears for another's woe and smiles for his joys. The soul without sympathy is one without wealth or music, except the discordant music of selfishness. How, then, shall we win this quality of sympathy? If God has endowed you with a nature of this kind, thank him. But if we have it not, we must determine to gain it. This we can do by picturing ourselves in our neighbor's place and then doing as we would be done by.

Then speak the words and do the deeds of | piano and sat down before it.

## Second Nature.

"This room is very close," remarked the guest to the head waiter, " can't I have a little fresh air ?" The well-drilled automation raised his

voice to a high pitch. "One air !" he yells ; after a pause adding, "let it be fresh!"

# Tackling a Red-headed Woman With a "I beg your pardon," he said, as a woman

came to the door in answer to his knock. "I am looking for a man with a hare-lip and a wooden leg named Johnson-"

"Is it his wooden leg that is named Johnson, or are his hare-lip and wooden leg both named Johnson?" she demanded. "I didn't mean, of course, that his wooden

leg was named Johnson. I-" "Then what did you say so for ?" "Permit me to explain, madam, I was

"I haven't asked you for any explanation, "Certainly not. My object in trying to

"Have I asked you to state why you are trying to find out anything?" "Of course not, madam, but being a

stranger in the neighborhood-" "Do you mean that I am a stranger in the neighborhood ?" "No, madam, certainly not. I-I-good

morning, madam."

He paused a moment when safely outside the front gate to mop the prespiration from his face, and then started down the street. "If ever I tackle a red-headed woman with a boil on her nose for information again,' he said to himself, "may I be e-sentially

How Not to be Taken for a Bridal Couple Bride (on honeymoon tour)--"I hope the

people in the car won't take us for a bridal couple and make fun of us." Bridegroom-"I've got a plan to make them believe we have been married a year

Bride-"How delightful! What is it ?" Bridegroom-"I'm going to leave you here and play a few games of whist."

They All Do It.

Two women leaned over the back-yard (The same old fence) as the sun went

While each told the other, in confidence, The scandals she'd gathered around the

For women must gossip, or they can't

Their idea is that secrets weren't made to keep : So they lean on the fence in the gloaming.

Two women sat out on the front-door stoop, In the evening glow as the sun went

They told how their children had skipped the croup And they sneered at the minister's wife's

> new gown. For women delight in a friendly chat, Without it their lives would be stale and flat;

So they sit on the stoop in the gloam-

(From the office, they said), as the sun went down. Both ready and eager to hear the same Sweet scandals their wives had hunted

For men, though they work, love gossip, too, And that's why their wives seek some-

thing new, As they meet and talk in the gloam-

#### Their First Unpleasantness.

Mrs. and Mrs. Bolivar Pyke had been married about six weeks and were still had fallen beside him. At the first glance for existence it is to be helpful, and to do oppressively happy. Not a ripple of dis-Derwent thought he was dead, but on ex- this he must put himself in the place of | cord had stirred the frog pond of their amination discovered that, though insensible, those he criticises, in short, have sympathy. | domestic harmony and their life ran smoothly and unobstructedly. This may sound like exaggeration, but you

have positively no idea how unreasonably and absurdly happy these two young persons It was an evening in May—an ordinary

evening in May, 1890-and the rain hadn't "Buenavista," said Bolivar, looking ab

stractedly about the room, "if it wouldn't be asking too great a favor—' "What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Pyke

tenderly. " Please try the other knee awhile. This one is getting tired." "You have never said anything like that before, Bolivar," she protested reproach-

fully. "Perhaps I'd better go and sit on a "Now don't get huffy, darling. You don't look so pretty when you frown." "I am not frowning, Bolivar."

"You certainly are, Buenavista." "Then I don't look pretty!" she exclaimed, bouncing up and seating hersel ten feet away. "All right, Mr. Pyke! You-you-you're getting tired of me. I-I—wish I was—"

"Now, look liere, Buenavista, don't be foolish. There's nothing to quarrel about." "I'm not quarreling, sir! I'm not going to quarrel, either. If there's anything of that kind done, you will be the one who does it, Mr. Pyke.

"I am glad to hear it, my dear." "You needn't call me your dear. I am not dear to you any more. "I thought you said you were not going to quarrel.

"I did, sir, and I am not. In spite of your conduct, Mr. Pyke, I am still your loving wife.' "Then, dearest-" "No, sir, I am not your dearest."

"Well, Buenavista, then-if you prefer it-if you are still my loving wife, won't you please sing something?" "What for? Are you afraid I'll try to sit on your knee again? You needn't-

"No, no, Buenavista. I thought it might clear up the atmosphere of this room a little. With the aspect of a martyr going cheer-

fully to the stake, Mrs. Pyke went to the "What shall I sing?" she asked meekly. "Perhaps-h'm-perhaps it would make

things seem more cheerful if you should tackle 'Home, Sweet Home.' " Mrs. Pyke fixed her eyes on a spot near

the ceiling where the wall-paper didn't exactly match and wailed out the touching melody: "'Mid ple-a-a-sures and pal-a-places

tho-o-ugh-I know well enough, Mr. Pyke, you have only asked me to sing this to make me appear ridiculous, but I am going to do it,- we may ro-o-am. Be it e-e-eve-e-er so '-I think any man who tries to make his wife the object of ridicule never, never cared anything for her-'hu-u-mble there's no-o-o place like '-I have always done everything I could to make home plpl-pleasant, and you-you know it- 'h-oome. A cha-a-arm from the ski-i ies seems to'-seems like the ghastiliest mockery in the world, but you would have it- ' ha-allo o-ow us the-e-ere. Which, se-e-eek through-the w-o-o-orld is ne'er me-e-et with elsewhe-e-ere. Ho-o-o-ome, ho-ome, sw '--I'll sing it through if it k-k-kills me-'swe-e e-eet, swe-e-eet home, There's no-o-o place like'-ain't you ashamed of yourself, Bolivar Pyke, to sit there pretending you care anything about our home any more, or me either ?- 'ho-o-ome, There's no-o-o-oo place like'-B-B. Bolivar, dear, I can't! Yes, I will! I will !- 'ho-o-o-ome!' "

As her quavering voice sounded the last word of the song a manly voice joined in with a deep bass, her trembling little fingers were gathered in a close grasp, her head sank on Bolivar's shoulder, and-

But what business has any outside barbarian to be intruding here? Let us retire.

## His Grand Attraction.

Aunt-"But Ed is poor." Terese-"True, but I love him." Aunt-"Old." Terese-"True." Aunt-"Ugly."

Terese-"True. Aunt-"How is it he has fascinated Terese--"He is the only man I ever met

who could wag his ear and take his hat off by arching his eyebrows.'

## Near Enough.

Father-What time did you get in last night, sir?

Son-About 11 o'clock. Father-Why, you were not in bed at 12, Son-I know, but I was under it.

# LATEST BY CASE.

Bismarck and the Kaiser-Some Ridiculous Stories as to their Relations-The Ex-Chancellor's Eccentricities - A Board of Agriculture Established in London.

From the reports cabled over here of utterances in American newspapers and by prominent German-American citizens, it is evident that a lot of nonsense about Bismarck and the Kaiser has been telegraphed from this side. It is ridiculously untrue that the Kaiser made any attempt to muzzle the ex-Chancellor or that he intends doing so. All that has been done is to dispatch a private circular note from Caprivi to the German Ambassadors, instructing them, politely and with deferential gentleness, to describe Bismarck's utterances as those of a private gentleman, if any of them should happen to run counter to any detail of the German foreign policy and should thus provoke foreign inquiries.

As for Bismarck himself, he is undoubtedly saying at great random all the things that come into his head. I have just returned from Berlin, where, during a month's stay, I heard almost daily from his friends an authentic account of some fresh manifestation of Bismarck's garrulous rage. It is difficult to speak definitely of the greatman's attitude toward the Kaiser and the Berlin Government, for the reason that he himself shifts about with varying moods all over the extensive gamut of his temperament. His general average condition, though, is one of amazed wrath at finding affairs going on smoothly without him. He is as much out of them as the man who fell from a balloon.

I don't believe Bismark has any settled plans of any sort. He is in a dozen minds about everything. One day he decides that he will enter the Reichstag as a private member and pulverize everybody within reach. The next day he resolves to devote the remainder of his life to writing his memoirs which shall crush half the reputations in Europe. On the third day he yields to the charm of the dream of living tranquilly with his pipe and dogs and trees, musing like a philosopher upon the ingratitude of princes and then the next morning he early gets out his railway time table and gives orders for his trunks to be packed for travel. He has written a little for a few hours now and then on these memoirs of his, but he is too angry and unsettled for regular work, and the publishers in Leipsic don't expect any book while he lives.

The establishment of a Board of Agriculture in London, with its chief in the Cabinet, has undeniably had a good effect. The Board keeps the farmers regularly informed of all that concerns them in foreign countries, and already old-fashioned methods of cultivation are being abandoned in favor of more scientific means. The latest movement is directed to the establishment of agricultural schools all over the country, endowed by the State and controlled by the Board of Agriculture.

Moderate counsels have prevailed in the gasworkers' dispute, and an amicable working scheme is in course of arrangement, owing to the increased cost of coal and labor. This was the company which, by the way, paid 133 per cent. dividends last year, and has increased the price of gas,

## She Said Pshaw! and So Did He!

Not a pretty word, perhaps, but then she

said it so prettily! She was a sweet little thing, and when she put her hands on her hips, lifted up her saucy little face, and, looking at you with her half shut eyes, emitted this provoking monosyllable, it flew as straight and swiftly to its mark as any shaft in Cupid's quiver. And

just because the little minx was perfectly

conscious of the effect of her "Pshaw!" she uttered it on all public occasions. She said "Pshaw!" to everybody and without any apparent reason, but there was one to whom she said it more frequently than to anybody else, and for the best of reasons. For he loved her and she pretended that she didn't love him, and so for a long time "Pshaw!" was all the answer the poor

fellow got to his prayers and protestations. "I love you!" " Pshaw ! "I would give my life for a kiss from

your lips.'

"I will blow my brains out if you refuse to listen to me!" "Pshaw!" said she, bringing her laughing face still closer to his so that her tempting

red lips fairly touched his beard. She wasn't a bit afraid of him, you see, but he, poor fellow, was still a little afraid of her and she drove him almost crazy with her coquetry. At last he low all patience, and coming upon her unexpectedly one evening he said never a word but took her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. She struggled and screamed like a captured bird, and as uselessly, for the victorious lover paid no attention to her remonstrances but kissed her hair, brow, cheeks and tips with the concentrated passion of months of desire.

And as he grew bolder, and, drawing her on his knee, kissed her white throat and clasped her yet more passionately, she became alarmed. She gave up struggling and had recourse to tears and entreaties.

"Let me go, oh! Please let me go!" "Pshaw!" said he. He didn't say it as prettily as she did, and he didn't have such a saucy little face, but then he was a good deal stronger, and- Well, when he did release her, there were more tears and some reproachful glances and then a sweet little kiss of forgiveness, given without the least compulsion. She never said "Pshaw!" to him again-that is not when she had on her best frock and wanted to keep her hair in order, and they are to be married next week, I believe .- [From the French of Catulle Mendes.

A Dangerous Locality. First Tramp-Jim, let's get out of this country ; it's dangerous. Second Tramp—Dogs?
First Tramp—Worse'n that. Nearly every

man I meet offers me work.