

A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

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

CHAPTER XIV.

"Never was I more glad of anything in my life," said Don Maurizio. "The whole matter has proved to be exactly as I imagined."

"Do you mean," said Derwent, a little startled, "that it was really Fernandez who had the shooting done?"

"Certainly," the other answered. "I never had any doubt of it. He is not a man to stop at trifles, that worthy Senor Fernandez. The opportunity was so tempting to punish you and throw the odium of murder on Barrera. But he overshot his mark: his instrument was not so zealous in the first instance, and a little too zealous in the second. That is always the difficulty in employing instruments. Hereafter I should advise him to do his shooting himself."

"But how was it?" asked Derwent. "How did he arrange the matter?"

"The substance of the dying man's confession is this," said Don Maurizio. "He is a notorious desperado, a semi-outlaw, who if brigandage had not been made so unpleasant and dangerous to all concerned in it would have embraced that profession. As it is, he is known to have been concerned in many crimes. He is a cousin of the *ranchero* at whose house you spent the night, and chanced to be there on that occasion; although it is not likely that you saw him. Fernandez did, however; and probably his idea flashed upon him at the sight of such an instrument. The man says that he told him guardedly, but in language sufficiently clear to be understood, that you carried money, and that he was at liberty to shoot and rob you. He was kind enough to remark that it was not necessary to kill you outright, although if such an accident occurred he would not deplore it. That accounts for the fact that when the robber found you senseless he dragged you back into the road and left you alive. Had you been conscious, he would no doubt have killed you."

"How could Fernandez be sure that I would give him an opportunity, by falling behind the rest of the party?"

"He reckoned, it is to be supposed, on the coolness between himself and you, and on the fact that you could not talk to Arranda or the *micos*. A man in such a case generally rides alone, and is easily left behind. He told this poor tool of his—whose name, by the way, is Lopez—that if he, Fernandez, were with you, no harm was to be done, but if he found you alone he might do what he pleased."

"The scoundrel!" said Derwent between his teeth. "That meant that if he found me a pliant tool I should be spared. He offered me the mine, with many plausible explanations, again that day, and I again refused it. Then he left me to the fate he had prepared,—the infamous scoundrel!"

"Certainly an infamous scoundrel," said Don Maurizio. "He left you coolly to your fate; and when he found afterward that things were not going very smoothly from this point of view, that you had found a powerful friend,—for I may say that of myself,—and that inquiry was growing hot upon his tracks, he met one day the man whom he had tempted to put his life in jeopardy, and taunted him with having done his work so badly, with having spared your life. 'You should have remembered,' he said to him, 'that dead men never tell any tales.' It is not likely that he meant by this that the work should still be done in a more satisfactory manner; but so Lopez took it. He fancied that it might be safer for himself if you were out of the way; and the result was simple. He hung about the hacienda, discovered that you were in the habit of visiting the *canada*,—a place that seemed made for his purpose,—and watched for you there with the intention of putting an end to Fernandez' taunts. The rest we know."

"Yes," said Derwent, "we know that God sent an angel to frustrate his purpose,—why, He alone knows! I am sure my life seems unworthy of being saved in such a manner."

"Think, then, of poor Barrera," said Don Maurizio, smiling. "He absolutely wept—and you know how much of the impassive Indian calm our Mexicans have—when he heard of the confession. I had sent for him, and he arrived just after it had been taken down."

"I do think of him, and am most sincerely grateful on his account, as well as on my own," said Derwent. "But what will be the result of Fernandez?"

"The result will be, of course, that he will deny the story, and his powerful friends will hush the matter up, probably. But it will put a quietus upon him in many ways. With such a charge hanging over him, he will make himself less obnoxious for some time to come."

"I shall let him know that if he crosses my path I will shoot him like a dog."

"He will not cross your path," said the other, significantly. "And if he does, you can afford to scorn him. The blood of this poor creature is upon his soul. Let that suffice."

Yes, it might well suffice, Derwent said to himself a little later, as he passed across the *patio* on his way to his own apartment, feeling exhausted by the manifold excitements of the day. Within the short space of twelve hours many things had occurred that he should never forget. That moment of close and deadly danger, the instant when he had seen Zarifa standing before him with her flashing glance and her lifted pistol, her womanly anguish at the sight of the fatally wounded assassin struck down by her own hand, her swift summons of assistance,—these things were burned ineffaceably upon his memory. And not less vivid was the recollection of the moments in the twilight quiet of the cloistered court, when Zarifa and himself had stood alone together, and she had spoken with a confidence so touching that it had almost led him to a betrayal that he felt would be the death of folly. Then he had walked beside her as she made one of the procession that followed Padre Francisco, with accompanying acolytes, with shining tapers and silver bell, and all the sweet and solemn state which the ritual prescribes, he bore the holy Host to the dying man. And what a scene that was upon which they entered! The hushed quiet, the kneeling forms, and the radiance of lighted candles, centering about the bed where he lay who in the morning had been a murderer in intent, and who now—oh, wonderful mystery of eternal love and pardon!—was to go forth

on his last dread journey with that sacrament so fitly called the Viaticum of the dying. Zarifa knelt just outside the door of the room, shielded from observation alike by her black draperies and by the dusk of the court; but a few minutes after the communion, as she rose to go, Padre Francisco came out to her. "He wishes to speak to you," he said. "Nay, do not fear,—as she shrank back: 'What he has to say will not distress you. He begs you to come.'"

She could not refuse then. Derwent saw her gather herself together with a supreme effort, and very quietly—though pale as any statue—she followed Padre Francisco into the room. The young man almost held his breath as he gazed at the picture which she made, standing beside the bed, looking down, with a face which might have served a painter for that of the Mother of Mercy, upon the worn, brown countenance out of which the dark eyes shone with a calm and solemn gaze,—the gaze of a man whose regard is fixed upon eternity rather than upon time.

"Senorita," he said,—so low that she stooped to hear him, yet so clear that Derwent, leaning against the door, heard every word,—"I have asked you to come that I may thank you for saving me from the crime I should have committed this morning. I know that you are kind and gentle; I have thought that you might be sorry; and I wish to tell you that it is well for me that I am here. I have been a very wicked man,—my soul is stained with many crimes,—and it is likely that I should have died as I have lived, had you not brought me here, to make my peace with God. It is more than I deserve,—far more than I deserve, senorita. Thank God when you think of me, and pray for my poor soul."

"So long as I live," she answered, very gently, "I shall pray for you, and I shall have the Holy Sacrifice offered for the repose of your soul."

"It is more than I deserve," he repeated again. "Tell the senor whom I tried to kill that I thank God for preserving him, and I beg his forgiveness with all my heart. I have told the padre where his watch can be found, but the money, alas! is spent and gone."

"Tell him," said Derwent, when this was translated, "that I forgive him heartily, and that he need not trouble about the money. I hope that God may pardon him all his offences against Him as freely as I pardon those he has committed against me."

"He is good," said the dying man when these words were repeated. "Senorita, there is but one thing more. My poor wife and children,—if I could think that you would care for them—"

Dona Zarifa placed her slender white hand upon his, as one who makes a solemn covenant.

"Be sure of it," she said. "I will bring them here. I will see that they do not want, and that your children have the influences that alone will save them from such a fate as yours. My poor brother, be satisfied of this. See! to make you very certain, I will promise on the image of our Lord."

She took from his breast a slender crucifix which the priest had laid there after the last sacraments, and lifted it to her lips. Then she touched it very tenderly to his. He looked at her with all his soul in his eyes, and with a last effort of strength, took the hand which laid the crucifix again upon his heart, and kissed that also.

It seemed to Derwent, as he sat in his own room, somewhat worn out by these varying scenes, that the last was like the memory of a sacrament. Could he ever forget the expression with which that man had regarded the beautiful and tender face above him? And could he ever forget the look with which Zarifa had lifted the crucifix to her lips to seal her promise to the dying criminal? "She is an angel!" said the young man to himself, with a rush of adoration which made as far above me, as far beyond my reach, the very angels of God!

He rose from his seat and began to pace to and fro, saying to himself that he must leave Miraflores, that it is impossible for him to remain longer and restrain the expression of the feeling which was passing beyond his control. "I must go before I have forfeited her friendship," he thought. "An insane outburst may do that any day, and nothing could be more hopeless or more presumptuous. What am I in her eyes, or those of her father, but a mere adventurer, a stranger to whom they have given hospitality in charity? And even if they knew me for what I am, and if the ruin both of fortune and of good name was not hanging over me, how could I dream of aspiring to the greatest heiress in Mexico? What was it some one said,—that her father would look only among the high est for an alliance for her? He is right. Yet where can any one be found who is worthy of her? Oh, my beautiful princess with the courage of a warrior and the gentleness of a dove, one man, who has nothing to offer you but the passionate homage of his heart, thank God if he might only die to serve you!"

Presently he sat down again wearily in his chair. The lassitude that follows extreme emotion overpowered him. And thus it was that he saw on the table a letter which had been placed there during his absence. He took it up with some awakening of interest for it was addressed in his mother's handwriting. "It is probably an answer to the account of my accident," he thought, as he broke the seal. "And I have not given a thought to her anxiety. What a selfish being I am!"

It proved to be what he imagined. His mother had just received the news of his wound, and the first pages of her letter were almost hysterical in their distracted anxiety. "I knew that something of this kind would befall you," she wrote. "I was sure of it when you insisted upon going to that savage and dangerous country! I have not one hour's respite from anxiety since you left, and when I received your letter saying that you were going into the mountains to look for mines—and what can you want with the mines!—I said to Sibly, 'He will simply be killed. I am sure of it.' So that you have been shot in an awful shock to me, indeed, but no surprise. Under the circumstances, I suppose it will hardly surprise you that I am now making preparations to go to Mexico. It is a terrible journey to undertake, but I cannot stay here and think of you wounded, ill dying perhaps, in some

rude Mexican house,—for although you say that you are in a comfortable place I fear that you say so only to relieve my mind,—without attendance or care. I shall start as soon as possible and travel day and night until I reach you. My own daughter could not be more sympathetic and tender. She comforted me when I was prostrated by the shock, and it was she who suggested the journey to Mexico. Without her I could never attempt it; but she is so strong, so courageous, that she keeps me up, and she is making all the preparations for our departure while I am writing."

It is to be feared that when Derwent laid down his letter he uttered an ejaculation which was not very expressive of gratitude toward Miss Lenox. Few things could have annoyed him more than such a resolution as this on his mother's part, and, if her own presence in Mexico would not be enough of an embarrassment to him, she must be accompanied by the person whom of all others he most disliked to meet. "Poor Sibly!" he thought, with a thrill of compunction, "She does not deserve such thoughts from me; but when anyone is associated with a most painful memory, how is it possible to avoid shrinking from her? One thing at least is certain: this cuts short any possible indecision on my part. But for this, I might have found it hard to tear myself from Miraflores; but now the matter is taken out of my hands. I must leave, without fail to-morrow."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

They Don't Like It.

It is stated that Mr. Gladstone has given much offence to some of his supporters in Parliament by his advocacy of the English Channel Tunnel scheme. It is said that Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Fowler are much irritated by the contemptuous manner in which their leader inveighed against all the ridiculous simpletons, as he considers them, who oppose the bill; and when he sat down they walked out of the House. A correspondent says that he wonders whether Mr. Gladstone ever heard the opinion which Von Moltke expressed to the late Lord Amthill about the project. He declared that a Channel tunnel would destroy two-thirds of the carrying trade of this country, as goods would be consigned through it overland to Marseilles, Brindisi and other convenient ports, and shipped thence to all parts of the world in French, Italian and German vessels. As to the military view, if a foreign army ever succeeded in landing in England, and obtaining possession of our end of the tunnel, it could bring reinforcements through it as it wanted, and would speedily be in a position to dictate terms, one item in which, in Von Moltke's opinion, would be the retention of Dover and the tunnel in foreign hands.

Her Duel with the Doctor.

An extraordinary duel is reported to have taken place in Vienna. A few days ago a girl, aged nineteen, challenged a young doctor, who had offended one of her friends and refused to apologize. He was challenged in the usual way by two seconds, a student and an officer of Reserves, and when he ridiculed the idea the girl threatened to horsewhip him publicly. The challenge was then accepted, and a meeting, with seconds and doctors, took place in a hired room in a Vienna suburb. All the rules for a duel with swords were strictly observed. The doctor first acted on defensive, but was soon obliged to fight in earnest, and left off after the second round with a wound in his left side, which was declared not to be dangerous. The girl, a Croatian educated in South America, is said by the seconds to be the best fencer they ever saw. After wounding her adversary she left the place without casting another look at him.

Well Merited Praise.

Rev. Thos. Dixon, of New York, the other day paid a well deserved tribute to that great modern engine of civilization, the press. "The modern editor," Mr. Dixon said, "had one hand on the telegraph and the other on the throttle valve which sent his words all over the civilized world. He was the representative of the highest, single power of modern civilization. The newspaper could not be expected to be all good, for it was the daily and weekly record of the doings of the world, and the world was never known to go straight for twenty-four hours. The bad must be taken with the good, and all the editor ought to be required to do was to give the evil as evil and the good as good, and not to print evil to suggest evil or to lead to evil. The modern preachers received a severe scoring. The editor had," Mr. Dixon said, "taken his place as a guide for the people. Who exposed corruption in high places? Not the preacher. He was somewhere writing an essay on the number of feathers in the angel Gabriel's wings. It was the newspaper. This is rather severe on Mr. Dixon's own cloth, and we do not think altogether merited."

The Curious Derivation of Popular Words

"Varlet" is the same word as "valet," and each is an offshoot of the feudal "vassal." Madame is "my lady," and sir has been extracted from Latin "senior" through the French. "Dandelion," dent de lion (the lion's tooth, and "vinegar" was once vin aigre (sour wine). A "villain," before the stigma of disgrace was attached to him, was a laborer on the villa of a Roman country gentleman. "Bisquit" keeps alive the Latin bis coctus (twice cooked), and a verdict is simply a vere dictum (a true saying). An earl was an "elder" in the primitive society, while pope is the same as "papa," and czar and kaiser are both "Caesars."

Queen at first meant "wife" or "mother," and a survival of its early significance exists in "queen," used now only in bad senses. "Jimminy" is a reminiscence of the classical adjuration, O gemini, used by the Romans when they called upon the twins Castor and Pollux to help them.

Redingote is "riding-coat," borrowed by the French from our own language and returned to us in a new guise with the dressmaker's stamp of approval.

"Slop" shop has nothing to do with slops, as some amateur etymologists have asserted, but means clothing shops, the word coming from Icelandic slopper, a coat.

ELECTRICAL.

A Story of Edison—Electric Cars in Berlin—Interest in the Halifax-Bermuda Cable—Electric Burglar Catching, etc.

A characteristic story of Edison is told by a friend of his who called on business at the Orange laboratory not long ago. The visitor waited patiently for Edison, who was not in sight, and in the interim observed a sharp fusillade of neatly tied-up packages going on from the roof of the laboratory. When the ground was pretty well strewn with these novel missiles an attendant came along and scooped them into a basket. The situation became interesting, not to say mysterious, for although the gentleman happened to be very familiar with the wonders of electricity, and, moreover, with the original way that Edison sometimes has of developing them, he was completely nonplussed. The solution was simple and amusing. He was soon shown into a room, and there was Edison and his zealous coadjutor, Batchelor, opening out the packages which they had been pitching from the top of the laboratory. Each package contained a speaking doll, carefully packed, and the object of the inspection was to find out whether the contents had come unharmed through their rough ordeal, for the inventor argued that if they were well enough packed for that they could take a trip round the globe with safety.

The German Government is not only keenly alive to the advantages of modern science, but is promptly utilizing them. A number of non-commissioned German officers, who have been instructed in telegraphy, have been dispatched to east Africa to join the Wissman forces, with the special object of establishing an improved news and communication service. They will take with them field telegraph apparatus and supplies. Their several garrisons and outposts will be connected in the same way as those of the Italians in Abyssinia.

An important decision was rendered by the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court in a decision sent to the Massachusetts Legislature last month. By this decision cities and towns have the right constitutionally to manufacture and furnish gas and electric light, both for public and private use, and the decision of the Attorney-General is thus completely overruled.

Last week a noteworthy event took place in Berlin in the opening trip of the first electrical train car that has been seen in the streets in the city. The car runs from the Behrens Strasse to Kreuzberg. People were much amused to find inside the car the words in English, "No smoking."

The complaints which have been made of the iniquity of subjecting firemen on steamers and men-of-war to the frigid heat entailed by forced draught have brought out a number of suggestions for ameliorating the condition of these human salamanders. Among the remedies named is the electric motor blower. It is pointed out that, as every modern passenger steamer has its electric light plant, such blowers could be easily run, and the motors themselves not only take up very little room, but could be placed in any desired position. That the adoption of the electric motor on board ship for this and a variety of other purposes is only a matter of time is shown by the success which has attended its introduction into the United States Navy.

Considerable interest attaches to the laying of the cable between Bermuda and Halifax, and its completion will mark a new era in the history of the island. An American electrician who has just returned from the Bermudas points out how much more paradoxical the absence of telegraphic communication there is from the fact that it is an important British naval and coaling station, with one of the largest floating dry docks in the world, and a large military garrison, and that the prosperity of the island is mainly dependent on its export of vegetables, which brings in a revenue of over \$260,000. The people have become alive to the necessity of knowing what is going on in the world around them; they are putting up better buildings, dredging the harbor channels so as to admit the largest craft, building docks and wharves, and now are placing themselves in a position to reap the full advantage of daily prices current. This evidently is not the end, for it is rumored that plans for an electric road are already under consideration.

There is reason to believe that the rumors of a coalition between the Westinghouse and Pullman interests in the formation of a company for the construction and equipment of electric street railways are well founded. It is said that one of the features of the new undertaking is an air brake, devised for use on electric cars.

Electric burglar catching has received an impetus in Paris at the hands of an enterprising wine merchant in the Rue Secretan, who has just landed his fifth man in the following way: there is no *concierge* for his premises, and he has had his store connected with the room occupied by his waiters by means of an electric wire. When the burglar enters the bell in the waiter's room rings, and the intruder is quietly nabbed. The wine merchant's experiment has been so successful that several other traders in the vicinity have adopted his *modus operandi*, and are now yearning for a real live "midnight marauder" to come their way.

That electricity lends itself very kindly to the correction of vice several instances are on record. Not long ago the owners of a house in the suburbs of this city left for a few days visit in the country. A burglar, seeing the house untenanted, got in through the window and "prospected" the premises to his satisfaction. His comfort of mind, however, was presently materially impaired by the appearance on the scene of a couple of policemen, who promptly handcuffed him and removed him to the station. He was in blissful ignorance of the fact that the window by which he entered the house electrically connected with an alarm in the nearest precinct.

The tests made by the Government on the ironclad König Wilhelm for the purpose of determining the practical value of the new electrical steering apparatus are reported as having been most successful. The claim of

the inventor that by this apparatus the Captain can control the rudder from the bridge or from any point on deck is said to have been thoroughly established.

A singular and mysterious plot has just come to light in Paris, having for its object the assassination of the well-known electrician, Dr. Cornelius Herz. In 1888 an advertisement in the *Figaro* set forth that an agent was wanted to carry out a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The advertisement was answered by a former police commissary named Amiel. Having discovered that the undertaking was to compass the murder of Dr. Herz, he determined to do a profitable little business on his own account. Hiring a room near the proposed scene of action, he pretended to mature his plans, and did not fail to draw pretty freely on the means which were placed at his disposal for their consummation. Having obtained 15,000 francs, he thought a term of foreign travel would not be out of order, and leaving Dr. Herz and his would-be murderers behind he sailed for Buenos Ayres. Here attempts were made on his own life, instigated, he was convinced, by the disappointed plotter; so, returning to Paris on March 4 last, he submitted the matter, with documentary evidence, to Dr. Herz, who has published the affair. It is not known who the delinquents are, but Dr. Herz is one of the wealthiest men in Paris, and has enemies as well as numerous friends.

The methods usually adopted for indicating the exact spot struck by the bullet in target shooting are crude and often dangerous. With a view to overcome this danger and to enable firing parties to ascertain for themselves the actual spot hit by their bullets, an ingenious system of electric and self-indicating targets has been devised. The system is divided into the electric target, and the indicating apparatus. The target, which represents the bull, inner, magpie, and outer, is formed of concentric iron rings, with the exception of the outer, which is square. At the back of each ring or square is a strong horizontal spring which is almost in contact with a vertical lever. On a bullet striking any one of the four sections that particular section and its corresponding spring are forced back until the spring hits its respective lever, causing the latter to fall into a horizontal position. As the lever falls it establishes, by means of contact and a battery electrical communication with the indicating apparatus struck at the firing end of the range, thus showing which section of the target has been struck.

Mr. F. W. Jones, who was associated recently with the investigating committee which sought to formulate a law to regulate the use of high tension and other electric currents, has just given in his report to the Chairman of the Senate Committee on General Laws. One passage in this report suggests, somewhat graphically, the difficulties occasionally met with in maintaining the connection on telegraph lines. "The lines on turnpike and wagon roads," says Mr. Jones, "must be patrolled by men on horseback or on wagons, and in spring, fall, and winter such roads are frequently nearly or quite impassable from mud, water, or snow. In many cases of my own knowledge farmers keep shotguns, with which they warn off all linemen from trimming ornamental trees to place the wires in working order. The effect of this is such that on rainy days the telegrams of the public must stop on such wires on account of the leakage of current to the earth through the tree leaves or limbs in contact with the wires."

Prof. Elihu Thomson, who is one of the first electricians in the country, on being questioned regarding the feasibility of substituting electric power for cable power for the propulsion of cars on the Brooklyn Bridge, stated as his opinion that there would be no particular difficulty in superposing on the bridge an electric system, if desired, or replacing the cable system by an electric system. Prof. Thomson, however, adds that he has always been of opinion that the Brooklyn Bridge presents conditions specially favorable for the working of the cable system.

A very significant meeting has just been held in Chicago for the organization of an association of phonograph companies. The most striking feature of the meeting was the exhibition and comparison of the respective powers of the phonograph and the graphophone, which were used on different days. As the sentences were uttered by each speaker they were repeated into the instruments. The phonograph showed superior qualities of recording and reproducing, and indicated far greater sensitiveness to sound than the graphophone. The results were most remarkable, and seem to point to a new era in verbatim reporting.

The Best Novels.

Which is the best novel written in the English language, is a question in answer to which an interesting classification is made by Rossiter Johnson. The best sensational novel, he says, is Collins' "The Woman in White"; the best historical novel is Scott's "Kenilworth"; the best dramatic novel is Bronie's "Jane Eyre"; the best marine novel is Cooper's "Red Rover"; the best country life novel is Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; the best military novel is Lever's "Charles O'Malley"; the best religious novel is Kingsley's "Hypatia"; the best sporting novel is Whyte Melville's "Digby Grand"; the best political novel is Disraeli's "Coningsby"; the best novel written for a purpose is Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; the best imaginative novel is Hawthorne's "Marble Faun"; the best pathetic novel is George Eliot's "Silas Marner"; the best humorous novel is Dickens' "Pickwick"; the best Scotch novel is Scott's "Rob Roy"; the best English novel is George Eliot's "Adam Bede"; the best American novel is Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"; and the best novel of all is Thackeray's "Henry Esmond."

A Woman's Way.

A woman wage-earner who works from 8 in the morning until 6 at night and occasionally finds herself too weary to sleep, takes down her hair at 10 o'clock, brushes it vigorously, washes her face, neck and arms with lukewarm water, takes a crash towel bath and goes to bed, with a hot water bag at her feet. The light in her room is so arranged that she can, after reading for a few minutes some light pleasant work, extinguish it without rising, and she usually drifts into dreamland in less than half an hour. —Chicago Tribune.