

# A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

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

## CHAPTER XVI.

The next few days were full of varied pleasure for the relief expedition as Derwent still laughingly called the party that had come so far to seek him. Though he had spoken lightly, he was in reality very grateful to Halbert, as well as to Sibil Lenox, and he was determined to spare no effort to reward them for their kindness. Consequently, he worked energetically in arranging expeditions of sight-seeing, in organizing all the details which make such expeditions pleasant, and in providing them with many glowing memories of the beautiful Mexican capital to carry away with them.

Even Mrs. Derwent enjoyed the novel and brilliant sights, the picturesque life, and the marvellous charm of the climate, notwithstanding her perennial surprise at the highly-civilized aspect of most things around her. "Why, this is like Paris!" she exclaimed, in her amazement, when she first saw the Paseo at the fashionable hour, the roadway thronged down the wide avenue, fit for the triumphal progress of an emperor, with flashing wheels, gleaming harness, high-stepping horses, and all the outward paraphernalia of luxury and wealth, or paused for a few minutes in the superb circle, where a band was filling the air with melody, just as the long, level rays of parting sunlight flooded the atmosphere and the surrounding scene with amber splendor.

"Like Paris!" repeated Sibil. "Oh, no! Paris is tame, compared to this. The social part of the display may remind one somewhat of the Champs-Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne, but where else in the world will one find such a setting for social display as is here?"

"If it exists, I certainly do not know where to find it," said Halbert, looking around at a scene which is indeed almost without parallel in its beauty,—the splendid avenue, with its level straightness broken at intervals by magnificent circles embellished with heroic groups of statuary, and its long, leafy vista ending in the superb mass of the Castle of Chapultepec, the lovely outspread valley crossed by the gray arches of an aqueduct that dates from the Conquest, the picturesque mass of the city's towers and domes, and against the eastern sky the wonderful mountain-ranges, wearing such divinely lucid tints of color as no pen or brush can ever describe or reproduce, with the majestic summits of the two great volcanoes towering above, clad in the dazzling whiteness of their eternal snow.

Again and again Sibil thanked Derwent for having provided the cause which drew them to this fascinating land. In the brilliant sunshine of days filled with color and fragrance, with loiterings in rich, dimly-arched and lovely old-world cloisters, in plazas filled with the life of the dark, gentle, courteous people, and no marble terraces below which spread the most beautiful of earthly views, all things painful and disagreeable seemed to fade into insignificance. Yet, so licentious as he was for the pleasure of the others, Derwent could not himself have enjoyed the picturesque scenes amid which they wandered had he not possessed one underlying consciousness, one constant thought, ever with him: "I shall see her again!" But for that, everything would have been a weariness which was now a delight. Only day by day the longing for her presence grew more insistent. Now and then it startled him. Now and then he roused himself from his dream of expectation to ask what he should do when the meeting to which he looked forward so eagerly was over, when there was no longer anything to sustain him in the hopeless pain of separation. "I shall not blow out my brains," he would think, "and that is the only thing of which I am certain. I shall live, I shall work, and perhaps after a while I shall grow used to it, as one does grow used to all forms of suffering; but beyond that I cannot look. Nor will I look." She is coming, I shall see her, I shall touch her hand and meet her eyes again, and that is enough.

But before she came there was a surprise, amounting to a shock, in store for him. It occurred one evening when, Mrs. Derwent and Sibil having retired early, wearied by a day of sight-seeing, Halbert and himself were, smoking together in the sitting-room of the former. The door was open, partly for the balmy air, partly that they might enjoy the fairy-like scene which the hotel and its garden always present at night,—the graceful encircling galleries lighted brilliantly with incandescent electric lights, and the rich tropical foliage of the garden fully revealed in the white radiance.

"I have never been in a place that charmed me so much as this," said Halbert, after a pause of some length. "I do not think it is the peculiar circumstances that make everything seem so enchanting. And, by the bye, Geoffrey, I feel that I ought to tell you something about those circumstances. It hardly seems fair to keep you in ignorance, Sibil insists that it makes no difference; but I am not sure."

"Sibil!" repeated Derwent, staring at the other. He had never known Halbert so familiar before, for Miss Lenox, though a relative of Mrs. Derwent, was not at all related to the young man, who was Derwent's cousin on his father's side. "What are you talking about?" he asked. "What circumstances have occurred which Sibil thinks do not concern me?"

Halbert smoked for a moment; silently before he answered. Then he turned and faced his companion directly. "She has promised to marry me," he said, "and, although she assures me positively to the contrary, I fear the news will not be pleasant to you."

But nothing was more natural than that Halbert should have misunderstood his silence. He said at length, in a low tone, "Geoffrey, I am more sorry for this than I can say. I feared it would be so, but Sibil was sure that I was mistaken. She insisted that you never were in love with her, but I knew you could not have been associated with her so closely and so long."

"Sibil is right," said Derwent, rousing himself with an effort. "I suppose it is because we have been associated so closely—almost like brother and sister—that I never was in love with her, though I know of no girl more altogether worthy of a man's love. As far as that is concerned, you have my heartiest congratulations; indeed, you have them in any case. But your news has been a shock to me for an altogether different reason. I am in terrible trouble about Sibil's fortune."

"Geoffrey!"

"Yes; that is why I am here. When I looked into my father's affairs after his death, I found, to my horror, that he had used Sibil's money in an unjustifiable manner. Of course he intended to replace it,—it happened, unfortunately, to be in a temptingly convenient form,—but death overtook him, as it has overtaken many another man, before he could repair what had done. You may not have known that he was concerned in several unlucky speculations during the last years of his life."

"I suspected it," said Halbert. "In fact, it was whispered once or twice that he was very hard hit. But, when nothing seemed to come of it, I forgot the rumors. Geoff, my poor fellow, this is awful! How does his own fortune stand?"

"Very much impaired,—so much that when I make good the loss on Sibil's fortune my mother will be very straitened in means. It was to save her from this, and also to save my father's honor, that I intended trying to replace what had been lost during the time that remains of Sibil's minority. I decided that my best chance to make money quickly was here: so I came,—with what result, thus far, you know."

"You have not been here very long," said Halbert. "One failure signifies nothing. How have you been impressed by the possible chances?"

"I have been very well impressed. There is no place in the world, I am sure, where it is possible for the investment of a little capital to produce such large results. But time is needed to accomplish these results."

"That is the case everywhere. Only in dreams are fortunes realized in a day. Well, my dear fellow, as far as I am concerned,—and I know I can answer for Sibil,—the time is yours. Neither she nor I will demand what has been lost, because we are well assured that you will repay it to the last farthing as soon as you are able. Only take care that you do not risk more than you can afford in the pursuit of it."

"I shall take care," said Derwent, "for I cannot afford to lose anything, and nothing is so near my heart as the payment of this debt. Frank, you are a true friend: I can never forget how you have taken this! I have no words with which to thank you, but I feel it more deeply than I can say."

"You have no reason to thank me," replied the other. "Merely as man to man could I do less when I have the utmost confidence in your honor and know that you are anxious to repair what is no fault of yours? Besides this, my uncle's good name is almost as dear to me as if it is to you. I can never fail to remember that he put me on my feet when I was young and struggling. For the rest, it is not Sibil's fortune that I have sought in seeking her, though of course it will be my duty to see that it is not thrown away. If it were legitimately lost, however, I should not mourn. We can do without it."

"You shall not need to do without it," said Derwent. "Your faith and confidence give me fresh courage. There are many more mines in Mexico besides the Buena Esperanza, and, God helping me, one of them shall yield back all that has been lost of Sibil's fortune."

"And something for yourself too, I hope," said Halbert, smiling.

Not for a long time had sleep been so sweet to Derwent as it was that night. The consciousness of his cousin's friendship—so quiet, so undemonstrative, but so sincere, when tried by the test most difficult to man—seemed to revive his whole nature like strong wine. The faith that believed so firmly in his honor, and the sympathy that felt with him in his trouble, gave him that comfort which even the strongest nature stand in need of. He knew not what a strain it had been to bear his burden alone, and he said to himself that, helped by such friendship, his strength would be "as the strength of ten" to redeem his father's honor and justify the confidence placed in his own.

Morning in Mexico is almost always what morning must have been in the primal Paradise. Nowhere else, surely, could the world have seemed so entirely as if it were freshly created and rejoicing in its creation. What floods of sunshine, what lucid skies, what enchanting atmosphere, what buoyant freshness of air, these mornings bring to the awakening earth! Merely to be alive seems joy enough, but, if other joy is added, then the fresh gladness of nature is like the special touch of an exquisite sympathy.

So it seemed to Derwent when he opened his eyes to the joyous brightness of another day in the land of sunshine; and all the brightness was tenfold enhanced when the first news that he heard on emerging from his apartment—brought by the messenger whom he had employed to call at the house every day—was that Don Maurizio and his household had arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Size of Royal Heads.

The Prince of Wales wears bell-shaped hats. He pays 25 shillings each for them. He has a remarkably even-shaped head, the hat-makers say, and his size is 7½. Prince Albert Victor only takes 6½.

The brims of his hats are enormously arched, to take off the effect of his long face. His brother Prince George, takes a 6½. The Emperor of Germany, who has a very uneven head, takes a 6½. So does the duke of Teck.

"Aw, you make me tired," as the wagon wheel said to the blacksmith.

There is no easy path leading out of life, and few are the easy ones that lie within it.

## A RIDESUCH AS WAS NEVER TAKEN.

From Blagovjehensk to St. Petersburg, 5,400 Miles, on the Same Horse.

It is a matter of astonishment to many that in this age of feats of endurance so little has been heard of equestrian feats of the Captain Burnaby order. Since the famous ride to Khiva, perhaps the most notable achievement of the kind was that last year of Comet Assayeff, who, it will be remembered, rode from Luben (in Poland) to Paris. Few are aware, however, that both Burnaby's and Assayeff's feats are now being surpassed. A Siberian Cossack, Dmetree Pjeshkoff by name, is now on a ride from Blagovjehensk, in Eastern Siberia, to St. Petersburg. Blagovjehensk is a Cossack station on the Amour, in latitude 50° N., longitude 127° E., and the distance Pjeshkoff will have to cover before he reaches his destination is about 8,000 versts, or 5,400 English miles. The intrepid rider set out on the 7th of November last, and on the 27th of February, 113 days afterward, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, arrived at Omsk (55° N., 74° E.), having accomplished 4,900 versts, or nearly 3,300 miles of his journey. On the third of last month he resumed his task, and has now arrived in St. Petersburg.

The hero of this remarkable feat, a man of some education, is commander of a hundred in one of the Cossack regiments stationed on the Amour, and has had, therefore, to obtain leave of absence from his duties to enable him to carry out his project. The ride is remarkable enough on account of the distance to be covered, the many dangers and difficulties of the road, and the trying nature of the climate of the districts through which the road lies. But more remarkable than any other circumstance is the fact that the same horse carried Pjeshkoff from one end of his journey to the other. This animal, which on its arrival in St. Petersburg was as much an object of admiration as its rider, is of the ordinary Cossack breed. It was born in Siberia, and was purchased by Capt. Pjeshkoff for 150 roubles, or £15. It is 13 years old, and of a light gray color. In height it is only 1 arshine 15 versaks, and is therefore much under the average size. At Omsk it underwent an examination at the hands of Gen. Taube and various officers of the staff, and was reported to be in excellent condition, save that the hair on its back had been worn away by the constant friction of the saddle. In the person of Capt. Pjeshkoff it has only a light weight to carry, that officer weighing only 3 poods 22 pounds, but saddle, saddle-bags, and accoutrements, &c., bring up the total weight to be carried to 4 poods 38 pounds. This weight in English measure, taking the pood as being equal to 36 pounds avoirdupois, would be about 11½ stone. The food of the horse consisted of oats and hay. Capt. Pjeshkoff noted in the diary which he keeps the weight of these consumed per diem, and has observed that the appetite of his steed increases as the distance travelled becomes greater. At the start eight pounds of oats and ten pounds of hay per day were sufficient to satisfy it, but by the time Omsk was reached thirty pounds of the former commodity and fourteen pounds of the latter were required. As for drink, for the greater portion of the journey the horse drank no water in the liquid form, being obliged to be content to quench its thirst by eating snow snatched up on the road. An English horse reduced to such necessity would not survive the ordeal, but most Cossack horses are used to it, and receive no harm whatever.

The line route from Blagovjehensk to Omsk lay through Strejtenk, Verchnevodinsk, Irkutsk, Atchensk, and Tomsk, and at each of these places stoppages were made, amounting in all to 25½ days. To obtain the exact time occupied in the saddle between Nov. 7 and Feb. 27, it will be necessary, therefore, to deduct this number of days from the 113 days comprised in that period. Throughout the whole journey to Omsk, Capt. Pjeshkoff states that he met with no untoward or unpleasant circumstances until he reached Tomsk, where he had the misfortune to excite the suspicions of the police, and to be obliged for one night to put up with such accommodation as is usually accorded to suspected people. He was treated at first very rudely by his official captors, and was only released on furnishing sufficient evidence that he had no designs on the life or the property of the citizens.

Capt. Pjeshkoff's dress consists of a short wadded coat, a fur cap, long fur boots, and fur gloves, &c. As an extra protection from the cold he wore also a short fur overcoat, and a bashalik or cowl, which is drawn over his cap whenever it is windy. His arms are a sword, a revolver, and a "Reenshal" or two-edged dagger. His saddle, which is of Moscow make, contains all the necessary conveniences for carrying fodder for his horse, his own changes of linen, horseshoe nails, and other such necessities. He carried no provisions, buying whatever he required in the shape of food at the different stations and villages on the road.

As may be expected, this daring rider was the recipient of many ovations at the towns at which he stayed en route. On the eve of his departure from Omsk the officers of the Siberian Cossack regiments stationed in that city gave a grand banquet in his honor.

### The Summer Months.

They come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;  
They come! the glad some months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.  
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling  
cark and care aside;  
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful  
waters glide;  
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patri-  
archal tree,  
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in  
rapt tranquillity.  
—WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### After Her.

She (enthusiastically)—Oh, George! don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true and the beautiful?  
He—You bet! that's why I'm here tonight.

### A Thoughtful Spouse.

"Why do you have that great pitcher of water on the window sill—to keep it cool, I suppose?"  
"No, to have it handy to throw on my husband when he comes home late at night. Why, don't you know, he could never find the keyhole if I didn't."

## THE WONDERS ABOVE US.

Ice Fields on the Planet Mars.

New Discoveries of Great Interest.

Everybody must have noticed how Mars adorns the sky in these summer evenings. The beautiful planet, in which so high a degree of interest has been awakened by Schiaparelli's wonderful discoveries, can be seen just in the south between 9 and 10 o'clock. It appears in the constellation Scorpio, sometimes of a rich yellow or orange color, and sometimes decidedly red. The various conditions of the atmosphere and the differences in the eyes of observers all have their part in determining the description of its color. Not far away among the stars that are now grouped about the planet of war is Antares, one of the first magnitude, whose name some think was given to it on account of its resemblance to Mars in color. To most eyes Antares will probably appear of a deeper and livelier red than Mars. It is interesting to observe how completely the planet eclipses in splendor so bright a star as Antares. It may also interest the reader to know that while the distance of Mars from the earth is now some fifty millions of miles, that of Antares is so great that astronomers have not succeeded in measuring it. They are only able to say that it cannot be less than fifty million times as far away as Mars is. There is nothing more certain than that if that red star which appears so faint by comparison with the ruddy planet, were suddenly brought up to the place that Mars occupies, night would vanish in an

### INCOMPARABLY GRANDER

sunrise than this terrestrial ball has ever witnessed. In truth, it is more than probable that in the fiery blaze of the monster sun, thus brought so near, all living things would be destroyed upon the earth. The oceans would boil away in vapor, and the very ground would smoke. Yet at its actual distance Antares appears to us to pale in the presence of the reflected light of a planet much smaller than the earth.

Some highly interesting and significant results have recently been obtained by photographing Mars. A series of photographs made in April by Mr. Wilson, and briefly described by Prof. Pickering in the *Sideral Messenger*, suggest the possibility that the southern temperate regions of Mars have just experienced an eruption of polar ice no less remarkable than that which still adds the zest of danger to the navigation of our own North Atlantic. That our readers may know just what the observed phenomena are, we reproduce Prof. Pickering's description of the photographs:

"Seven views were taken April 9, between 22h. 56m. and 23h. 41m., Greenwich mean time. Seven more were taken April 10, between 23h. 20m. and 23h. 32m. Thus the same face of the planet was presented in both cases. Distinct and identifiable spots and markings are well shown in all the pictures, but in those taken on the latter date a considerable accession is shown to the white spot surrounding the south pole. It has been known for years that the size of these polar spots varied gradually from time to time, apparently diminishing in the summer and increasing in the winter of their respective hemispheres. But I believe that this is the first time that the precise date and approximate extent of one of these accessions has been observed. The area affected stretches from the terminator, which at this time was in longitude 70°, along parallel—30° to longitude 110°, thence to longitude 145°, latitude—45°; thence to the limb, which was in latitude—85°, and the 120° meridian, and thence back to the point of starting. It may thus extend also over an unknown area on what was at the time

### THE INVISIBLE HEMISPHERE

of the planet. The visible area included is surprisingly large, amounting to about 2,500,000 square miles, or somewhat less than the area of the United States. Being near the limb, however, it is not as conspicuous as might at first sight be supposed. "On the morning of April 9 the area was faintly marked out as if pervaded by haze, or by small separated bodies, too small and far apart, or too faint, to be recognized individually. But on April 10 the whole region was brilliant, fully equalling that surrounding the north pole. In the mean time a much smaller area on the limb, which on the 9th was very bright, had either vanished or joined the main mass by moving eastwardly, considering Mars as a globe.

"The date of these events corresponds to the end of the winter season on the southern hemisphere of Mars, or what would be with us about the middle of February.

"As to what these observations mean might most naturally be explained by terrestrial analogies, but that as it may, the facts are that these appearances are conspicuous upon each of the fourteen photographs, and so distinctly so that no one who had once seen them would hesitate an instant in deciding on which day any particular plate was taken."

It is quite clear that the appearances presented in the photographs as described by Prof. Pickering might be produced by the drifting of vast ice fields from the southern polar regions of Mars in the direction of the equator. It seems practically impossible, however, that the drifting ice could cover so immense an area in the course of a single day, and a little reflection shows that it is not necessary to assume so rapid a spread of the ice. It will be observed that, as shown by the photograph taken on April 9, the region in question presented a hazy or perhaps mottled appearance. The next day this had all changed to a brilliant white. The phenomenon of the first day may not improbably have been due to

### THE PRESENCE OF ICE FIELDS

of great extent that had gradually accumulated under the influence of polar currents resembling the Labrador current that brings down our icebergs. The fogs and mists that commonly hang over large fields of ice that have drifted into warmer latitudes would assist in producing the hazy appearance recorded by the photograph. Then an inflow of warm moist air from the southward over the ice fields would suffice to account for the sudden blanching of the whole region the next day through the formation of a vast sheet of cloud, such as not infrequently, under somewhat similar circumstances, covers extensive areas on the earth. It is well known that the upper surfaces of clouds reflect the sunshine as brilliantly as new-fallen snow. It is a pity that photographs were not taken for several days in succession, in order that it might have been determined whether the white area underwent such changes as would indicate that clouds were a principal cause of the phenomenon.

On looking at a map of Mars it will be seen that such a waterway as would be needed to convey vast quantities of ice from the south polar region into temperate latitudes exists on that planet just at the place where the strange phenomena described were observed. The drifting ice, if such there was, must have covered the larger part of what has been called the De Cottignez Sea, and extending thence toward the equator, passed through a broad strait into the southern end of the De La Rue Ocean.

Unfortunately, no photographs were taken showing the condition of things on the other side of the planet, but it is probable that a similar extension of the ice and cloud region occurred there also. There are four principal straits connecting the southern polar sea of Mars with the equatorial oceans; first,

### THE BROAD WATERWAY

already mentioned, and then the Zollner Sea, the Newton Sea, and the Lambert Sea. By any of these passages, it would appear, the polar ice floes could make their way toward the equator.

If it could be proved that Mars has really just experienced an extraordinary visitation of ice in its oceans, the fact would not be without its weight in determining the question of extra-terrestrial influences in meteorology. The truth is, we are just beginning to discover the points of resemblance as well as of divergence among the various members of the solar system, and the many ways in which they are linked together. The planets can never again be regarded, as they have sometimes been, as mere globes of matter, furnishing by their motions beautiful practical problems for the mathematician, but possessing in themselves no closer interest for us. In place of the strange dreams of Swedenborg, the stately imaginings of Dr. Chalmers, or the fanciful notions of Kepler and Huygens, about the inhabitants of the other planets, we are getting from day to day views of the actual condition of things on the surfaces of those globes which, puzzling as they often appear, nevertheless give us a substantial ground upon which to base opinions as to their fitness to be inhabited. Man's intellectual possessions and sympathies are widened by every discovery of this kind. He finds himself dwelling not merely on the crust of a planet, but in the centre of a family of worlds.

### Home Matters.

Whole cloves, it is said, will exterminate the moth.

Powdered chalk and vinegar are good for a burn.

After eggs are broken they should be covered until used.

Brass work can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing with salt and vinegar.

Washing floors and shelves with strong pepper tea, or hot alum or borax water, will destroy ants and roaches.

Fine shavings from soft pine wood make a pleasant pillow. They have special curative virtues for coughs, asthmatic or lung troubles.

When acid of any kind gets on clothing, spirits of ammonia will kill it. Apply chloroform to restore the color.

A little borax put in the water before washing red or red-bordered table cloths and napkins will prevent their fading.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy.

If a cellar has a damp smell and cannot be thoroughly ventilated a few trays of charcoal set around on the floor, shelves and ledges will make the air pure and sweet.

Broken and crooked carpet tacks clean bottles very nicely. They are better than shot, for the sharp edges clean off all the stains. Keep them in a box for use in cleansing bottles.

Take black court plaster, moisten enough to make it stick, and mend the small cracks and holes in your silk umbrella by pressing it on the wrong side with a warm iron over a thin paper.

The simplest way to fumigate a room is to heat an iron shovel very hot and then pour vinegar upon it, drop by drop. The steam arising from this is a disinfectant. Doors or windows should be opened that it may escape.

Hair brushes should be washed in soda and warm water or ammonia and cold water, dipping the bristles frequently downward into the water, but keeping the backs as dry as possible. When the bristles look clean rinse the brush in cold water, shake it without wiping the bristles and set it in the air to dry. Soap should not be used, for it softens the bristles.

CLAM CHOWDER.—Boil a peck of clams in a quart of water. When the shells open take out the meat, strain the water and boil in it six potatoes, sliced. Slice an onion and fry in pork. When the potatoes are nearly done add the onion, a few crackers soaked in milk, salt, pepper, a spoonful of butter, and last the clams. Add milk as needed to thin it. Boil fifteen minutes and then serve.

BANANA SHORT CAKE.—One cup each of sugar and flour, one-half cup of sweet milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in two or three layers. Filling.—One pint of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of corn starch; flavor with vanilla. When cold spread with sliced bananas on each layer of filling.

IF THE FEET ARE TIRED OR PAINFUL after long standing great relief can be had by bathing them in salt water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can be comfortably borne. Immerse the feet and throw water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cool rub briskly with a flesh towel. This method, if used night and morning, will cure neuralgia of the feet.

TOMATO BISQUE.—Into two quarts of any kind of soup stock put one quart of ripe tomatoes, boil up 10 minutes, strain through a fine strainer, replace in the kettle or stew pan and add one quart of cream or rich milk and bring to a boil, when add a large tablespoonful of corn starch well smoothed in milk; stir until smooth and creamy, and just before serving add half a teaspoonful of soda. Season to taste. Serve with large crackers that have been split and browned in the oven. Serve one on each plate.

We never feel so great a degree of repugnance in divulging what is really criminal, as what is merely ridiculous.