

THE FORTUNE TELLERS.

PART I.

"Oh, what fun!" "Yes, won't it be? I've arranged it all perfectly. Listen, Blanche. "To begin with, Breakfast with a capital B, please—for we shall have a hard day's work before us. That over, we kiss our beloved and highly-respectable parent, and see him comfortably into his omnibus en route to the City, as usual—for, of course, he won't dream of going to the Derby. "Papa out of sight, we hurry off to one of the theatrical costumiers, previously arranged upon, and 'make up,' as I believe, they say on the stage for our respective parts."

When, at the end of half an hour, they emerged from that establishment and re-entered their hansom, they were so altered—that with their brown faces and gypsy get up—that their Jehu at first sight failed to recognize them, much to their delight. It was not, indeed, until they spoke that he was sure of the identity of his fare. "Epsom, now, please, cabman," said Blanche, who had jumped in last, showing all her pretty teeth as she vouchsafed him a sweet smile. "Well!" exclaimed that worthy as he drove rapidly off; "strike me ugly if this ain't a rum start, and no mistake about it! Wot-hever's their little game, I wonder?"

PART II.

"Finally, we jump into the smart hansom that is ready waiting for us outside, and—'Hi, tiddley hi ti, hi ti ti!'—away we bowl to Epsom!" "There, that's the programme, Blanche; beat it if you can!" And pretty Maud Beverley, evidently highly delighted herself, gave vent to her overflowing spirits by a wild dance round the room, finally subsiding in a breathless state on to the sofa where sat her sister. Maude and Blanche, the pretty daughters of John Beverley—a highly respectable "something in the City," and a widower, living in Russel Square—had long had a burning desire to go to the Derby, but as yet, much to their disgust, their whim had not been gratified. Their father somehow did not seem to see it. "All right for men," he would growl; "no place for young ladies!"

Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, about half an hour before the time appointed for bringing off the great race of the year—consequently, Epsom Downs at its gayest, more especially that portion of it known as "The Hill," on which is assembled just about as motley a crowd as it is possible to imagine.

Yonder is the youthful Marquis of Muskrat, who has driven down that popular favorite, Miss de Courcy, of the Frivolity, in one of Mr. Newman's well-appointed equipages; a little further on is that well known patron of the drama, Lord Loosfish, who, true to his favorite hobby, has toolled down a select company of actors and actresses on his coach. And very much they appear to be enjoying themselves, to judge from the noise and laughter that proceeded from the roof of the drag.

Who can this merry old gentleman in the white waistcoat be—who, seated in a laudan, in company of two ladies, chiefly remarkable for their brilliant attire and free and easy manner, is pledging them freely in champagne, and deriving, apparently, much amusement from the wit and humor that flows from the ruby lips of his fair friends?

Don't tell me that it is Mr. Beverley, the good old gentleman who steadily ignores the existence of the Derby, and whom we last heard of leaving his home in Russel Square to go to the City as usual!

I am afraid—nay, sure—it is, though, and he is in high delight at this present moment, for one of two remarkably pretty gypsy girls, who have made quite a sensation on the Hill, has just told him that he is a naughty old gentleman with a wicked eye.

He shows his appreciation of the compliment by crossing the pretty gypsy's hand with a sovereign, in exchange for which she tells him his fortune, rather staggering him at the finish by saying that she hopes the next time they meet on Epsom Downs he will have the two pretty daughters he has left behind him at home, along with him.

"Instead of us! Thank you for nothing!" exclaims one of the two ladies with asperity, as the gypsies move off. And who is the young man seated in a brougham, lurching tete-a-tete with the striking-looking lady with the golden hair and brilliant complexion, whom the two pretty gypsies next accost?

Not that pink of propriety, Augustus Travers, surely! Alas! it is, and no other; and he looks horribly guilty when the gypsy, whose voice trembles somewhat, tells him that he is in love with a dark girl who once loved him, but does so no longer, for she has found out that he is a gay deceiver.

Who is this good-looking young fellow his face aglow with anger, who floors in most workmanlike style a drunken looking snob, who, having made a bet with his pals that he will kiss the prettiest of those two gypsy girls whether they like it or not, endeavors to carry his threat into execution, and who takes off his hat to her as if she was a Queen when she thanks him for his kindness.

Is it our friend, Algy Barton? Why, certainly! And it is pleasant to note the happy expression that comes over his face when, later on, the gypsy who has tracked him down to his carriage tells his fortune for him, and informs him that before the hunting moon is on the wane he will be married to a fair girl who loves him dearly.

He gave the gypsy a sovereign on the spot, for that pretty speech; but she refused to take it, asking instead for a plain gold ring he wore on his finger. "Give it to the poor gypsy for a keepsake, my handsome gentleman," she pleaded, "and your leading star will always be in the ascendant."

And Algy did as he was bid, like the good natured fellow he was. "I—I think we might go home now, Maud," murmured one gypsy to the other, as they walked away.

"I think so too," was the reply. "Poor, dear papa!" said Miss Beverley, soothingly, at breakfast the next morning. "I am so sorry you have got up with a headache. I thought your office was so nice and cool, too, always. If you had gone to the Derby low," she went on, "and sat in a carriage, smoking cigars and drinking champagne in the broiling sun all day, having your fortune told by—"

"Oh, bother the Derby!" exclaimed the good old gentleman, raising hastily from the table and bolting from the room with his hands clasping his aching head.

The slamming of the hall door was the signal for a burst of merry laughter from Maud and Blanche. "Oh, you naughty old gentleman with the wicked eye!" exclaimed Blanche, shaking her finger at her father as he crossed the square. "It just serves you right, and I am not the least sorry for you!"

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"How is Mr. Beverley?" inquired Gus Travers, calling at the house that afternoon.

"Got a headache? Sorry for that. Went to the Derby, did he? Ah! that accounts for it. How any decent person can countenance such a Saturnalia, much less attend it, is beyond my comprehension—it really is, Maud!"

"Have you ever been to the Derby, Gus?"

"Never, Maud; never, upon my honor!" and Gus turned up his eyes and looked so virtuous—Oh, so virtuous—as he said it.

That night all the presents he had given to Maud Beverley during their engagement were returned to him, done up in a neat parcel, and accompanied by a note, the contents of which, I regret to say, caused him to swear most terribly.

What sort of a reception did Algy Barton get when he called in Russel Square that afternoon? Well, I should imagine a tolerably favorable one.

I know this much (the author of course knows everything), that toward the end of a very long interview, a pretty head reclined lovingly on Algy's breast, and a very sweet face looked up into his, as its owner murmured softly, "Algy, love!"

"What is it, Blanche, dearest?" "Do you think, if you ask her very prettily, that that fair girl the gypsy spoke of will marry you before the wane of the hunting moon?"

MRS. J. OLIVER'S CASE.

Bright's Disease had developed as the result of her ten years' suffering from Kidney disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills again saves a victim from the grave.

BROCKVILLE, Feb. 26.—Anyone who asserted a year ago that Bright's disease was capable of a cure would have been written down as fit only for a lunatic asylum. But it has been conclusively proved that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a cure for this disease, that was so long looked upon as fatal. Mrs. J. Oliver, of Phillipsville, near here, is one of the living witnesses who can testify to this fact. She suffered from diseased kidneys for ten years, and Bright's disease had developed when she heard of and used Dodd's Kidney Pills, which have restored her to perfect health.

Gambling and Morality.

[Rev. T. A. Hendrick in Donahoe's for March.] Since it is not the province of the civil law to make men internally moral, but rather to safeguard the security of his social rights: since it cannot effectually appeal to his conscience but can shake the lash over his head, we have a condition which prevents a man from exercising his rights. This condition is called Public Policy. The law does not argue that it is morally wrong to gamble, but it can and does say that gambling acts shall be punished or not, as they oppose public policy or not.

Whether gambling is immoral or not, is not to be answered by yes or no. The doing of acts prohibited by the state is immoral, the gravity of the offence to be determined by the circumstances of each act. It may be moral for John Doe to gamble, whereas it would be immoral for Richard Roe. No one will pretend that the day laborer whose dollar represents food and clothing to his family has the same right to squander his dollar that a millionaire might have. Neither is excess in gambling to be judged by a different moral canon from excess in any other form. If two millionaires should meet and gamble away \$1,000, it would be less of an offence against public policy than if a poor man were to spend 10 cents.

Tennyson on Spring.

We have the word of Alfred Tennyson for it that in the spring the young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love. It is singular that the great laureate omitted to mention the fact that it is in the spring that a considerable portion of the human race turn to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Probably nothing but the difficulty of finding a good rhyme for that invaluable remedy deterred him. Certain it is that the old-time domestic remedies are generally discarded in favor of the standard blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It purifies the blood and gives nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

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