

What Gold Cannot Buy

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Eaton's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

WHAT GOLD CANNOT BUY is one of the star stories. It is rarely that a better one is offered. Its class is that of the home circle, and this powerful serial is recommended for its forceful delineation of every-day characters in connection with simple, yet animating, incidents that form the history of interesting lives.

Mrs. Saville is a wealthy, self-willed woman, whose imperious nature brooks no opposition. She really believes that her money will buy her not only luxury and ease, but power. She thinks that power will enable her to gain and guide those about her to her own will, but she finds that there is something that gold will not buy, namely, love.

In a most interesting way the romance tells how her son, Hugh Saville, marries the girl of his choice against the wishes of his mother. She turns him from her home and he is sent to war. His wife determines, during his absence, to win the love of the selfish mother. Under a false name she becomes engaged as the companion of Mrs. Saville.

The story of her trials, her patience, her humiliations brings out the nobility of her true nature and perfect womanhood. Day by day she wins the love of the lonely old woman, whose false pride and wasted wealth sink into nothingness in the final reconciliation with her son, and this charming romance ends in a happiness that has been well and worthily won by a most captivating and worthy heroine.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Saville had stayed unusually long in town, and, at the moment chosen to open this story, was sitting at the writing-table in her private room, a richly-furnished and luxurious apartment with yellow brocade curtains and stained-glass windows. She was a small, slight woman, with regular, delicate features, quick, dark eyes, and hair nearly white, combed back and surmounted by a tiny cap of exquisite lace with a tuft of scarlet velvet ribbon. The small thin hand which held her pen was loaded with rings that flashed and glittered even in the subdued sunshine, while the other gently caressed the head of a small, silky, pearl-colored dog which lay on a chair beside her.

She was speaking with a fair, large lady about her own age, who occupied an arm chair at the other side of the table, and who was rather gorgeously attired in out-door dress.

"I am sure I interrupt you. You are always so busy," said the latter, with a comfortable smile, but showing no inclination to move.

"I do not mind being interrupted this morning," returned Mrs. Saville, not too graciously; "my eyes are very tiresome. They smart so when I read or write for any time. I really must get an amanuensis."

"Is it possible? I should never suspect your eyes of being weak. They seem strong enough and sharp enough to see through anything."

"Thank you; they have served my purpose well enough."

"When do you leave town?"

"I am not quite sure. I do not care to go until Hugh returns. He ought to be here now. This scare about trouble with Russia may bring him his appointment to a ship any day, and he ought to be on the spot. He has been ashore now for nearly a year."

"I wonder he chose the navy," said the visitor. "I should think the army must be much the most agreeable profession."

"My dear Lady Olivia! who can account for a young man's vagaries? My son is positively enthusiastic about his profession. He is very scientific, you know, and will, I have no doubt, rise to great eminence."

"Oh, I dare say he is very clever, but he is not a bit like other young men. I confess I do not understand him."

"No," returned Mrs. Saville, with much composure, "I don't suppose you do."

"Not clever enough myself, eh?" said Lady Olivia, with a good-humored smile. "Where is this bright particular star of yours just now?"

"When he last wrote he was still at Nice. He has stayed on there too long, I think. I trust and hope he does not visit Monte Carlo too often; I am not much obliged to Lord Everton for introducing Hugh to his gambling friends there."

"I don't fancy poor Everton's friends are generally what would be considered eligible acquaintances for the young and inexperienced, especially when they have pretty daughters who sing like angels—or prima donnas," she added, with a comfortable laugh.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Saville, with a flash of anger in her keen black eyes, "Hugh is quite indifferent to all that nonsense."

"Is he? What an unnatural monster!" said Lady Olivia, rising. "I wish I could say the same of my

George! However, he has taken to admire married women lately—which is a great relief."

Mrs. Saville also stood up, and rang the bell. "Where is Everton just now? I want him so much to write to his cousin, Captain Brydges, on Hugh's behalf. I don't understand how it was he did not do so before on his own account."

"Oh, nobody knows where Everton is to be found. He is coming to us in September at Herondyke."

"Lady Olivia Lumley's carriage," said Mrs. Saville to the man who answered the bell.

"Good morning, then, dear Elizabeth. Don't try your eyes too much. Shall we meet you at the Montgomery's to-night?"

"No; I am really sick of society."

"My dear, you must be seriously ill!" cried Lady Olivia, with another good-humored but rather silly laugh, and the sisters-in-law shook hands, and parted.

Mrs. Saville picked up her little dog and took a turn up and down the room with it under her left arm, a look of extreme annoyance quivering in her eyes. "What a fool that woman is!" she murmured to herself; "not even a well-bred fool! and to look at her, who would imagine she was the daughter of one earl, the sister of another? yet there she is, started by the mere accident of birth in a position which cost me all my fortune, my aristocratic marriage, my brains, to achieve. Still, I do not complain; had these class distinctions not existed, there would have been nothing to strive for, nothing to attain. Still, Lady Olivia is a fool; you are a wiseacre to her, my precious Prince," she continued, patting the dog's head; "you are a natural aristocrat; so is Hugh, though he has some abominably radical ideas."

Here the footman opened the door, and said, deferentially, "If you please, m. Mr. Rawson would like to see you."

"Yes, certainly. Show him up."

In a few minutes the door again opened, to admit a gentleman, a short, stout, well-dressed man, slightly breathless, and apparently well braced up in his admirably-fitting clothes. His hair and complexion were of that neutral tint which is termed "pepper and salt," his eyes light gray and twinkling with a perception of the ridiculous, and his air, though it was politely respectful, showed a certain assured familiarity indicative of a confidential position.

"Well, Mr. Rawson," said Mrs. Saville, resuming her seat and placing her small favorite on the chair beside her, "what has brought you here to-day?"

Her tone was considerably more amiable than it had been to her previous visitor.

"What will, I hope, give you satisfaction. I fancy we will succeed in getting that piece of the Everton property you have been so anxious to purchase, for your price, and it will be a decided bargain. I am to see the vendor's solicitor finally on Thursday, when I fancy he will come in to our terms."

"I am very pleased, Mr. Rawson, very pleased indeed. I must say, you always manage my business most satisfactorily. But you say several farms on the property are unlet. Now, I want my money to bring me in a decent percentage. What do you propose doing with the land?" Whereupon solicitor and client plunged into an animated discussion, in which Mrs. Saville proved herself to be a shrewd woman of business.

"Well, Mr. Rawson," she said, after a short pause, "respecting a smaller matter, yet not an unimportant one. Have you made any inquiries about an amanuensis or companion for me?"

"I hardly thought you were serious in the wish you expressed."

"I am, exceedingly serious," she interrupted. "My maid, who has just left me, was really a very superior person, and could read aloud very well; now I have a totally different woman. I must have some one who is fairly educated, who can write, and keep accounts, and read French—I like French novels; she must be fit to associate with, yet ready to leave me to myself at a nod; I cannot be hampered with any one whose feelings I have to consider. She must have pleasant manners and a sweet voice, and look fit to be seen at luncheon and when she comes out with me."

"My dear madam, you have indeed set me a task! You must give me some time to find out such a treasure."

"I cannot give you much time. You must find her as soon as you possibly can. Advertise in all the papers; heaps of young women will apply; pick out one or two, but on no account let me be worried with an indiscriminate string of candidates; I know I shall be disgusted with them. I will not ask any of my acquaintances; they always recommend the most unsuitable people and are offended if you do not take their proteges. Then they bore you with pitiful stories. No, my dear Mr. Rawson, let it be a purely business matter."

"I shall do my best. Suppose I try an advertisement in a provincial paper—"

"Do what you like; only remember I must have a presentable, well-educated, well-mannered young woman—young, mind, who will save me trouble, not give me any."

"The labors of Hercules were a trifle to this," sighed Mr. Rawson.

"Oh, you will do it as cleverly as you do everything. Now, tell me, have you heard anything of my son lately?"

"Of which, may I ask?—Mr. Saville?"

"No; of Hugh."

"Well, no, not for a week. He was at Nice. I think."

"I know that, and it makes me very uneasy. Why does he stay there? It is not the season."

"Are you afraid of Monte Carlo? I don't think you need be. Mr. Hugh Saville never was inclined to gamble."

"I am afraid of something much worse—a designing woman."

"Indeed!" And Mr. Rawson glanced curiously at her.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Saville, stroking the little dog's head thoughtfully. "When he was abroad some time ago he made the acquaintance of a horrid old gambling, disreputable friend of Lord Everton's. This man has a daughter, and I heard accidentally that Hugh was a great deal with her. When my son returned I warned him against such penniless adventures. He laughed in an odd, bitter way, and said, 'Don't trouble yourself, my dear mother; Miss Hilton would not look at me.' I at once saw some deep scheme in this; don't you?"

"Well, I can't possibly say; there are so many sides to human nature—feminine human nature especially. The young lady must be rather peculiar if she would not look at Mr. Hugh Saville. I should say he was rather a pleasant object."

"I know you are fond of Hugh, Mr. Rawson; your regard for him strengthens the old ties that your excellent service has created."

"Humph!" said Rawson to himself, "does she think I am her footman?"

"Yes," he observed, "your son was a true friend to my poor wife lad. It's owing to him that he is what he is now, and has a chance of a respectable life."

"I am very glad he was of use to your son," returned Mrs. Saville, with an air of infinite superiority. "But, Mr. Rawson, do you not think Hugh's answer evasive?"

"Mr. Hugh Saville is never evasive. He may have been a little huffed with the young lady."

"Then she was on the track of some other prey," said Mrs. Saville, scornfully. "I have an admirable match for Hugh, desirable in every way; so, when I found he had wandered back to Nice and was lingering there, I felt not a little uneasy."

"Did you say the young lady's name is Hilton?" asked Rawson, suddenly.

"Yes; her father is, or calls himself, Captain Hilton."

"Then I don't think you need distress yourself. I saw the death of a Captain Hilton about a fortnight ago in a newspaper. He died somewhere in France, but not at Nice. I noticed the name because—oh, because I have heard Lord Everton speak of him."

"How can you tell if it be the same?" Mrs. Saville was beginning, with great animation, when the butler appeared, carrying on a salver a large envelope bearing the inscription "On Her Majesty's Service" and addressed to Lieutenant Hugh Saville.

"This is some appointment for my son," cried Mrs. Saville. "I knew it would come in this unexpected way. Is it not maddening that he should be absent?" As she spoke, she tore the letter open and glanced at it, and exclaiming, "Yes, as I thought!" handed it to her confidential adviser. He took it, and read as follows:

"Admiralty, Whitehall, July 20.

"Sir—I have the honor to inform you that you are appointed to H. M. S. Vortigern, Flag-ship of Admiral Wardlaw, on the West Indian Station.

"You will proceed by the Mail leaving Southampton on the 26th instant for Port Royal, Jamaica.

"If H. M. S. Vortigern has left, you will report yourself to the Senior Naval Officer, from whom you will get directions where to join your ship.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT BROWN,

"Secretary to the Admiralty.

"To Lieutenant Hugh Saville,

"Stafford Square, S. W."

"There, that is just the opening Hugh has wished for—Lieutenant of the flag-ship on the West Indian Station. Why, if this threatened rupture with Russia comes to anything, the West Indian squadron would most probably be ordered to the Black Sea—nothing is more probable; then he might have a chance of distinguishing himself. I want to see my son an admiral! How infinitely provoking that he should be absent!"

"You must telegraph to him without a moment's loss of time," said Mr. Rawson. "If he starts to-morrow, or to-night, why, he'll be here in thirty-six hours. Very little time need be lost. Shall I wire for you?"

"Oh, yes, please; and reply to this, too. Let them know he is coming."

"Well, there is little danger of your son being caught now, Mrs. Saville. If Venus herself had her hand on him he must break away, when such summons may mean fighting. Good morning. Leave the telegraph to me, and accept my best congratulations." Mr. Rawson bowed himself out.

Mrs. Saville mechanically rose and rang the bell. Then she stood in thought for a minute, and rang again. This time the butler presented himself.

"Atkins," said his mistress, "I expect Mr. Hugh on Wednesday or Thursday. He will only stay to collect his luggage, and goes on to join the ship to which he has just been appointed. I want you to look out his chest and all his things. Let me know whatever you can see is wanting, and order the carriage immediately after lunch. Send Jessop to me. I really think I might as well go to the Montgomerys' this evening," she thought. "I feel so relieved."

(To be continued.)

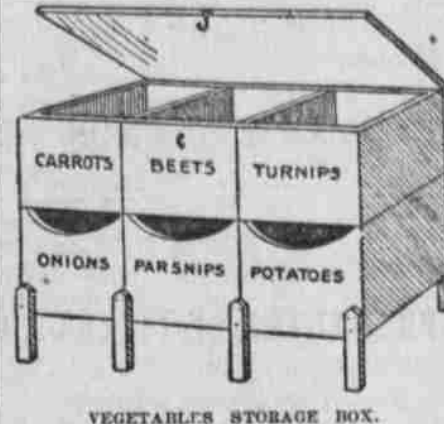
Two-thirds of the native population of Uganda has been wiped out by the sleeping sickness in seven years.

FARMS AND FARMERS



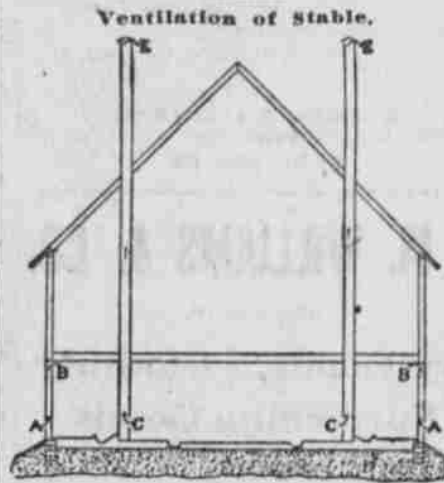
Neat Storage Box for Vegetables.

Instead of keeping the vegetables in barrels or boxes scattered all over the cellar, I have made a set of storage bins. I took six drygoods boxes and bolted them together as shown in the drawing. I put legs on them to hold them off the floor and a cover on the box. Then I painted on the boxes the names of the vegetables we generally store. This makes a neat and handy storage bin, and is well worth the little time it takes to make it. Before we had this bin we stored the different vegetables in barrels, boxes, washtubs, lard cans, or any receptacle that happened to be at hand when we harvest-



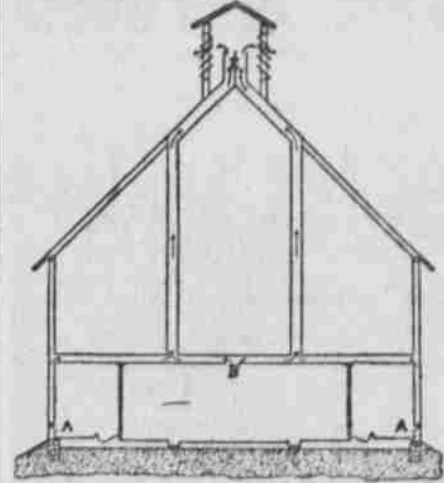
VEGETABLES STORAGE BOX.

ed the crop. These were scattered about the cellar promiscuously, and sometimes we knew where to find what we wanted and sometimes we did not. There is nothing more satisfying to a farmer's wife than to be able to take a friend into a cellar where everything is neat and in order.—A. O. Griner in Farm and Home.



Ventilation of Stable.

Here's a good method of ventilating an ordinary stable. Intake flues are constructed in the side walls. The ventilation flues will take up considerable space but are more efficient than a single flue. Openings are at or near the floor level and the tops several feet above the ridge of the roof. Caps or cowls may be placed over them to keep out rain and snow.



Another arrangement of flues which is quite effective in securing ventilation.

The opening in the center of B may be provided with a shutter to prevent too rapid movement of air. Separate outlets may be provided or the single cupola as shown.

To Make the Hens Lay.

If the hens don't lay, turn them out and let them dig and hunt in the ground for food. Is the advice of T. F. McGrew, in the Country Gentleman. Bury small grain where they will find it when they dig. This will induce them to hunt, and while thus employed they will find bugs and worms that will quicken the production of eggs. It is well to follow this plan as soon as the spade will turn the ground, for it adds vigor and strength to the hens and insures strong, healthy chicks. The lazy, idle hen is of no use but to sit about, eat and grow fat. If she will not work, she will not lay. If she will not lay, her life should end, and her carcass grace the table. You can rest assured that the indolent hen is a non-producer; soon she becomes too fat to lay and too tough to be eaten.

Right Time to Pick Apples.

Apples intended for cold storage should not be allowed to become too ripe on the tree. When an apple is fully grown, highly colored, but still hard, it is in prime condition to be picked and stored. It has then obtained its highest market value because it is most attractive in appearance and best in quality. If picked before entirely ripe apples deteriorate more rapidly, and it is best to allow an apple to become a trifle overripe than to pack it in an immature state. Many people have the erroneous opinion that apples should be picked before fully ripe in order to keep well in cold storage, but this is a mistake.

A Cheap Insecticide.

Some gardeners use lime and tobacco water for destroying many insects which prey on plants. A half bushel of lime is emptied into a barrel of water, together with a bucketful of tobacco stems. This is well stirred up, and after it has settled for a day or two the clear water is syringed over bushes, killing all insects that come within its reach.

Raising Chickens.

The greatest drawback to the chicken business is that there is not a day's let-up in the steady routine of work from the time an egg is piped until the ax closes the hen's history. It is natural after the pullets are feathered out and weaned and the roosters separated from them to let up a little in the care bestowed on them. This is a great mistake if winter eggs are expected. If there is one thing more than another that the average poultryman is liable to err in it is lack of fresh air in the coops at night. Slip out some hot night about 11 o'clock and you will perhaps hear the thump, thump of restless chickens crowding around against each other, fighting in vain for a cool, airy spot to sleep in comfort. Or in the morning take a whiff of the fetid, unwholesome air before letting the chickens out, and you will realize that night spent under such conditions must prevent the steady, healthy growth necessary for best results. This condition of affairs is liable to be worse with incubator chickens, because they are raised in larger flocks and the tendency is to crowd them more after taking them from the brooders.

When Hens Are Moulting.

One of the difficulties in poultry raising is to get the hens to molt early, so that they will be ready to lay in the fall and winter, when eggs are high. Left to themselves, hens will take a long time to molt, and will not finish until cold weather sets in. They will not then lay until early spring and all the profits for the winter months are lost. At the poultry institute held in Denver by the Colorado Agricultural College, W. J. R. Wilson, a poultry man of long experience, gave his method of controlling the molting of hens. As soon as the hens are through laying he turns them on alfalfa, feeding them dry bran only, in addition. Under this treatment they get thin. Then he feeds them a mixed ration of grains and meat, giving a light feed in the morning and all they will eat at noon and night. Under this treatment they finish molting quickly, get new feathers and begin laying in September. By October 1 they are in full laying condition and make a profit through the fall and winter.

Alfalfa for the Dairy.

Successful dairy farming depends a great deal on growing the necessary feed on the farm. City milkmen can buy high-priced feeds and make a profit, but farmers who ship longer distances require all the advantage they can get. Alfalfa is getting to be one of the most important dairy feeds. It can be grown in almost any part of the country where there is sufficient moisture within reach of the long tap root, provided that there is no rock to interfere with its growth. If you never tried alfalfa, commence now by fitting a small piece of ground very carefully and make it very rich on top. The new plants are delicate and require careful feeding until they get started. Most failures are caused by insufficient preparation of the seed bed.

Testing Breeds for Milk.

In testing several breeds of cows the Virginia Experiment Station found that "in profits on milk the Holsteins led with \$4.92 per individual per month; the grades were second with \$4.27. The most profitable cow was Buckeye DeKol, who milked twenty-one months, gave 12,498.4 pounds of milk and 524.24 pounds of butter. The profit on the milk was \$201.05 and on the butter \$41.51."

When Hogs Cough.

Hogs not living in dusty houses, that have persistent coughs, are, as a rule, suffering from worms. An excellent remedy is to dissolve one-half pound of copperas in warm water and mixing in the slop for 100 head of pigs. This dose should be given for five mornings; then wait a few days, and repeat if necessary. For a smaller number than 100 head give a good dram to each head.

Dairying Profits.

Profits in dairying do not depend so much upon the number of cows kept, but upon the kind. This fact is being realized more and more as the dairy industry increases. One way to increase the acreage of a farm is to increase the fertility of the soil of a farm; similarly, one way to increase a dairy herd is to increase the cows' producing power.

Grafting on Willow.

A horticultural curiosity is to be seen in the garden of Gloucester Lodge, Portsmouth Road, near London. A gooseberry bush, a currant bush and an elderberry tree are growing high up on a willow tree, to which they have by some means become grafted. All are flourishing and fruit is forming on the gooseberry and currant bushes.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The Russian czar rules over 150,000,000 persons.

At the beginning of the present year the population of Australia was 4,275,000.

It is figured that a million and a quarter persons pass in and out of London each day.

It has been announced that an airship line will be in operation soon between Potsdam and Berlin.

In Athens there are good dentists, and the people take care of their teeth. In the rest of Greece the dentistry is usually performed by the barber, who only pulls teeth.

On account of its great strength drawn glass is being widely resorted to for many purposes. It withstands sudden changes of temperature, resists fire to a great extent and is very strong.

The meeting of the British Association in 1913 will in all probability be held in Australia. The effort is being made by the officials of the University of Melbourne, who are now in correspondence with the various educational and scientific bodies of the southern continent.

Mr. Gabet, a French inventor, has recently conducted some very successful experiments with a torpedo operated by the wireless system, and he says that in a short time he will have his device perfected so that it will be possible to control the death-dealing device for a distance of eight miles.

A Berlin museum has recently acquired a very valuable manuscript which originated in the second century B. C. It seems to be of the nature of a biographical dictionary, for it contains a list of the leading men of the time in art, statesmanship and warfare with much other general information of a similar nature. The paper was found in the wrappings of a mummy.

Of the railways in Holland, E. V. Lucas writes: "The trains come in to the minute and go out to the minute. The officials are intelligent and polite. The carriages are good. Every station has its waiting room, where you may sit and read and drink a cup of coffee that is not only hot and fresh, but is recognizably the product of the berry. It is impossible to travel in the wrong train."

Little gophers and moles are the cause of endless trouble for the Southern Pacific company, and continual expense, especially in the Willamette valley, where the land is rich and the gophers like to live and dig. Foreman Strawn is raising portions of the track near Eugene an inch to two inches and other section foremen have to do the same in other sections.—Eugene (Ore.) Guardian.

Birmingham, England, was the home of prize fighting when the ring was patronized by literature and royalty. There was Bendigo, who became an enemy to all unrighteousness. "Wot's athletes?" he asked once, on being told that a gathering of men he saw were of that persuasion. He was told, "Don't believe in no God, don't they?" he shouted. "Here, hold my coat, I'll show 'em wot's wot!"

Man's outer garments ought to be made so that they could be cleaned every week or so; indeed, some now send their woolen garments to dry cleaners instead of having them "cleaned" and pressed in the ordinary way, but prices for dry cleaning men's clothing are unnecessarily high, and ought to come down when dry cleaning would become a much greater industry. Other men in summer wear "washable" garments which are worn a day or so and then relaundered.—New York Press.

Miss Rose Weintraub of Philadelphia is at the head of the movement to erect a memorial to Elizabeth A. Phillips, known as Miss Santa Claus, whose death was recorded recently. The work is being directed by the Elizabeth A. Phillips Memorial Association, and the cents and dimes from children who wish to contribute to the fund are to be received by Drexel Co. and Albert F. Maltby, who used to supply whatever vehicles Miss Santa Claus needed to distribute her gifts at Christmas, will be treasurer.

Mrs. O. C. Edwards of MacLeod, Canada, has compiled a book showing the legal status of women in Canada. One injustice to which Mrs. Edwards calls attention is that according to the laws of Canada the father owns the child and decides as to its education, religion, domicile, etc. The consent of the father alone is required in regard to the marriage of a minor daughter. In one case in the province of Quebec, according to Mrs. Edwards, a father gave his 12-year-old daughter as a wife to a comrade of his who was over 40.

James Payne wrote of his experience in Edinburgh, Scotland, in the '70s of the last century: "In the street where I first resided it struck me that, to judge by the drawn down blinds, the people spent a good deal of their time upon the seventh day in bed; on my second Sunday, however, I was undeceived, for my landlady came up and informed me that though she had not spoken of it last Sunday she must now draw my attention to the fact that it was not usual in Edinburgh to draw up the window blinds on the Sabbath, and that the neighbors had begun to remark upon the unlawful appearance of her establishment, which has heretofore been a God-fearing house."