

# What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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## CHAPTER IV.

The vindictive pleasure of signing her will, and receiving a stiff acknowledgment from Mr. Rawson of its safe receipt, occupied Mrs. Saville for a few days, before the expiration of which she received a few polite lines from Miss Rawson saying that, if quite convenient, Miss Desmond would call on Mrs. Saville between one and two on the following day.

"I am sure I hope she will do, and not be too silly," thought the imperious little woman, as she penned a brief acceptance of the appointment. "The generality of women are wonderfully foolish and narrow; though men are idiotic enough too, occasionally. A whole day of Richard's company is almost more than I can stand; yet he is always respectable, and would never commit the culpable folly his—there, I will not think any more of that."

The morrow came bright and warm, and Mrs. Saville established herself in the smaller of her two drawing-rooms, a beautiful and gorgeously-furnished room, full of buhl and marble-inlaid tables, luxurious chairs and sofas, old china statuettes, flowers, and all the et ceteras which wealth can give. It opened on a small conservatory in which a fountain played, and was cooler than her boudoir.

She was half-reclining among the cushions of a lounge, with her precious little dog beside her, and trying to give her attention to a newspaper, when the door was opened and "Captain Lumley" was announced.

"Why, where did you come from?" she exclaimed, not too cordially, and holding out her small-beringed hand to a tall, slight, well-set-up young man, with light hair and moustaches, laughing eyes, and a certain resemblance to Hugh Saville, though of a slighter, weaker type.

"From Herondyke, my dear aunt," he returned, drawing a chair beside her. "I have just a day or two in town, and I thought I'd try if you were still here."

"Are you on your way to Hounslow?"

"Yes, just like my luck! they give me my leave when there's not a thing to do. And that young beggar Migolles, my sub, gets it next week."

"I suppose you are all as usual?"

"Yes, Uncle Everton is at Herondyke just now, and in great force. He is the most amusing old boy I ever met. Are you better, Aunt Saville? My uncle said he called here on his way through, and you were not well enough to see him."

"I was not well; and I certainly should not get out of my bed to see Lord Everton."

"Wouldn't you? Well, I—Oh—ah—yes, to be sure," said the young man, hesitating. "I am glad to see you looking so much better, at all events," he went on. "When do you go down to Inglefield?"

"On Saturday."

"I can often ride over and see you," continued Lumley, with a fascinating smile. He had a nice voice and a pleasant caressing manner; indeed, he was considered a very irresistible young man by the women, and "not a bad fellow" by the men.

"You are very good," frigidly.

"I suppose there is hardly a soul left in town. Just called at the Montgomeries', and found the house shut up; so I came on here to have a chat and a bit of luncheon."

"My dear George, I don't mean to give you any luncheon. A lady is coming here; she ought to be here now. I am going to test her qualifications for the onerous office of companion to myself, and I can't have you here talking nonsense."

"Won't she be a bore?"

"Do you think I shall allow myself to be bored?"

"Well, no, Aunt Saville," said Lumley, with a bright smile, "I don't think you will."

Here the door was again thrown open, and the butler announced, with much dignity, "Miss Desmond."

"There, you may go," said Mrs. Saville, impatiently.

"Very well," said the young man, good-humoredly. "I will call again before I leave town. My mother sent you her best love."

"I am very much obliged. If you want a dinner, come back here."

"A thousand thanks, I am already engaged. Au revoir!" He shook hands and retreated, pausing at the door to let a lady pass—a tall, slender young woman, in a simple black dress, as straight as it could be at that period of flounces, furbelows, draperies, and sashes. The newcomer was young, yet youthfully mature; she wore a quiet, becoming bonnet, and was rather pale—warmly, healthfully pale—with wavy nut-brown hair, a pair of dark gray or blue eyes, deepened by nearly black brows and lashes, a sweet pathetic mouth and red dewy lips; she moved with easy undulating grace suggestive of long, well-formed limbs.

"A fine girl," was the young dra-

gon's mental commentary, as he stood aside to let her pass, and, with a slight bow, disappeared from the room.

"Miss Desmond," repeated Mrs. Saville, "come and sit here beside me." She looked piercingly at her visitor as she made a slight courtesy and handed her a note before taking a seat, saying, in a soft, clear, refined voice, "Mr. Rawson was so good as to give me a few introductory lines."

"Quite right. A lawyer's instinctive precaution," returned Mrs. Saville, opening it and glancing at the contents.

"I suppose you know the usual sort of service expected from a companion?—reading aloud, writing letters, doing the agreeable when there is no one else to talk, and, above all, understanding when to be silent. It can't be the most delightful kind of life; but you will have a comfortable home if you stay."

Miss Desmond had colored faintly while she listened, and now smiled, a pleasant smile, though her lips quivered as if she were a little nervous.

"When you want to earn your bread, you do not expect to be housed and paid merely to amuse yourself. I think I know what my duties would be."

"Add to this knowledge that I am a very exacting person, without a tinge of sentiment. I have no notion of treating any one who does me certain service for certain remuneration as a daughter. That is all nonsense."

"I think it is," said Miss Desmond, calmly.

Mrs. Saville looked at her sharply, and met a pair of very steadfast eyes in which something like a smile lurked. "How old are you?" she asked abruptly.

"I shall be two-and-twenty in September next."

"Hum! you look at once more and less than that. Can you read aloud?"

"Yes. Whether I can read well is for you to judge."

"Can you play or sing?"

"I can play a little."

"I know what that means. Now suppose you read me this speech of Lord Hartington's," handing her the paper, Miss Desmond took it, and immediately began. After about ten minutes Mrs. Saville said, not unkindly, "That will do. You read fairly well. You do not pronounce some names properly."

"For names there is no rule, and sometimes opinions respecting them differ. I shall, of course, pronounce them in the way you prefer."

Mrs. Saville was silent for a moment. "If you are inclined to try a couple of months with me, I am willing to try you."

"That is best. Trial only can prove if we suit each other."

"Have you settled about terms with Mr. Rawson?"

"Yes; they are most satisfactory."

"Very well. I shall go to the country in a day or two, and then I hope you will join me. You have been on the Continent, I believe; then you can read French?"

"Yes, fairly well."

"There is the bell. Pray join me at luncheon."

"Thank you, I shall be very happy."

"Takes things coolly," thought Mrs. Saville; "knows her own value, probably. So much the better. I could not stand a gushing girl."

At luncheon the hostess started various topics in an easy, unstudied way, and found that her young guest, though far from talkative, was quite equal to discussing them intelligently. As soon as they rose from the table, Miss Desmond took leave of her new lady patroness, promising to obey her summons whenever it came.

"Really," thought Mrs. Saville, as she dressed for an afternoon airing, "I believe that girl may do. If she does not, why, it is no great matter. She certainly has the air and manner of a gentlewoman."

## CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Saville was far too much preoccupied by her bitter reflections and vengeful projects to bestow many thoughts upon the new member of her household. But Miss Desmond received the expected summons in due course, and journeyed punctually by the appointed train towards her new home.

Inglefield, Mrs. Saville's place, had an air of seclusion not to be found at double the distance in other directions. The picturesque country round Egham was comparatively free from the eruption of villa residences which crowd other localities.

Mrs. Saville, who felt the quiet of her country home rather oppressive, began to wish for some one to break the painful monotony of her thoughts—some one whose face and voice were quite unconnected with the past—"the past," to her, meaning the ever-present image of her offending son. She had a certain sense of relief in the prospect of companionship, for in truth

she was, and always had been, a very lonely woman. When, therefore, shortly before dinner, Miss Desmond arrived, she was received with comparative cordiality.

"I told them to send down the omnibus, as it would be more convenient for your luggage," said Mrs. Saville, after they had exchanged greetings.

"My luggage consisted of one dress-basket," said Miss Desmond, smiling. "Considering that my stay may be but short, I did not like to bring more."

"That was prudent. Now I am going to dine early—that is, at six—in order to take a drive afterwards; the evenings are the best part of the day."

That first evening was trying. Mrs. Saville was very silent, but so long as they moved smoothly and rapidly through cool dewy woods, fragrant fields, and gently-winding lanes with rustic fences and picturesquely broken banks, the silence was not oppressive. Miss Desmond had plenty to think of—the struggles and difficulties of youth spent in genteel poverty; the loss of her nearest and dearest; the vanishing of many a dream that even a twenty-two-year-old girl had thought resigned; and, through all, the enduring hope which in such strange natures is too deeply rooted to be scorched by the noontide heat or withered by the midnight blast—the instinctive consciousness of her own tenderness and loyalty, which gave vitality to her belief in the possibility of happiness.

The quiet beauty of the country, the soothing tranquillity of the hour, gave her an exultant sense of rest which she thankfully accepted.

Returned, however, and shut up in the lamp-lit drawing-room, silence did become oppressive, and Miss Desmond, remembering her employer's hint, felt reluctant to break it.

"I suppose you do needlework? Girls like you generally have something of that kind in their hands."

"I do a good deal, and I have some that can appear in a drawing-room."

"I used to do fancy-work myself," said Mrs. Saville, "for it is intolerable to sit idle; but I find I dare not trifle with my eyes, which I have always tried too much. However, I must do something. I cannot sit with my hands before me while you read."

"Knitting is not bad for the eyes," suggested Miss Desmond.

"I have always despised it as purely mechanical, but now I shall be obliged to adopt it. Do you know how to knit?—can you teach me?"

"Yes; I did a good deal of knitting when I was in Germany."

"Oh! do you understand German?"

"I could make my way in Germany; but I cannot read German aloud as I do French."

"And I do not understand a word of the language. I was only taught French and Italian. Ah, what a potent epitome of mankind's opinion, the rage for that uncouth tongue as soon as the race that speaks it succeeded! Success is the measure of everything."

"I cannot think so. We have no plumb-line with which to fathom the depth where future triumph lies hidden under present failure."

"That is no argument," returned Mrs. Saville. "Now, Miss Desmond, I am going to my room, and I dare say you will be glad to do the same. I breakfast in summer at eight. Good-night."

The next few days enabled Mrs. Saville and her newly-established companion to fit into their places. "She is less formidable than I expected," thought the latter. "I must keep constantly before my mind that she is on her trial with me, as I am with her. I am not bound to spend my life here, nor have I given up my freedom. She interests me; for, hard as she seems, I believe she is not without heart. Shall I ever be able to find it?"

"That girl is not so tiresome, after all. She is not a bit afraid of me," mused Mrs. Saville. "How I hate and despise folly and cowardice! they generally go together. There's a great deal of style about her, yet she must have been always steeped to the lips in poverty. If I had a daughter like her, I should want the first statesman in England for her husband. Bah! what folly! If I had had a daughter she would have been as indifferent to me as the rest, and would probably have married a groom to spite me. As no one cares for me, I had better concentrate my affections on myself. People may be indifferent to love, they are never indifferent to power; and money is power, especially if backed by common sense."

So the knitting and reading went on successfully, and Mrs. Saville was sometimes surprised by the light-hearted enjoyment which her companion showed in any drolleries which cropped up in the course of their readings. Mrs. Saville herself was not without a certain grim sense of humor, but she was sometimes surprised, and not too well pleased, at the quick perception of the ridiculous which so often gleamed in Miss Desmond's expressive eyes.

(To be continued.)

**Identifying It.**  
"Do you think my peach-basket hat is too extravagant?" she asked.

"That isn't a peach basket," answered her husband as he roughly signed another check. "That's a waste basket."—Washington Star.

**Unfeeling Brute.**  
Wife—The doctor says that I must breathe through my nose.

Husband—That is very good, for then you must keep your mouth closed.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

**A Needless Warning.**  
Very often the friend who slaps you heartily on the back is getting ready to make a light touch.—Dallas News.

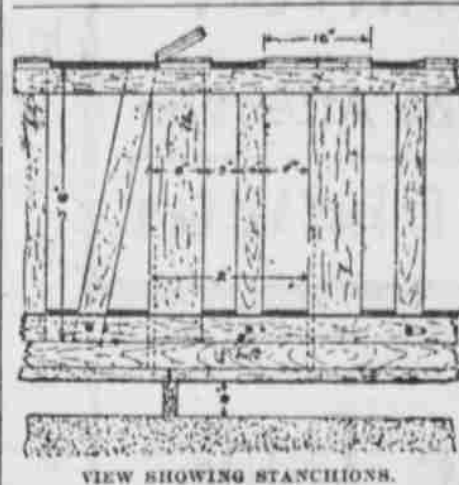
# FARM NOTES

## Calf Mangers.

A form of combined stanchion and manger for calf feeding is illustrated in a bulletin published by the Michigan Experiment Station and is recommended as being very convenient. The principle on which the stanchion is built is not claimed to be new; the use dates back a number of decades, but the special application and adjustment of the one hereafter described presents some new features. This particular model is produced as the result of three years' trial, having undergone several changes since the first one was installed. This appliance can be adjusted so as to accommodate the calf from birth up to twelve months of age. The calves are confined in the stanchions at feeding time only. After the calf has been secured the milk bucket is placed in the manger; when the milk is consumed the bucket is removed and ensilage and meal supplied, followed by hay. By using this stanchion method of feeding the maximum number of calves can be kept in a minimum amount of space in a clean, healthy, thrifty condition, providing they are given access to outdoor yardage. The average size of the four calf pens in the dairy barn, including manger space is 15 feet three inches by 12 feet three inches. Each pen accommodates eight calves up to five or six months of age. The average size of two pens in the grade herd barn accommodating six calves each, is 9 feet 9 inches by 14 feet 10 inches, and three occupied by five each are 10½ feet by 11 feet 9 inches. Of course, in all cases except one the calves have access to yardage at will.

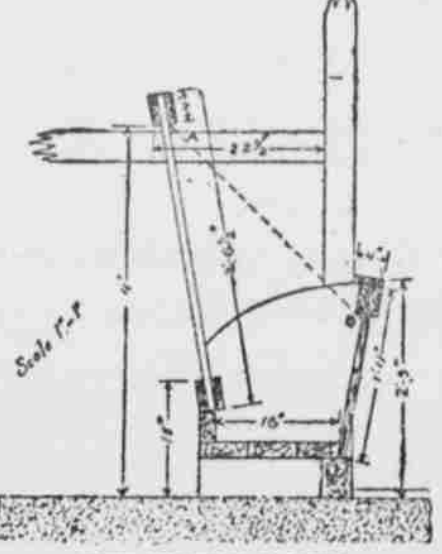
Referring to the illustration for detailed description, the bottom of the

of the stanchion resting on it. The top part of the manger over which the calf feeds is 15 inches above the floor and should not be made higher, as even this is rather high for the new born calf. The youngest calves can feed over this, but should not be left fastened during the day, as they could not lie down comfortably. The side of the manger next the feed alley is



VIEW SHOWING STANCHIONS.

practically 2 feet high and 2½ feet above the floor; the slope given to this part of the manger is a very decided advantage, especially in placing and removing buckets while the calf is fastened in the stanchion; even more slope than that indicated would be well. The manger is partitioned off every two feet; this should be the minimum width, for while it is ample room for the young calves, even more room would be desirable for the roughage of the older ones. The manger partitions extend upward as far as the curved line shown in the illustration, but this is the most faulty feature of the fixture, as it is possible for one calf to reach over and suck another one's ears if the meal and ensilage is not promptly supplied after the milk is consumed, though this rarely happens. A more perfect manger division will be made by boarding up from the manger to the dotted line shown between A B. The front or stanchion part of the fixture is 3 feet 6½ inches high and slopes away from the manger to increase its capacity and give the calf the benefit of a little more spread in throwing the head up to remove it from the open stanchion. The stanchions are made of well-seasoned 1-inch elm and no breaks have occurred thus far. The youngest calves do not require more than five inches space for the neck when confined. The stanchion frames are bored with a number of holes so that the movable upright pieces can be shifted according to the size of the calf. As calves approach the yearling stage and their horns interfere with the working of the stanchion the movable piece may be removed and the animal allowed to go free while feeding. This system has given the utmost satisfaction, permitting calves to be fed individually according to their needs and entirely preventing the many bad habits so frequently acquired by the pail fed calf.



VIEW SHOWING MANGER.

manger, 18 inches wide, consisting of 2-inch hemlock, is 6 inches above the floor. As the front of the manger is built on rather than against the bottom it leaves the inside bottom measurement of the manger 16 inches. The side of the manger over which the calf's neck is placed in feeding is 8 inches above the bottom, one-half of this distance being taken up by a 2x4, the balance by the bottom framework

## Materials for the Silo.

Ensilage is being used more and more for general farm stock, being fed to some extent to the calves, the market steers and the horses. It probably requires a little higher grade of skill to manage a farm with the silo system. There is room for judgment in putting up the silo, in handling the crop and filling the silo, to say nothing of its management winter and summer and the right plan of feeding. There is considerable to learn for the farmer who has always practiced the hay, grain and roots system. Yet the experience of those who have made the change seems to indicate that there is no need of making serious mistakes even the first year, while the new system nearly always gives satisfaction under the circumstances mentioned. Perhaps not every dairy farmer needs a silo, but it can not be denied that a great many more silos are needed than have yet been put up.

## The Yolks of Eggs.

The color of the yolk of the egg seems often to be effected very noticeably by a change in the food. When fowls are closely confined in winter or summer, it often happens, especially if a ration is deficient in green food, that the yolks are pale colored. In one instance a much deeper orange color in the yolk followed a change in feeding to green clover and alfalfa. One lot, where pale colored yolks were the rule, laid eggs with orange colored yolks after they had been given the run of a barn floor covered with dry clover chaff and leaves. A change in color of butter is often noticeable in the same way when cows are turned to pasture after dry feed.

## Rubber Covered Roads.

Experiments with rubber asphalt roadways covering a period of six years are reported to have shown very satisfactory results. Rubber asphalt is claimed to be more plastic and more adhesive than pure asphalt and resists higher temperatures. This product, which is manufactured under a patented process, permits cold applications of the asphalt, which are said to possess all the advantages of hot compressed asphalt without its drawbacks.

## Getting Rid of Stumps.

Since the discovery of that region constituting part of the present State of Washington the fir stump has blocked the progress of civilization west of the Cascades, from Oregon to British Columbia. Science has found ways to span the State's rivers, tunnel its mountains and irrigate its deserts, but until recently it has been unable to cope with the fir stump. Bulky, firm-rooted in the earth, and so saturated with pitch that it will not decay, it has defied everything but dynamite, and that costs about \$3 a stump, with an equal amount to cover the expenses of the donkey engine necessary to remove the roots when the main body of the stump has been shattered. Clearly such a costly process can not be used for agricultural purposes in a heavily timbered country.

Such was the situation when, three years ago, an enterprising farmer conceived the idea of burning out the stumps by forced draft. After many experiments he finally got a 4 horsepower donkey engine, attached a 6-inch American blower, and over this he fitted a tin case with twelve tubes leading from it. To these he attached pieces of garden hose and to the ends iron pipe. Then he bored a hole in the stump, and, dropping in a live coal, inserted a pipe and started the engine. In a few moments the hole was aflame, and soon a dozen stumps were blazing, although it was the wet season and the monsters were sodden with water.—Technical World.

## Farm Notes.

It is better to sow rutabaga turnips in rows than broadcast.

The best cows are the ones that the careful dairyman raises for himself.

Rotation must be practiced in the garden or truck field to obtain the best results.

Black Winter or Spanish radishes should be sown in August or September with turnips.

It has been said that "weeds are the devil's flower." Certain it is that they play the mischief with a crop.

It is a look a long ways ahead, but just make up your mind now that you will attend your state and county fair this year.

## "MAKE THE TREATY TO-NIGHT."

Words Seward Spoke When Arriving in a "Fool's Investment." On the evening of Friday, March 29, Mr. Seward sat in his parlor playing whist with his family when the Russian minister was announced, says Richard Lloyd Jones in Collier's. "I have a dispatch, Mr. Seward, from my government by cable," said Mr. Stoeckl, the Russian minister. "The emperor gives his consent to the cessation. To-morrow, if you like, I will come to the department and we can enter upon a treaty." Pushing aside the whist table, the impatient Seward replied with a smile of satisfaction: "Why wait till to-morrow—let us make the treaty to-night."

In these solemn midnight hours the silent wilderness of centuries was released and to a nation's pillowed ear the low north wind whispered: "Gold." When the sun's rays fell upon this parchment and the world was told what that night had done the whole nation coupled the name of Seward with the epithet "Fool." The press everywhere declared his acquisition a "barren, worthless, God-forsaken region," whose crops were "icebergs"—a country where the ground was frozen six feet deep in summer; the streams were "glaciers"; "it should be named 'Wairusia';" the fish were "only fit for Eskimo food"; it was "Seward's folly" and his "polar bear garden"; it was "a fool's bargain"; "Oh, the shrewd Russians," etc., etc.

In the half-century that has passed since the Senate ratified that treaty this "ice-ice" has produced a wealth exceeding \$250,000,000, or nearly 100 per cent per year on the "fool's" investment.

Alaska's exhaustless storehouse of precious metals was the lure that drew the argonaut, as did California in '49 and Nevada in the winter of '50. Seattle grew great from this argonautic traffic—from swapping picks and pans and warm woolen garments for bags of fresh-washed nuggets. Its rapid growth and perfect stability have fastened upon its people the chronic affliction of inflammatory enthusiasm.

## THE END OF THE FEUD.

The idea of mercy is not associated to any great degree with the American Indian. Yet he is not now—and never was—uniformly implacable and hard-hearted. In a book on "The Columbia River," W. D. Lyman recounts an incident, which if not typical, is at least worth repeating for its intrinsic worth. Between the Shuswap and the Okanogan there was a deadly and long-continued enmity. This was ended in a curious and interesting manner.

The Shuswaps had captured the only daughter of the Okanogan chief. She was led with other captives into the Shuswap camp. The boasting warriors were gloating over the poor victim, and the aquawa were discussing the greatest possible indignities and tortures for her, when an aged white-haired chief got the attention of the tribe.

He declared that his heart had been opened, and that he now saw that torture and death ought to end. He proposed that instead of shame and torture they should confer honor on the chieftain's child.

He said, "I can hear the old chief and his squaw weeping all the night for their lost daughter."

He then proposed that they adorn the captive with flowers, put her in a procession, with all the chiefs loaded with presents, and restore her to her father.

The girl, meanwhile, who did not understand a word of the language, was awaiting torture or death. What was her astonishment to find herself decorated with honor and sent with the gift-laden chiefs toward her father's camp.

On the next day the mourning chief of the Okanogans and his wife, looking from their desolate lodge, saw a large procession approaching, and they said, "They are coming to demand a ransom."

As the procession drew nearer, one of the men said that it looked like a woman adorned with flowers in the midst of men with presents of robes and necklaces.

Then they cried out, "It is our child, and she is restored to us!"

They met the procession with rejoicing and heard the speech of the old Shuswap chief. And after that there was peace between the Shuswaps and the Okanogans.

## Too Late.

A member of the faculty of the Columbia Medical College of New York was giving his students an oral quiz. "What quantity constitutes a dose of Oleum Tigillii?" he asked a student, giving the technical term for croton oil.

"A tablespoonful, sir," was the reply.

The professor made no comment, but the student soon realized that he had made a grave mistake. After the lapse of half an hour he went to the professor.

"I should like," he said, "to change my answer to the question you asked me in class."

"It is too late," replied the professor, looking at his watch. "Your patient has been dead just twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds."—Success Magazine.

You can always count upon your friends—as long as you have the pris-