

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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

CHAPTER VII.

Richard Saville was not a favorite with his mother, though he had never given her the least trouble. He was a tall, slight young man, but there was no dignity in his height, for it was neutralized by a stoop conveying the impression that he had not strength enough to hold himself upright. His manners were cold, though gentle, and he gave a general impression of languid circulation and extreme correctness. He had inherited something of the Saville indifference to everything save his own peculiar tastes or fancies, and a good deal of his uncle Everton's obtuseness as regarded personal distinction. His keen-sighted mother soon perceived that her first-born would never fulfil her ambitious aspirations, and this contributed to her strong preference for her younger son, on whose career she had built her hopes, though his choice of a profession had greatly annoyed her. Hugh had inherited all the plebeian energy which made his maternal grandfather a wealthy and useful member of the community, and he cared little for any personal distinction not earned by himself. Nature intended him for a radical, and the accidents of birth and early association gave him certain aristocratic leanings, which made him a tolerably round-minded man.

He and his brother were excellent friends, in spite of the low estimate each had of the other's tastes. The arrival of Richard was, on the whole, an agreeable change in the routine of life at Ingfield. He soon discovered that Hope Desmond was a sympathetic listener; he therefore confided to her the great scheme he had conceived of compiling a book to contain all the English phrases and proverbs that were distinctly derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and he soon grew sufficiently familiar to ask if Miss Desmond would be so good as to assist him in his work, whenever his mother could spare her.

"I will do so with pleasure, Mr. Saville," she returned, in her frank, fearless way. "But you must ask your mother's permission, and before me. She is a person not to be trifled with."

"I know that," he said, hastily, "and I will do so on the first opportunity." Which he did, in a nervous, hesitating way.

"Who cares for Saxon phrases?" replied Mrs. Saville, contemptuously. "Miss Desmond would be more usefully employed making flannel petticoats for my poor old women. However, if she chooses to bestow some of her spare half-hours on your investigation of such a dust-heap, I am sure she has my consent."

Hope Desmond's time was pretty well occupied, for she had come to be secretary as well as companion to her active employer; still, she gave Richard Saville what parings of time she could, and, if occasionally bored, was not a little amused at the profound importance he attached to his work.

But Richard Saville's presence entailed other changes. Captain Lumley found it suited him to ride over very often to luncheon, and sometimes to dinner, staying the night, almost without a distinct invitation from the hostess, who seemed to think two such fledglings beneath her notice. Young Lumley did his best to attract Hope's notice, and flattered himself that she smiled upon him.

"So you have really managed to survive—how long?—five weeks under my aunt's jurisdiction?" he said, having discovered Hope with a book in her hand in one of the shady nooks of the garden one day after luncheon.

"I have, and without any difficulty," she returned, making room for him on the seat beside her, as she greeted him with a kindly smile. He readily accepted the place, thinking he had already made an impression. "Mrs. Saville has been very nice and pleasant. If she were not I would not stay."

"Pleasant! Come, that's a little too much. She is an uncommon bright woman, I know, but it's in the flash of lightning style, and lightning sometimes kills, you know."

"Well, she hasn't killed me."

"No, I fancy you take a great deal of killing. Perhaps that's because you are so killing yourself."

ever so much nicer here. May I come?"

"Oh, yes, if you like."

"So you are going to help my cousin Richard with his dictionary—what do you call it?"

"I really do not know what its name is to be. Yes; if I can find time I will do some writing for him."

"Richard has more sense than I thought."

"At all events he is desperately in earnest, and that is always respectable."

"Exactly; that is just what he is. Miss Dacre is coming to dinner, and the vicar and vicarress."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hope.

"Miss Dacre is rather pretty for an heiress, and rather a jolly girl. You'll like her."

"Very probable, were I to meet her; but I shall not dine with you."

"No? What a shame!"

"I do not see that it is. It would give me no particular pleasure to join your company, and I shall have that precious time to myself."

"Well, the dinner will be all the duller. My aunt will be as black as thunder. You know she wanted to marry Hugh, her second son, to Mary Dacre. You never met Hugh?"

"Why, I am not yet two months in Mrs. Saville's service."

"What a very unvarnished way of putting it!" said Lumley, laughing.

"I never object to the truth," returned Miss Desmond. "Why should I not serve Mrs. Saville for the time being?"

"I am sure I don't know. Well, Hugh is a capital fellow, but awfully headstrong; so, after he was sent ashore last time, he went wandering about the Continent, and fell in love with a charming girl, or a girl he thought charming, without asking leave. Rather imprudent, eh?"

"It was more," said Hope, looking dreamily far away. "It was wrong. A good mother has a right to be consulted."

"Perhaps so; but if a fellow is very much in love he is apt to forget these things. Anyhow, Hugh has been chivied away from the maternal roof. It seems my uncle Lord Everton introduced Hugh to the fair one and her father, so he has been tabooed, too; but he is a remarkably plucky old boy, so he came down here to plead Hugh's cause, and caught it pretty hard, I fancy."

"Yes, I saw him, and I imagine he had a trying time of it. Pray do you—I mean your special family—talk of each other to every one in this candid fashion?"

"I do; and why should I not? I say nothing that every one doesn't know and talk about."

"Poor Lord Everton!" said Hope, with a laugh, as if she enjoyed the recollection. "He did look as if he were being led to execution when he was leaving the room."

"Oh, he did, did he? He's no end of fun."

"I can imagine he is. Good-morning, Captain Lumley."

"Must you go?"

"I must. I do not know whether Mrs. Saville may want me, and I have no business to wander about the grounds with you."

"Perhaps you may be at dinner, after all."

Lumley has brought with him, by his aunt's invitation, a young subaltern, the son of an acquaintance, who made the eighth and balanced the sexes. This youth fell to Hope Desmond's lot, much to his satisfaction, for she managed to make him talk, and talked to him easily and naturally, confessing her ignorance of hunting, shooting, fishing, and sport of every kind, rather to his amazement. However, she atoned for her deficiencies by listening with much interest to his descriptions and explanations. At last he suggested giving her riding-lessons, at which she held up her hands in dismay. Miss Dacre interested her more than any one else. She had never been in the society of a great heiress, a prospective peeress in her own right. "What a tremendous position for a young girl!" thought Hope, with a curious sort of pity. The young girl was, notwithstanding, quite girlish, not pretty, but far from plain. She was very dark with small, sparkling black eyes, curly black hair, and a high color. She had a neat figure, and carried herself well, yet she lacked distinction.

"She might be a very pleasant companion," mused Hope, as she gazed at her while her cavalier was explaining the difference between a snaffle and a curb, "and, considering her gifts, I am not surprised that Mrs. Saville would have liked her for a daughter-in-law. How much, according to her estimate, her son appears to have thrown away!"

Miss Dacre naturally fell into Hope Desmond's care.

"How charming the conservatory looks!" she said. "Shall we walk round it?" Hope assented, not aware of the curiosity she excited in the future Baroness Castleton. That Mrs. Saville should institute a companion was one source of astonishment; that any one so chosen should survive nearly two months and present a cheerful, self-possessed, composed aspect was another.

"And how nice she looks in that pretty soft black grenadine and lace! How snowy white her throat and hands are! I suppose she is in mourning. Girls never want to be companions unless all their people die. Poor thing! I think I would rather be a housemaid; at least one might flirt with the footman; but a companion—"

"I don't think I ever met you here before," she said, aloud.

"No; I am not quite two months with Mrs. Saville."

"Poor Mrs. Saville! she is looking so ill. They say she is rather a terrific woman. I always found her very nice."

"She is a strong woman, but there is a certain grandeur in her character."

"Yes, and I fancy one must be pretty strong to get on with her," said Miss Dacre, and she gave a knowing little nod to her companion. "Then she is so awfully put out about Hugh. You came after he had gone."

Hope bent her head as an affirmative.

"He was charming, quite charming—like different from Richard—though I like Richard, too; but Hugh had a sort of rough good breeding, if you can understand such a thing; he was so generous and bright and natural. I knew both the brothers since I was quite a child, so I can sympathize with Mrs. Saville. To think of his having married some designing woman abroad, twice his age, I believe! Isn't it horrible?" ran on the talkative young lady.

"Horrible," echoed Hope. "I trust she is conscious of all he has sacrificed for her."

"Not she," returned Miss Dacre with decision. "These sort of people haven't an idea what family and position, and all that, mean. Do you think Mrs. Saville would mind if I plucked some of these lovely waxen blossoms?"

"I am sure she would not; but you know her much better than I do. Wait a moment; I will get you the scissors."

(To be continued.)

One View and Another.
"My word!" exclaimed the British society woman, "here's an announcement of the marriage of another member of our nobility to an American concert hall singer. Fancy! Isn't it terrible?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the New York girl, "the average soubrette doesn't deserve much sympathy."—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

Her Ingenious Comment.
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "did you say all those men at the baseball game were trying to reach home?"

"Yes."

"It seems as hard for a man to get home on the ball field as it does under ordinary circumstances, doesn't it?"—*Washington Star.*

Summoned.
"Come over and see me."

"Sorry, old man, but I have an engagement with my tailor in twenty minutes."

"Gee! but you're getting swell! Couldn't break such an important date, eh?"

"No. The date is in the courtroom."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A Mistake.
"Walter, said a guest at a hotel as he inspected his bill before leaving, "there is one item omitted."

"What item, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"The manager said 'good morning' to me yesterday and has forgotten to charge for it!"—*Tit-Bits.*

A Day of Rest.
Carrie's sister May, 6 years of age, on being asked why the Sabbath day was different from the other days in the week, answered, very carelessly, "Oh, that's the day you pin things on, 'stead of sewing."—*The Delineator.*

THE PATH OF DESTINY.



"THE BOY IS COMING HOME."

I tell you it is busy times just now for me and marm.

The Boy is comin' home to spend Thanksgiving on the farm.

'Tis ten long years since he went West to mingle in its strife.

He's done first-rate, and furthermore, he's got a Western wife.

We got the letter yesterday, and marm she laid awake.

Full half the night to praise the Lord and think what she must bake.

If I should feed the turkey now as she declares I must,

Why, long before Thanksgiving he would swell all up and bust;

I've wants to grind the choppin'-knife, and go to choppin' mince.

And things are brewin' rich and fine and fit to feed a prince.

The Boy, he writ for chicken-pie, "W: double crust," says he.

"And mixed with cream, that lovely pie you used to make for me."

He wants to lay the red apples from the hillside, Northern Spy.

And butternuts—I've got 'em round the stovepipe, brown and dry;

He wants to lay the fire himself with maple hard and sound.

And pop some corn upon the hearth when all are gathered round.

He wants to grind the choppin'-knife, and use it when he was but a lad,

'Tis somewhat strange, it may be, but it makes us mighty glad;

We're but a little whiter, but our love, depend upon't,

is just as green and stiddy as the hills of old Vermont.

It flustered marm a bit at first about the Western wife,

What she should do for one so fine and used to city life;

But tucked between the Boy's big sheets she found a little slip.

She read it with a happy tear, a gently quivering lip:

"Dear mother, them's her very words, 'I write this on the air,

So don't tell John, but make for him a big, big pumpkin pie;

I know he'll delight him, for he still is but a boy."

His mother's boy—and so he fills his wife's glad heart with joy."

And so you see, 'tis busy times just now for me and marm.

The Boy is comin' home to spend Thanksgiving on the farm.

—John Mervin Hall, in Lippincott's Magazine.

THE BIRD OF THE DAY.

Ornithologists Say That He Is of Mexican Origin.

HOSE who claim to know say the bird of Thanksgiving is of Mexican origin. He is a relic of past ages, yet he refuses to take his place among the other relics, for he is with us yet. Cortez knew him and esteemed him just as we do. Coronado wrote feelingly about his good qualities and made the bird famous in Europe. The reason why Mexico is regarded as the home of the bird is found in the fact that he is first mentioned by the Spanish after their more or less triumphal tours through the country of the Montezuma. At the same time there is no reason to believe that he did not habitually roost as high in the trees of New England as he does to-day—or rather to-night. Philip of Pokanoket wore turkey feathers in his war bonnet and called them as good as eagle plumes, which they no doubt were. Whatever the turkey's real origin, born as he was long before the paleface came to the country, the fact remains that he is the one bird that Columbia claims for her own, singly and collectively. There is not another winged creature that can approach the turkey in general excellence. Wild or domesticated, this rule holds good. The roast goose of old England is not to be mentioned in the presence of the turkey. The latter, with the concomitant American pumpkin pie—or mince pie, if you choose—has never been equalled and never will be.

Thanksgiving in the Kitchen.
Thanksgiving day, the American family festival and feast of plenty, is not yet so many years away from its origin that we do not feel instinctively that what it gains in elegance in our time

of greater resource, greater elaboration and daintier taste, it is likely to lose in charm. A stately banquet in the city with rich appointments, with banked chrysanthemums, and roses from the florist, with the deft and silent service of trained helpers, with electric lights softened by silken shades, with delicate dishes compounded by a trained chef, and glowing fruits from many climes—this need not, fortunately, lack the great essentials of the thankful spirit and the loving heart. But who will not admit without question that dinner in the country house is better, in the farmhouse better still, in the homestead of many generations and garnered association—best of all?

Of course it is. For one thing, the city dweller can never enjoy to the full that period of preparation which in the ample country kitchen is still half the festival, and which in the old time before the cook stove came, when the kitchen was the most beautiful as well as the "homiest" room in the house, afforded even greater delights to the family gathered before its huge open fire. The change began when Lucy Larcom was a child.

"Cooking stoves were coming into fashion," she wrote, "but they were clumsy affairs, and our elders thought that no cooking could be quite so nice as that which was done by an open fire. We younger ones revelled in the warm, beautiful glow, that we look back to as a remembered sunset. There is no such home splendor now."

"The fireplace was deep, and there was a settle in the chimney corner where three of us youngest girls could sit to gether and toast our toes on the andirons—two Continental soldiers in full uniform, marching one after the other—while we looked up the chimney into a square of blue sky, and sometimes caught a snowflake on our foreheads. Potatoes were roasted in the ashes, and the Thanksgiving turkey in the tin kitchen, the business of turning the spit being usually delegated to some of us small folk, who were only too glad to burn our faces in honor of the annual festival."

"When supper was finished and the teakettle was pushed back on the crane, and the backlog was reduced to a heap of fiery embers, then was the time for listening to sailor yarns and ghost and witch legends. The wonder seems somehow to have faded out of those tales of old since the gleam of red-hot coals died away from the hearthstone."

Thanksgiving's Pumpkin Pie.
O th' luck there is in livin'!
For a chance to go ag'in it—
Want to git your face down in it till it plasters up your eye.
Feel like you could flash seven,
Tackle nine an' mebbe eleven!
But just ONE would make a Heaven if it's reg'lar Hoosier pie!
P—Unkin—
P—Punkin pie!

Thanksgiving's Pumpkin Pie.
Then there oozes from th' kitchen
Soothin' odors so bewitchin'
That they set your nostrils tickin' an' put
Trinkles in your eye.
An' you know th' thing tormentin'
That you ketch yourself a scentin'
Is a joy your wife's inventin'—real Thank-
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There is already the gas range, and the possibility of dinner electrically prepared by touching a button is already suggested. In time, no doubt, the cook stove will disappear; but surely no family festival will be less joyous for its departure, and no poet will lament that it has vanished.—*Youth's Companion.*



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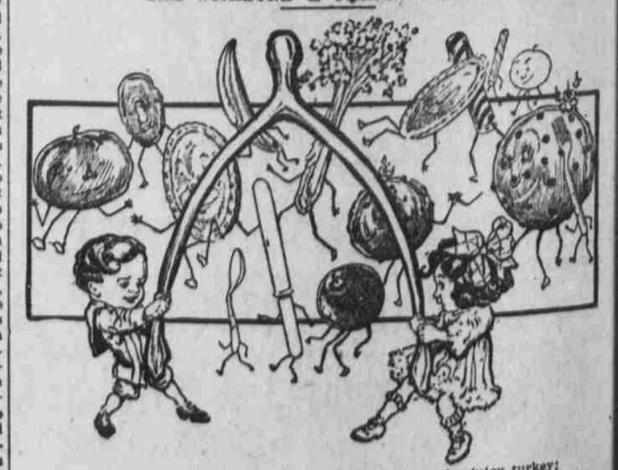
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THE WISHBONE—A THANKSGIVING HINT.



Are you sad, or are you jolly,
Do you blame yourself for folly,
When there's nothing but the wish-
bone left?

Are you full, or can you eat
(After gobbling turket meat)
All the satisfying things that make
Thanksgiving day complete,
When there's nothing but the wish-
bone left?

Better spare the juicy turkey;
Then you'll still be looking perky
When there's nothing but the wish-
bone left.

For the goodies, in a flock,
Like to jump around and mock
Little folks who've gobbled gobble
meat till they can hardly talk.
And there's nothing but the wish-
bone left.—*Chicago News.*