

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 VIII.—(Continued.)

"Are you Irish? You don't mind my asking? Some people don't like the Irish; I delight in them. My father's great friend is an old general, a dear old thing—Sir Patrick Desmond; is he any relative of yours?"

"I have heard of him, but if he is in any way connected with me it is so distant that I cannot call cousins with him."

"If he comes down to the Court while you are here, I will ask you to meet him. Then you are Irish? And I am sure you sing and play?"

"I play a little."

"That is delightful. You can play an accompaniment? I can't bear playing; and I want to try some duets with George Lumley to-night."

"I will do my best," said Hope.

"Don't you think George Lumley very good-looking? He is very good style, too, and so like Lord Everton. I am rather glad he is at Hounslow. This place is too far, and yet too near, to be amusing." She chattered on till the gentlemen came to seek them in their fragrant retreat, when Miss Dacre ceased to bestow attention or words on Hope. They soon adjourned to the larger drawing-room, where the singers discovered that Miss Desmond had quite a genius for playing accompaniments, and time flew fast till the carriages were announced.

"Where in the world did you find that nice Miss Desmond, Mrs. Saville?" exclaimed Miss Dacre. "She is so quiet and well bred. Lots to say, too. Do bring her over to the Court. She could be of infinite use to me in playing accompaniments."

"Very likely; but, you see, I engaged her to be of use to me."

"To be sure," laughed the thoughtless girl. "How frightfully sharp you are!" And she blew her hostess a kiss as she left the room.

"What a glorious night!" said Lumley, with a sigh of relief, sinking on an ottoman beside Hope. "Couldn't you manage to come out for a stroll before saying good-night finally?"

Hope looked at him for a moment gravely, then a smile began in her eyes and sparkled on "lip and cheek."

"Yes, it could be easily managed, according to novel-regulations," she said. "I escort my kind patroness to her room, receive her blessing, and return to my own, then I throw a mantilla over my beautiful locks, steal down to the garden door, which is of course left open, and join you in the moonlit shrubbery."

"Precisely," said Lumley, laughing. "It's a lovely picture. I earnestly hope you will realize it."

"A moonlight stroll is a harmless amusement under certain conditions, which do not exist at present for me, and she went away to bid good-night to the vicarage and see that she was wrapped up. Then, meeting Mrs. Saville on her way up-stairs, she accompanied her to her bedroom, rang for her maid, and exchanged a few words with her until that functionary appeared.

"I am woefully tired," said Mrs. Saville, throwing herself into a low chair. "Really, life is too wearisome in its disappointing sameness. If Richard will invite these stupid chattering boys, I shall dine in my own room. Mary Dacre is sillier than she used to be, and Mr. Rawson writes that he cannot come down till the Sunday after next. We must begin 'Froment Jeune' to-morrow, Miss Desmond, and get away as much as we can from the present."

"I shall be very pleased. It is considered one of Daudet's best; and I have never read it."

When Hope Desmond reached her own room she undressed rapidly, and, putting out the candles, brushed her long hair by the moonlight, while she thought earnestly, "How disappointing of Mr. Rawson! I hoped he would be here next Sunday; and I have so much to say to him. True, I can write; but a few spoken words face to face are worth a dozen letters. It will not be easy to get him to myself, but as my own special friend I have a right to demand an interview. How weary that poor woman is!—and far from well. Poor and nearly friendless as I am, I would not change with her. No, no; I understand life better than she does, though she has lived so much longer. How her heart must ache when she thinks of her son! Under all her hardness and pride she yearns for the love she does not know how to win. If she will only love me!" Then she twisted up her hair, and, throwing herself on her knees, prayed long and fervently, with tightly-clasped hands, while tears streamed unheeded from the eyes that less than an hour ago had smiled so saucily on Captain Lumley.

"The two months have nearly expired," she mused, when, having risen, she leaned against the window-frame and looked out on the moonlit lawn. "But I am quite sure she will not send

me away. I do not want to go among strangers again. It is awful to have no home. But with practice, with the effort to seem brave, courage comes."

Taking some relic sewn up in a little silk bag and hung round her neck by a thin chain of Indian gold, she kissed it lovingly and lay down to rest.

For the next couple of days Mrs. Saville instituted a severe headache and shut herself up with Miss Desmond in her own special morning room, leaving her son and his guest to entertain each other. The third day Hope went out for a short stroll, as Mrs. Saville evidently did not want her company in a visit she went to pay at the Court.

She had not gone far when she was overtaken by George Lumley, who immediately began to console with her on what he was pleased to term her "false imprisonment." She talked with him gayly enough, but always with what he chose to term "a tinge of indulgence" in her manner, and then turned homeward sooner than she would otherwise have done.

"I must bid you good-by. I am going back to my quarters this evening," he said. "But I shall be at the Court next week. I do hope you'll come and help us in those duets. Miss Dacre has planned no end of practising."

"I shall be glad to help you if I may."

"How submissive you are! You must have an awfully dull time of it."

"I do not feel dull. Mrs. Saville is a very intelligent woman, and, as we differ on every subject, we have abundance of interesting conversation."

"I should think so. Do you ever convert her?"

"I am afraid not; but I may make a little impression; constant dropping, you know, effects something. I want to convert her to the belief that man does not live by bread alone."

"I see; that he wants the sugar-plums of true love. How tame and flat live is without them! I think I understand; that jolly old boy Rawson has put you here to be Hugh's advocate."

"By no means. He recommended me as a suitable person to act as reader and amanuensis to your aunt, and I hope to do him credit."

"Do you know you puzzle me immensely?"

"A little mental exercise will do you good."

"Mental exercise! you give my mind plenty to do. You are never out of my thoughts."

"Good-morning, Captain Lumley," said Miss Desmond, with great composure. "I shall go in by the side door." And she turned down a narrow path which led to a private entrance at the foot of the stair communicating with a wing which contained Mrs. Saville's rooms.

Lumley stood for a moment uncertain what to do. He dared not follow her, and he was reluctant to confess himself checkmated. His generally placid face grew set and stormy.

"What a provoking woman! She treats me as if I were a mere school-boy, whom she could play with in safety. It is no longer play to me; it shall not be play to her. I never was treated in this way before; and there is an odd sort of liking for me under it all. What speaking eyes she has! I have seen dozens of handsome women, but there's a sort of fascination about her. I will not let her foil me. He walked rapidly away to the lonely recesses of the wood, more disturbed and resolute than he had ever felt in his self-indulgent life.

The Sunday but one after this interview, Mr. Rawson came down in time for church. Mrs. Saville chose to stay at home. The service was short, for the vicar did not think it necessary to give a sermon every week. When it was over, there was a gathering of neighbors, and greetings outside the porch.

"I wish you would come back to luncheon, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "You might, as Mrs. Saville is not here. Lord Everton came rather unexpectedly last night, and I am sure you would like him. He has been asking if you are still alive."

"I am very sorry I cannot assure him personally of my safety; but I cannot absent myself in this unceremonious manner. Then I have my friend Mr. Rawson here."

"What a nuisance! I am coming over after luncheon to ask for assistance in getting up a concert to collect funds for a new school-house; so, till this afternoon, adieu." She stepped into her pony-carriage, attended by Richard Saville, and drove away.

"As we have plenty of time, I will take you by a little longer way back, Mr. Rawson," said Hope.

"I place myself in your hands, my dear young lady." As they started, Lumley, who had stood aside till Miss Dacre drove off, joined them, and for a short way the conversation was

chiefly between him and the family lawyer.

Lumley had been exceedingly nice and respectful whenever he had met Hope Desmond during the last week, consequently they had been the best of friends, and the captain flattered himself he was making prodigious strides. Arriving at a bend of the road where a turnstile admitted to a pathway leading across a field and into Mrs. Saville's woods, Miss Desmond paused, and said "Good-morning" very decidedly.

"Mr. Rawson is good enough to be my guardian, and I claim the right to bore him with my affairs whenever I can."

"I understand," said the gallant huzzar, good-humoredly, and stopped with a bow.

"That stroke was well played," said Mr. Rawson when they had got clear of the gate. "I want to say and to hear a good deal, and the youth is persevering."

"Is he so young?" asked Hope. "I thought him an amusing boy, but I begin to see he is older than I imagined."

"He will never see twenty-seven again. But to business. I am glad to see you get on so well with Mrs. Saville. I thought you would."

"Yes, better than I expected. It was terribly nervous work at first. Firmness and courage are indispensable; the slightest appearance of the white feather, and she would almost unconsciously crush you. It is not easy to impress her gently and politely with a sense of one's complete independence; but this is essential. The tyrannical tendencies in her have been tremendously developed by circumstances and training; but I really believe it is a relief to her to find a companion who neither quarrels nor cringes; she breathes a freer air, her mind is more healthily exercised. I never conceal an opinion, and I try to be as true as possible, and to defend my views as temperately as I can. I also try to give her the impression that she is on trial as well as myself."

"That is a dangerous game; but you may succeed. The day after tomorrow completes your two months. I suspect she would be sorry if you left. Tell me, have you had a chance of putting in a word for the poor prodigal?"

Hope shook her head. "It is too soon to attempt it," she said.

"Now sit down here on this fallen tree; for I have a long story to tell you."

(To be continued.)

Beavers Destroy Fences.

Beaver have been accumulating in the State to such an extent that they have destroyed property in some instances and the owners of the property have had to apply to the game commissioner's office for permits to kill them.

Anthony Sneeve, a wealthy cattleman, living fifteen miles up Brush Creek from Gypsum, Colo., secured a permit recently and brought in ten hides a few days ago. He built a half-mile fence from quaking aspens last fall on one portion of his ranch, but the winter being long the beavers' supply of food ran out. They sallied forth and found that fence a tempting morsel. Every post was cut off close to the ground and the beaver then cut the rails into short lengths, stowing these in their huts until they were ready to eat the bark. Then they carried the wood out and floated it down stream.

A Mrs. Bond, living half a mile below Pine in Platte canyon also secured a permit to kill a beaver colony on her place. She planted a handsome grove of shade trees a few years ago and they are now in a flourishing condition, but a colony of beavers built a dam in the Platte during the late winter and they insist upon stealing her nice, soft shade trees unless she stands over them with a club nearly all the time.—Denver Republican.

Of Course Not.

An over-dressed woman was talking to an acquaintance.

"Yes," she said, "since John came into his money we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs and hens."

"That must be charming," remarked the other; "you can have all the fresh eggs you want."

"Oh, well," replied the first lady, "of course, the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."

One More Question.

"I say, pa, what—"

"Ask your mother!"

"Honest, pa, this isn't a silly one this time."

"All right, this once, what is it?"

"Well, if the end of the world was to come and the earth be destroyed while a man was up in an airplane, where would he land when he came down?"—The Housekeeper.

Not Too Much.

"After all," said the optimist, "you must admit that this is the best world you have ever been in."

"Yes," replied the pessimist; "but hang it, my wife is the best wife I've ever had, and that's not saying much for her."—Judy.

Honeymoon Names.

"What are the Christian names of that young couple next door?"

"We won't be able to find out till next week. They've just been married and he calls her Birdie and she calls him Pettie."—Cleveland Leader.

A Tough One.

"You are a aw-ful tough, ain't you, Jimmie?"

"Why, say, kid, I'm so tough dat dere's times I'm skeered of myself!"



Modern Farm Barns.

The barn herewith illustrated will be found suitable for a medium-sized farm on which eight or ten milk cows are kept. It has a floor space of 38 by 64 feet, exclusive of the milk room. The studs should be 12 to 14 feet long. The interior is divided as shown on the floor plan. The silo is 12x38 feet, with a 5-foot pit which may be of stone or cement. The silo as shown is connected to the feed room by a

4x4-foot chute. This should extend the entire length of silo and have small windows both at the top and bottom. The hay chute is 5x5 feet square and has door at the floor line for forking out hay. The chute is of sufficient size for feeding stock if barn is full. The silo and hay chute are boarded up tight to prevent dust, dirt or odors from entering the cow barn. The left floor should be made tight for the same reason, and if made double with tar paper between it will be better.

The construction of the calf and bull pens, also the box stall, should be such that the animals may readily see the other animals in the barn. They enjoy company as well as human beings do, and many an otherwise good-tempered animal has been rendered unsafe by being placed in solitary confinement. The milk room is handy to the cow stalls and has both an interior and exterior exit. The door leading into the barn should be closed at all times. The interior arrangement is such that one attendant can feed and care for the stock, in a short time; a point not to be overlooked in this day of high-priced labor. An 8 or 10-foot opening should be left in the loft floor over the driveway for passing up hay, etc. The grain and bran bins are located over the feed room and the feed drawn through 8-inch wood spouts and mixed in the feed room. The driveway, also the space between the feed room and cow stalls, may be used a portion of the year for tools or a wagon. The floor above the driveway should be 11 or 12 feet high; the floors over the pens and cow stalls should be 7 feet high, and those over the box stall and horse stalls should be 8 feet high. This arrangement pro-



EXTERIOR VIEW OF BARN.

vide ample storage room for hay, etc., in the loft. A good feature of this barn is that additions can be made without interfering with the general arrangement in any way.—J. E. Bridgman in Farm, Stock and Home.

Feeding Silage. Quite a number of practical feeders have adopted the silage method. One man in particular having a large stock farm in Ohio puts up annually between 2,500 and 3,000 tons of corn and cowpea silage, which he feeds to his beef cattle. A 1,000-pound steer will usually consume about 50 pounds of silage per day. When fed a ration of this kind, some nitrogenous food should be added, such as oil meal, cottonseed meal or other concentrated products found on the market. The feeder from Ohio referred to feeds on an average about 5 pounds of cottonseed meal per day to his steers and about 5 pounds of clover hay, in addition to the 50 pounds of silage. For beef cattle it is usually considered advisable to allow the crop to mature before cutting, and also to plant it the same as one plants for grain production. The cattle feeder is not particularly anxious to obtain a large amount of forage, but he is more anxious to get as much corn as possible. A crop of corn that will produce about 50 bushels per acre will make from eight to nine tons of silage planted in the usual way and harvested when mature. It is stated by feeders who are using silage, and similar reports have come from stations, that cattle fed on this produce scour less than when fed on corn and dry roughage.

The Cornell Experiment Station found that two tons of horse manure in an exposed place in five months lost 5 per cent in gross weight, 60 per cent of its nitrogen, 47 per cent of its phosphorus and 76 per cent of its potash. The total loss of plant food was \$1 per ton.

Sidebone in Horses. The cut on the left shows a healthy foot bone. In some cases the cartilages are large, extending for some distance, giving an appearance of sidebone. If the same condition exists in other feet, it may be concluded that

no sidebone exists. The picture on the right depicts a foot with growth of sidebone. The growth begins at lower edge of cartilage next to the foot bone and extends gradually upward.

Farming Possibilities. At the average rate of twenty bushels of wheat per acre (which is much less than the average yield of either Germany or England), the State of Illinois, with a few Indiana counties thrown in for good measure, cultivated exclusively to wheat, would produce annually more of this product than does the entire country. If Ohio and Iowa's 76,784 square miles of improved land (census 1900), with a 17,858 square mile strip of Kansas, should be planted in corn, there would be harvested, with an acreage yield of fifty bushels, 3,022,144,000 bushels, an amount practically equal to the total 1906 corn crop of the United States, Canada and Mexico.

With the 10,615,644 acres of Georgia's improved land producing a bale of cotton per acre, the yield would amount to nearly as much as the total annual cotton crop of the country; and yet a large part of the 15,776,413 acres of so-called "unimproved farm land" in Georgia can be made to produce as well as the best land in the State, with still a balance of 11,191,943 acres of unclassified land, of which a portion only is irreclaimable to agriculture.

Hogs and Fences. Lean, lank hogs and poor fences will discourage almost any farmer who has such a combination. With animals that will multiply as rapidly as pigs it seems almost a shame to see a man breeding old scrub sows to some boar that has no pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. Yet this is exactly the course that about half of the farmers are following, and wondering why feeding hogs is not paying substantial profits. Never get the idea in your heads that breeding from young and immature breeding stock encourages early maturity in the progeny. Good, strong, well-developed pigs from mature sires and dams will make better growth and more economical gains than the undersized runts that result from breeding immature sows to some 6-months-old boar pig.

Poultry and Fruit Growing. A combination of fruit-growing and poultry raising is especially recommended in a bulletin from the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. If possible, locate the poultry houses so that the runs will be in the orchard. The fowls will destroy thousands of harmful insects, thus greatly benefiting the trees and increasing the prospects for fruit, and the fowls will at the same time gain great comfort and benefit by the protecting shade of the trees. Plum trees and cherry trees are especially benefited by the presence of fowls about their roots. Peach trees will grow most rapidly and soonest give an abundant shade.

An Old Bunco Game. A farmer near Rock Island, Ill., was cleverly swindled out of \$25 by a smooth stranger who claimed to be the game warden. The farmer was hunting on his own farm when approached and asked if he had a hunting license. He had not, and the man said he was not excused by being on his own farm, and that he would arrest him. This did not please the farmer, and he finally gave the fellow \$25 as bail. When he appeared in court the next morning he met the real game warden, but not his money.

Weather Facts. The Farmers' Club of the American Institute has issued the following rules for forecasting the weather:

1. The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within 100 miles of you.

2. When cirrus clouds are rapidly moving from the north or northeast there will be rain inside of twenty-four hours, no matter how cold it is.

3. Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather to a region where a storm is forming.

4. When the temperature suddenly falls there is a storm forming south of you.

5. When the temperature suddenly rises there is a storm forming north of you.

6. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress to a region of fair weather.

7. When cirrus clouds are rapidly moving from the south or southeast there will be a cold rainstorm on the morrow, if it is in summer; if it is in winter, there will be a snowstorm.

8. Whenever heavy, white frost occurs a storm is forming within 1,000 miles north or northeast of you.

9. The wind always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the south the heaviest rain is west of you; if it blows from the east the heaviest rain is south of you; if it blows from the west the heaviest rain is north of you.

10. The wind always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the south the heaviest rain is west of you; if it blows from the east the heaviest rain is south of you; if it blows from the west the heaviest rain is north of you.

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Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.

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Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

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A Crazy Clock. Visiting an old mate, who had the misfortune to be confined in a Yorkshire asylum, a collier noticed that the large clock in the reception hall was ten minutes slow.

"That clock is not right," he exclaimed.

"No, lad!" was the lunatic's reply. "That's why it's here."—London Daily News.

Case of Disappointment. "Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"

"Yes."

"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"

"No, she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."—Houston Post.

History as Corrected. "Why came you so late?" asked Damon. "In another moment I should have been executed!"

"I couldn't find you!" gasped Pythias. "You failed to notify me that a new system of house numbering had gone into effect!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Quick Finish. "Have you finished enumerating the things you want to do?" inquired Mrs. Housekeeper.

"The prospective cook admitted that she had."

"Then perhaps you'll specify the things you can't do. Then I can tell if we can get along together."

The prospective cook decided right there that they couldn't.—Kansas City Journal.

Case of Fellow Feeling. District Visitor—I've just had a letter from my son Arthur, saying he has won a scholarship. I can't tell you how pleased I am.

Rustic Party—I can understand your feeling's, mum. I felt just the same when our pig won the medal at the agricultural show.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Doctor—I've stood for a good many wild and reckless assertions on your part, but you can't make me believe there is a tribe of Indians of Irish descent.

The Professor—That only shows that you have never heard of the Alligone Quinns.—Chicago Tribune.

Characterization. "Those plums may be good," said the man with the slouch hat, stopping to argue with the grocer's boy, "but I'm from Missouri!"

"Well, I'll take 'em," said the man just behind him, picking up the box; "I'm from Ohio!"

PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good, but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and black-heads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets." Fred C. Witten, 76 Elm St., Newark, N. J.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

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