

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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CHAPTER X.

The young heiress was much upset, and, besides this, she had felt for some time what she would have termed an "aching void" for want of a confidante. A confidante had always been a necessity to her, as it generally is to persons much taken up with themselves. Her last devoted friend, the depository of her secret troubles, projects, and love affairs, had lately married a brutal husband who had taught his bride to laugh at Mary Dacre's storms in a teacup and two-penny-half-penny tragedies; so her heart was empty, swept and garnished, and ready for the occupation of another "faithful friend and confidant," when fate threw Hope Desmond in her way. In Miss Dacre's estimation, she was eminently fitted to fill the vacant post; there was just the difference of station between them which would make the confidences of the future Baroness Castleton flattering to their recipient, to whom also her friendship might be useful. There was a short pause. Miss Desmond's eyes looked dreamy, as if she were gazing in spirit at some distant scene, and not as if she were quivering with impatience for the revelations about to be made to her.

The silence was broken suddenly by a somewhat unconnected exclamation from Miss Dacre: "He is certainly very nice-looking."

"Who? Lord Everton?" asked Hope. "Lord Everton! Nonsense! He might have been forty years ago. I mean Captain Lumley. There is something knightly in his look and bearing; one could imagine him going down into the lion's pit for one's glove, and that sort of thing."

"I do not think I could," smiling. "I do not fancy Captain Lumley or any other logical modern young man doing anything of the kind. He might, if extra-chivalrous, bring you a dozen new pairs to replace the one you had dropped."

"Ah, my dear Miss Desmond, I fear you are not imaginative. Or perhaps you have only known prosaic men."

"I have only known very few of any kind."

"And I have had such a wide experience!" said Miss Dacre, with a sigh. "You can see I am no beauty; yet I have the fatal gift of fascination in an extraordinary degree. Yes, really it is quite curious." Another sigh. "I feel in something of a difficult position just now, and I have no friend near with whom to take counsel. Now, dear Miss Desmond, I feel attracted to you. I am certain you could be a faithful friend, and silent as the grave."

"I should be very happy to be of any use to you," said Hope, seeing she paused for a reply.

"I knew you would. I am so tired of feeding on my own heart! I want a friend. Now, I dare say you are surprised to see how earnestly I advocate Hugh Saville's cause. Ah, there is a little tragic story which will color my whole life."

"Indeed!" with awakening interest. "I trust your life will be free from all fragile ingredients."

"Ah, no; that it cannot be. You must know that I saw a great deal of Richard and Hugh Saville when I was a little girl; my father worried a great deal about politics, and I used to live at the Court all the summer, that he might see me sometimes (my mother died when I was a baby, you know). Well, as soon as I left off playing with dolls and began to feel, I was in love with Hugh; and he was very fond of me. Then he went to sea, and we did not meet for years, until after I had been presented and had refused half a dozen men. I shall never forget our first meeting when he returned from—oh, I don't know where. He was so pleased to see me; but soon, very soon, I saw that he who was the light of my eyes was the one man of all I had met who resisted the attraction I generally exercise." Here she paused in her voluble utterance and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

Hope was so amazed at these unexpected revelations that the bright color rose in her cheek—it seemed to her delicate nature almost indecent to thus lay bare one's secret experiences to a stranger—and a look of embarrassment made her drop her eyes; but these symptoms were lost on her companion, who thoroughly enjoyed holding forth on the delightful topic of self and exhibiting her own fine points.

"That must have been very trying," said Hope, feeling that she ought to say something.

"Awful, my dear Miss Desmond. By the bye, may I call you Hope? It is a good name, your name."

"Certainly, Miss Dacre."

"Well, my dear Hope, I nearly went mad; but it is curious that I never looked better. I flirted wildly with every one; still of course Hugh knew quite well that I was desperately in love with him."

"Did he? How very trying! Perhaps he did not."

"Oh, yes, he did; and of course I did all sorts of wild things to show I did not care."

"Yes, I understand."

"Then I had that disturbance with my father about poor Lord Balmuir. I behaved rather badly. I did intend to marry him, but I couldn't! And so we went abroad; and I felt better. But it was an awful blow when I found that Huga was absolutely married! Just think of it!—and to a mere adventuress, a nobody!—such an ambitious man! He will get sick of her, you may be quite sure."

"Why?" asked Hope, looking earnestly at her. "Is he very changeable?"

"No, not at all; he is as steady as a rock, and very proud. But most men tire of their wives, especially when they have brought them no advantages. I never thought Hugh Saville could fall in love and forget himself. Now, when I saw George Lumley, his likeness to his cousin made my heart beat. I soon saw that he was a good deal struck with me, and I believe I could love him passionately if—if memory was not so importunate. He is very charming; and why should I not grow young again? for one does feel awfully old when one has no love affair on. Don't you think George Lumley is—very much taken with me?"

"I suppose that sort of attraction is more perceptible to its object than to any one else," returned Hope Desmond, hesitatingly. She had grown pale and grave, while Miss Dacre rattled on: "Then, you see, when I heard about Hugh saving that man's life, I thought I might make use of the story to wake up Mrs. Saville's good feelings. It would be rather an heroic proceeding if I were to reconcile the mother, son, and wife. George Lumley said I was splendidly generous."

"What! did he, too, know all about Hugh—I mean Mr. Saville?" cried Hope, more and more disturbed.

"Oh, yes; we have quite interesting talks about him. I tell him confidentially how fond I was of Hugh, and then, of course, he wishes he was in Hugh's place; so we get on very well. He is always coming over to the Court, except when he goes away for a few days' shooting. I am not quite sure my father likes it. You have never met Lord Castleton? He is very nice—rather old-fashioned. Lord Everton was a great friend of his in early days. Now, my dear Hope, you know my heart history; and you will notice Captain Lumley's manner. You know the Lumley estates are rather encumbered, and I dare say he feels shy of approaching me—poor fellow! but, if I like him that is of no consequence."

"I am always interested in what you like to tell me, Miss Dacre," said Hope, with some hesitation, as if choosing her words, "but I am not very observant, and some older and wiser person would be more deserving of your confidence than I am."

"Nonsense! I could not tell all these things to a stiff old frump! Now, mind you ask Mrs. Saville if you may come and practice every morning for the concert. I intended to ask her, but my anxiety about Hugh quite put it out of my head. That is always my way; I never think of myself." Hope was too bewildered with her energetic rapidity to reply, so Miss Dacre went on: "She has really no feeling at all. She is fearfully hard. I am afraid she will never forgive Hugh. But I will do all I can."

"If you will take my advice, Miss Dacre," said Hope, earnestly, "you will leave the matter alone. The less Mrs. Saville hears of her son for the present, the better. Attempts to force him on her notice only harden her."

"Well, perhaps so; but you must back me up whenever you can."

"Trust me, I will."

"Now I had better go home. I dare say Captain Lumley is waiting for me on the way. I am so glad you made me open my heart to you. It is such a comfort to have some one to speak to."

"Thank you," returned Hope.

"So good-by. You are looking quite pale and ill. Be sure you ask Mrs. Saville about the concert." And Miss Dacre departed through the open window.

Hope threw herself on the sofa as soon as she was gone, and sat there lost in thought, her elbow on the cushion, her head on her hand, unconscious of the large tears which, after hanging on her long lashes, rolled slowly down her cheeks. What unhappiness and confusion Hugh Saville's headstrong disobedience had created!—and for what? Perhaps only for a temporary whim; perhaps only to regret it, as Miss Dacre said. The thought of these things depressed her.

Some incident in her own life perhaps made her more keenly alive to the trouble in Mrs. Saville's; for Hope Desmond was an exceedingly attractive girl, graceful, gentle, with flashes of humor and fire, suggesting delightful possibilities. The day had been trying, for her good friend Mr. Rawson had not brought too flourishing an account of her affairs, and she did not enjoy the idea of being a companion all her life. At this stage of her reflections a shadow fell across her, and, looking up, she saw George Lumley contemplating her with much interest. She was always pleased to see his bright, good-looking face, and, smiling on him kindly, said, "You have missed Miss Dacre. She has just gone."

"Are you all right, Miss Desmond?" he asked, with much interest, and drawing a step nearer.

"Yes, of course," she returned; then, becoming suddenly aware that her face was wet with tears, she blushed vividly and put up her handkerchief to remove them.

"The terrible effect of a private interview with one's legal adviser," she said, with a brave attempt to laugh.

"He must have brought you bad news, I fear." And Lumley sat down beside her. "Old Rawson—" He paused.

"Is one of the best and kindest of friends," put in Hope. "Now I must go away. I should have been in my room before this, only Miss Dacre chose to stay and talk about family affairs. If you follow you will soon overtake her; she has taken the vicarage path."

"Why, you don't suppose I want to overtake her?"

"She expects you."

"Well, she may do so. She has nearly talked me to death once today. I am not going to run the same risk again."

(To be continued.)

MEN OF ACTION.

"How did you like Professor Newman?" one of the summer residents of Willowby asked Hiram Gale. "I saw his name on the list of lecturers in your last winter's course."

Mr. Gale stroked his chin reflectively.

"Well, some thought he was kind of stiff in his speech at first, but I tell ye what happened:—

"He got kind o' worked up telling us what 'men of action' meant; what the government o' these United States was doing in Alaska, the Philippines, an' so on; an' he stepped a mite too right the edge o' the platform an' lost his balance; but as he begun to fall, Sam Hobart an' Pick Willis, that were in the front seat, stood up an' ketchen him, one by each arm, an' brought him up standin'. He bulged out at the knees for a minute, but nothing to speak of."

"Ald says Pick to him, 'The last word you spoke was 'omnivorous,' and mebbe before you mount again you'll give us some kind of a hint what it means.'"

"The Professor looked from Pick to Sam an' back to Pick again, kind o' dazed, and then he begun to laugh."

"You let me mount," he says, 'an' I'll see to it that the rest o' my talk is such you won't need a dictionary.'—an' he kep' his promise."

"Yes, sir, he gave us a fine talk after that, an' he's coming again. We had him to breakfast next morning, and my wife said she wouldn't want to hear anybody talk more sensible nor act more common an' friendly than he did. But there was a piece in the Sentinel next week referren' to Pick an' Sam as 'Willowby's Men of Action'—an' I reckon the name'll stick to 'em long as they live."

History of a Continent.
Strange have been the historical vicissitudes of the antarctic continent, the Century says. A fragment of geographic fancy evolved by Ortelius in 1570, the great Capt. Cook thought that he had demolished it in 1773.

Resuscitated by an American sealer, N. B. Palmer, in 1820, it took form and definite location explorations of 1840, supplemented by those of D'Urville, Enderby and Kemp.

Ross eliminated Wilkes' discoveries from his charts, but the continent was theoretically and scientifically reconstructed by the great physicists, Carpenter and Murray.

Slowly evolving its tangible shape through the discoveries of the German Drygalski, the Scotsman Bruce, the Belgian Gerlache, the Frenchman Charcot, the Norwegian Larsen and the Englishman Scott, through the late labors of Shackleton, the antarctic continent now appears to extend from Victoria Land to Enderby Land and from Wilkes Land across the south pole to Palmer Land.

Taken all in all, Shackleton's discoveries are the most important and extensive ever made within the antarctic circle. He has determined the location of the magnetic pole, largely increased the known area of the southern continent, virtually reached the south pole and added materially to our general knowledge of those regions.

Favorably Impressed.
"Why do you insist on having a native of Italy to work on your farm?" "Because I've read so much about them fine Italian hands."—Washington Herald.

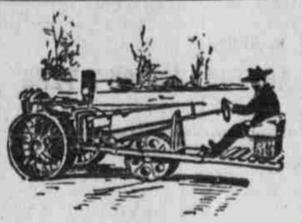
According to the latest figures, the water-power development of this country is reported at 5,357,000 horsepower, and the number of wheels which it turns at 52,827.



No More Walking.

What the inventor says will be a great boon to small farmers, as the invention, it is claimed, will do the work of six horses, is in use in California, but it can be adapted to any locality. It is a gasoline tractor and is a help in plowing, harrowing and harvesting. It will keep running as long as it is fed gasoline.

Built with a two cylinder motor, the tractor has plenty of power. It has two speeds, forward and reverse, and is easily operated from an exten-



THE HORSELESS CULTIVATOR.

sion seat, from much the same position a driver would occupy with his team.

It is particularly an orchard tractor, having low, wide wheels, narrow tread, short wheel base and short turning radius. A special feature is that the tractor may be driven from the seat of the ordinary wheel plow or harrow, enabling one man to drive and operate the levers of this plow and cultivator with perfect ease and convenience. It is a one man machine, light in weight, with all control levers conveniently arranged.

To obtain the greatest efficiency the front wheels are made the traction wheels; also the steering wheels. In the rear are smaller plain wheels, close together, with flanges to hold against side slipping, used simply as trailers, to which the plow, cultivator, harrow or farm wagon is hitched the same as though coupled to the small wheels used on the rear of the ordinary tongue when plowing with a team.

The power plant is built in a stiff steel frame, mounted rigidly to the main axle, and is composed of a two cylinder opposed engine of standard make, rated at twenty-four horsepower.

Thumps in Pigs.
Thumps in pigs is caused by a surplus of fat and a lack of exercise. The thumping is due to violent beating of the heart, causing shaking movement of the sides and flanks of the animal. Often it is so violent that the whole body trembles and shakes with the movements. In aggravated cases the pig is weak and uncertain in his walk, and lies down most of the time. Before death the nose, ears and other parts of the body become red and purple with congested blood, due to weak circulation.

Advanced cases of the thumps are difficult to cure. When first symptoms are noticed reduce the bedding if there is much in their sleeping quarters; reduce the feed and compel the pig to exercise in the open air. Fresh air will purify the blood and exercise will promote circulation. When pigs become fat and lazy they will lie in bed a great part of the time, often completely covered with bedding, so that they breathe impure air and dust. This poisons the blood and reduces the vitality in general, which, with compression of the heart with surplus fat, causes the malady.

In the spring or summer when pasture is good it is well to change pasture of hogs afflicted with the thumps so that they will be induced to take more exercise and eat green food. Reduce heavy feeding and keep the bowels of the animal loose by doses of castor oil. A little turpentine in the slop or drinking water is said to be good.

Check-Rein on Horses.
When a horse stumbles he is far less likely to go down when his head is left free. In England, where they are far ahead of us in everything pertaining to horses, the check-rein has been abolished, the last surrender being that of the artillery and commissariat trains of the British army, the change having been made by Sir George Bourgoyne, the late commander-in-chief, and he testifies to the beneficial results attending it.

A Valuable Cow.
Grace Payne II.'s Homestead a Holstein-Friesian cow, valued at \$8,000, died recently at the Harvey A. Moyer Farm, just north of Syracuse, N. Y., from pneumonia. The animal was heavily insured and held the world's butter record of 35.55 pounds of butter in one week and the thirty-day record of 124.18 pounds. She broke a former record of 35.22 pounds for a week. One of her calves sold recently for \$2,000.

BUSY AT OBERAMMERGAU.

Already Preparing for the Presentation of the Passion Play.

Oberammergau is already busy with preparations for the performance of the passion play, which will take place next year, a London letter to the New York Sun says. Thirty dates have been fixed between May 18 and Sept. 25, of which nineteen are Sundays. Extra performances are sometimes given on Mondays, when there are more people in the village on the preceding Sundays than can find places in the theater.

The great problem of the passion play committee is to prevent the performances from degenerating into commercialism. The play commemorates the departure of the plague from the village in 1633 and the devoutness of the actors is no less now than it has ever been; but already this autumn agents have canvassed the entire village to buy sleeping accommodations for next summer and prices have been offered for single rooms which have almost turned the heads of the peasants.

No one can witness the passion play who has not spent the previous night in the village itself. Every house is registered as possessing a certain amount of sleeping accommodations, and the total number of beds in the village is approximately the number of seats in the theater—4,200. One-third of the beds in each house must be placed at the disposal of the local official lodging bureau. The householders may make their own terms for the other beds, with a maximum charge rigidly fixed by the committee.

Three great tourist offices of London, Berlin and Munich have secured a certain number of beds for the night before each performance. Many of the villagers are reserving accommodations for visitors of 1900 to whom they are pledged and whom they regard as friends.

The burgomaster, Herr Bauer, has promised all his available beds to an English woman, who has taken a villa at Garmisch, twelve miles away, and will convey her guests to the village in a motor car. She has already received 200 applications for the accommodation.

The large firms of tourist agents have already about 3,000 applications and the local bureau is receiving scores daily. Offers of \$6 and \$7 a night for convertible sitting rooms, which the villagers would gladly let in ordinary seasons for 25 cents a day, are being made by agents, but such speculative offers have no chance of acceptance.

Anton Lang, who will be the Christus, as in 1900, is now 35. Since the last performance he has married a pretty young woman and they have three children. He is still a working potter, and his little shop is constantly invaded by visitors. He played Christus in 1905 in a special play on the history of David, and his wife complains that he often spends five hours a day signing photographs.

All profits from the sale of seats will be administered by the committee for the benefit of the village as usual. The actors are only nominally compensated. For them it is a labor of love and devotion.

It is expected that about 200,000 persons will go to the play next year, including fully 40,000 English and Americans.

Why Are the Old Poor?
"Is it not the old man's fault that he is poor?" you ask. Often it is. The aged man and woman who drag out their weary lives in a hopeless effort to hold on are often the victims of their own sins, says Walter Weyl, in Success Magazine. A man may drink to excess for forty years, and wonder that at 60 he is not an established and respected citizen. The old man who waits at midnight in the bread line for crust and coffee, may be a wretched record of an ill-spent life.

And yet he may not be. He may be more sinned against than sinning; he may be turned out into the storm, as was King Lear, by his ungrateful children, or by the ungrateful children of his neighbors. The tottering, decrepit, dissolute old man may be the gentle child of the boy who worked at 5, of the young fellow who was cast into jail for a trivial offense.

It is not true to-day that the righteous in their old age never beg bread. The chances of life are many, and a man may work and save, and yet in the last hour be penniless and friendless. The honored bank may break, the trusted friend defraud; even the insurance company may fail to insure. And there are men, honest and intelligent men, and great men and gentlemen, too, who cannot keep their heads above water, and who are driven by their very humanity into a penniless old age.

Power with Safety.
"I think," said the ambitious man, "that I would like to be a king of finance."

"Don't think of it," said the great European money lender. "Think of the dangers that beset a throne. What you should say is that you would like to be a financier of kingdoms."—Washington Star.

Theory and Practice.
Geraldine—A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Geraldine I have never been able to make you believe it when I brought you flowers.—New York Press.

After a woman makes up her mind it doesn't take her long to make up her face.

It's so much easier to gossip about people than to pray for them.