

# 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 XIV.

Mrs. Saville had invited some friends who were passing through Paris to dine with her that day, so Hope felt no compunction about leaving her alone, though she was by no means anxious to accompany Miss Dacre, whose constant confidences about Lumley made her feel uncomfortable; for during his visit to Dresden she had perceived what was the real attraction which brought him there, and she had a sense of guilt towards Miss Dacre which oppressed her.

"However, she will be going away soon," was her reflection as she gazed, always in black, but not now in such mourning—black lace over black satin, her snowy neck and arms showing through their transparent covering, and a jet comb shining among the abundant coils of her rich, dark-chestnut hair.

"I am so glad you could come!" cried Miss Dacre, when she got into the carriage. "I cannot get quite by myself, and there is no one else in Paris I care to have. Do you know, my father says he thinks he saw George Lumley on the Boulevards this morning."

"Indeed! Well, we have seen nothing of him!"

The house was crowded with a brilliant audience. The music was light and sparkling. Many glasses were turned to the box occupied by the two distinguished-looking Englishwomen. Hope Desmond had had a budget from her faithful friend Miss Rawson that evening, and something in the contents had sent her forth with a bright color and a smiling face. Even Miss Dacre, self-absorbed as she usually was, thought, "How handsome Hope is looking!"

That young lady, who had been sweeping the house with her opera-glass, suddenly started, and exclaimed, "Why, there is George Lumley in the balcony opposite! He is with Lord Everton. Is it not extraordinary?—as soon as I come to Paris he appears. Stay! he sees us; they are coming over. I don't know how it is, but I felt I should meet him here."

In a few minutes the door of the box opened to admit Lord Everton and his young nephew.

"Well, Miss Dacre, this is an unexpected pleasure," said the gallant old peer. "I met Castleton a couple of hours ago, and he told me you were coming here to-night. Then this young scapegrace called at my apartment, and we agreed to look you up."

"I saw Richard Saville in town the day before yesterday," said Captain Lumley as he shook hands with Miss Desmond. "He told me you were in Paris; and—here I am."

"It is the best time for Paris, everything looks so bright and gay," she returned, with some slight embarrassment. "Rather different from Dresden."

"I hope there may be a change from the Dresden tone," he replied, with some significance. Then he turned to greet Miss Dacre with great cordiality, and while they talked with much animation Lord Everton addressed Miss Desmond.

"Delighted to see you! So glad you have not deserted my distinguished sister-in-law. You remind me of Una and the Lion, or I might say the Tiger. The softening power you have exercised is amazing. I only wish the process extended in widening circles to embrace a few more than your favored self."

"I wish I possessed the power you credit me with," returned Hope, smiling, as she made room for him beside her. She was always amused with the boyish old peer, who showed her a degree of kindly attention which touched her.

"And how are you getting on?" he continued, in a confidential tone. "I know that good fellow Rawson counted on you as an ally in the cause of Madame's prodigal son."

"I do not get on at all. I have had but one chance of pleading for him, and I am afraid I made little or no impression. Mrs. Saville has been profoundly offended. Naturally, she will find it hard to forgive."

"She is somewhat adamant. If you succeed with her I shall say you are a deucedly clever young woman. Still, I am inclined to back you. I must tell Hugh what a first-rate advocate he has. I had a letter from him a few days ago. His ship will be out of commission—let me see, in less than five months. The present First Lord is an old schoolfellow of mine, and he wants a lift with him. He must keep up, you know, now he is a married man—poor beggar! Then, in a way, I am responsible for his sins."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hope, looking at him with eager, earnest eyes.

"Yes; I knew old Hilton for years, off and on. He wasn't a bad fellow at all—very much in my own line; and I am not at all a bad fellow, I assure you."

"I am sure you are not," returned Hope, with a caressing smile.

"What a sweet soul you are to say so!" showing all his still white teeth in a genial laugh. "Then he, Hugh, met the daughter—an uncommon girl. I believe, sang divinely, and all that."

"Did you know her too?" asked Hope.

"Well, I have seen her, years ago, when she was in short frocks with a pigtail. Then she was away in England for some time, but Hilton did not consider it prudent to cross the Channel. Anyhow, Hugh is most anxious about his precious wife, and fears she may get into trouble during his absence. I am thinking of running down to Nice to look her up. She is there still, isn't she?"

"I think—that is, Mr. Rawson thinks she has left. You had better ask him."

"I will," with some significance. "May I call upon her imperious Highness, do you think?"

"I can hardly tell. You might leave a card. I am inclined to think that she would be pleased by your kind effort to further her son's interest."

"That is a little encouraging. Hugh has always been a favorite of mine. He is a fine fellow, and I do not think he will revenge himself on the poor girl who is the innocent cause of his misfortunes. God! a sweet charming woman is worth paying dear for!"—a sentiment which seemed to touch his hearer, for she gave him a soft, lingering, tearful glance, which, "had I been some twenty years younger," thought the old boy, "I should have felt inclined to repay with a kiss."

## CHAPTER XV.

Miss Dacre's bright beady eyes danced in her head with delight as she chattered volubly to Lumley, whose face grew rather sulky as he listened, scarcely deigning to reply. Here a welcome interruption came in the shape of one of the English attaches, for whom Lumley immediately vacated his seat; and, as Lord Everton wished to say a word to one of the singers, he departed behind the scenes, and Lumley slipped into his place.

"My uncle was fortunate in securing your devoted attention, Miss Desmond."

"Yes; he always interests me."

"Lucky old fellow! What have you been doing with yourself?" continued Lumley, looking earnestly at her. "You are looking pale and thin, and your eyes—"

Hope interrupted him by holding up a finger. "What a rude speech!" she exclaimed.

"You ought to know by this time that I am too deeply interested in you to pay you compliments."

"And you ought to know by this time, Captain Lumley, that I am an ungrateful creature and not deserving of your interest."

"Whether you deserve it or not, I can't help feeling it."

"Has Mr. Saville any thoughts of coming to Paris?"

"I don't know. He will probably pay his respected mamma a visit. He is at present deeply engaged assisting a desperate female antiquarian who is collecting materials for the history of Queen Bertha, or Boadicea, or some such remote potentate. Whether she will end by leading him to the hyemeneal altar is uncertain; but it is quite possible."

"I earnestly hope poor Mrs. Saville may be spared this last straw," exclaimed Hope, smiling.

"I am sure I don't care. I only care for my own troubles. I have been the most miserable beggar in existence for the last four or five months, hoping and fearing, and dragged every way. I am resolved to put an end to this infernal uncertainty and know my fate. Don't you think I am right?"

"How can I tell?" Hope was beginning, when Miss Dacre broke in: "You will come back to sup with me, will you not, Miss Desmond? Captain Lumley and Lord Everton are coming, and Lady Delamere, and Monsieur de la Taille. I will send my maid home with you after."

"Many thanks, Miss Dacre, I really must not."—An animated argument followed; but Hope Desmond stuck to her resolution, and, declining Captain Lumley's proffered escort, drove back to Maurice's alone.

Mrs. Saville was rather amused in Paris; she met many acquaintances who did not bore her, and she tolerated Captain Lumley's visits more good-humoredly than formerly, chiefly because he was quiet.

About a week after Hope had gone to the opera with Miss Dacre, Mrs. Saville had gone to drive in the Bois with an invalid dowager duchess who was on her way to some famous health-resort in Switzerland, and Hope, having finished her weekly letter, went out to post it, proceeding afterwards to do some shopping. On her way back, near the Theatre Francaise, she met Lumley, who immediately

turned with her. They walked rather silently to the hotel, Hope feeling very anxious to get rid of him, yet somehow deterred from acting with decision, but a certain air of resolution, by no means usual, which pervaded his face and voice seemed to hold her back.

"Has Mrs. Saville returned?" asked Hope of the waiter who attended their suite of rooms.

"Not yet, mademoiselle," he replied. "Then—" she began, holding out her hand to Lumley; but he did not take it.

"If you will allow me, I will come in and wait for her," he said, with so much decision that she felt it would be easier to let him come in than to resist. He therefore followed her upstairs to the pleasant salon, looking out on the Tuilleries gardens, where Hope took off her hat, intending to supply him with a newspaper and leave him to his own reflections. This plan was nipped in the bud.

Having walked to the window and looked out for a minute, Lumley returned and closed the door. Standing between it and Hope, he said, very quietly, "This is the first chance I have had of speaking to you, and I implore you to hear me. I insist on your hearing me. You have treated me with the most insulting indifference, and obstinately refused to understand the feelings I have tried to show you. Now I am determined to speak out. I am madly in love with you. I would sacrifice everything and every one for you. I am desperately in earnest. Promise that you will love me, and I'll marry you to-morrow. No! hear me further," as Hope attempted to speak. "Just think of the different life you would lead with me. You would have society, position, freedom. We might be obliged to pinch at first, but nothing can keep the family estates from me when my father is gone; and I could always get money. Then compare life with a husband who adores you, with that of a sort of upper servant to a cantankerous, dictatorial, tyrannical old woman like my aunt Saville. You must not refuse me, Hope, I'll blow out my brains if you do." He tried to catch her hand, which she quickly snatched away, stepping back a pace or two, while she grew alternately pale and red under the passionate gaze of the eager young man.

"Now, you must listen to me, Captain Lumley. You have distressed me infinitely. You ought to have understood by my manner that I wished to avoid such an explanation—to save you, as well as myself, the pain it must cause. It is impossible that I could love you as you wish. And it is well I do not; for there is no reason why you should grieve your parents as your cousin has done his mother."

"That need not weigh with you," cried Lumley. "I wrote to my father yesterday, and told him I should ask you, and if you accepted me, as I hoped you would, nothing should prevent our marriage."

"How insane of you!" said Hope, greatly agitated. "Why could you not see that I should never under any circumstances have loved you, we are so unlike in every way?"

"That's no reason why we should not be perfectly happy; and see all I can give you."

"All you could give has not a feather's weight with me. I am profoundly grieved that I could not keep you from this mortification. You will find many good and charming women, who, if you seek them, would love you well; and I will even tell you that I have no heart to give. I am engaged to a man I love with all my soul, and no one can put him out of my mind."

(To be continued.)

## How She Got the Job.

She was applying for a situation as confidential clerk and typist, and he turned upon her a rapid fire of questions:

"Talk slang?"

"No, sir."

"Know how to spell cat and dog correctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Use the telephone every other minute?"

"No, sir."

"Usually tell everybody in the office how much the firm owes and all the rest of the private business you learn?"

"No, sir."

He was thinking of something else, to ask her when she took a hand in the matter and put a few queries.

"Smoke cigars when you're dictating?"

"Why—er—no."

"Slam things about when business is bad?"

"No."

"Think you know enough about grammar and punctuation to appreciate a good typist when you get one?"

"I—I think so."

"Want me to go to work, or is your time worth so little that—"

"Kindly hang up your things and let's get at these letters."—Tit-Bits.

## It Depends.

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" the teacher asked of the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And the smart boy stood up and said it depended a great deal whether the word applied to a man or a bee.—London News.

## Keeping Him Guessing.

Tim—Would you scream if I kissed you?

Tessie—I suppose you flatter yourself that I'd be speechless with joy.—Mobile Register.

We all need more mercy than we deserve, therefore let us judge only with charity.—Furniss.



## Short Cornstalks.

Every farmer who feeds corn fodder knows how difficult it is to pitch the manure from the stables in which the stalks have been used for bedding. When the fork is thrust into the compact manure the long stalks run so far in every direction and hold so tightly that the man at the fork begins to think that he will be compelled to lift the entire bottom out of the stall with the first forkful. The long stalks make both loading and unloading of the manure very difficult.

A Missouri farmer has just given his way, which we think is a good way, of feeding corn fodder to make better bedding of the refuse stalks and to make the handling of the manure easier. He ties his corn fodder, or corn stover, in bundles after husking, for storage. At feeding times he takes these bundles and cuts them with an ax across a large wooden block into three or four shorter lengths. These short lengths are then placed in the mangers for the cows and horses to pick over and are then thrown into the stables and stalls for bedding. He claims that stover cut into shorter lengths is easier for the stock to pick over, that it helps to keep the stalls neater, and that it is better in many ways. Where these short lengths of corn stalks are used in the bedding the handling of the manure is easy.

Corn stalks are a valuable by-product of the corn crop when used in the right way, and there are many good ways of using them. Dry corn stalks are porous, spongy, and are good absorbers of liquids. They are bulky and fill up fast, hence aid in keeping the stall floors fully covered and the animals dry. Wheat, oat or rye straw mixed with the dry corn stalk bedding makes an almost complete absorber of the liquids and saves all of the rich fertilizers.—Exchange.

## Education and the Soil.

One of the popular fallacies that is rapidly losing ground is the idea that any one with no previous training or experience can be a successful farmer, and one of the chief agencies of enlightenment is the Government Bureau of Soils. This useful adjunct of the Department of Agriculture is rapidly completing its investigations of the actual values and needs of the earth in various parts of the West, and its reports will constitute a valuable compendium for those already engaged in agriculture to embark in it.

The government has risen to the need of demonstrating that the day of haphazard and scratching of the surface of the earth is passed, and that for most successful results practical training, if not thorough scientific education, is needed. It is the aim of the Bureau of Soils to establish accurately the nutrition values of the earth in varying sections for producing the greatest abundance of suitable crops, and with such a definite basis to help the husbandman proceed with greater certainty toward his goal of achievement. This sort of official knowledge is sure to enable man to make many blades of grass or grain grow where few or none grew before, for its natural development will be the intelligent cultivation of every arable acre of land that can be made to yield a profitable crop.—Twentieth Century Farmer.

## Hens That Will Lay in Winter.

The latest characteristic which the poultry raiser is endeavoring to establish in the several egg-laying strains of hens is the early maturity of pullets, with the consequent laying, during the season when eggs are scarcest and bring the highest prices.

A Maine breeder reports a lot of twenty-nine April-hatched pullets which were selected because they had begun to lay in the latter part of August.

From September 1 until the end of April these birds laid on an average of 115 eggs each, at a calculated profit of over \$3 per bird. If such profits could be realized on the majority of the hens kept for laying, the elusive fancy profits of the poultry business would be realized.

The breeding of poultry to type is now so generally accomplished that the suggestion to breed a race of birds which will be winter egg-producers warrants the belief in its early achievement.

## Resting Land.

Many farmers believe that cultivated land should be given a "rest" every few years in order to recuperate from its exhaustion in the production of crops. In some cases the land may be benefited somewhat, but, as a rule, where a tract is permitted to lie fallow for many months it becomes a veritable hotbed for weeds. These flourish and sap its best qualities, leaving it poor and impoverished for future crops. The soil is filled with weed seeds and the task of cultivating it is rendered all the harder. Reasoning from cause to effect, it would appear that the more ground is cultivated the shorter its life as good productive soil, but this doesn't work out in practice. Weeds do more harm to land than any other crop.—Agricultural Epitome.

## Irrigation of Alfalfa.

The importance of alfalfa to western farmers cannot well be overestimated. A single ton of alfalfa may save the lives of many head of stock by providing feed during short periods of cold, stormy weather. Alfalfa can not be excelled as a preparatory crop on soils that have long been unproductive. Likewise it maintains the fertility of soils naturally rich in plant food, and if used as a base of rotation makes possible abundant crop yields of various kinds.

Notwithstanding its present importance and great value in irrigation farming, the profits on the area now in alfalfa can be greatly increased if more care and skill are exercised in growing it.

Perhaps the most essential conditions for the production of alfalfa are abundant sunshine, a high summer temperature, sufficient moisture, and a rich, deep, well drained soil. All of these essentials, save moisture, exist naturally in the arid region of the United States, and when water is supplied it makes the conditions ideal. Although alfalfa can be successfully grown under a wide range of soil conditions, yet all Western lands are not equally well adapted to its growth.

How to determine the suitability of land for growing alfalfa under irrigation, as well as how to prepare the land, is told in Farmers' Bulletin 373, "Irrigation of Alfalfa," recently issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The bulletin discusses the various methods of irrigating the crop and gives much useful information in connection therewith.

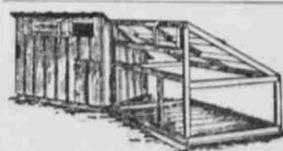
## Three Ladders in One.

Not every family has a long and a short ladder about the house and it often happens that where one of these will not suit the other will.

A Canadian has invented a ladder that answers both purposes and when folded (for it does fold) takes up less room than even the old style small ladder. This invention consists of a ladder made in three sections, one on the other and hinged together on one side SECTIONAL and in the back. On the LADDER other side are pins to keep it in place when it is extended to its full length. Either in its extended or its short form this ladder is a safe one, but it has no back support and must be leaned against the wall. After the top section has been bent down on one side it folds back and when the second section is down the three fold together like a three-part screen. When the ladder is not in use it can be stowed away behind a door or in any corner as it does not take up as much room as a chair.

## Small Hog Cot.

The hog cot illustrated here is 6 ft. wide, 8 ft. long and 6 ft. 2 in. high in front and 3 ft. high in the rear. The floor is built with 2 in. x 4 in.



stringers, and the frame is held on the floor by blocks at each corner. Lumber required will be: 12 pieces, 2 in. x 4 in., 16 ft. long for frame; 4 pieces, 1 in. x 12 in., 16 ft. long for floor; 13 pieces, 1 in. x 2 in., 16 ft. long for roof and ends; 10 battens, 16 ft. long for sealing crack between boards. Total cost about \$12.50.

## The Hired Man.

There are great differences in the qualifications of the hired man. One is worth all and more than he receives, while another, who is apparently equally as intelligent, is not worth anything, and the employer is a loser in the long run by having him around. The best hired man is one who is intelligent and active. A good one should receive the best of treatment from his employer and should never tire of what is to be done on the ranch, regardless of the lateness of the hour or the inclemency of the weather, if loss is likely to accrue in case he should fail to work at that particular time. Of all farmhands the most despicable is the liar who tells you that he has done such and such work when he has not. Next to this one comes the lazy man.—Denver Field and Farm.

## Conditioner for Hogs.

This is the government's conditioner for hogs, excellent for "corn cholera," or other digestive derangements of hogs. Wood or cob charcoal, 1 pound; sulphur, 2 pounds; sodium bicarbonate (baking soda), 2 pounds; Glauber salts, 1 pound, sodium chloride (common salt), 2 pounds (or Epsom salts, 2 pounds); antimony sulphide, 1 pound.

Pulverize each of the ingredients well and mix them thoroughly. The dose is a tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of the hogs, given twice a day in shorts or bran slop feed.

## TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



Nothing has a more courage than love. How easy it would be to forgive those who have wronged us if we could only know their wrongs.

We do not have to be great in anything except faith to obtain great favor with God.

Count your blessings and your troubles will run.

The man who stands on the truth has God's hand under him.

The Lord made some laws to show how much He hates idleness.

We rob both God and ourselves when we fail to do our best.

The man who picks out his own cross never gets the right one.

There was only one window in the ark, but it opened toward heaven.

You can't measure a man's religion by the length of his face in church.

Hiding a light under a bushel is not much better than putting it clear out.

Before you condemn a man altogether, find out what kind of a mother he had.

A rich man may give the Lord too little, but a poor man can not give Him too much.

No man ever takes the Lord for his shepherd as long as he can find any kind of a green pasture for himself.

## WOMEN IN FAR ARCTIC REGIONS.

Early Boats Crowded with Northland Housekeepers Hurrying Home. It is strange the fascination that the Northland exerts on men and women.

The early boats are crowded with those who have been out for the winter and are hurrying back, called by that imperative voice of the Arctic. A smartly dressed woman, whose eyes held a new light every time Dawson was mentioned, was the wife of a man who had made his hundreds of thousands in the Klondike. They had spent the winter at the Waldorf-Astoria, and yet she was glad to get home.

And what was home? Only a cabin, again, a one-room cabin on the side of the mountain, a dozen miles from Dawson. Why did she want to get back, away from friends, theaters, music, lectures, when they had ample money to live luxuriously outside? She only smiled at the question and shook her head as though she could not explain to one who did not know:

"I've got to get back, that's all!" she said, simply.

"I've given up a house with four bathrooms to come to a country that hasn't a house with a tub in it," laughed another Arctic housekeeper. "If you want to take a proper bath in even Nome or Dawson you will have to go to the bathroom to do it. Winters are too long and too cold to bother with plumbing in the cabins."

The towns are all camps, the houses all cabins in the North, but in these days of telephones and electric lights there are few hardships, even on the creeks. Dawson is a Canadian camp, with its cheery afternoon tea, its tennis and cricket, while Nome is distinctly American, with a woman's club, the Kogoyah Kozga, which has its own clubhouse. As for dinners and luncheons, you would never believe what elaborate meals the women can serve in their small kitchens, and all from cans.

The cabins are tiny affairs, one, two, seldom more than three rooms, but from these boxhoses the women appear in smart afternoon gowns or filmy evening frocks. A fur parki drawn over the white satin and the felt shoes give a strangely incongruous touch, but one quite in keeping with the dog sled waiting to convey my lady to her party.—Housekeeper.

## Making the Connection.

An enterprising Scotch liquor dealer offered a prize for the best answer to a conundrum: "Why is my whisky like the bridge of Ayr?" A boy sent in, "Because it leads to the post-house;" and the unprejudiced umpire gave him the prize. With even reader why a Yankee saw the connection in a kindred case.

At a certain railway station an anxious man came to the door of the baggage car, and said, "Is there anything for me?"

After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggage master dragged out a demijohn of whisky.

"Anything more?" asked the man.

"Yes," said the baggage man, "here's a grave stone. There's no name on it, but it ought to go with that liquor."

## But Seldom.

Prof. Brander Matthews, the brilliant essayist and scholar of Columbia, said at a dinner party, apropos of changes in the meaning of words:

"At the height of our majority campaign a little boy, looking up from his adventure book, said to his father: 'Father, what's a cormorant?'"

"A cormorant," the father answered, as he turned the huge pages of his newspapers, "is a corrupt and hoggish politician."

"But," the lad objected, "I thought it was a bird."

"Oh, yes, to be sure," the other agreed. "The word is used in that sense now and then."

Happy is the man who is too deaf to hear what others say about him.