

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 XV.—(Continued.)

"Who and what is he?" cried Lumley, fiercely, starting forward from where he had been leaning against the window-frame.

"I will tell you so much. He is poor like myself, and we have a long struggle before us, but— There, will say no more. Now that you understand there is no hope, you will be able to put me out of your thoughts. Do tell your father he has nothing to fear, at least from me. It is cruel to disappoint a father, a parent. See what suffering Hugh Saville has caused his mother."

"He was right. He got what he wanted. I am disappointed. I thought when you knew what I really meant, you—"

"It is useless to argue about what is inevitable," interrupted Hope. "I deeply regret having caused you annoyance or disappointment, but neither you nor I would have been happy if we had become man and wife. Why, oh, why did you not understand me? Now I can hear no more. Make haste to relieve your father's mind, and—good-by, Captain Lumley." She half put out her hand, drew it back, and left the room swiftly. The enraged and disappointed lover took a turn to and fro, uttering some half-articulate denunciations of his infernal ill luck, then, snatching up his hat, rushed away to pour his troubles into the sympathizing ear of Lord Everton, in whom all imprudent youngsters found a congenial confidant.

As soon as the sound of his steps was heard, the unclosed door of a small inner room from which there was no other exit was pushed more widely open, and Mrs. Saville walked in. She wore her out-door dress, and held a note in her hand.

"I little thought what I should hear," she said, almost aloud, "when I determined to keep quiet till that booby had gone. Listeners never hear good of themselves. So I am a cantankerous, dictatorial, tyrannical old woman? Hope Desmond does not think so; I know she does not."

CHAPTER XVI.

To Hope Mrs. Saville made no sign, and she remained in complete ignorance that her acute patroness had been a hearer of Lumley's avowal.

There was something increasingly kind and confidential, however, in her tone and manner. Hope was greatly relieved by having thus disposed of her admirer. That worry was at an end; another, however, still remained. Miss Dacre's feelings and imagination were greatly exercised by the sudden disappearance of George Lumley from the scene, and she grew quite ravenous for Hope's society, that she might wonder and conjecture and mander about his mysterious conduct, and cross-examine Hope as to what she thought might, could, would, or should have caused him thus suddenly to throw up the game which Miss Dacre chose to think he was playing so eagerly—viz., the pursuit of herself—till she made her hearer's life a burden to her.

"I don't know what you do to Miss Desmond when you have her out by herself," said Mrs. Saville to the young heiress one afternoon, when she had called to know if dear Mrs. Saville would spare Hope Desmond to take a drive with her and stay to afternoon tea, "but she always comes back looking white and tired, quite exhausted; and I will not spare her, Miss Dacre. I want her myself. If you are always taking her away, you had better keep her."

"I am sure I shall be delighted. I want a nice lady-like companion a little older than myself, to go about with me and—"

"A little older than yourself!" laughed Mrs. Saville. "I suspect she is two years your junior. Well, take her, if she will go."

"Indeed, Mrs. Saville, I think you would do better with an older person, some one nearer your own age."

"I am much obliged for your kind consideration. Yes, of course Miss Desmond has rather a dull time with me. Suppose you make her an offer in writing."

"Yes, of course I could; that is, if you would not be offended."

"No, by no means. I would not stand in her light."

"Really, Mrs. Saville, you are the most sensible woman I know. Pray, how much do you give her?—what salary I mean."

"What Mr. Rawson asked for his protegee—fifty pounds."

"Is that all? Oh, I will give her a hundred."

"Then of course you will get her," said Mrs. Saville, grimly. "That being so, pray leave her to me for this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, certainly. I can write to her this evening." Her further utterance was arrested by the announcement, in loud tones, of Lady Olivia Lumley, whereupon that personage en-

tered, wearing a simple traveling-dress and a most troubled expression of countenance.

"Dear Miss Dacre, I had no idea I should find you here," said Lady Olivia, when she had greeted Mrs. Saville. "I am on my way to Contreuxville, to try and get rid of my gouty rheumatism; so—"

"How very unfortunate that Captain Lumley should just have left!" interrupted Miss Dacre. "He started on Wednesday—something regimental, I believe."

"Most unfortunate," returned Lady Olivia, emphatically.

"Where are you staying?" asked Miss Dacre.

"At the Hotel d'Albe."

"Well, I shall call late this afternoon. Now I am obliged to call on the Comtesse de Suresnes. So good-by for the present, Mrs. Saville. Good-by, dear Lady Olivia."

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Saville, looking very straight at her sister-in-law, asked, "What is the matter with you?"

"Matter! Matter enough! If I had not been en route for Contreuxville I should have come here on purpose to—"

"to tell you what I think."

"And pray what may that be, Lady Olivia?"

"That you have allowed my unfortunate boy George to fall into the same scrape as your own son, just to make us suffer as you have done. It is too bad, that while we were thinking everything was on the point of being settled between him and Mary Dacre (such an excellent marriage), there is he falling into the trap of that low-born, designing adventuress, your companion! You are not a woman to be blinded by anything, and you never took the trouble to warn us or save him, and I who always sympathized with you in your trouble about Hugh! I expected better things from you, Elizabeth. You are infatuated about that woman, of whom you really know nothing."

For a moment Mrs. Saville was silent, too amazed to find words.

"I don't understand you. Pray explain your meaning, if you have any," she said, at last, a bitter little smile curling up the corners of her mouth.

"Why, our unfortunate mad boy wrote to his father a few days ago that he was going to make an offer to that dreadful girl, as she was the sort of woman to whom he dared not propose a private marriage; that we feared we might be vexed at first, but if we attempted to prevent it he would go straight to the dogs. Oh, it is too too bad! I little thought, when I was so horrified at Hugh's conduct last summer, that before a year was over I should be afflicted in the same way."

"When you gloated over my disappointment, you mean," cried Mrs. Saville, her keen black eyes flashing. "I have no doubt you thought to yourself that your son would never be false to the instincts of his race, which is aristocratic on both sides, but that mine was impelled by the plebeian vigor inherited from his mother's people. I know the amount of gratitude you all feel towards me for conferring wealth for which he never toiled, on your brother and his sons. But the blood in my veins has been strong enough to keep you all in your places. Yes! as the world we live in chooses to attach importance to rank and to worship a title, I bought what was necessary of the valuable article; but I know your estimate of me and the veiled contempt of your commiseration when the blow fell upon me. Now I am going to return good for evil, and relieve your mind. Your precious son is perfectly safe. That low-born, designing adventuress, my companion, has defiantly and utterly rejected him."

"Impossible! Are you sure? May this not be some deep-laid scheme? How do you know?"

"It is quite possible, I am perfectly sure; it is no deep-laid scheme, I know, because I was in that room there, unsuspected, and heard every word of the proposal and of the distinct, decided rejection. Miss Desmond reproached your son with his perseverance in spite of her discouragement, and informed him she was engaged to another—evidently some humble, struggling man, from whom your charming, distinguished son was powerless to attract her. Miss Desmond acted like a young woman of sense and honor, and in my opinion she is a great deal too good even for so high and mighty a gentleman as Captain George Lumley."

"Thank God!" cried Lady Olivia, too much relieved to resent the undignified scorn and anger of her sister-in-law. "But are you quite sure there is no danger of this—your person changing her mind?"

"Be under no apprehension. Your son is safe enough so far as my young friend Miss Desmond is concerned."

"I am sure I am very glad; but really, Elizabeth, I am amazed at the very

extraordinary attack you have made upon me."

"Or, rather, you are amazed that I know you so well. I saw the sneer that lurked under your assumed compassion for my disappointment, and I am amazed you ventured to speak in the tone you did to me. Now you may go, and write to your husband and assure him his son is safe for the present. Before we meet again, you must apologize to me for the liberty you have taken."

"I think an apology is also due to me," cried Lady Olivia.

While she spoke, Mrs. Saville had rung the bell, and, on the waiter's appearance, said, in a commanding tone, "Lady Olivia's carriage," whereupon that lady confessed defeat by retiring rapidly.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Saville walked to her special arm-chair, and, taking Prince into her lap, stroked him mechanically, as was her wont when she was thinking.

"So that was the fool's attraction?" she mused. "I ought to have suspected it, but I did not, or I should have sent him about his business. It is natural enough that a father and mother should be annoyed; but she is too good for him—a great deal too good. But she is silly, too, with her high-flown notions. We cannot defy the judgment and prejudices of the world we live in; obscurity and insignificance are abhorrent to most sane people. Yet it is impossible to doubt her sincerity; and she is common-sensical enough. Can it be that she is wise and I am unwise?" Here Mrs. Saville put her little favorite on the carpet and again rang the bell. This time she desired that Miss Desmond should be sent to her.

"I think I shall go out and do some shopping," she said, when Hope appeared. "I do not walk enough. I have had a tiresome morning. First Miss Dacre came begging that you might be lent to her for the day. This I refused. Then came Lady Olivia, in a bad temper, and we quarreled. She is going away to-morrow or next day. At all events, she shall not trouble me any more. I think we have had enough of Paris. Richard is coming over next week. As soon as he leaves, I shall go away to a quaint little place on the coast of Normandy, and recruit. It will be very dull; but you are used to that."

"I rarely feel dull," returned Hope, who secretly wondered why Mrs. Saville had quarreled with her sister-in-law. She was too decided, too peremptory a woman to be quarrelsome. Could it be for any reason connected with herself? Lumley said he had communicated his intention to propose for her (Hope) to his father. This, no doubt, would have enraged his family; but she could not ask any questions. Indeed, she was thankful to "let sleeping dogs lie." She had many anxieties pressing on her young heart. A very cloudy and uncertain future lay before her. "It is hard," she thought, "that however good and true and loving a woman may be, if not rich she is thought unworthy to be the helpmate of a wealthy, well-placed man; any poor, struggling nobody is good enough for her. Yet it is among the struggling nobodies that the finest fellows are often found; so things equalize themselves."

(To be continued.)

A Woman's Way.

Believing, it may be, that it is necessary, now and then, to prove that women are not inferior to men in the management of practical affairs, a contributor to the New York Globe tells of a young woman who recently bought and retired to a small suburban farm, and was busy all the spring personally directing the modernization of the house.

The other day she ordered a telephone installed, and the company's workmen started in. Presently the "boss" called her out to the lawn.

"We can't run the wire in without damaging that tree," he said, pointing to a fine old elm near the piazza. "It can't be done."

"Very well," replied the young woman, smilingly. "Then you needn't put in the phone;" and she re-entered the house.

"Did the electricians go away?" asks the correspondent, who assuredly believes that a man should think twice before insisting upon his boasted mental superiority to the other sex.

"No, sir. They put in the phone—and without harming the tree."

"A man, now," he concludes, "would have argued a half-hour over the matter."

Still Guessing.

"Say, paw," queried little Henry Peck, "did you know ma long before you married her?"

"No, my son," replied the old man with a sigh long drawn out, "and as a matter of fact I'm not thoroughly acquainted with her yet."

Quite Appropriate.

"What's become of that pretty young actress I saw last year?"

"She's starring."

"And the young fellow who seemed to be so devoted to her?"

"He's still mooning."—Baltimore American.

Quite Right, Sir.

The Employer—Young man, I don't see how, with your salary, you can afford to smoke such expensive cigars.

The Employee—You're right, sir. I can't. I ought to have a bigger salary.

Different.

She—Does he command a good salary?

He—He earns a good salary; his wife commands it.

FARM AND GARDEN

Advantages of a Silo.

Silos have become one of the fixed appointments of successful dairy and stock farms where economy in feed is necessary to achieve profitable results. The expense of a silo often prevents its use by farmers who feel that they cannot spare the money for such an equipment. The intelligent feeder who has carefully investigated the advantages of a silo is the man loudest in its praise. It has become recognized that high class results in feeding live stock cannot be consummated without feeding silage.

Deleterious results seldom follow feeding ensilage. If such results do follow it comes from either overfeeding or from spoiled silage. Silage is recognized as of great economic value in feeding dairy cows. Where dairy farming is made a specialty but few dairies are operated without the use of silage. It is equally valuable as a ration for young cattle and has decided merits when fed to steers being fattened for market. Sheep and swine thrive on silage. As a part of the ration of roughage it could be generally utilized for all classes of live stock. The dairy cow could be fed forty pounds of silage daily, while thirty pounds would be a ration for a beef animal.

A silo enables the farmer to economize in space in the storage of feed. It requires double the space to store the same feed nutrients in dry roughage as in silage. The silo can be constructed of re-enforced cement and become a permanent improvement that will cost nothing for maintenance.

A silo enables the farmer to save his feed with the minimum loss of nutrients. Feed cured in the open air suffers a loss of about 25 per cent of nutrients, while ensilage loses about 10 per cent of nutrient.

Silage has been comprehensively tested at nearly all the agricultural experiment stations with uniform favorable results. It insures to the dairyman succulent feed at all times—an important condition in milk production, as succulent feed is best for dairy cows.—Goodall's Farmer.

Farming as a Business.

Science has shown that where there is a farm that does not pay, the fault lies not in the land, but in the man who is in charge. Good or bad farming results from definite reasons. Success results from painstaking, reasonable, operations; the application of practical knowledge which has been gained by studying the requirements which are known will bring success.

Lack of ambition results in indifferent work on the farm. Taking full advantage of the resources of any farm, and following intelligent, up-to-date methods of farming will in due time mean steady and often very rapid improvement in yield of crops. In a sense, the resources of a farm vary with locality; but in the main there are many identical conditions on very many farms. The farmer who works to establish a well-set meadow, aims to get the hilly, washable, waste lands set in grass; utilizes the rocky rough lands by setting out fruit trees; ditches the low lands and reclaims the swamps; improves the stony fields by picking off the surface stones so that crops will take the places the stones occupied, uses some of the ways of taking advantage of the resources of a farm.

The farmer who owns a big farm in very many instances does not secure crops that average as well as the farmer whose farm rarely exceeds sixty or seventy acres. The reason is the large farmer cannot, with the force he usually keeps, properly look after everything, seeing that reasonable work is done and that each farming operation is well attended to. Each of these is a great success factor in farming. Hasty work means, invariably, some neglect or work indifferently done.

Corn Breeding.

The Illinois experiment station has just published the results of its efforts to breed corn for high and low protein content and for high and low oil content. Ten generations of corn have been bred for these different purposes by selection of seed having the desired qualities. In the effort to increase the protein content the average has been changed from 10.92 per cent to 14.26 per cent in the effort to decrease it from 10.92 per cent to 8.64 per cent. Individual ears have been found which contain as high as 17.79 per cent of protein and as low as 6.13 per cent, as high as 8.59 per cent of oil and as low as 1.60 per cent. But the high protein corn has been in every case less productive than any of the other three and in some cases decidedly so. It has also been less productive as a rule than corn grown for no particular purpose—just corn. The conclusion is reached from some plots that, while this continued selection for a single purpose to the neglect of all other considerations has resulted in lower yields, yet this is not a necessary result. In some cases high protein corn has yielded well as compared with standard varieties bred for no particular purpose.

The Profitable Dairy Cow.

Some people seem to keep and milk cows simply because others keep them, without any regard to whether the cows are paying a profit. For a cow to be worth keeping she must pay a profit on the feed and care given her. For her to be really worth while, she should produce 100 per cent more milk than her feed costs, including pasture, of course.

It does not matter so much what breed a cow belong to. Simply because she is of Jersey or Holstein blood, is not positive proof that she is more than paying her way. A common cow may be doing better than she. The only way to find out what she is doing is to weigh and test her milk at regular and frequent intervals. Let her stand on her merits and not on her ancestry.

One reason why some cows do not pay greater profit is that they are not fed all the nutritious feed they will eat. This is especially the case with many farmers in winter, when pastures are dead. Many of them keep their producing cows on half feed when they are not on pasture, and still expect the cows to make up the loss. If a cow is worth keeping at all she is worth feeding all she can be induced to eat. If it is not found profitable to purchase extra feeds so that the cows may have all that they will consume, then it is best to keep only as many cows as feed can be provided for on the farm.

Make the cow produce all the milk she can by good care and feed, and do not let her go dry until the time she is ready to turn dry. Keep the best heifers from the best cows.—Journal of Agriculture.

Breed and Feed.

To cheapen the cost of production, is to increase the price of dairy products; and the only way to lower the cost is to feed and breed intelligently. The scrub bull is the bane and curse of the dairy industry in Missouri and the Southwest, as it is everywhere else. And it should also be remembered that the best cow in the world may be ruined as a milk producer by improper feeding. If you do not own a thoroughbred bull with good milk stock in his pedigree, buy one at once. Get out of the old rut, and start right. Go to work now and build up your herd. The chances are that 50 per cent of those who read this paragraph have a lot of cows that are hardly paying for their keep. But, by breeding to the right sort of a sire, and keeping the heifer calves from only the best milkers, and feeding intelligently, any man who reads this can have a herd of 300-pound producing cows in five years.—Missouri Dairyman.

Waste of Feed.

Wherever cattle or hogs are fed, there is a great waste in valuable feed resulting from the feeding of too much corn, or feeding corn out of balance and proportion to protein or nitrogenous food. The time has come in the high price of corn to call a halt to this wasteful method of feeding. To fully utilize feed proper digestion must go on, and when corn is fed out of balance with nitrogenous foods it is not all digested and assimilated. These are very important facts, now that corn is high in price and is likely to stay so. What, then, is the food that must take the place of part of the corn fed in making pork? That is the question that should be carefully studied and heeded by farmers. Cheaper production through more economical use of our feeds is an important matter and must be so recognized sooner or later by our farmers.—Kansas Farmer.

Orchard Cultivation.

Hoe the weeds and grass away from the trees in the orchard, and while you are hoeing the grass and weeds away, dig down into it and stir the soil for 2 or 3 feet around the base of each tree. Keeping the grass and weeds away will destroy nesting places for mice and prevent them from girdling the trees. Digging into and turning up some of the surface soil will bring some insect pests to light to be destroyed, and the stirring of the soil around the base of the tree will do some good in the way of cultivation. A few minutes thus spent to each tree may be the means of its bearing an extra bushel of fruit this coming year. The more the orchard is cultivated and worked with the more it will bear. Intensive orchard cultivation is imperative for the best results.—Journal of Agriculture.

Poultry Notes.

Some farmers neglect the 25 to 50 cents that the fattening of cracks in the coop would cost, and each month feed a dollar's worth of extra corn in order to supply the animal heat needed.

Fowls love to thrash out a bundle of wheat or oats, and it does one good to step around to the door of the poultry house and listen to the merry chatter while the fowls are digging in the straw.

The answer to the question, Does winter poultry pay? depends in a large measure upon where your hens are roosting. If on the bare branches of a tree, on the northeast corner of the barn, there can be no doubt about it.

Raise your chickens outdoors at all seasons of the year, give them every opportunity to get fresh air and sunshine. Keep them in small flocks until they roost regularly. Keep the roofs of all brooders and coops water tight; dampness is fatal to chickens old or young. If coops leak, cover with tar roofing or canvas painted with several coats of white lead.—Farm Journal.

Old Favorites

Down to Sleep.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill;
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie down to sleep.

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to swell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;

I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep,
When all wild things lie down to sleep.

Each day I find new coverlets
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;

I hear their chorus of "good-night;"
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening while they lie down to sleep.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;

Life's night rests feet which long
Have stood;
Some warm soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can lay us down to sleep.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Fame.

(From Lycidas.)

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?

Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—

That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And cuts the thin-appeal life. "But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears:

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

—John Milton.

MEMORIAL FOR JOHN FITCH.

Thinks Honors in Steam Navigation Should Go to Philadelphia.

The case of John Fitch is a sad one. He was the pioneer and was successful. He ran his boat on the Delaware river for months, but he was received with derision. There was then no man in this city—probably not in the whole country—with the prophetic vision of Chancellor Livingston at a later day who possessed the wealth and influence to impress the fact of Fitch's success on the public, the Philadelphia Inquirer says. It argues ill for the state of enlightenment at that time that there was no one who could foresee the possibilities of steam navigation. If some Philadelphian had arisen at that moment to do what Livingston did subsequently in New York, much of our history might have been changed. We should have had steamboats on the western waters nearly twenty years earlier than we did, the events of the War of 1812 might have been more decided, and Napoleon might have had his steamers to cross the channel from Boulogne.

It is idle to speculate on what might have been, but it is certain that this city owes something to the memory of Fitch, the prophet whom it rejected. The least that can be done is to rear a monument to his memory and to place a headstone over his grave. In the library of the Historical Society to-day reposes the combined diary and autobiography of this man. It is one of the most pathetic of human documents. It shows the mighty soul of a man struggling against the stupidity and conservatism of his age. We think the Historical Society should take the initiative in the matter, and we believe that a reasonable sum can be secured for a suitable memorial to a man who was born out of due season, who deserved so much and got the worst.

The Place for It.

An old Scotsman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep her self awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

The Snake.

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?"
"I shook my head."
"Sideshow or up and down?"—Boston Transcript.

We have quit worshipping great heroes who live a long way off; instead, in future we shall worship the good citizens around home.

So far as is known, no widow ever sloped.