

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 XVII.—(Continued.)

That evening, as Hope was playing some Scotch airs, with great taste and a delicate touch, while Mrs. Saville sat thinking in her chair and stroking Prince, a note was brought for Miss Desmond. Hope finished what she was playing, then, asking, "Will you allow me?" opened the missive.

"It is from Miss Dacre," she added, in a minute or two—a most extraordinary epistle. She says she writes with your knowledge and approval. She asks me to leave you and live with her, and offers me one hundred pounds a year. Will you look at it?"

Mrs. Saville stretched out her hand, and, after reading the letter, deliberately returned it.

"How do you mean to reply?"

"Can you ask?" cried Hope—"unless, indeed, your knowledge of Miss Dacre's intention indicates a wish that I should leave you."

"No, it does not. I thought it right that you should have the option of refusing an advantageous offer. You would have more gaiety, a larger salary, an easier life, with Mary Dacre, than with a cantankerous old woman like myself."

"If I had the money I should be willing to pay a hundred a year to stay away from Miss Dacre," said Hope. "You are severe, and rather formidable, but I feel sure of your justice and loyalty, and the restfulness of life with you is infinitely preferable to the fevered gait of Miss Dacre's existence."

"I am glad you think so. Write to her at once."

Hope obeyed, and, after writing with deliberation for some minutes, gave the result to Mrs. Saville for perusal.

"Good," said that lady. "It is firm and courteous. Let it be posted at once. Now play me the march from 'Tannhauser.'"

When that was finished, Mrs. Saville said, "Come and sit down."

Hope obeyed. There was a short pause, and she went on: "As you have chosen to stay with me, my dear Miss Desmond, I shall increase your salary to what Miss Dacre offered."

"You are very good, Mrs. Saville, but I would rather you did not. I have quite enough for all I want. A year hence, when you have proved me, if we are still together and you like to offer it—but, oh, it is unwise to look ahead so far."

"I am not a very imaginative person," said Mrs. Saville, slowly, "but it strikes me you have a history, Miss Desmond."

"I suppose every one has," said Hope, smiling. "I too, have my little story; and some day, if you ever care to hear it, I will tell you—but not just yet."

"I suppose it centers round some love-affair, which you silly young people always think of the last importance."

"It does," said Hope, with grave feeling; "and I am sure the importance cannot be exaggerated. If men and women only allowed themselves to think what a sacred and solemn thing love and its usual ending marriage is, fewer unhappy ones would take place."

"Ah, with the vast majority love is an unknown quantity and an insignificant ingredient. Just think what human nature is, the conditions in which it lives, moves, and has its being; how its love as you exalted people accept it, to exist? There we shall never agree. Pray get me the Figaro."

Mrs. Dacre was reproachful, and even tearful, when Hope next saw her, but the "much desired one" was immovable.

"Is it not extraordinary," cried the disappointed heiress, "that George Lumley went off in that unaccountable way? There is some hidden baneful influence at work. It is always the same: as soon as we are growing confidential he flies off. It is a hideous thought, but it has occurred to me that he is secretly married to some dreadful woman. What do you think?"

"I think there is nothing more unlikely."

"Well, good-by. We return to London on Wednesday. Perhaps Richard Saville will be able to tell me something of George. Oh, I forget; we shall just miss him. Well, if you can find out anything you will be sure to write? You have treated me very badly; but I do not bear malice. You will find you have made a great mistake. So good-by."

Mrs. Saville seemed more cheerful and in a better temper after Lord Castleton and his daughter left Paris, though the presence of her eldest son was always more or less a trial.

She endured an occasional visit from Lord Everton, who was quietly pertinacious in cultivating friendly relations with her.

He was the only member of the family who dared to mention her offending son, but he only ventured to do so when they were alone.

"I really believe you are softening Mrs. Saville's stony heart," he said

one day as he met Hope coming from the galleries. "Not, I am sure, by the galleries. 'Not, I am sure, by the milk of human kindness. She allows me to mention Hugh, and just now endured hearing that I had a letter from him. He writes in good spirits. I believe the Vortigern will be home in August or September, and then we shall see what we shall see—oh, allow me," for Hope had dropped her sunshade and stooped to pick it up. "Getting quite too hot to stay here. I am off for Switzerland; and I hear Richard is going to cruise in somebody's yacht to the coast of Norway. He has scent of some buried treasures of Runic inscriptions, and heaven knows what else, near Skarstad. You had better get Mrs. Saville away, and yourself, too. You are looking pale and seedy—excuse a privileged old fellow. You have by best wishes, my dear girl—my very best. Accept a prophecy: I think we'll turn a corner before long."

And before Hope could ask the meaning of his enigmatical words he had raised his hat, bowed, and departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The little fishing village of Sainte-Croix, lying at the mouth of a valley or gorge which opens from the sea between high cliffs on the coast of Normandy, has of late been revealed to Parisians, especially artistic and literary Parisians. One giant of the latter order has even built himself a villa well up on the steep side of the valley. Artists encamp in the fisher cottages, turning the kitchens, with their carved oak dressers and settles, into living-rooms, and cooking in outhouses, or getting their food from a rambling hotel and restaurant lately instituted by joining several cottages together, with additions and improvements, where a few yards of level ground intervene between the sands and the cliff.

A straggling growth of fine beech-trees stretches down from a large wood which crowns the gradual ascent of the valley where it merges into the flat tableland above, well cultivated, and rich with fields of corn and colza. At the date of this story it was known to few, but, obscure though it was, Mrs. Saville chose it for a resting-place before she returned to London. It was a fine glowing August evening when, with Miss Desmond, her German courier, and her English maid, Mrs. Saville arrived and started the sleepy little village into lively curiosity, as she drove through it in an old-fashioned traveling-carriage drawn by four scraggy post-horses, the whole equipage secured with some difficulty by the careful courier at the nearest railway-station. The dogs barked, the hens cackled, the ducks and geese flew out of the roadside pond with prodigious noise and fluttering, as the scare-crow team rattled down the hill to the shore of the rock-encircled bay along the edge of which the "Hotel de l'Europe" stretched its low, irregular front.

The landlord and one male and two female waiters were drawn up to receive the distinguished guests and usher them to their apartments.

"Madame has a fine view of the bay and cliffs. The sunsets are superb, nay, exquisite, in good weather; and it is generally good at Sainte-Croix. I do not remember having had the honor of receiving Madame before."

"I dare say not. You were not old enough to be the head of such an establishment when I was here last," returned Mrs. Saville, more graciously than she would have spoken to an Englishman.

"Impossible, madame!" cried the host, with polite incredulity. "When will madame dine?"

"At 6. Meantime, we want tea; but my courier will see to the preparation. He understands it. Pray, is Madame d'Albeville at the chateau?"

"No, madame. Unfortunately, the second son of Madame la Marquise was wounded a week ago in a duel, and she has gone to nurse him—at Grenoble, I think. Her arrival is quite uncertain."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it." And she bowed dismissal to her polite host.

"This is a disappointment," said Mrs. Saville to Hope. "I quite counted on Madame d'Albeville's society. She is an agreeable, sensible woman, and rather pleasantly associated with my former visit to this little hamlet. Come, let us look at our rooms."

They were small, but more comfortable than the guests had anticipated. Hope was greatly pleased with the picturesque surroundings, and was anxious to survey the village.

"Then take Jessop with you for a ramble. I have letters to write, and do not feel inclined to move. Tell them to light a fire in the salon. I like a fire and open windows. The air is very fresh and deliciously salt, but I can quite bear a fire."

Hope willingly accepted the suggestion, and as soon as they had a cup of tea she set out with the prosaic lady's

maid, glad to enjoy some exercise after the long cramping journey by rail and road. It was indeed a primitive little place. A narrow stony road led between two irregular lines of detached cottages, each with a little garden, many of them overgrown with ivy and roses. Frequent steep paths between them led to huts perched on the hill-sides above them. Gradually the road climbed up clear of these surroundings to where on the higher ground the ruins of a mediæval abbey peeped out from the shelter of the surrounding beech woods. Hope and her companion did not venture quite so far, but even from the height they had attained they looked out over the blue water of the Channel, now glittering and laughing in the strong light of the western sun.

"We must return now, Jessop," said Hope. "Mrs. Saville will have been a long time alone by the time we get back."

"She will indeed, miss; and what made Mrs. Saville come to this savage place is past my comprehension," returned the abigail, in an aggrieved tone. "There seems to be nothing but common people without shoes to their feet going about. I am sure Mrs. Saville would have got her health better at Ingfield, with the comforts and decencies as become her station around her."

"Perhaps so; but this is a sweet place. I think I should enjoy it intensely, if—"

"She paused, and her rich red lips parted in an unconscious smile.

"If your young gentleman was here, miss?" said Jessop, with a confidential smile. Jessop had grown friendly and patronizing to her lady's young companion.

Hope laughed, and the yearning of her heart prompted her to reply, "Yes, that would make it a heavenly place, Jessop; but I must not allow myself to think of such joy."

"That's a pity, miss. So there is a young gentleman? Indeed, I'd be surprised if there was not. I hope he isn't far away, miss?"

"Yes, there is many a weary mile between us."

"That's bad, miss. Men are an inconstant lot; it's out of sight out of mind with most of them. I was engaged once myself, to a young gentleman in the grocery line, but he behaved most treacherous, and married a butcher's daughter. She was freckled and cross-eyed, but she had a tidy bit of money; and a man would marry the Witch of Endor for that."

"I dare dare say the Witch of Endor was a very attractive woman."

"Law, miss! an old witch?"

"Oh, no; a nice witch is never old."

Here this intellectual conversation was interrupted by the sound of approaching wheels, and the pound, pound, crunch, crunch, of a patient, heavy-footed horse toiling slowly uphill.

(To be continued.)

Gates and the Reporter.

When John W. Gates a few years ago had the Chicago pit excited by his plunging in corn reporters camped in vain on his trail for a week. A green reporter on a Chicago daily volunteered to "get him." The city editor laughed, and told him to go ahead. The blissful optimist did not wait to deliver his card to the negro in livery at the door. Instead he walked straight into Mr. Gates' office. "What's the meaning of this?" asked Gates, rising angrily.

"I'm a reporter and I want an interview," said the intruder.

"If you don't get out of here I'll have you thrown out," thundered John Watch-Me.

"Well, you'll have to call your army in, for I'm not going to move," retorted the reporter.

Gates went around the end of his desk and approached threateningly. "I'll throw you out myself!" he shouted.

"Now, Mr. Gates, take it easy," said the reporter, soothingly. "You don't want a scene here, do you?"

Gates stopped, looked at the brazen fellow in wonderment, then gave vent to his bellow of a laugh. "If I had half your nerve, young man, I'd be boss of creation before a twelve-month," he said. "Sit down." Gates gave the interview, and the following day he hired the reporter at \$150 a week.

A Doubtful Compliment.

"Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy.

The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked blandly: "Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy."

"Be sure to get the same kind," said the boy. "A lot of pa's relations is visiting at our house and ma doesn't want 'em to come again."—Tit-Bits.

Why She Hates Him.

Bessie—There goes that Mr. Pringle. How I do hate the man!

Kitty—The idea! Not a single word has ever passed between you and him.

Bessie—But you should have seen the way that he and Bertha Twittle went on at the reception last night. I never did like Bertha.

Favorites.

"What are you going to put in there?" asked his wife.

"Pears, dear," replied the man with the trowel. "Say, if you're going into the house bring out a can with you. You know—the kind we had for dinner yesterday."

German soil feeds nine-tenths of her people.



Keeping the Soil Fertile.

According to Prof. Whitney of the Bureau of Soil, United States Department of Agriculture, a soil to be fertile must contain a sufficient quantity of the ash ingredients of the plants to be cultivated, and these must be in such soluble condition as to be taken up by the growing plants. Soils once fertile are said to be exhausted when deprived of such food as is required for plant nutrition, but rest and meliorating treatment will, in time, restore such soils to a fertile condition.

Until past the year 1750 no just ideas upon the rotation of crops seemed to have been formed in any part of England.

The rotation of crops affords time for the disintegrating action of the atmosphere, rain and frost to prepare new material from the rock particles in the soil and get it in a form to be used by the plant. One crop may use up the available food of a particular kind faster than it can be prepared by these natural agencies. When properly managed it enables one plant to prepare food for another.

All plants exhaust the soil, though in an unequal degree; plants of different kinds do not exhaust the soil in the same manner; all plants do not restore to the soil a like quantity or quality of manure, and all plants are not equally favorable to the growth of weeds. Upon the above principles is based a regular succession of crops.

Though the system of rotation is adapted to every soil, no particular rotation can be assigned to any one description of soil which will answer at all times, and on the demand for different kinds of produce. On clayey soils, beans and clover, with rye grass are generally alternated with grain crops, and on dry loams or sandy ground turnips, beets, potatoes and clover. On rich soils this system of alternate husbandry is most conducive to the plentiful production of food, both for men and animals. One portion of a farm would thus be always under grain crops, while the other portion was growing roots or cultivated grasses; but, as the major part of arable lands can not be preserved in a state of fertility with even this kind of management, it is requisite that the portion of the farm which is under cultivated grasses should be pastured for two or three years, in order to give it time to recruit. The following is a good rotation of crops: First year, clover; second, clover; third, corn; fourth, oats; fifth, wheat. The clover does well with oats, and after an early mowing can be very well prepared for wheat.

Modern Farming.

The use of the most modern methods in farming is by no means restricted to the huge ranches of this country. In nearly every locality in the state farmers are using traction engines with steam or gasoline for power to plow and harrow their land. We know one ranch of 680 acres—not large for this state—on which the plowing and harrowing is done with a 20 horse-power gasoline engine. This nauts four 14-inch gang plows and a 2-horse harrow—the equivalent of the work of twenty horses. The distance traversed over tough soil is from two to two and a half miles an hour. One harrow is placed off to the side so that the result is a double harrowing of the tract. It was considered too small an area to warrant the initial expense for the machine, but the owners of the ranch are satisfied that it will save its cost in a few years. The time is coming when the tedium of farm work will be laid upon machinery.

The Sand Pear.

The sand pear is the only pear that is practically free from blight. It is a very rapid and continuous grower. It is a prolific bearer and requires less attention and will stand more abuse than any other fruit tree known. The sand pear comes into bearing at an early age, and at 10 years old ordinary trees will yield from 10 to 20 bushels of pears. The trees usually begin to bear at five years of age. The sixth year each tree will net 25 cents, the seventh year 50 cents, and

the eighth year \$1, the ninth year \$3 and tenth year \$4 per tree. By planting 24 feet apart 75 trees can be set to the acre. This would give a net return of \$300 an acre the tenth year, which would be equal to a \$5,000 investment at 6 per cent. This is a very conservative estimate. We have seen ten-year-old trees at different places which yielded from 10 to 20 bushels, and large trees which yielded from 30 to 50 bushels.

Ten acres of the sand pears at the above conservative estimate would bring \$3,000 income, or equal to a \$50,000 investment, at 6 per cent.

Orchard Pests.

Whether there is a good or poor fruit crop it will pay to keep the fruit trees as free from disease and injurious insects as possible. The healthy and uninjured tree is more liable to bear and prove profitable than the one full of disease and injury. The orchard will last longer if it is kept clean and healthy.

Borers are among the most insidious pests of the apple orchard in some localities. On account of their habits they cannot be reached by poisonous sprays, and nostrums placed about the roots, as sometimes recommended, are utterly useless. The most efficient means of preventing damage from these pests is by annual inspection of the trees and removal of the grubs with a sharp pointed knife. Various protective measures are also used. One of the most effective is to paint the lower part of the stem in late winter or early spring with a fairly thick coat made from pure red lead paint for this purpose, since others may contain injurious substances. Wood veneer strips and wire gauze are sometimes used to prevent the eggs from being laid on the trunks of the trees, but white lead paint is simple and cheaper.

Black rot is a fungous disease which attacks the fruit, foliage, old bark and branches of apple and pear trees. The leaf spot form probably causes more damage than the other forms. Sometimes black rot cankers on the trunk, and the limbs develop so rapidly as to endanger the life of trees, but this is seldom the case except where spraying is wholly neglected. The fruit is rarely seriously injured, though outbreaks in this form may sometimes be quite severe.

Potatoes and Corn.

While there is much difference of opinion as to the rotation of crops on a medium heavy loam, we have had the best results from following corn with potatoes, always being careful to heavily manure the ground for the corn and not use any stable manure at all for the potato crop. By heavily manuring we mean giving the soil more than will be required by the corn and more than will be necessary to make good to the soil any reserve fertility the corn takes from it; in other words, so that there will be some of the virtue of the manure left for the benefit of the potatoes. For the latter crop we confine ourselves to an application of mixed fertilizer, consisting of sulphate ammonia, bone meal and sulphate of potash, applied at the rate of 800 pounds to the acre. There may be no objection to the use of stable manure for the potato crop, provided one can obtain it well rotted, but the fresh manure is a scab breeder and we never use it for potatoes.

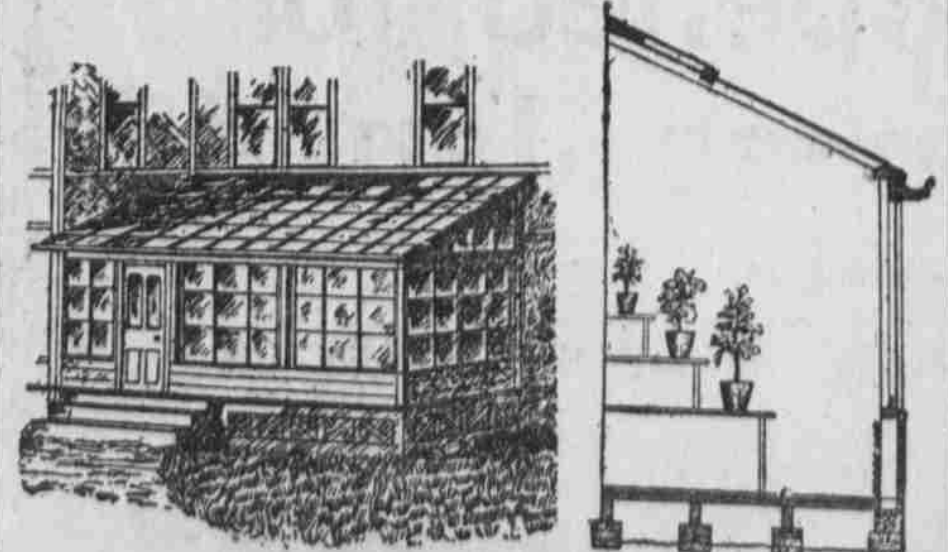
A Large Poultry Farm.

Isaac Wilbur of Little Compton, R. I., has the largest poultry farm in the world. He ships from 130,000 to 150,000 dozens of eggs a year. He keeps his fowls on the colony plan, housing about forty in a house 8x10 or 8x12 in size, these houses being about 150 feet apart, set out in long rows over the gently sloping fields. He has 100 of these houses scattered over three or four fields. The food is loaded into a low wagon, which is driven about to each house in turn, the attendant feeding as he goes; at the afternoon feeding the eggs are collected. The fowls are fed twice a day. The morning food is a mash of cooked vegetables and mixed meals; this mash is made up in the afternoon of the day before. The afternoon feed is whole corn the year round.

One Thing Yet to Learn.

We have learned how to telegraph without wires and fly without gas bags, but the antidote for a common ordinary cold still mocks the foiled searchings of the human race.—St. Louis Republic.

A SMALL GREENHOUSE.



While most greenhouses are expensive to build and maintain, it is possible for an amateur to have one at small expense, as an addition to the dwelling. Hotbed sashes cost from \$3.25 to \$3.50 each, and measure 3x6 feet. If steam or hot water heating cannot be provided from the house, an oil stove will maintain a high enough temperature.



"Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis to-day?" "Naw; I'm tired of these organ recitals."

Bess—That's a quaint ring you are wearing. Is it an heirloom? "Tess—Well, it dates from the Conquest."

"The world wipes its feet on me," said the doorman. "And every man's hand is against me," said the push-button.

She—You've seen Charley's wife. Would you call her pretty? He—I might if I were talking to Charley.

"If you had to choose between me and a million dollars which would you take?" "I'd take the million; after that you'd be easy."

"Nice car." "Yes." "Is it the latest thing in cars?" "I guess so; it has never gotten me anywhere on time yet."—Houston Post.

Church—Ever make any money on a Wall Street tip? Gotham—Yes; a fellow told me to keep away from there.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—He has a most extraordinary figure, hasn't he? He—That's so. I believe an umbrella is about the only thing he can buy ready-made!

"They say his wife was the inspiration of some of his best plays." "Yes, He produced them before he was married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Visiting Relative—How aristocratic your father looks with all that gray hair. Naughty Son—Yes, and he's got me to thank for it, too!—Puck.

She—Confess, now, that you would like to see women voters at the polls. He—I should, indeed! Either of 'em, North or South.—Illustrated Bits.

Patrice—You say she is a clever writer? Patience—Very. Why, I've known her to use a fountain pen without getting ink all over her fingers!

"What do you think of a man with a rip in his coat and only three buttons on his vest?" "He should either get married or divorced."—Boston Transcript.

Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mott—No; that is because the other half are doing them.—Boston Transcript.

Missionary (a little nervously)—I do hope that we shall agree. Cannibal King—Oh, I don't think there is any doubt about that! My digestion is excellent.—Illustrated Bits.

Wiggs—At the first night of Scribner's new play I understand there was a big house. Waggs—Yes, but most of the audience left early to avoid the rush.—Philadelphia Record.

Football Coach (after the game)—Boys, are you all here? Quarterback—I'm not; I left an ear and part of a finger somewhere near the twenty-five yard line.—Chicago Tribune.

The Highwayman—Hands up! Give us your money, or I'll blow your brains out! The Victim—Blow away! You can live here without brains, but not without money.—The Sketch.

"I've often marveled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your—"

—"If it's more than five dollars, old man, I can't do a thing for you. I'm nearly broke myself."

Mr. Struckoff—That there sculptor feller says he's goin' to make a bust of me. Mrs. Struckoff—Henry, it's dreadful the way you talk. Say "burst," not "bust."—Philadelphia Record.

She—How far can your ancestry be traced? He—Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a county bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away.—Pittsburg Observer.

Hiram Hutchins—Hope your boy Eph ain't on one of them college football teams? Abjah Perkins—Not much; Eph got ketchered under a steam roller once an' he knows how it feels.—Boston Herald.

Mrs. A. (maliciously)—You were such a charming debutante, my dear, fifteen years ago. Mrs. B.—Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Pyne—Mrs. Blank certainly possesses tact. Mrs. Hyne—What is your definition of tact? Mrs. Pyne—Tact is a woman's ability to make her husband believe he is having his own way.—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Is he what you would call a first-class newspaper man?" "I should say so. When the 'end-of-the-world' scare was at its height, he had two editorials written—one to publish if it did come off, the other if it didn't."—Puck.

Clancy—O'm after a ticket ter Chicago. Ticket Agent—Do you want an excursion ticket? One that will take you there and back? Clancy—Phat's the sense of me payin' ter go there an' back when O'm here alriddy?—Hotel Register.

"Before I married," said Mr. Hebb peck, "I didn't know what it meant to support a wife." "I presume you know now?" "Yes, indeed. I looked up the word 'support' in the dictionary and discovered that one of its meanings is 'endure.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"That widow is a good manager, isn't she?" "Manager? I should say so. She got that house of hers practically fixed up like new for nothing." "How did she manage it?" "She was engaged to the carpenter till all the woodwork was finished, and then she broke it off and married the plumber."—Baltimore American.