

What Gold Cannot Buy

BY
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"A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Beatson's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER II.

The two ensuing days were full of excitement—pleasurable excitement—to Mrs. Saville. Her keen eyes shone with a hard glitter as she thought that her son was probably saved from committing some dangerous folly, and launched afresh on a career which promised honor and promotion. In truth, Mrs. Saville's hopes and ambitions were centered on her second son. Her eldest was an apathetic, well-bred, briefless barrister, of dilettante tastes, given to writing elegantly-expressed papers in the more exalted periodicals on obscure passages in Shakespeare, and latterly in Browning, on the derivation of obsolete words, and other such topics, in which ordinary mortals took not the slightest interest.

Mrs. Saville was the only child and sole heiress of an exceedingly wealthy Sheffield manufacturer. She had married the accomplished, amiable, distinguished-looking younger brother of the Earl of Everton, an impecunious peer whose sole means of existence was derived from the rent of the family mansion and domains. Mrs. Saville was an extremely ambitious woman; she had a keen desire for personal distinction, and in her own mind had resolved that as her eldest son must in the order of things succeed his uncle and become Earl of Everton, so Hugh must marry a woman of rank and fortune, and thus she would be free to give the bulk of her belongings to support the title which would devolve upon her eldest son. He was a steady, irreproachable young man, but her heart, her pride, centered in her Benjamin.

Mrs. Saville's love was a somewhat onerous obligation; she had a very tough, inexorable will, and a profound belief that she could manage every one's affairs considerably better than they could themselves—a doctrine in which her younger son rarely agreed. His mother's greed for power was greatly developed by her early widowhood, though the deceased Honorable her husband was a peace-loving soul who rarely contradicted her. Such was the condition of things at the beginning of this narrative.

Receiving no reply to her telegram, Mrs. Saville sat up late on the following Wednesday, hoping her son might arrive, and retired to rest weary with unfulfilled expectation.

When her maid brought her early cup of tea, the following morning, she announced that "Mr. Hugh arrived about half an hour ago, and has gone to his room."

Whereupon Mrs. Saville ordered her breakfast to be brought to her in her own apartment, that she might not delay her son's refreshment, and prepared leisurely to meet him in her morning-room. She was already there to greet him when he came upstairs.

"Well, my dear Hugh! I am glad to see you. My best congratulations. Have you read the Secretary's letter? I told Atkins to give it to you."

"Yes, he did," said Hugh, shortly; then he kissed his mother's brow and stood looking at her with a troubled expression.

He was a fair, sunburnt man of perhaps six or seven-and-twenty, rather above middle height, broad-shouldered, and seeming shorter than he really was. His features were good, and a pair of large handsome brown eyes lighted up his face, which was square and strong; his hair and thick moustaches were light brown, with a reddish tinge.

"Why, Hugh, you are looking ill and worn. You do not seem like yourself. Why did you not arrive last night?" "I came as quickly as I could; the trains at this season are inconvenient," he returned, still in an absent tone. He had a pleasant, deep-chested voice, and, though he had never given much time to its cultivation, could sing a good second.

"If you had started on Monday night after you had my telegram, you might have been here yesterday."

"I could not, mother." And he began to pace the room in quarter-deck style.

"Why?" persisted Mrs. Saville, with vague uneasiness.

"Because I had a rather particular engagement on Tuesday morning."

"What do you mean?"

"I had arranged to be married on Tuesday morning, and I could not disappoint the parson and the consul, to say nothing of my fiancée," he returned, with a grim smile, and pausing in his walk opposite his mother.

"Married!" she repeated, growing white and grasping the arms of her chair. "Hugh, this is a stupid, vulgar jest."

"It is not, mother. I am married as fast as church and state can bind me. If I look haggard and seedy you need not wonder, for it isn't pleasant to leave your bride almost at the church door, I can tell you."

"Madman!" she hissed through her set teeth, while her keen black eyes flashed with fury. "To what adventures have you fallen a victim?"

"Hush," he said, with some dignity; "you must not speak disrespectfully of my wife. To-morrow or next day you will see full particulars in the newspapers."

"What!" she almost screamed, "are you in such haste to blazon your disgrace to the world?"

"I may as well let you know at once," he continued, not heeding her interruption. "My wife was Miss Hilton, daughter of the late Captain Hilton, an old cavalryman, of good family, I believe; but that I don't care a rap about."

"I expected this," said Mrs. Saville, in a low, concentrated tone, and rising in her wrath. "Some inner voice told me evil would come of your long, unaccountable stay in that vile place. Now leave me. Never let me see eyes upon you again. You have blasted my hopes, you have destroyed my affection for you, you cease to be my son."

"Stop!" cried Hugh, in such a tone of command that his mother obeyed. "You must and shall hear me. Pray sit down. I have a good deal to say."

"You have a right to be angry," Hugh began, throwing himself into a chair near his mother's. "You have been a good mother to me, and you deserve that I should have consulted you—but knowing that you would do your best to forbid or prevent the marriage, even to the length of writing cruelly to Kate, I determined to say nothing till the deed was accomplished. Now hear me. I first met the Hiltons in Naples nearly two years ago, when I was with the Mediterranean Squadron. My uncle Everton was there, and I had leave now and again while we lay off Sicily. You know I never bother about women, mother; but before I knew Kate Hilton a week, I was fathoms deep. I don't know whether other people think her beautiful or not, to me she is the best and loveliest." Mrs. Saville made a motion of the hands expressive of disgust and repulsion, while a contemptuous smile curled her thin lips. "There, I will not trouble you with details," continued Hugh, grimly. "She sang—well, like a prima donna, and she used to let me sing with her, but the more I showed her—well, the feelings I could not repress, the colder and more distant she grew. She drove me half mad. Then I was ashore, as you know, and went off wandering abroad, hoping to meet her, as I did. Still she kept me at arms-length, but something told me that she wasn't as indifferent as she seemed."

"No doubt!" ejaculated Mrs. Saville. "About six weeks ago, I went to Nice, and found old Hilton very ill—so bad that I could scarce get speech of Kate. They were lodging in the outskirts of the town. Then he died very suddenly at the last, and Kate, unnerved with watching and grief for the old man, who, though by no means a good father, was never actively unkind, broke down and clung to me. She was friendless, penniless, helpless. I took the command and insisted on her marrying me."

"Have you done yet?" asked his mother, harshly.

"Nearly. Have a little patience. As a woman I ask you what opinion you would have of a man who could have deserted the girl he loved with all his heart and soul in such desolation? Could I have helped her, given her money, protection, anything, save as a husband? She was not her usual proud self, or she would have seen through the thin excuses with which I veiled my silence. Now, mother, be tender, womanly—ay, and reasonable. Make up your mind to the inevitable. Kate is my wife. See her before you condemn me, before you banish me. Give her the protection I cannot stay to give. I have left her with the kind old Frenchwoman in whose house her father died. I dared not endanger my career, my reputation, by losing an hour; so, for her sake as well as my own, I tore myself away. I don't think I ever asked you a favor; now I pray you, if you ever loved me, take my wife to your heart; let her live near you; give her a chance of winning your good opinion, your—"

A scornful laugh interrupted him. "Do you imagine I am as weak a fool as my son? such an abject weakling? No, I shall have nothing to do with you or your wife. Go; I shall not see you again. You have never asked me a favor? Have I not paid your debts?"

"Yes, at Rawson's request, not mine, nor should I have incurred them had my allowance been measured by the needs and habits with which I had been brought up. Did you ever love my father, that you are so hardened against the first love of your son's life?"

"I had a proper affection for my husband, but I should never have forgotten myself for any man. I repeat it, you cease to be my son from this hour. You shall have the quarter's al-

lowance now due to you, but after this not a penny more. See how you will get on with the beggarly pittance you derive from your father. To-morrow I shall see Rawson about altering my will. What wife will compensate you for a life of poverty and obscurity?"

"Poor we may be, but obscure, if I live, we shall not be," said Hugh, rising, and looking steadily at his mother, while he spoke very calmly. "I may deserve some censure for not informing you of my plans, but this treatment I do not deserve. And yet I believe you have a heart, though so calked and coated with worldliness that its natural impulses are hopelessly deadened, your natural good sense blinded to the relative value of things. What would the wealth of a kingdom be to me, if I knew the woman I love was groping her way painfully, with a bruised spirit and bleeding feet, through the rugged ways of life without a hand to help her? No, mother, your son is man enough to risk everything rather than that. I will obey you and go. Good-by. God be with you. I will never see your face again until you ask me and my wife to visit you."

"Then it is farewell forever," said Mrs. Saville, sternly. "Take my thanks for this repayment of all the care and thought and affection I have lavished on you."

Hugh stood half a minute gazing at her, then, turning sharply, left the room without another word. Mrs. Saville had risen to utter her last sentence, and now walked to the fireplace to ring sharply.

"Tell one of the men to be ready in ten minutes. I want to send a note to Mr. Rawson. It requires an answer," she said to the butler. "And, Atkins, I shall not want you any more to-day; you had better assist Mr. Hugh. He is prettier for time. I wish everything belonging to him in this house to be packed and removed by to-morrow evening at the furthest. You understand me," said his mistress, sternly; "everything must be removed. And Atkins, telegraph to Mr. Saville. I think he has returned to his chambers; he was to be away only a week. Say I want him to come here to lunch soon." The man, looking stupefied, quitted the presence of his imperious mistress, who sat down to write with a steady hand and a curious scornful smile on her lips.

Mrs. Saville's son did not come to luncheon, and Mr. Rawson's partner wrote his regrets that the head of the firm had left the office before Mrs. Saville's note had arrived, and they did not know when he would return, but that the writer would wait on Mrs. Saville at once if she wished, and would telegraph.

So the obdurate mother's intention of destroying her will at once was for the moment frustrated. She therefore ordered the carriage, and, after paying a round of visits, took a long drive, reaching home just in time to see Atkins inspecting a pile of luggage being placed on a cab. He hustled the men who were assisting out of his lady's way, saying officiously, as he did so, "We have nearly cleared away everything. Just one or two boxes are left for to-morrow. I did not like to take them so late into a private house, and it's a goodish step to Porchester Terrace."

"Do what you like," said Mrs. Saville, coldly; "do not trouble me." And she passed through the hall, thinking, angrily, "So that weak-minded man Rawson is giving that miserable, ungrateful dupe, my son, shelter and encouragement! I will call him to account for this."

It was a wretched evening. Mrs. Saville was to dine with a distinguished dowager, and, with Spartan courage, arrayed herself in her best and went forth to smile and utter bland nothing about her dear boy's haste to get off in good time, about his good fortune in being appointed to the flag-ship, and many more things about her mingled regret and satisfaction—polite inventions with which she vainly hoped to throw dust in the world's shrewd eyes.

Next day detection took the wings of the morning and came flying in the shape of Lady Olivia Lumley, newspapers in hand. Breathless, excited, she arrived before mid-day, a mark of unauthorized familiarity.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Saville my dear Elizabeth, have you seen what is in the newspapers? I came off at once. I could not bear that any one should break it to you but myself." And she held out the paper doubled down at the announcement among the marriages.

"No, I have not," cried Mrs. Saville, savagely, snatching the paper, crushing it, and throwing it from her, "but I heard all about everything yesterday morning. I have disowned and banished my son. I will never see him again. But if you have come here to gloat over my rage and distress, you will be disappointed. I have merely cut off an offending member. He is not worth regretting. If you ever dare to mention the subject again, I shall decline to hold any communication with you or to give a reason for cutting you. The world can fill up the blanks."

(To be continued.)

MARY AND GARDEN

Fattening Hogs.

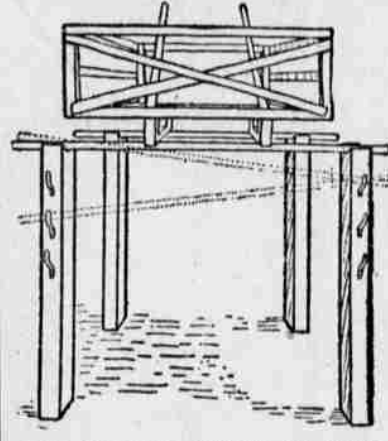
The hog is an omnivorous animal, and needs "roughage" and green feed for his best health and growth. A certain amount of grain feed is needed to grow hogs with the greatest profit, and still more is necessary to fatten and fit them for market. When young animals have an abundance of range with a good supply of nitrogenous foods, like alfalfa, clover, vetches and cow peas, corn makes a valuable addition to the ration, but should not be given in excess, and will usually be found more profitable if mixed with shorts, bran or other feed combining a large proportion of protein. For young pigs bran is not so good as shorts and ground cow peas may be used in the place of the latter when the price exceeds \$20 per ton.

Feeding for the finish should not begin more than ten or twelve weeks before the hogs are to be sold. For the last six or eight weeks corn is undoubtedly the best grain, as the feed consumed during this time greatly influences the quality of the meat. Hogs take on flesh rapidly during the first weeks of heavy feeding, but longer feeding means slower gains. Quick work pays in fattening as well as in growing hogs, and when the animals are on good feed and fall to make a gain of at least one pound daily they should be sold or butchered.

Market your hogs at 6 or 8 months of age, at which time they should weigh 200 to 250 pounds. A greater per cent of profit is secured than if you keep them until 10 or 12 months old, because you avoid 60 to 120 days of daily animal waste. However, a hog which is made to weigh 300 pounds at 1 year is quite profitable.

Ingenuous Hay Rack Lifter.

It very often happens that one wishes to remove the rack from the wagon when there is no one to assist. This may be very easily done with the vice illustrated herewith. The four



ONE MAN CAN HANDLE BIG RACK.

supporting poles are set in the ground at a sufficient distance apart to admit of driving between them with the rack. There are a number of hooks on the side of each, sufficient to make it possible to lift the rack a little at a time by means of the poles, as illustrated by the dotted lines. There is no need of a complicated block and tackle when such a simple device is so effective.—Frank Monroe in Farm and Home.

Best Type of Milch Cows.

A cow with her second or third calf is the most desirable of all, and this is undoubtedly the most profitable age to buy them. As milkers and breeders, they have all their best days in front of them, and with sufficient time to pay handsomely. Young and old cows are very distinct in appearance. The former have an unmistakable appearance of fullness of flesh and coat, while the old ones are more or less shrunk. The teeth give an indication of age, and the horns are often looked to as a guide, the young having smooth horns, while those of the aged are wrinkled. If cross-breeds are bought, get them with the greatest tendency toward the best breed the cross has been secured from. Cows with a male or bull type of head are rarely good milkers. The head should be refined, neck thin, forequarters wide, square and robust, with deep, broad thighs.

Destroying Quack Grass.

I often see directions given for killing out quack grass, but I think they are all inferior to the method that I employ. I would never try to drag out the roots with harrow or rake, because not all of the roots will be gathered and those left will soon fill the soil again. The pest can most easily be killed right where it is, the roots furnishing an abundance of plant food, by using a double action cut-away harrow. Now, please don't think that any kind of a harrow will do, because it will not. If you rely on any except the one I have mentioned you will

be disappointed. I have used one to destroy quack grass many times, and am sure of what I am writing. If you plow before using the harrow, run the plow shallow—just deep enough to turn over the quack roots, bottom side up; let lay thus for a week and then go over the field with the double action cutaway harrow; then after a few days repeat the harrowing and keep at it, going over the field at intervals of a few days until the pest is all destroyed. It is no use to think that if the field be gone over, perhaps a dozen times in one day, the quack will be killed, for the sun, as well as the harrow, must get in its work. The way to do is to go over the field once, then wait a few days for the roots to dry and repeat the operation. By being thorough in this the grass can be destroyed and a crop grown the same year if commenced early in the spring.—F. H. Dow in Agricultural Epitomist.

Grain Smuts.

A dangerous parasite of many of the cereal plants is the fungus that produces in the grain or head what is known as smut. There are several well known kinds of smut, each of which is caused by a distinct species of the fungus.

The greatest loss from smuts in this country is from the stinking smut of wheat and the loose smut of oats. A considerable loss is also due to the loose smuts of barley and wheat, which are more difficult to control and prevent. They are widely distributed, and though they occur usually in small quantities the damage in the aggregate is large. They often are entirely unnoticed on account of their earliness and the absence of any conspicuous sign of them at harvest time.

The stinking smut of wheat transforms only the kernels into smut balls which do not break until the wheat is threshed and often remain intact in the threshed grain. The loose smuts of barley, on the other hand, early discharge their spores, which are blown off by the wind as soon as the smutted head comes out of the leaf sheath; they infect the plant in the flowering stage and enter the embryo inside the ovary before the latter ripens into seed. An infected seed develops a smutted plant the following year.

The most successful method thus far found for preventing these smuts is a hot-water treatment of the seed. This treatment is described in Bureau of Plant Industry bulletin 152, entitled "The Loose Smuts of Barley and Wheat," recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. The bulletin is a report of recent researches into the life histories of these smuts and the determination of methods for their prevention.

Value of Skim Milk for Hens.

Systematic tests made by the West Virginia Experiment Station prove that skim milk is a valuable food for laying hens.

The first test covered 122 days. The twenty-two hens fed the skim milk laid 1,244 eggs, as compared with 996 laid by twenty-two hens fed a mash wet with water.

In another test sixty hens fed skim milk laid 862 eggs in thirty-seven days, as compared with 632 eggs laid by a similar lot fed no milk.

Other tests gave about the same comparative results.

The conductors of these experiments estimate under prevailing conditions, with eggs selling at 20 to 25 cents a dozen, that the skim milk had a feeding value of 1½ to 2 cents a quart.

Care of Milk Vessels.

The sooner the milk utensils and separator are washed after use the easier it is done and the less danger there is of their becoming foul. To do this properly you need three waters. First, use a lukewarm water to remove all the milk. Second, use water a little warmer, into which should be thrown a handful of soda or a few drops of concentrated lye. Third, use an abundance of boiling water, which must penetrate every nook and corner and remain long enough to destroy every germ that may still be looking for a home.

Fruit Tree Borers.

The Ohio Experiment Station recommends as a treatment for killing peach and plum tree borers, 3 pounds of naphtha soap emulsified by boiling in three gallons of water; while hot add one gallon of carbolineum avianis, which can be obtained through dealers in market gardeners' and fruit growers' supplies. This can best be mixed by the use of a force pump. When the soap solution and carbolineum are thoroughly mixed add four gallons of water and apply with a spray pump, being careful to protect hands and face when using.

They'll Want the Wood.

The forest famine is not to be immediate, said Mr. Pinchot at Denver. "We have forests in plenty for the present generation, and perhaps for the next, but in the years to come there will be famine-a plenty if we don't at this time take the stitch in time."