

What Gold Cannot Buy

BY
MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of
"A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Will," "Beatson's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mama's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Rawson found even a warmer reception than he had anticipated awaiting him when he presented himself the following day in Stafford Square. Bitter reproaches were showered upon him for his disloyal encouragement of an ungrateful son, a weak, contemptible dupe. But Mr. Rawson defended himself bravely.

No one could do so much with Mrs. Saville as the family solicitor. First, he was a shrewd, far-seeing man, of great experience and undoubted integrity, in whose judgment she had the greatest confidence. Then, too, he was a rich man and perfectly independent, both in position and in character. So high was her opinion of him that she deigned to call periodically on his daughters, and some years before, when she was in the habit of giving a large ball every season, sent them invitations, which were generally declined. Hugh Saville had been at school with the solicitor's only son, who was also in the navy, and, when the young fellow evinced a tendency to drink, stood by him and helped him at the turning-point where, but for friendly help, he might have taken the downward road.

Mrs. Saville was too clever a woman to be a snob, though her love of power and distinction made her over-value the effect of rank and title upon her fellow-creatures. She was quite willing that her sons should be on familiar terms with Mr. Rawson's family; they were perfectly safe in the society of his quiet, unpretending daughters; while the sincere regard entertained by Mr. Rawson for the family of his distinguished client, whose debts, difficulties, and involvements made many steps in the ladder by which his father and himself had climbed to fortune, lent something of a feudal character to the tie existing between them.

To Mrs. Saville the greatest power on earth was money; but she was no miser. She could be lavishly generous at times, especially to any one who had served or gratified her own precious self. She could throw alms, too, to the needy, as you would a bone to starving curs; but to her the poor were not exactly men or brothers. Yet, as her son said, she was not without heart, only lifelong undisputed command and unchecked prosperity had hardened it; no one could do much for her, or give her anything she had not already, and amid the splendid sunshine of her existence one small cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," cast a deep shadow against which her inner heart rebelled. She was conscious that no one loved her, except, indeed, her son Hugh. This it was that made her so hard; she did not realize that her manner, her haughty aspect, repelled such sweet free-will offerings as love and tenderness.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Rawson when she paused in her reproaches, "I can quite understand your displeasure, but suffer me to suggest that I have a right to receive whom I like in my own house. I do not defend your son's imprudence; but, though you renounce him, surely you would not wish to deprive the poor young fellow of friends as well as kindred? To persecute him is revenge, and to that I will be no party."

"I do not understand these nice distinctions," cried Mrs. Saville, "but I think your giving shelter to—to that disobedient boy is inconsistent with loyalty to me."

"Not in my opinion. Your son is not the first young man who has left father and mother to cleave unto his wife. He has been singularly imprudent; still—"

"Imprudent! A dupe! a fool! an ungrateful idiot! Can't you see the game of the adventuress all through?"

"I must say, such a construction might be put on the disastrous story. If you are right, however," continued Mr. Rawson, "your son is more sinned against than sinning. If Mr. Hugh Saville's wife is the sort of a woman you imagine, she will hardly live for a year and more away from her husband, and within reach of the crew with which her father used to associate, without getting into a scrape of some kind. I propose to have her carefully watched. If she gives us just reason for action, let her be punished and your son saved from her clutches. If she proved a good woman and true, why, you must relax something of your severity."

"I can safely promise what you will, if she proves good and true. How do you propose to find out?"

"The lady remains near Nice, in the same rooms occupied by her father. Mr. Saville thinks that the owner of

the house is kind and respectable; his wife knows little of English ways, and, besides, it is cheaper. Now, there is a man already employed in similar work by an eminent firm, and he can quite well accept a second commission; only he must be warned not to find out what does not exist. We want facts, not condemnation."

"I want freedom for my son; but the idea is a good one, Mr. Rawson. I shall never be the same to Hugh, but I should prefer punishing the woman."

"It is but natural," remarked Rawson.

"Remember, Mr. Rawson, I must have my will to-morrow; I am determined to destroy it. It strikes me that your coming without it to-day looks very like playing into Hugh's hands."

"You do us both injustice. I am reluctant you should change it, but your son never mentioned the subject to me. Indeed, he is too breathlessly busy, and a good deal harassed by his—by the lady's anxiety to come out as a public singer, for which she was trained. He—"

"Anything but that! Imagine the name of Mrs. Hugh Saville in huge letters at the top of a play-bill! It would be monstrous!"

"Oh, she would come out as Sig-a-rora somebody. I would not oppose it if I were you. But I think your son has forbidden the plan."

"Why should I take any further trouble?" said Mrs. Saville, throwing herself back in her chair. "Let things go."

"Very well," Mr. Rawson rose to take leave. "Lord Everton arrived yesterday. He makes some short stay in town, but no doubt he will call on you."

"Then I shall not see him. I shall get away, I hope next week; I cannot stay in town; yet I dread the country. Do not forget to send my will this afternoon by a special messenger."

"I shall be sure to do so."

"And come the day after to-morrow to take my instructions for a new one. I don't wish to die intestate."

"My dear Mrs. Saville, what a comic idea!"

"If you knew how I felt you would not think it an unnatural one."

"A few weeks' quiet in the country will set you up."

"The country without companionship will not be cheerful; yet I want to get away from every one. At Inglesfield, however, I have my gardens."

"A delightful resource," said Rawson, absently. His attention had begun to wander, and he hastened to make his adieux.

A conspiracy of small things, however, seemed to have been formed against the execution of Mrs. Saville's plans.

Rawson faithfully fulfilled his promise, and sent her will, which that very night she tore up with vicious energy and burned in the empty grate of her dressing-room, but the trusty adviser was immensely engaged for the next fortnight, and when he offered the services of his partner they were invariably declined. Then, by some mistake, there had been a delay in beginning certain repairs and decorations at Inglesfield, and when she drove down to inspect them she found the smell of paint so overpowering that she at once postponed her removal for at least ten days. Finally she sent for her doctor and commanded him to prescribe for the bad feverish cold she declared she had caught, and above all to order absolute quiet. All this time her eldest son was absent. He was spending a delightful and profitable few days, which stretched into a fortnight, with a learned antiquarian who had a place in Lincolnshire, from where they enjoyed themselves examining the fine old churches to be found in that shire, taking rubbings of brasses, and spending happy mornings in deciphering half-effaced inscriptions.

These were bitter days to the proud, selfish woman, who felt that the love which had kept her heart from freezing, her nature from growing quite stony, had been snatched from her by a stranger, a mere adventuress, who most likely saw in Hugh only a useful husband, whose money and position would make life luxurious and secure. For the sake of this stranger, the son she loved so well in her own silent, exacting way had cast aside all sense of duty, all affection, all regard for rightful authority; and to her it seemed a moral earthquake.

The feverish cold she feigned at first became really an attack of low fever, and her medical attendant grew anxious that she should have change of air.

Ill or well, she never ceased to insist on having her new will completed and brought to her for execution. In vain Mr. Rawson begged for her to await the return of her eldest son and consult him first. Mrs. Saville rejected the suggestion with scorn.

"Richard knows nothing about business. He has preposterous unworthy notions. I have no respect whatever for his opinion; so just bring me my will, without further maneuvering. I know you are working for that ungrateful, worthless son of mine; but it is of no use. If you refuse to do

my bidding I can find plenty who will."

"Very true, Mrs. Saville; but I do not deny that I am reluctant to see my young friend cut off without even a shilling. Do not be in a hurry. You cannot tell what time may bring forth."

"No, Mr. Rawson, I will not wait. Death may come at any moment, and I could not rest in my grave if I thought that designing minx was revelling in the enjoyment of my money."

"Well, then, I will do you bidding. The day after to-morrow I will send my head clerk with the will. You can get one of your own people for a second witness."

"Then I shall leave town on Thursday. Until I have signed, sealed, and delivered it into your hands, I shall not quit this house. Can I trust it to you, Mr. Rawson?"

"My dear madam, do you take me for a felon?"

Mrs. Saville smiled—a swift, bright smile, such as at rare—very rare—intervals lit up her grave face.

"Well, I shall leave it in your hands." There was a short pause, and she resumed: "Among all this worry, I suppose you have not had time to find me a lady companion?"

"Yes, I have made some inquiries, and find it is no easy matter. The fact is, I enlisted my eldest daughter in your service. She is a sensible, thoughtful young woman, and very anxious to select the right article. She was speaking to me only this morning and was rather depressed about it. There are shoals of women seeking such an appointment, but very few that are suitable."

"One that did not suit would be worse than none."

"Exactly. Now, my daughter suggested something that might suit, if you do not mind waiting a week."

"I fear, Mr. Rawson, I shall have to wait considerably longer."

"Well, the lady I was going to mention is the niece of our rector down in Wales, my native place. He has been dead many years, but this girl lived on with his widow, who died a few months ago. She is an orphan, very slenderly provided for, and is coming to stay with my girls for a few weeks. She is a gentlewoman, and well educated. I have not seen her since she was very young, so I will take a look at her before I say any more. If I think it worth while troubling you, she might call, and you could form your own judgment, or take her on trial for a couple of months."

"Thank you, Mr. Rawson. I am very much obliged. I should like to see her; for I cannot have a fright or a dowdy before my eyes every day. When do you expect this girl?"

"I am not quite sure. Soon, certainly."

"I should like to see her before I leave."

"I will ask my daughter to write this evening and ask her to come a little sooner."

"Yes, pray do. If she is at all reasonable and intelligent, she may be of great use to me. Imagine, Mr. Rawson, Lady Olivia proposing to give me her 'dear Sophia' for six months, to be my daughter and to cheer me up! Why, the girl is as great an idiot as her mother!"

"Indeed! The offer was well meant."

"I hate well-meant people."

Mr. Rawson laughed. "I suppose I may tell you I had a few lines from Mr. Hugh—" he began, when he was swiftly silenced by an imperative, "No, you may not. I will not allow that name to be mentioned before me, unless, indeed, we can succeed in breaking this unfortunate marriage."

Mr. Rawson, looking very grave, bent his head.

"By the way, what is the name of the lady you mentioned?"

"Oh! Miss Desmond."

"I will see her," said Mrs. Saville, with decision. "I can tell at a glance whether she will do or not."

"Then I shall wish you a very good morning, and my daughter will let you know when Miss Desmond can wait upon you."

Mrs. Saville thanked him again, and bade him a gracious good-by.

(To be continued.)

Curious.

"We should all be perfectly truthful and sincere," said the idealist.

"And yet," rejoined Miss Cayenne, "why is it that people who pride themselves on being frank and outspoken never tell you anything that isn't disagreeable?"—Washington Star.

Not So Many.

Squire—I never realized what a little fellow Muggins is until last night. Vicar—And how did it happen to occur to you then?

Squire—I overheard a woman say that he was every inch a gentleman.—Pick-Me-Up.

Parting Was Sweet Sorrow.

"Young man," said the serious person, "don't you realize that the love of money is the root of all evil?"

"Well," answered the spendthrift, "you don't see me hanging on to money as if I loved it, do you?"—Answers



Preserved Plums.

Wipe carefully ripe but firm plums, using a damp cloth for this purpose. Pierce each plum with a fork to prevent bursting. Weigh the fruit, and for each pound of it allow a pound of sugar and a pint of water. Cook the sugar and water together to a clear sirup, then lay in the fruit and simmer for 20 minutes. Lift the plums out with a perforated spoon, pack in heated jars, boil the sirup until thick, fill the jars to overflowing with it, and seal.

Bread Pudding.

Soak a pint of fine crumbs in a quart of milk for two hours. Whip into the soft crumbs two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a half teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg and the beaten yolks of four eggs. Flavor with vanilla and, last of all, fold in quickly the stiffened whites of the four eggs. Bake in a greased pudding dish in a steady oven. Eat hot with a hard sauce.

Jelly in Earthen Molds.

Rinse the mold in cold water, pour out the water and turn in the jelly. To unmold set the mold in rather warm water, warmer than in case of tin or metal, that comes up on the outside to the height of the jelly within. Turn the mold from side to side, to see that the jelly starts from the surface on all sides, then invert the mold on the dish.

Flannel Cakes.

One pint of sour milk, three teaspoonfuls of melted lard, three eggs well beaten, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour to make a good batter. Mix well, beating the whites and yolks of the eggs separately, and adding the stiffened whites last of all. Fold in lightly and quickly, then bake the batter on a griddle as you would other pancakes.

Vegetable Chop Suey.

Put one cupful of onions fried until brown, one cupful of celery cut in two-inch pieces and then shredded and stewed in vegetable stock for half an hour; one cupful of fried mushrooms and two cupfuls of boiled rice in a saucepan with a cupful of thin brown sauce. Let all heat together for ten minutes and season with salt and pepper.

Onions in Cream.

Use boiled seasoned onions, tender but not broken. Drain well, pour over each pint of small onions one cupful of cream, let cream scald, season with salt and pepper and serve hot. May be sprinkled with a little minced parsley.

Boiled onions may be served with any hot sauce—tomato, brown, mushroom, etc.

Butter Scotch.

Into a pound of brown sugar stir a cup of water and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cook steadily for ten minutes, then stir in four tablespoonfuls of butter and cook until a little dropped into cold water hardens at once. Pour into buttered tins and as it cools mark off into squares.

Brown Bread.

Three cups Graham flour, one-half cup white flour, one-half cup New Orleans molasses, one cup sour milk, one cup sweet milk, one rounding teaspoon soda. Add one cup seeded raisins if desired, one teaspoon salt. Bake in square pan in a slow oven one and one-quarter hours.

Hot Bread.

Two cups of milk, one-half cup of sugar, four cups of flour, one cup of broken nut meats, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two beaten eggs. Put into greased pans and set aside for twenty minutes, then bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Spanish Stew.

Two pounds of beef ribs, one pint of canned tomatoes, one large onion, one red pepper, six cloves. Cover with a quart of water and simmer very slowly for two or three hours. Salt to taste and thicken the gravy with browned flour just before serving.

Short Suggestions.

Clean linoleum with warm water and polish with milk.

Ammonia used unsparingly cleanses and purifies kitchen utensils.

Clean soiled wall paper with plaster of paris tied up in a muslin bag.

No soap on window panes! Rub them with either alcohol or ammonia to make them shine.

To keep an iron sink in good condition scrub once or twice a week with sandsoap and kerosene. Every night put a little chloride of lime over the strainer and pour through it a kettleful of boiling water.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

Body of Water Now Celebrated as "The Lake That Came Back."

Floating, difficult in fresh water and something of an art in the sea, becomes in the Great Salt Lake a condition impossible to avoid. Lie down and you lie half above the surface; enter it below your depth and you will walk along after you have sunk to your armpits, provided only you can keep your balance. No one ever drowned in it, although there have been deaths from strangulation; a gallon of it boiled yields a quart of salt. Orson Pratt, the first permanent white settler on its shore, swam in it on July 26, 1847.

Since that time the Great Salt Lake has become the principal tourist-baiting asset of one State and the center of frequent excursions from another. This year it is being celebrated as the "lake that came back," Collier's says. Among its other mysterious traits is that of disappearing in large part upon occasions.

In 1893 an immense bathing pavilion was built a mile out in the water, with bathhouses running in crescent-shaped lines toward the shore from both sides of the pavilion. In 1900 the lake began to go away. In 1904 bathing conditions were so bad that the bathing house proprietors had to turn the horns of their crescent the other way about. And then from one of them they had to run an improvised trolley another mile out to the water. In 1906 a general cry went up that the lake was gone, and likewise a cry went to Washington for government relief for the arid West. Secretary of the Interior Garfield responded with a trip of inspection in June, 1907, and for the fourteen days he was in the Great Basin country it rained. Then he sniffed. "My conclusion is," he said, "that what the arid West needs is a boat and a set of navigation laws."

Colonial Treasures Shown.

Colonial and Revolutionary relics which have been treasured by south shore families for generations form a part of a loan exhibition which was opened in Loring Hill, Hingham, Thursday, the Boston Transcript says. There are the tankards presented to Samuel Adams as a wedding gift on the completion of the Old North church; queer old snuffboxes; a silver knife brought from Leyden; silver candlesticks from John Hancock's mansion; some beautiful bits of luster ware, odd pitchers, Washington plates, a folding fork used by a revolutionary soldier; samplers, silhouettes, a fifteenth century altar cloth showing the same design that is seen in Da Vinci's "Last Supper;" fans, embroideries, miniatures and numberless other articles of great value and beauty. There is a particularly fascinating collection of books. Among them is a manuscript copy of the poems of Ovid, made in 1470, by Alberto Savonarola, a brother of the famous reformer. This is owned by the Rev. G. F. Weld. Another, printed in 1643, "A Christian Plea for Infants Baptism," is loaned by George Lincoln, the well-known antiquarian and historian of Hingham. The Rev. L. C. Cornish contributes, among other things, an illuminated missal printed in Leyden in 1770. Then there are the poems of Quarles, printed in 1659; those of Cowley, bound in tooled gold leather, bearing the date of 1778, and a Euclid of 1685.

Those Styles.

"Is she wearing black for her last husband?" "No, for her next. She looks stunning in it."—New York Tribune.

"Where's your mistress' maid?" "Upstairs, sir, arranging madame's hair." "And madame? Is she with her?"—Lippincott's.

As far as the bathing girls are concerned, even the toper will admit that the "drys" are more attractive than the "wets."—Puck.

Butcher—What can I send you today, Mrs. Styles? Mrs. Styles—Send me a leg of mutton, and be sure it is from a black sheep; we are in mourning, you know.—Jewish Ledger.

See Sweet Stella and her hat; directoire gown, and all of that. Isn't she a winsome sprite? Isn't she a goodly sight? Stella, stella, fond and true; expensive, but we must have you.—Washington Herald.

Philippine Forests.

The forests of the Philippine Islands cover an area of about 40,000,000 acres. The island of Mindanao, with an area of some 20,000,000 acres, has immense tracts of almost unbroken forests.

Different.

"Do you like the music of a phonograph?"

"I have never heard it."

"Never heard a phonograph."

"I didn't say that. I have heard hundreds of them."—Houstan Post.

Conch Shells.

A conch shell with its spirals twisted to the right instead of to the left is said to be worth its weight in gold. A shell of this kind sold in Calcutta for \$4,000.