

What Gold Cannot Buy

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of

"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 IV.

The vindictive pleasure of signing her will, and receiving a stiff acknowledgment from Mr. Rawson of its safe receipt, occupied Mrs. Saville for a few days, before the expiration of which she received a few polite lines from Miss Rawson saying that, if quite convenient, Miss Desmond would call on Mrs. Saville between one and two on the following day.

"I am sure I hope she will do, and not be too silly," thought the imperious little woman, as she penned a brief acceptance of the appointment. "The generality of women are wonderfully foolish and narrow; though men are idiotic enough too, occasionally. A whole day of Richard's company is almost more than I can stand; yet he is always respectable, and would never commit the culpable folly his—there, I will not think any more of that."

The morrow came bright and warm, and Mrs. Saville established herself in the smaller of her two drawing-rooms, a beautiful and gorgeously-furnished room, full of burl and marble-inlaid tables, luxurious chairs and sofas, old china statuettes, flowers, and all the et ceteras which wealth can give. It opened on a small conservatory in which a fountain played, and was cooler than her boudoir.

She was half-reclining among the cushions of a lounge, with her precious little dog beside her, and trying to give her attention to a newspaper, when the door was opened and "Captain Lumley" was announced.

"Why, where did you come from?" she exclaimed, not too cordially, and holding out her small-beringed hand to a tall, slight, well-set-up young man, with light hair and moustaches, laughing eyes, and a certain resemblance to Hugh Saville, though of a slighter, weaker type.

"From Herondyke, my dear aunt," he returned, drawing a chair beside her. "I have just a day or two in town, and I thought I'd try if you were still here."

"Are you on your way to Houns low?"

"Yes, just like my luck! they give me my leave when there's not a thing to do. And that young beggar Mignolles, my sub, gets it next week."

"I suppose you are all as usual?"

"Yes. Uncle Everton is at Herondyke just now, and in great force. He is the most amusing old boy I ever met. Are you better, Aunt Saville? My uncle said he called here on his way through, and you were not well enough to see him."

"I was not well; and I certainly should not get out of my bed to see Lord Everton."

"Wouldn't you? Well, I—Oh—ah—yes, to be sure," said the young man, hesitating. "I am glad to see you looking so much better, at all events," he went on. "When do you go down to Ingfield?"

"On Saturday."

"I can often ride over and see you," continued Lumley, with a fascinating smile. He had a nice voice and a pleasant caressing manner; indeed, he was considered a very irresistible young man by the women, and "not a bad fellow" by the men.

"You are very good," frigidly.

"I suppose there is hardly a soul left in town. Just called at the Montgomerys', and found the house shut up; so I came on here to have a chat and a bit of luncheon."

"My dear George, I don't mean to give you any luncheon. A lady is coming here; she ought to be here now. I am going to test her qualifications for the onerous office of companion to myself, and I can't have you here talking nonsense."

"Won't she be a bore?"

"Do you think I shall allow myself to be bored?"

"Well, no, Aunt Saville," said Lumley, with a bright smile, "I don't think you will."

Here the door was again thrown open, and the butler announced, with much dignity, "Miss Desmond."

"There, you may go," said Mrs. Saville, impatiently.

"Very well," said the young man, good-humoredly. "I will call again before I leave town. My mother sent you her best love."

"I am very much obliged. If you want a dinner, come back here."

"A thousand thanks, I am already engaged. Au revoir!" He shook hands and retreated, pausing at the door to let a lady pass—a tall, slender young woman, in a simple black dress, as straight as it could be at that period of frounces, furbelows, draperies, and sashes. The newcomer was young, yet youthfully mature; she wore a quiet,

becoming bonnet, and was rather pale—warmly, healthfully pale—with wavy nut-brown hair, a pair of dark gray or blue eyes, deepened by nearly black brows and lashes, a sweet pathetic mouth and red dewy lips; she moved with easy undulating grace suggestive of long, well-formed limbs. "A fine girl," was the young dragon's mental commentary, as he stood aside to let her pass, and, with a slight bow, disappeared from the room.

"Miss Desmond," repeated Mrs. Saville, "come and sit here beside me." She looked piercingly at her visitor as she made a slight courtesy and handed her a note before taking a seat, saying, in a soft, clear, refined voice, "Mr. Rawson was so good as to give me a few introductory lines."

"Quite right. A lawyer's instinctive precaution," returned Mrs. Saville, opening it and glancing at the contents.

"I suppose you know the usual sort of service expected from a companion?—reading aloud, writing letters, doing the agreeable when there is no one else to talk, and, above all, understanding when to be silent. It can't be the most delightful kind of life; but you will have a comfortable home if you stay."

Miss Desmond had colored faintly while she listened, and now smiled, a pleasant smile, though her lips quivered as if she were a little nervous.

"When you want to earn your bread, you do not expect to be housed and paid merely to amuse yourself. I think I know what my duties would be."

"Add to this knowledge that I am a very exacting person, without a tinge of sentiment. I have no notion of treating any one who does me certain service for certain remuneration as a daughter. That is all nonsense."

"I think it is," said Miss Desmond, calmly.

Mrs. Saville looked at her sharply, and met a pair of very steadfast eyes in which something like a smile lurked. "How old are you?" she asked abruptly.

"I shall be two-and-twenty in September next."

"Hum! you look at once more and less than that. Can you read aloud?"

"Yes. Whether I can read well is for you to judge."

"Can you play or sing?"

"I can play a little—"

"I know what that means. Now suppose you read me this speech of Lord Hartington's," handing her the paper. Miss Desmond took it, and immediately began. After about ten minutes Mrs. Saville said, not unkindly, "That will do. You read fairly well. You do not pronounce some names properly."

"For names there is no rule, and sometimes opinions respecting them differ. I shall, of course, pronounce them in the way you prefer."

Mrs. Saville was silent for a moment. "If you are inclined to try a couple of months with me, I am willing to try you."

"That is best. Trial only can prove if we suit each other."

"Have you settled about terms with Mr. Rawson?"

"Yes; they are most satisfactory."

"Very well. I shall go to the country in a day or two, and then I hope you will join me. You have been on the Continent, I believe; then you can read French?"

"Yes, fairly well."

"There is the bell. Pray join me at luncheon."

"Thank you, I shall be very happy."

"Takes things coolly," thought Mrs. Saville; "knows her own value, probably. So much the better. I could not stand a gushing girl."

At luncheon the hostess started various topics in an easy, unstudied way, and found that her young guest, though far from talkative, was quite equal to discussing them intelligently. As soon as they rose from the table, Miss Desmond took leave of her new lady patroness, promising to obey her summons whenever it came.

"Really," thought Mrs. Saville, as she dressed for an afternoon airing, "I believe that girl may do. If she does not, why, it is no great matter. She certainly has the air and manner of a gentlewoman."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Saville was far too much preoccupied by her bitter reflections and vengeful projects to bestow many thoughts upon the new member of her household. But Miss Desmond received the expected summons in due course, and journeyed punctually by the appointed train towards her new home.

Ingfield, Mrs. Saville's place, had an air of seclusion not to be found at double the distance in other directions. The picturesque country round Egham was comparatively free from the eruption of villa residences which crowd other localities.

Mrs. Saville, who felt the quiet of her country home rather oppressive, began to wish for some one to break the painful monotony of her thoughts—some one whose face and voice were quite unconnected with the past—"the past," to her, meaning the ever-present image of her offending son. She had a certain sense of relief in the prospect of companionship, for in truth she was, and always had been, a very lonely woman. When, therefore, shortly before dinner, Miss Desmond arrived, she was received with comparative cordiality.

"I told them to send down the omnibus, as it would be more convenient for your luggage," said Mrs. Saville, after they had exchanged greetings.

"My luggage consisted of one dress-basket," said Miss Desmond, smiling. "Considering that my stay may be but short, I did not like to bring more."

"That was prudent. Now I am going to dine early—that is at six—in order to take a drive afterwards; the evenings are the best part of the day."

That first evening was trying. Mrs. Saville was very silent, but so long as they moved smoothly and rapidly through cool dewy woods, fragrant fields, and gently-winding lanes with rustic fences and picturesquely-broken banks, the silence was not oppressive.

Miss Desmond had plenty to think of—the struggles and difficulties of youth spent in genteel poverty; the loss of her nearest and dearest; the vanishing of many a dream that even a twenty-two life had taught her must be resigned; and, through all, the enduring hope which in such strange natures is too deeply rooted to be scorched by the noontide heat or withered by the midnight blast—the instinctive consciousness of her own tenderness and loyalty, which gave vitality to her belief in the possibility of happiness.

The quiet beauty of the country, the soothing tranquillity of the hour, gave her an exquisite sense of rest which she thankfully accepted.

Returned, however, and shut up in the lamp-lit drawing-room, silence did become oppressive, and Miss Desmond, remembering her employer's hint, felt reluctant to break it.

"I suppose you do needlework? Girls like you generally have something of that kind in their hands."

"I do a good deal, and I have some that can appear in a drawing-room."

"I used to do fancy-work myself," said Mrs. Saville, "for it is intolerable to sit idle; but I find I dare not trifle with my eyes, which I have always tried too much. However, I must do something. I cannot sit with my hands before me while you read."

"Knitting is not bad for the eyes," suggested Miss Desmond.

"I have always despised it as purely mechanical, but now I shall be obliged to adopt it. Do you know how to knit?—can you teach me?"

"Yes; I did a good deal of knitting when I was in Germany."

"Oh! do you understand German?"

"I could make my way in Germany; but I cannot read German aloud as I do French."

"And I do not understand a word of the language. I was only taught French and Italian. Ah, what a potent epitome of mankind's opinion, the rage for that uncouth tongue as soon as the race that speaks it succeeded! Success is the measure of everything."

"I cannot think so. We have no plumb-line with which to fathom the depth where future triumph lies hidden under present failure."

"That is no argument," returned Mrs. Saville. "Now, Miss Desmond, I am going to my room, and I dare say you will be glad to do the same. I breakfast in summer at eight. Good-night."

The next few days enabled Mrs. Saville and her newly-established companion to fit into their places. "She is less formidable than I expected," thought the latter. "I must keep constantly before my mind that she is on her trial with me, as I am with her. I am not bound to spend my life here, nor have I given up my freedom. She interests me; for, hard as she seems, I believe she is not without heart. Shall I ever be able to find it?"

"That girl is not so tiresome, after all. She is not a bit afraid of me," mused Mrs. Saville. "How I hate and despise folly and cowardice! They generally go together. There's a great deal of style about her, yet she must have been always steeped to the lips in poverty. If I had a daughter like her, I should want the first statesman in England for her husband. Bah! what folly! If I had had a daughter she would have been as indifferent to me as the rest, and would probably have married a groom to spite me. As no one cares for me, I had better concentrate my affections on myself. People may be indifferent to love, they are never indifferent to power; and money is power, especially if backed by common sense."

So the knitting and reading went on successfully, and Mrs. Saville was sometimes surprised by the light-hearted enjoyment which her companion showed in any drolleries which cropped up in the course of their readings.

Mrs. Saville herself was not without a certain grim sense of humor, but she was sometimes surprised, and not too well pleased, at the quick perception of the ridiculous which so often gleamed in Miss Desmond's expressive eyes.

(To be continued.)

A Needless Warning.

Very often the friend who slaps you heartily on the back is getting ready to make a light touch.—Dallas News



Prune Charlotte.

Stew 1½ pounds of prunes, pit them and sweeten with a cupful of sugar. Line a well-buttered pudding dish with strips of bread and butter or buttered toast. Pour in the prunes and flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla. Cover with bread and butter strips and bake in a moderate oven until lightly browned. When done turn out, sift sugar over it and serve with cream.

Pickled Onions.

After peeling the onions throw them at once into boiling vinegar, of which a quart is to be allowed to a quart of onions. In this vinegar there should previously have been boiled two teaspoonfuls of salt and an ounce of pepper in the kernel. Boil the onions about five minutes, put into glass jars, and when cold cover or seal till wanted for use.

Canned Corn and Tomatoes.

Cut the corn from four dozen freshly boiled ears and add to them three dozen peeled, ripe tomatoes, chopped. Add salt to taste and put into a porcelain-lined kettle. Bring to a hard boil, cook for a minute, then fill jars standing in boiling water with the scalding mixture, and, while these are still overflowing, fasten down air-tight lids.

Soft Caramels.

For one pound of brown sugar allow one cupful of milk, a tablespoonful and a half of butter and half a cake grated chocolate. Cook nine minutes, take from the fire and stir steadily five minutes, but not until too stiff to pour. Turn into a buttered pan and mark in squares. This candy will be crumbly and rich.

Creamed Ham With Cheese.

Melt one and one-half tablespoons of butter, blend in an equal quantity of flour, add slowly one and one-half cups of milk, stir until smooth, season with a dash of cayenne, add one cup of finely chopped, cooked ham and four tablespoons of grated cheese. Stir until the cheese melts, spread on slices of toasted bread and serve at once.

Grape Juice.

Stem twelve quarts of grapes and put them into a large preserving kettle. Add two quarts of water, bring slowly to the boil and strain, pressing out all the juice. Return the juice to the fire, bring to a hard boil and pour, scalding hot, into bottles set in hot water. Seal immediately.

Quick Sponge Cake.

Beat three eggs without separating the whites and yolks; beat in one cup and a half of sugar and half a cup of milk, alternately, with two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with half a teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Okra.

Select young okra, wash well, and cut into half-inch lengths. Put over the fire in slightly salted water and stew until tender, drain, stir in a great spoonful of butter, season with pepper and salt and serve.

Hard Sauce.

Into a cupful of fine powdered sugar, work two tablespoonfuls of soft butter. Beat until soft and white, then add the juice of a lemon and a little nutmeg, or any flavoring preferred. Set in the ice chest to harden until needed.

No-Egg Gingerbread.

One cup molasses, two tablespoon sugar, two good tablespoons lard or butter, one teaspoon soda. Beat well a little ginger, cinnamon, salt and tablespoon vinegar, one cup cold water. Flour to thicken.

Fig Filling for Cake.

Grate a large sour apple that has been peeled; add to it a pound of chopped figs and a small cup of sugar. Boil all together to a paste and keep in jelly glasses for use.

White Mountain Cake.

Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, whites of ten eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted with the flour.

Peanut Butter.

Shell freshly-roasted peanuts and grind them to a fine powder. Into this powder stir half as much butter and rub to a smooth paste.

Short Suggestions.

When broiling halibut cover the fish with minced green pepper. The seasoning will be found to be delicious.

After washing the lamp chimney polish it with dry salt. It makes the glass bright and will prevent it breaking.

A vanilla bean kept in the sugar box will impart a delicious flavor to the sugar. This is a bit of advice from a French chef.

LANDS OF BIBLE HISTORY.

To Be Redeemed by Sir William Willcocks, the Noted Engineer.

Naturally fertile and once the richest region not only in Asia but in all the world, Mesopotamia, owing to neglect, is now a barren waste, F. Alexander Powell says in Everybody's. The ancient irrigation works perished because the country was so torn asunder by internecine warfare that the inhabitants ceased to keep them in repair. The scene of the sudden destruction which overwhelmed the cities of the plain is still visible. The Tigris burst its bonds and temporarily engulfed a great area, and from that day to this desolation has reigned supreme around ancient Opis.

There comes from Egypt a modern Moses, Willcocks by name, a baronet and an engineer of note, who has been intrusted by Turkey with a survey of the works for restoring the ancient canals and irrigating channels along the Tigris by which the plains of Mesopotamia, after centuries of waiting, will be restored to their old-time luxuriance and prosperity. Sir William Willcocks, known to fame as the builder of the great Nile dam at Asuan—an economic success if ever there was one—divides the region which he proposes to restore into two sections: One, Upper Chaldaea, representing an area of 1,280,000 acres of first-class land waiting only for water to yield at once a handsome return; the other, Lower Chaldaea, 1,500,000 acres in extent, although highly valuable, he considers was never as fertile as Upper Chaldaea, its soil having become impregnated with salt. Suffice it to say that the works contemplated resemble closely those in operation today in the Nile valley and present no exceptional difficulties to the engineer. The cost is estimated at approximately \$40,000,000, from which, it is calculated, there will be a net income of \$10,000,000 per annum, or 25 per cent on the capital invested. Let those who know Egypt say whether they consider such figures too sanguine.

TO LEAD ANTARCTIC TRIP.

Man Who Would Nail the Union Jack to the South Pole.

Capt. R. F. Scott, R. N., has already begun to organize a new expedition to the Antarctic, with the object of reaching the South Pole. The expedition is to start next July and will have two bases, one in McMurdo sound and the other in King Edward VII. Land.



CAPT. ROBERT FALCON SCOTT.

Capt. Scott intends to use Manchurian ponies, like those of Lieut. Shackleton, and dogs of either Ostyak, Samoyed or Eskimo breed. He will also rely considerably on motor-sledges, and a new feature of the expedition will be an installment of wireless telegraphy. Capt. Scott commanded the national Antarctic expedition of 1900-04.

An Easy Way Out.

"Here, you," said the conductor, angrily, "you rang up a fare. Do that again and I'll put you off."

The small man standing in the middle of the crowded car promptly rang up another fare. Thereupon the conductor projected him through the crowd and to the edge of the platform.

"Thanks," said the little man, "I did not see any other way to get out. Here's your dime."—Success Magazine.

Taking No Liberties.

"I hope you don't mind my asking," said a woman diffidently, "but should I call you professor or doctor?"

"Oh, call me anything you like," was the great man's rejoinder. "Some people call me an old idiot."

"Really?" the lady murmured, with sweet innocence. "But, then, they would be people who knew you intimately."—London Spare Moments.

A girl doesn't enjoy an outing unless the right young man shows up somewhere in the scenery.

Here's hoping the early frosts will not spoil the canned-fruit crops.