

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Miss Desmond had been little more than a week at Inglefield, when, returning home from the neighboring vicarage, whence she had been dispatched with a message respecting some of the local charities to which Mrs. Saville contributed, she entered the drawing-room through one of the French windows which opened on a veranda and thence on to the grounds. The lady of the house was not there, but lounging comfortably in her especial chair sat a gentleman, who, directly Miss Desmond entered, rose and made her a bow—a bow which proved that bowing was not yet quite a lost art. He was a tall, elderly man of an certain age, slight and elegant, with fine aquiline features and light-blue laughing eyes that looked as if boy hood still lingered there in spite of the wavy hair that curled round a rather low but well-shaped forehead. He was carefully, admirably dressed, and indescribably fresh and cool, though it was a burning August day.

"Allow me to explain my appearance here," he said, in a pleasant, youthful voice. "I have taken the exceedingly uninteresting journey from London to this place, and I now await its amiable mistress's pleasure as to whether she will see me or not."

"Has she been told you are here?" asked Miss Desmond, taking off a large garden-hat, which she continued to hold in her hand, wondering who this could be. Mrs. Saville's visitors had hitherto been few and far between, her acquaintances at that season being scattered in remote regions.

"Yes, I believe her major-domo has conveyed my pastebord to the august presence." And the stranger, with the air of being very much at home, drew forward a chair, which Miss Desmond did not accept.

"Pray, has Mrs. Saville been long here?"

"About a fortnight."

"And you—have you been here all that time?"

"Not quite."

"Ah! what wonderful resisting power! I should have imagined you would both by this time be extinct from mental inanition." Miss Desmond laughed—a sweet, well-amused laugh.

"And you can laugh like that!" he continued. "Then your vitality has of course kept my revered sister-in-law alive. It must, however, exhaust your own vital powers to give out ozone—no, what do they call it?—electricity—to such a degree. There is nothing to me so soul-destroying, so deadening, as suburban rusticity. Won't you sit down? I can't stand any longer myself."

"Then pray do not. I do not sit down because I am not going to stay. I thought Mrs. Saville would come in immediately," said Miss Desmond, who began to perceive in some way that this pleasant, talkative personage was a good deal older than he seemed.

"Since you permit it, then." And he sank into his chair with a sigh of relief. "You see," he went on, "this sort of place is just far enough from London to cut you off from all the conveniences of town life, and too near for any of the legitimate amusements and occupations of the country."

Here the butler appeared, and said, "Mrs. Saville will see you, my lord, if you will come this way." The gentleman rose, and made another elegant bow as he passed Miss Desmond.

"What an amusing person! I wonder who he is. Some relation, I suppose, or he would not speak so freely," thought Miss Desmond. "I must not go to Mrs. Saville at present." She too left the room by a different exit and ascended to her own pleasant apartment, which looked out to the front; a dressing-closet opened from it, and, except for the bed, it was furnished like a sitting-room. After leaning from the window for some minutes, apparently in deep thought, she went to her writing table, and, unloosing a desk with a key which hung to her chain, she began to add some lines to a closely-written letter which lay therein.

ing round over the front of the house, his quick eye caught sight of Miss Desmond. To her annoyance, he lifted his hat and gave a slight expressive shrug before stepping into his cab, which drove off immediately.

"I wish I had not looked out," she thought; then, smiling at the idea, it struck her very like an "expulsion." "No doubt Mrs. Saville could be very severe—even cruel; but she is good to me. I had better give her the vicar's message; yet I feel half afraid. This will not do. My best, my only chance is fearlessness."

She paused a moment, then locked away her writing again, and proceeded down a long passage and a short stair to the wing in which was Mrs. Saville's boudoir.

She knocked at the door, and was imperatively told to come in. Mrs. Saville was walking up and down, evidently much disturbed.

"I beg your pardon," hesitatingly. "Oh, come in, come in! I have been worried by an importunate fool; but I am not so overset that I cannot attend to anything else. Did you see the vicar?"

"I did; and he is very sorry, but he has already returned the plans of the cottages to the builder."

"Then he must get them back," very sharply. "I will walk over myself to the vicarage. I want movement. Did you happen to see Lord Everton?"

"The gentleman who has just left? Yes; he was in the drawing-room when I came in."

"He is one of the most contemptible men in England," continued Mrs. Saville—"a mere butterfly at sixty-three. He has only existed for pleasure his whole life, and even now pleasure still pleases. His sense of enjoyment has been his ruin. A trifler of the most trifling description, without an ambition or an aim; worst of all, reckless of how he may throw others into temptation or difficulty. He has injured me past forgiveness, and yet he comes meandering here to try and talk me over to induce me to pardon the cruellest injury that could be inflicted. I told him my opinion fully; but to be seriously angry with such a creature is like taking a howitzer to shoot a humming-bird. Come, Miss Desmond, let us go out into the open air. What o'clock is it? Nearly five? I shall walk round the grounds until it is time to find the vicar."

They paced somewhat slowly across the grounds to a wooded rising ground on the left of the house, from which a view of it and its surroundings could be obtained, and when they had accomplished the ascent Mrs. Saville sat down, as if tired, on a seat placed at the best point of outlook. Her companion had observed that the keen, active woman was stronger in spirit than in flesh, and felt a sort of pity for this rich, prosperous, resolute lady.

"What a sweet, beautiful place this is!" she exclaimed, after gazing at the scene before her for a few minutes. "I think it is the most charming I have ever seen."

"Then you have not seen much," returned Mrs. Saville, testily.

"That is true. I have not seen any fine places in England, and the palaces and chateaux abroad are so melancholy; but who could desire anything beyond the exquisite, graceful, home-like beauty of Inglefield?"

It was, in truth, a delightful abode, sheltered on the east by the upland from which they now looked down; the ground sloped steeply from the opposite side, giving a wide view over a richly-wooded country; while the house, gardens and grounds occupied the level space between. Fine trees stood about, for Inglefield was an old country-house dating tolerably far back, built in the half-timbered style, the first story of fine bricks, the upper part beams and plaster, with high chimneys and many-gabled roofs. The large additions made by Mrs. Saville's father had been carried out in strict accordance with the original plan, and the garden designed to suit it also. A circular lawn, surrounded with flowering shrubs and dotted with several large spreading trees, separated the house from a wide avenue which opened exactly opposite the entrance, over-arched by a double row of great old elms at either side. Beyond, on the left, from a wooded hollow, through which a trout-stream had been widened and dammed into a miniature lake, glimpses of which could be caught

when the sunlight fell upon it, rose the smoke from some unseen chimney.

"Home-like," repeated Mrs. Saville. "There is an immense amount of nonsense talked about home. I wish you could see Kingswood, Lord Everton's place; it is one of the finest seats in England—full of family treasures and historic relics—and he would not make the faintest effort to retain it. He might have entered diplomacy—or taken a foreign appointment and saved money. But he is quite content to derive his income from the rent a Manchester millionaire pays him for his ancestral halls, when he might have married the millionaire's daughter and kept it for himself."

"Well, if the daughter was not the sort of woman he could love, he was right," said Miss Desmond, thoughtfully. "Suppose she was not companionable, that he could not love her; the finest place in the world could not make up for that."

"You are a foolish child! The thing called love soon evaporates. Rank, importance, high position, last; and duties due to one's station fill up life satisfactorily. It is a low, mean conception of existence to spend it in personal pleasure."

"Yes, certainly. You are right," eagerly. "To live for one's self alone, in any way, is miserable. But one has a right to try and be happy if it does not interfere with the happiness of others."

"You have been tolerably poor, from what you say," said Mrs. Saville, not unkindly. "Have you been happy?"

Her interlocutor paused before she replied. "Yes, on the whole I have been happy. Sometimes it has been trying to feel shabby and to be unable to get a new dress, to know that lovely pictures and delightful music were within your reach, yet inaccessible. The worst is to want nice delicate things for some one you love and not to be able to get them; that is bitter. Still, nothing can be so poverty-stricken as to have no one to trouble about, no one to love or live for, no one to love you."

"It is, then, very unfortunate for a person of your disposition to have lost your home," remarked Mrs. Saville, coldly.

"It is sad enough; but I have been fortunate in finding friends like Mr. Rawson and his daughter. It is better, too, to believe that there is some pleasant sheltered nook round the next turn of the road than always to look for sandy deserts. Loneliness is the worst evil of all: it is what I fear most."

Mrs. Saville did not answer immediately; then she said, abruptly, "What is your name—your Christian name?"

"My name? Hope Desmond."

"I thought so. It is very appropriate. You have given me a curious mental picture. I suppose it is true, though it is incomprehensible to me, but you give me the idea of being sensible and accurate. Do you not feel that your life has been lost, fruitless, passed as it has been in this constant struggle?"

"No," cried Hope, her dark eyes lighting, and lifting her head with an unconscious but dignified movement. "It has had much sweetness, and I have been of some use. Though I am not clever, I have done what I could; and that will always comfort me. I do not fear the future. Work will come to me. I would not change with any one. I prefer to remain the 'me' that I am."

"You are an unusual specimen, Miss Desmond, and really a profound philosopher; yet you have refinement and taste, eye, and culture enough, to enable you to enjoy beauty and elegance, literature and art. I congratulate you; only, if every one was as easily pleased the world would stand still."

"Perhaps so," said Hope Desmond, with a sigh. "I can only see life according to my lights."

Then, after some minutes' silence, she observed how prettily the smoke curled up from among the trees down in the hollow.

"Yes," said Mrs. Saville, "I suppose Lord Castleton has arrived. Inglefield Court belongs to him. It is an older and much damper place than this. I must call to-morrow." She heaved a deep sigh as she spoke. "Miss Dacre is one of the fortunate ones according to my estimate. She is her father's sole heiress, and takes the title, too, when she succeeds him. She is pretty, rather accomplished, and decidedly popular. I used to see a good deal of her at one time; now—" She paused and frowned, then, rising, she said, peremptorily, "Come, I feel rheumatic; I have sat here too long."

Few words passed between the companions till almost at the gate which opened from Mrs. Saville's grounds on a foot-path which crossed the vicarage fields, when that lady said, suddenly: "I expect my son to-morrow."

"Your eldest son?"

"I have but one son," returned Mrs. Saville, icily.

(To be continued.)

Hasty Marriage.
Clerk at Marriage License Bureau
—What's the lady's first name?
Prospective Bridegroom —Heaven's man. I never thought to ask her.



Preserving Hints.

The first consideration is a preserving kettle of brass polished until lustrous and with no stain of fruit.

This is the sort of vessel used by the old-fashioned housewife and the jellies of our grandmothers have never been equalled.

Porcelain kettles should be discarded as soon as they commence to crack and tin, iron or pewter should never be used.

The best jelly bag is a long one made of flannel, which is made in a point at the bottom.

This should never be squeezed in order to hasten the dropping or a discoloration of the fruit will result.

In selecting fruit the greatest care should be taken to see that it is not overripe.

Berries that have been picked more than 24 hours are too old to make good jelly and preserves.

A cheesecloth bag will be found useful in straining the fruit through the colander.

Prune Jelly.

Stew a quart of prunes in a quart of water until they fall to pieces. Press through a colander. Soak a box of gelatin in a cupful of cold water; pour on gradually a cupful of boiling water and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Add one pint of the prune pulp, the juice of a lemon or orange and a little sugar. Strain into wet mold. Put in cool place. Turn out and serve with whipped cream.

Good Doughnuts.

Two cups of hot mashed potatoes, four tablespoons of shortening, three cups of sugar, four eggs, three cups milk, five teaspoons of baking powder and flour, enough to make the usual consistency of doughnut dough. Make a cream of potatoes, shortening, sugar and nutmeg for flavor. Then sift about four cups of flour with the baking powder; add to the mixture as much flour as needed.

Old-Fashioned Drop Cakes.

Cream a scant cup of sugar with one-half cup of shortening, add a cup of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of powdered cloves and cinnamon, mixed, one teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking soda dissolved in one cup of cold water. Add enough flour to make a quite thick batter and drop this from a spoon into a greased pan. Bake in a quick oven.

Canning Sweet Corn.

For canning, cut the same as for drying. To thirteen pints of corn add one pint of salt and one pint sugar in granite pan and stir till it forms its own juice. Set on back of stove, where it will heat and stay hot for an hour or more, then draw to front of stove till it comes to a boil and can. For canning or drying always use corn rather too soft than too hard.

Delicious Broiled Steak.

Sprinkle the bottom of a skillet quite generously with salt. Place on the fire and let it become quite hot. Now put in your steak, turning frequently, so as to retain the juice. When done place on a heated platter and season with pepper; also add small bits of butter. This makes any steak quite tender and insures a rich flavor.

Rochester Gingerbread.

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one cup of molasses, one cup of thick, sour milk and three cups of flour, sifted with one teaspoonful and a half of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in two brick-loaf pans.

Green Tomato Pie.

Line a plate with nice crust, fill with peeled and sliced green tomatoes, add half a cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter cut into bits, four tablespoons of vinegar and sprinkle with cinnamon or nutmeg. Cover with a top crust and bake slowly.

Corn and Sweet Potatoes.

Cut the kernels from six ears of boiled corn. Cut into dice four large boiled sweet potatoes. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and stir into this the corn and sweet potatoes. Fry, stirring often, for ten minutes, then serve.

Green Tomato Mince Pie.

Chop fine one pint of green tomatoes and three large apples. Add three cups of sugar, three tablespoons of flour, one-half cup of vinegar, one-half teaspoon of salt, and one teaspoon of mixed spices. Bake with two crusts.

SIZE OF HER SHOES.

The Dealers Use Cipher System of Numbers for Many Reasons.

What number does she wear? asks the Kansas City Star. It should be a surprise to a few men, at least, to know that she no longer wears shoes of numbered sizes. The old 1, 2, 3, way of numbering women's shoes has seen its day; now sizes are no longer designated by numbers, at least not in the places where she buys shoes that cost as if they were made of gold and a precious stone or two. There are marks and numbers that tell the story of length and breadth to the clerk, but they mean nothing to the customer. Who would guess that K17363** means 4-3-4 D? Only the shoe clerk, and he tells no one.

Therein is the purpose of the absence of numbers on women's shoes. "I always wear a 3 B," she would say, and the clerk would see the number 4½ D foot resting in the little fitting stand. Without comment, he would bring shoes to fit snugly and not with too great discomfort.

"That's very pretty. I think I'll take those," and he would begin to hope a sale had been made. Now, if he could only get them into a box without—

"I want to look at them again. Just a moment, please. Why, you said these were 3s and they are 5s! Why, I never in all my days wore anything bigger than 3s! No, indeed! I shan't be imposed upon, I assure you. I care to see no other shoes. I shall go somewhere where I can be given proper treatment." And a sale lost because the clerk could not hide the true facts about the proper size of shoes for her to wear.

So a few years ago the manufacturers and the merchants resorted to cipher in designating shoes, and a "number" nowadays reads like a football signal. Some women have even penetrated the cipher, and, consequently, some shops request that nothing be said about numbers—the salesman will measure the foot and bring a shoe to correspond. That is he'll bring the first too large, in order to let the fair buyer have the satisfaction of asking for something smaller.

Meanwhile the men's shoes still have sizes marked in plain numbers and in plain sight.

WHERE WRITING IS SACRED.

The Chinese point of view is often surprising to the Western mind, and therefore interesting. For example, they hold every scrap of writing to be sacred, no matter what the characters express—the merest commercial message or advertisement included, declares a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle. Since Confucius used those characters to teach his wisdom, they are holy.

In the average Chinese community, all letters and waste paper are laid away in a clean receptacle to await the collector, who appears at regular intervals to transfer the waste papers to the sacred furnace. If the papers are burned by the Chinese in their own homes, the ashes of the sacred writings would mingle with the ashes of wood and other fuel, and the ashes of Chinese writings are as sacred as the writing itself.

The ashes from the sacred furnace are placed in sacks, the sacks are conveyed by wagons to the sea, and there, in a boat, are carried out where the tide runs swift and consigned to the waves. The boat, known as a Mon War boat, belongs to the Mon War Sher, which is a lodge with branches everywhere, organized and maintained for the purpose of paying reverence to the spirit of Confucius.

The furnace in the Chinatown which nearly every large city in the United States harbors is generally a brick, oven-like structure about five feet high. Opposite it on the wall there will usually be an inscription of the character of our ancestors are pleased that we keep sacred the writings of our country."

The society of Mon War Sher—club of the beautiful writing—is made up in each case of the prominent denizens of Chinatown, who support it by voluntary subscriptions, which pay the salaries of the keeper and his assistant.

Human After All.

"Well, I must leave you. I've got an engagement with a collection agent in fifteen minutes."

"And you're hastening up to the office to meet him, you honest man."

"No, I'm hastening to get hid, for he's due along here any minute."—Kansas City Times.

New Bone of Contention.

"I don't speak to the woman across the street any more."

"What's the matter now?"

"She's for Peary." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

It doesn't take long for a handsome young widow to convince a woman hater of the error of his ways.