

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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CHAPTER VII.

Richard Saville was not a favorite with his mother, though he had never given her the least trouble. He was a tall, slight young man, but there was no dignity in his height, for it was neutralized by a stoop conveying the impression that he had not strength enough to hold himself upright. His manners were cold, though gentle, and he gave a general impression of languid circulation and extreme correctness. He had inherited something of the Saville indifference to everything save his own peculiar tastes or fancies, and a good deal of his uncle Everton's obtuseness as regarded personal distinction. His keen-sighted mother soon perceived that her first-born would never fulfill her ambitious aspirations, and this contributed to her strong preference for her younger son, on whose career she had built her hopes, though his choice of a profession had greatly annoyed her. Hugh had inherited all the plebeian energy which made his maternal grandfather a wealthy and useful member of the community, and he cared little for any personal distinction not earned by himself. Nature intended him for a radical, and the accidents of birth and early association gave him certain aristocratic leanings, which made him a tolerably round-minded man.

He and his brother were excellent friends, in spite of the low estimate each had of the other's tastes.

The arrival of Richard was, on the whole, an agreeable change in the routine of life at Inglefield. He soon discovered that Hope Desmond was a sympathetic listener; he therefore confided to her the great scheme he had conceived of compiling a book to contain all the English phrases and proverbs that were distinctly derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and he soon grew sufficiently familiar to ask if Miss Desmond would be so good as to assist him in his work, whenever his mother could spare her.

"I will do so with pleasure, Mr. Saville," she returned, in her frank, fearless way. "But you must ask your mother's permission, and before me. She is a person not to be trifled with."

"I know that," he said, hastily, "and I will do so on the first opportunity." Which he did, in a nervous, hesitating way.

"Who cares for Saxon phrases?" replied Mrs. Saville, contemptuously. "Miss Desmond would be more usefully employed making flannel petticoats for my poor old women. However, if she chooses to bestow some of her spare half-hours on your investigation of such a dust-heap, I am sure she has my consent."

Hope Desmond's time was pretty well occupied, for she had come to be secretary as well as companion to her active employer; still, she gave Richard Saville what parings of time she could, and, if occasionally bored, was not a little amused at the profound importance he attached to his work.

But Richard Saville's presence entailed other changes. Captain Lumley found it suited him to ride over very often to luncheon, and sometimes to dinner, staying the night, almost without a distinct invitation from the hostess, who seemed to think two such fledglings beneath her notice. Young Lumley did his best to attract Hope's notice, and flattered himself that she smiled upon him.

"So you have really managed to survive—how long?—five weeks under my aunt's jurisdiction?" he said, having discovered Hope with a book in her hand in one of the shady nooks of the garden one day after luncheon.

"I have, and without any difficulty," she returned, making room for him on the seat beside her, as she greeted him with a kindly smile. He readily accepted the place, thinking he had already made an impression. "Mrs. Saville has been very nice and pleasant. If she were not I would not stay."

"Pleasant! Come, that's a little too much. She is an uncommon bright woman, I know, but it's in the flash-of-lightning style, and lightning sometimes kills, you know."

"Well, she hasn't killed me."

"No, I fancy you take a great deal of killing. Perhaps that's because you are so killing yourself."

"Oh, Captain Lumley! that is a style of compliment you might offer to a barmaid. It is not worthy of a gallant—what are you—hussar?" said Hope, laughing good-humoredly.

"You have taken a leaf out of Mrs. Saville's book," cried Lumley, while he thought, "What teeth she has—regular pearls!" "If you are as hard on me as she is," he continued, aloud, "I shall not be able to live here."

"I suppose you are not obliged to stay?"

"Well, no; but I do not like to go away."

"Then you must strike a balance," said Hope, and rose up as if to return to the house.

"What! Are you going in? It is ever so much nicer here. May I come?"

"Oh, yes, if you like."

"So you are going to help my cousin Richard with his dictionary—what do you call it?"

"I really do not know what its name is to be. Yes; if I can find time I will do some writing for him."

"Richard has more sense than I thought."

"At all events he is desperately in earnest, and that is always respectable."

"Exactly; that is just what he is. Miss Dacre is coming to dinner, and the vicar and vicarress."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hope.

"Miss Dacre is rather pretty for an heiress, and rather a jolly girl. You'll like her."

"Very probable, were I to meet her; but I shall not dine with you."

"No? What a shame!"

"I do not see that it is. It would give me no particular pleasure to join your company, and I shall have that precious time to myself."

"Well the dinner will be all the duller. My aunt will be as black as thunder. You know she wanted to marry Hugh, her second son, to Mary Dacre. You never met Hugh?"

"Why, I am not yet two months in Mrs. Saville's service."

"What a very unvarnished way of putting it!" said Lumley, laughing.

"I never object to the truth," returned Miss Desmond. "Why should I not serve Mrs. Saville for the time being?"

"I am sure I don't know. Well, Hugh is a capital fellow, but awfully headstrong; so, after he was sent ashore last time, he went wandering about the Continent, and fell in love with a charming girl, or a girl he thought charming, without asking leave. Rather imprudent, eh?"

"It was more," said Hope, looking dreamily far away. "It was wrong. A good mother has a right to be consulted."

"Perhaps so; but if a fellow is very much in love he is apt to forget these things. Anyhow, Hugh has been chivied away from the maternal roof. It seems my uncle Lord Everton introduced Hugh to the fair one and her father, so he has been tabooed, too; but he is a remarkably plucky old boy, so he came down here to plead Hugh's cause, and caught it pretty hard, I fancy."

"Yes, I saw him, and I imagine he had a trying time of it. Pray do you—I mean your special family—talk of each other to every one in this candid fashion?"

"I do; and why should I not? I say nothing that every one doesn't know and talk about."

"Poor Lord Everton!" said Hope, with a laugh, as if she enjoyed the recollection. "He did look as if he were being led to execution when he was leaving the room."

"Oh, he did, did he? He's no end of fun."

"I can imagine he is. Good-morning, Captain Lumley."

"Must you go?"

"I must. I do not know whether Mrs. Saville may want me, and I have no business to wander about the grounds with you."

"Perhaps you may be at dinner, after all."

"It is not probable. If Lord Everton were to be of the party I might wish to intrude myself. As it is—good-bye for the present."

With a pleasant nod and smile, Miss Desmond turned into a path which led directly to the house, and left the gallant hussar lamenting.

"She is handsomer than I thought," he mused. "What eyes!—and such a smile! She has rather taken to me, I can see that, but there is something unflatteringly self-possessed and frank about her. Treats me as if I were a mere boy. I must be very civil to the heiress. If my father thinks I am

making any running there, I dare say he will pay some of my debts."

Lumley's wishes were fulfilled, for Mrs. Saville, shortly before the dressing-bell rang, commanded Miss Desmond's presence at dinner. That young lady hesitated, and said, with her usual good-humored frankness, "You are always so good to me, that you may possibly ask me to dine as a civility, but I assure you I would prefer the evening to myself."

"You are quite mistaken. I wish you to dine with us to-day. Why, is it of no consequence. I may not always ask you, but, when I do, be sure I mean it."

"Oh, very well. I am glad you have made matters clear."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a small party, and not very lively. Richard Saville was not an animated host. Mrs. Saville was not talkative. The vicar was a pleasant, well-bred man, and with the help of Lumley, who was always ready to talk, kept the party from stagnating.

Lumley had brought with him, by his aunt's invitation, a young subaltern, the son of an acquaintance, who made the eighth and balanced the sexes. This youth fell to Hope Desmond's lot, much to his satisfaction, for she managed to make him talk, and talked to him easily and naturally, confessing her ignorance of hunting, shooting, fishing, and sport of every kind, rather to his amazement. However, she atoned for her deficiencies by listening with much interest to his descriptions and explanations. At last he suggested giving her riding-lessons, at which she held up her hands in dismay. Miss Dacre interested her more than any one else. She had never been in the society of a great heiress, a prospective peeress in her own right. "What a tremendous position for a young girl!" thought Hope, with a curious sort of pity. The young girl was, notwithstanding, quite girlish, not pretty, but far from plain. She was very dark, with small, sparkling black eyes, curly black hair, and a high color. She had a neat figure, and carried herself well, yet she lacked distinction.

"She might be a very pleasant companion," mused Hope, as she gazed at her while her cavalier was explaining the difference between a snaffle and a curb, "and, considering her gifts, I am not surprised that Mrs. Saville would have liked her for a daughter-in-law. How much, according to her estimate, her son appears to have thrown away!"

Miss Dacre naturally fell into Hope Desmond's care.

"How charming the conservatory looks!" she said. "Shall we walk round it?" Hope assented, not aware of the curiosity she excited in the future Baroness Castleton. That Mrs. Saville should institute a companion was one source of astonishment; that any one so chosen should survive nearly two months and present a cheerful, self-possessed, composed aspect was another. "And how nice she looks in that pretty soft black grenadine and lace! How snowy white her throat and hands are! I suppose she is in mourning. Girls never want to be companions unless all their people die. Poor thing! I think I would rather be a housemaid; at least one might flirt with the footman; but a companion—"

"I don't think I ever met you here before," she said, aloud.

"No; I am not quite two months with Mrs. Saville."

"Poor Mrs. Saville! she is looking so ill. They say she is rather a terrific woman. I always found her very nice."

"She is a strong woman, but there is a certain grandeur in her character."

"Yes, and I fancy one must be pretty strong to get on with her," said Miss Dacre, and she gave a knowing little nod to her companion. "Then she is so awfully put out about Hugh. You came after he had gone."

Hope bent her head as an affirmative.

"He was charming, quite charming—so different from Richard—though I like Richard, too; but Hugh had a sort of rough good breeding. If you can understand such a thing; he was so generous and bright and natural. I knew both the brothers since I was quite a child, so I can sympathize with Mrs. Saville. To think of his having married some designing woman abroad, twice his age, I believe! Isn't it horrible?" ran on the talkative young lady.

"Horrible," echoed Hope. "I trust she is conscious of all he has sacrificed for her."

"Not she," returned Miss Dacre with decision. "These sort of people haven't an idea what family and position, and all that, mean. Do you think Mrs. Saville would mind if I plucked some of these lovely waxen blossoms?"

"I am sure she would not; but you know her much better than I do. Wait a moment; I will get you the scissors."

A Day of Rest.

Carrie's sister May, 6 years of age, on being asked why the Sabbath day was different from the other days in the week, answered, very carelessly, "Oh, that's the day you pin things on, 'stead of sewing."—The Delineator.



She—Are you fond of tea? He—Yes, but I like the next letter better. —Boston Transcript.

"Since Maud's engagement how bright and happy she looks." "Yes; a match lights up a girl's face."

"Do you take this woman for better or worse?" "I do, fudge, I do. But I hope we kin kinder strike an average."

"The preacher that married you says you only gave him a dollar." "He ought to be glad I didn't sue him for damages."—Answers.

Master—How was this vase smashed, Mary? Mary—If you please, sir, it tumbled down and broke itself. Master—Humph! The automatic brake again!

The Agent—I don't see how you find room for complaint in this apartment. The Tenant—Nor I. There ain't even room to take a deep breath.—Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Timid (hearing noise at two a. m.)—I th—think, dear, that there is a m—man in the house. His Wife (scornfully)—Not in this room.—Boston Transcript.

The Young Doctor—Just think; six of my patients recovered this week. The Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my dear boy. You spend too much time at the club.—Life.

A lad who had just had a tooth extracted requested the privilege of taking it home with him. "I want to put some sugar in it," he said, "and watch it ache."—Tit-Bits.

Friend—What was the title of your poem? Poet—"Oh, Give Back My Dreams!" Friend—And what did the editor write to you? Poet—"Take 'em!"—Cleveland Leader.

"I may have remained a trifle late, but her remarks were too pointed."

"What did she say, Ferd?" "Told me their lease was about to expire."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"You look so pale and thin. What's got you?" "Work. From morning to night and only a one-hour rest."

"How long have you been at it?" "I begin to-morrow."—Success.

"When I was your age," said the stern parent, "I had money in the bank."

"Well," answered the embarrassed young man, "perhaps when I'm your age I'll have money in the bank, too."

"Jimmie, your face is dirty again this morning," exclaimed the teacher.

"What would you say if I came to school every day with a dirty face?"

"Huh," grunted Jimmie; "I'd be too perlit to say anything."

Mrs. X (away from home)—John, did you leave out anything for the cat before you started? Mr. X (who dislikes the beast)—Yes; I left a can of condensed milk on the table, with the can-opener beside it.—Human Life.

Mr. Brown—I had a queer dream last night, my dear. I thought I saw another man running off with you.

Mrs. Brown—And what did you say to him? Mr. Brown—I asked him what he was running for.—Stray Stories.

New Husband—Did you make those biscuits, my dear? His wife—Yes, darling. Her Husband—Well, I'd rather you would not make any more, sweetheart. His Wife—Why not, love? Her Husband—Because, angel mine, you are too light for such heavy work.—Chicago Daily News.

"It's all very well for you to preach economy," said his wife, "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own pleasure than at any other time."

"Well, confound it; what do you suppose I want you to economize for, anyway?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Lady (to hero who had risked his life to save her little dog from a watery grave, and looks for some reward)—Poor fellow, how wet and cold you are! You must be soaked through to the skin. Here—I'll give you some quinine pills; take a couple now, and two more in an hour's time.—The Throne and Country.

"What's this?" demanded the customs officer, pointing to a package at the bottom of the trunk. "That is a foreign book entitled 'Politeness,'"

answered the man who had just landed. "I guess I'll have to charge you a duty on it," rejoined the inspector. "It competes with a small and struggling industry in this country."—Chicago Tribune.

"I am in hard luck." "How so?" "Told Milly she was the first girl I ever loved, and she said she had no time to waste training mollycoddles."

"Well?" "Then I told Amy that I thought I had loved many before I met the real thing in her, and she asked me if my proposal was the result of a cultured taste—or only a forlorn hope."—Baltimore American.

THE STREET-CORNER GIRL.

Her Unconsidered Acts Shut Her Out from Social Advancement.

Horace Wendall, the well-known banker, was on his way to the office of Dr. Richards, the even better-known physician. It was half past 2 in the afternoon—an utterly impossible hour, as he had informed the physician; but Dr. Richards had quietly said it was the only hour at which he could give him treatment, and had added that the walk from the banker's office to his own was part of the treatment; and Mr. Wendall had yielded, as people always did with Dr. Richards.

He walked briskly, to lose as little time as possible, yet even so he smiled sympathetically at a group on the corner of Bellevue avenue—a pretty, bright-faced schoolgirl with two high-school cadets. The girl made him think of Jessica, his own little niece and adopted daughter, who was the apple of his eye.

The next day, half-unconsciously, he looked up as he reached the corner. The pretty schoolgirl was there again, this time with three boys; they had the air of having lingered for some time; and this afternoon Mr. Wendall did not smile.

During the next three weeks there was scarcely a school-day that the girl was not standing upon the corner with one or more boys. Once she reached up and saucily boxed the ears of one of the boys; once, a man, passing, glanced insolently at her. The banker, still thinking of his little Jessica, wondered gravely if the girl had no mother.

It was the next night that Jessica brought home a schoolmate to dinner. She had talked a great deal lately of Carolyn Edson,—her brightness, her popularity, her generosity,—and Uncle Horace always wanted to meet her friends. As for the girls, they were always delighted with him. But this evening things seemed to go wrong. Uncle Horace was courtesy itself to their guest, but Jessica, knowing him, missed something that she never had missed before.

After Carolyn had gone, Uncle Horace called Jessica to him.

"Little girl," he said, "have I always been nice to your friends?"

"A dear," Jessica answered, promptly. "The girls all adore you so that I'm jealous most of the time."

"Then will you trust a blundering old uncle when he asks you not to see very much of this particular one—because he happens to know that she isn't quite the kind of girl that he wants his little girl to know?"

Jessica was silent a long while; then she said, quietly, "You have the right, Uncle Horace."

That was the way it happened that Carolyn Edson found herself somehow "left out" at the Wendalls. It was harsh judgment, perhaps, but life has a fashion of exacting heavy payment. —Youth's Companion.

Value of "Stooping."

Always be civil. Try to treat rich and poor alike. Is not the poor man's 20 shillings as good as the rich man's pound? The working man's wife, with her basket on her arm, says Sir Thomas Lipton in the Strand, is entitled to as much respect as the lady who comes in her carriage. When Benjamin Franklin was ambassador at the French court, speaking to a young man, he said: "The last time I saw poor father he received me in his study. As I was leaving he showed me a short way out of the house through a narrow passage crossed by a beam overhead. Suddenly he cried: 'Stoop! Stoop!' I did not understand what he meant until I felt my head bump against the beam. He was a man who never failed to give good advice. 'You are going,' he said, 'and have got to go through the world. Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.'" I have never failed to be impressed by this lesson of humility.

A Controversy Averted



First Old Maid—Sh-h-h, Samantha, there's a burglar in the room! Second Old Maid (with a sigh)—Well, Matilda, I suppose he's yours by right of discovery.

A Tactful Politician.

Knicker—Does he mend his fences? Bocker—Yes, but leaves the knot-holes.—Judge.

This is not a free country for people who run newspapers, boarding houses and telephone exchanges.