

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Are you Irish? You don't mind my asking? Some people don't like the Irish; I delight in them. My father's great friend is an old general, a dear old thing—Sir Patrick Desmond; is he any relative of yours?"

"I have heard of him, but if he is in any way connected with me it is so distant that I cannot call cousins with him."

"If he comes down to the Court while you are here, I will ask you to meet him. Then you are Irish? And I am sure you sing and play?"

"I play a little."

"That is delightful. You can play an accompaniment? I can't bear playing; and I want to try some duets with George Lumley to-night."

"I will do my best," said Hope.

"Don't you think George Lumley very good-looking? He is very good style, too, and so like Lord Everton. I am rather glad he is at Hounslow. This place is too far, and yet too near, to be amusing." She chattered on till the gentlemen came to seek them in their fragrant retreat, when Miss Dacre ceased to bestow attention or words on Hope. They soon adjourned to the larger drawing-room, where the singers discovered that Miss Desmond had quite a genius for playing accompaniments, and time flew fast till the carriages were announced.

"Where in the world did you find that nice Miss Desmond, Mrs. Saville?" exclaimed Miss Dacre. "She is so quiet and well bred. Lots to say, too. Do bring her over to the Court. She could be of infinite use to me in playing accompaniments."

"Very likely; but, you see, I engaged her to be of use to me."

"To be sure," laughed the thoughtless girl. "How frightfully sharp you are!" And she blew her hostess a kiss as she left the room.

"What a glorious night!" said Lumley, with a sigh of relief, sinking on an ottoman beside Hope. "Couldn't you manage to come out for a stroll before saying good-night finally?"

Hope looked at him for a moment gravely, then a smile began in her eyes and sparkled on "lip and cheek."

"Yes, it could be easily managed, according to novel-regulations," she said. "I escort my kind patroness to her room, receive her blessing, and return to my own, then I throw a mantilla over my beautiful locks, steal down to the garden door, which is of course left open, and join you in the moonlit shrubbery."

"Precisely," said Lumley, laughing. "It's a lovely picture. I earnestly hope you will realize it."

"A moonlight stroll is a harmless amusement under certain conditions, which do not exist at present for me," and she went away to bid good-night to the vicar's wife and see that she was wrapped up. Then, meeting Mrs. Saville on her way up-stairs, she accompanied her to her bedroom, rang for her maid, and exchanged a few words with her until that functionary appeared.

"I am woefully tired," said Mrs. Saville, throwing herself into a low chair. "Really, life is too wearisome in its disappointing sameness. If Richard will invite these stupid chattering boys, I shall dine in my own room. Mary Dacre is sillier than she used to be, and Mr. Rawson writes that he cannot come down till the Sunday after next. We must begin 'Froment Jeune' to-morrow, Miss Desmond, and get away as much as we can from the present."

"I shall be very pleased. It is considered one of Daudet's best; and I have never read it."

When Hope Desmond reached her own room she undressed rapidly, and, putting out the candles, brushed her long hair by the moonlight, while she thought earnestly, "How disappointing of Mr. Rawson! I hoped he would be here next Sunday; and I have so much to say to him. True, I can write; but a few spoken words face to face are worth a dozen letters. It will not be easy to get him to myself, but as my own especial friend I have a right to demand an interview. How weary that poor woman is!—and far from well. Poor and nearly friendless as I am, I would not change with her. No, no; I understand life better than she does, though she has lived so much longer. How her heart must ache when she thinks of her son! Under all her hardness and pride she yearns for the

love she does not know how to win. If she will only love me!" Then she twisted up her hair, and, throwing herself on her knees, prayed long and fervently, with tightly-clasped hands, while tears streamed unheeded from the eyes that less than an hour ago had smiled so saucily on Captain Lumley.

"The two months have nearly expired," she mused, when, having risen, she leaned against the window-frame and looked out on the moonlit lawn. "But I am quite sure she will not send me away. I do not want to go among strangers again. It is awful to have no home. But with practice, with the effort to seem brave, courage comes."

Taking some relic sewn up in a little silk bag and hung round her neck by a thin chain of Indian gold, she kissed it lovingly and lay down to rest.

For the next couple of days Mrs. Saville instituted a severe headache and shut herself up with Miss Desmond in her own special morning room, leaving her son and his guest to entertain each other. The third day Hope went out for a short stroll, as Mrs. Saville evidently did not want her company in a visit she went to pay at the Court.

She had not gone far when she was overtaken by George Lumley, who immediately began to console with her on what he was pleased to term her "false imprisonment." She talked with him gayly enough, but always with what he chose to term "a tinge of indulgence" in her manner, and then turned homeward sooner than she would otherwise have done.

"I must bid you good-by. I am going back to my quarters this evening," he said. "But I shall be at the Court next week. I do hope you'll come and help us in those duets. Miss Dacre has planned no end of practising."

"I shall be glad to help you if I may."

"How submissive you are! You must have an awfully dull time of it."

"I do not feel dull. Mrs. Saville is a very intelligent woman, and, as we differ on every subject, we have abundance of interesting conversation."

"I should think so. Do you ever convert her?"

"I am afraid not; but I may make a little impression; constant dropping, you know, effects something. I want to convert her to the belief that man does not live by bread alone."

"I see; that he wants the sugar-plums of true love. How tame and flat live is without them! I think I understand; that jolly old boy Rawson has put you here to be Hugh's advocate."

"By no means. He recommended me as a suitable person to act as reader and amanuensis to your aunt, and I hope to do him credit."

"Do you know you puzzle me immensely?"

"A little mental exercise will do you good."

"Mental exercise! you give my mind plenty to do. You are never out of my thoughts."

"Good-morning, Captain Lumley," said Miss Desmond, with great composure. "I shall go in by the side door." And she turned down a narrow path which led to a private entrance at the foot of the stair communicating with a wing which contained Mrs. Saville's rooms.

Lumley stood for a moment uncertain what to do. He dared not follow her, and he was reluctant to confess himself checkmated. His generally placid face grew set and stormy.

"What a provoking woman! She treats me as if I were a mere school-boy, whom she could play with in safety. It is no longer play to me; it shall not be play to her. I never was treated in this way before; and there is an odd sort of liking for me under it all. What speaking eyes she has! I have seen dozens of handsomer women, but there's a sort of fascination about her. I will not let her foil me." He walked rapidly away to the lonely recesses of the wood, more disturbed and resolute than he had ever felt in his self-indulgent life.

The Sunday but one after this interview, Mr. Rawson came down in time for church. Mrs. Saville chose to stay at home. The service was short, for the vicar did not think it necessary to give a sermon every week. When it was over, there was a gathering of

neighbors, and greetings outside the porch.

"I wish you would come back to luncheon, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "You might, as Mrs. Saville is not here. Lord Everton came rather unexpectedly last night, and I am sure you would like him. He has been asking if you are still alive."

"I am very sorry I cannot assure him personally of my safety; but I cannot absent myself in this unceremonious manner. Then I have my friend Mr. Rawson here."

"What a nuisance! I am coming over after luncheon to ask for assistance in getting up a concert to collect funds for a new school-house; so, till this afternoon, adieu." She stepped into her pony-carriage, attended by Richard Saville, and drove away.

"As we have plenty of time, I will take you by a little longer way back, Mr. Rawson," said Hope.

"I place myself in your hands, my dear young lady." As they started, Lumley, who had stood aside till Miss Dacre drove off, joined them, and for a short way the conversation was chiefly between him and the family lawyer.

Lumley had been exceedingly nice and respectful whenever he had met Hope Desmond during the last week, consequently they had been the best of friends, and the captain flattered himself he was making prodigious strides. Arriving at a bend of the road where a turnstile admitted to a pathway leading across a field and into Mrs. Saville's woods, Miss Desmond paused, and said "Good-morning" very decidedly.

"Mr. Rawson is good enough to be my guardian, and I claim the right to bore him with my affairs whenever I can."

"I understand," said the gallant husband, good-humoredly, and stopped with a bow.

"That stroke was well played," said Mr. Rawson when they had got clear of the gate. "I want to say and to hear a good deal, and the youth is persevering."

"Is he so young?" asked Hope. "I thought him an amusing boy, but I begin to see he is older than I imagined."

"He will never see twenty-seven again. But to business. I am glad to see you get on so well with Mrs. Saville. I thought you would."

"Yes, better than I expected. It was terribly nervous work at first. Firmness and courage are indispensable; the slightest appearance of the white feather, and she would almost unconsciously crush you. It is not easy to impress her gently and politely with a sense of one's complete independence; but this is essential. The tyrannical tendencies in her have been tremendously developed by circumstances and training; but I really believe it is a relief to her to find a companion who neither quarrels nor cringes; she breathes a freer air, her mind is more healthily exercised. I never conceal an opinion, and I try to be as true as possible, and to defend my views as temperately as I can. I also try to give her the impression that she is on trial as well as myself."

"That is a dangerous game; but you may succeed. The day after to-morrow completes your two months. I suspect she would be sorry if you left. Tell me, have you had a chance of putting in a word for the poor prodigal?"

Hope shook her head. "It is too soon to attempt it," she said.

"Now sit down here on this fallen tree; for I have a long story to tell you."

—(To be continued.)

Of Course Not.

An over-dressed woman was talking to an acquaintance.

"Yes," she said, "since John came into his money we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs and hens."

"That must be charming," remarked the other; "you can have all the fresh eggs you want."

"Oh, well," replied the first lady, "of course, the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."

One More Question.

"I say, pa, what—"

"Ask your mother!"

"Honest, pa, this isn't a silly one this time."

"All right, this once, what is it?"

"Well, if the end of the world was to come and the earth be destroyed while a man was up in an airship, where would he land when he came down?"—The Housekeeper.

Not Too Much.

"After all," said the optimist, "you must admit that this is the best world you have ever been in."

"Yes," replied the pessimist; "but hang it, my wife is the best wife I've ever had, and that's not saying much for her."—Judy.

Honeymoon Names.

"What are the Christian names of that young couple next door?"

"We won't be able to find out till next week. They've just been married and he calls her Birdie and she calls him Pettie."—Cleveland Leader.



Ironing Cabinet.

Another man has answered the housekeeper's question, "What shall I do with the ironing things?" This man, a Philadelphian, has invented a cabinet which holds the board, irons and all the other incidental paraphernalia. This cabinet is a tall, narrow affair which does not take up much room and will scarcely be noticed in the



corner. In the top is a shelf to hold the irons, while on the inner sides are runways with slides operative in them. One end of an ironing board is pivoted to the runner carried between the slides, and on the other end of the board is pivoted a supporting leg. When the board is to be used the closet door is opened and it is swung out into place. The irons and wax are there ready to hand, and there is practically no time lost in getting ready. Another advantage of this cabinet is the fact that it is not necessary to clear the kitchen table to get a space to support one end of the board.

English Cottage Pie.

Boil and then mash with a little milk and butter three pounds of potatoes, and line a deep pie dish with them, leaving enough only to cover the top of the dish. Chop a sufficient quantity of cooked or uncooked meat to fill the dish, season with pepper and salt, and add a grated onion. Pour half a cupful of stock over the mixture and cover with the remainder of the mashed potatoes. Brush over with milk or the yolk of an egg, and bake till brown. Serve with gravy and green peas.

Chicken Fried in Cream.

Put a pint of rich cream in a frying pan over a moderate fire until it begins to color, dip the different parts of the chicken in flour, season with a teaspoonful of salt, fry in the cream on each side till it is a delicate brown. When done put it on a hot platter, pour another half pint of cream into the pan, let it boil one minute, add a saltspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, then pour it over the chicken. Serve garnished with sprigs of parsley and a dish of puffed potato slices.

Pineapple Pie.

Put half a pineapple through the meat chopper. Beat the yolks of two eggs stiff, stir in a cup of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter and a cup of sugar. Last of all add the pineapple ground fine and bake immediately in an open crust. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and two teaspoonfuls of sugar, spread it on the pie as soon as done and return to the oven just long enough to brown the meringue.

Cranberry Pudding.

Moisten two cups of bread crumbs with one-half cup of melted butter, put a thin layer of these crumbs into a buttered pudding dish, add a layer of stewed and liberally sweetened cranberries, a dozen large seeded raisins, a little grated lemon peel and a sprinkling of sugar. Continue in this way until the dish is full, having the last layer crumbs. Cover the dish and bake for twenty minutes. Serve warm with a hard sauce.

Baked Apples.

To save gas, instead of lighting the oven when desiring baked apples, cut apples in halves and place them cut side downward in a pan on top of stove. Place in pan a little water, sprinkle apples with cinnamon and sugar, cover, and let cook slowly. When soft remove carefully, so as not to break skin.

Peach Foam.

Pare and cut up half a dozen peaches, strain through a sieve and mix the pulp with a half-cupful of powdered sugar. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and add to it the peach pulp and beat until smooth and velvety. Pour into a mold, which must be placed on ice. Serve with a sweetened whipped cream.

Tomato Soup.

To three pints of soup stock add one quart of stewed or fresh tomatoes and a cupful of rice, and boil for one hour. When the rice is thoroughly done, add a lump of butter the size of an egg, season with pepper and salt and a tablespoonful of sugar.

Lemon Bouillon.

To a quart of strong beef broth (may be made from extract) add two tomatoes, half a lemon, six cloves, a pinch of thyme and sweet marjoram. Boil ten minutes, strain and serve.



A teacher asked her scholars for some very long sentences. One boy wrote: "Imprisonment for life."

Emancipated Woman—But why won't you marry me? Give me a definite reason. Dethroned Man—Oh! just because!—Puck.

Examiner—Now, children, what is the difference between "pro" and "con"? Bright Boy—Please, sir, they're spelt different.—Punch.

"Placed your order for an aeroplane yet?" "No, I'm waiting to find out what the 1910 style of house mortgage is going to be."—Detroit Free Press.

"You can't tell what sort of a cook a wife will make." "And you can't tell what sort of a wife a cook will make, and there you are."—Washington Herald.

"Why did you accept George?" "He was so much more original than the other fellows." "In what way?" "He was the one that asked me to be his wife."—Puck.

Servant (who has been sent to chase a stray cat for stalking chickens)—I couldn't—catch 'im—mum—for the nearer I got to 'im—the further 'e got away.—Punch.

Cashier—You'll have to bring some one to identify you before we can cash this check. Got any friends in the town. Stranger—Not one, I'm the tax collector.—Exchange.

"When you first saw Niagara Falls, did you feel that almost irresistible impulse to throw yourself over the precipice that so many experience?" "No, I hadn't seen my hotel-bill yet."

"Owd George's wooden leg's been giving him pain lately." "Don't you be talkin' so foolish, Willum." "It's sure enough. 'Is owd woman been a-whoppin' 'im wif' it."—London Opinion.

"It is too bad that Peary did not know before his last dash for the pole that Cook had been there ahead of him." "Why?" "Because he would have been hot all the way there and back again."—Houston Post.

"You have an enormous appetite," said a thin man enviously. "What do you take for it?" "In all my experience," replied his plump friend, "I have found nothing more suitable than food."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion cage. "John," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape, whom would you save first—me or the children?" "Me," answered John without hesitation.

Beautiful Girl—Gardener, don't make a flower bed there. It will spoil our croquet ground. Gardener—Can't help it, miss. Them's my orders. Your father says he is going to have this garden devoted to horticulture, not husbandry.

"Back from your two weeks, I see." "Yep." "I presume you got engaged a number of times?" "Now; things don't go like that in real life, somehow. I got engaged the first week all right enough, but it took me all the second week to break it off."—Washington Herald.

"Jones," said the veterinary surgeon, who had called to attend Jones' pet dog, "you should take better care of this canine's teeth." "Why," asked Jones, "do you think they are becoming decayed?" "No," answered the veterinary, "but just as I came in he put most of them in my leg."—St. Louis Star.

"And to think, to think," quoth she, "that such heavenly bliss that fell to my lot might have escaped me forever! Dear Bob! Did I ever tell you he had proposed to me twice?" Then the unsympathetic auditor assumed an air of innocence. "Didn't you hear him the first time?" she inquired with raised eyebrows.

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks the younger exclaimed: "I cannot think what has upset that tall blonde man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now." "Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A commuter was walking up and down the platform waiting for the train that always seemed to be delayed. "This is a terrible road," he said, addressing a prosperous-looking bystander. "I've heard a great many complaints about it," was the reply. "Yes," went on the commuter, "nearly every morning I'm late to business, and when I get home at night the dinner is cold. How do you find it?" "Oh," returned the other, "I have no kick coming. I'm the president of the road and I always travel in an auto."—Life.