

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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CHAPTER IX.

Miss Dacre was a very persevering young woman, nor was she restrained by any sensitive delicacy in pursuing her designs. Hitherto she had rather liked Mrs. Saville in a surface fashion, flattering herself that she was a favorite with the stern little woman.

On this supposed favoritism she was always ready to presume. Hope Desmond and Mr. Rawson were therefore somewhat appalled when the sounds of voices and approaching footsteps in the pleasure-ground to which the windows of the smaller drawing-room opened made themselves heard about tea-time, when Mrs. Saville had come in from a short stroll with her confidential adviser, and Hope had descended from her own room, where she had enjoyed a couple of hours' solitude. These sounds were followed by the appearance of Miss Dacre, Saville, Lumley and Lord Everton.

"So sorry you were not able to come to church this morning, dear Mrs. Saville!" said Miss Dacre, effusively, and with the unconcerned assurance of the class which does not hesitate to rush in where the sharper-sighted fear to tread; "so we have all come over to inquire for you. You are looking quite pale. You see I have brought poor Lord Everton, who is so distressed at being expelled from this paradise. You really must make friends. He could not foresee that things would go wrong, and he is so sorry. Now, for my sake, dear Mrs. Saville, you must forgive him, you are such near relations."

"Connections, you mean," corrected Mrs. Saville, a bitter smile curling her lip. "If Lord Everton chooses to come, I can only admire his forgiving nature and accept the olive-branch."

"You are, as ever, just and generous," returned the impecunious peer, with a delightful bow and smile. "I am quite charmed with the vision of myself as a dove, which you kindly suggest."

Mrs. Saville turned from him with undisguised contempt, and addressed herself to George Lumley.

"So you are staying at the Court? How does your regiment, or your troop, get on without your valuable assistance?"

"Disagreeable old cat!" thought Lumley, while he said, "Oh, I ride over every other day, and the intermediate ones they stumble on as best they can without me."

"I thought you were going down to Herondyke?"

"Here's a metal more attractive," said Lumley, melodramatically, with a wave of his hand towards Miss Dacre, who was deep in conversation with Mr. Rawson, on whom she was smiling with her habitual belief in her own power to fascinate all male creatures. "Metal! Yes, I dare say. I sometimes wonder if you are as foolish as you seem, George."

"Oh, a good deal more so," said the handsome hussar, showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile. "You know I haven't many ideas."

"Yet I dare say you would be less easily taken in than men who have," scornfully.

"Very probably, my dear aunt."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Miss Dacre, in a low tone, drawing a chair to the tea-table, where Hope Desmond presided. "You look pale and ill, and as if you had been crying. Pray forgive me," she added, seeing the quick color rise in her victim's cheek, "but I knew quite well you could not stand Mrs. Saville for long," in a low tone.

"Oh, yes, I can," said Hope, smiling a brave defiance. "Don't you think I am likely to have worries and bad news apart from poor Mrs. Saville?"

"Well, I suppose so; but it did not occur to me. She is not popular, you know, though I always get on with her. I am going to play a bold stroke just now; it will astonish you all. 'Nothing venture nothing have,' you know."

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold," quoted Miss Desmond, with a somewhat tremulous smile.

"She has been crying—I am certain she has; though she is braving it out. At any rate, she is going to stick to Mrs. Saville. I wonder what she is saying to George Lumley. Nothing amiable, I am sure."

Here Lord Everton, who had been speaking to Saville, and of whom the mistress of the house had not taken

the slightest notice, approached and begged for a cup of tea.

"It is a beverage of which I am extremely fond," he said, "and I think a decided liking for tea ought to be a patent of respectability to any man. You have been a good deal on the Continent, I believe, Miss Desmond?"

"I have traveled occasionally in my aunt's lifetime."

"Ah! and enjoyed it, I dare say?"

"Yes; but I also enjoy returning to England."

"Indeed! Well, I do not. The moment I set foot on my native soil, I cease to be a free man; invisible detectives put me in social irons; cruel warders imprison me with adamant barriers, where I am obliged to eat and drink and speak and have my being according to rigid rules. I must give my money for what satisfieth not, and go to the funeral hostilities frequented by my peers. I must don evening dress, and wear unlimited purple and fine linen. Then my exasperating relatives will pester me with invitations, because they think they must not neglect that poor old beggar Everton. Now, on the other side of the Channel my only habitation is an airy bedroom, outside which a whole world of cafes and restaurants are 'before me where to choose' my breakfast and dinner, where I meet pleasant, intelligent people of every shade of opinion, with whom I can converse freely in happy ignorance of their names and condition, as they are of mine; and occasionally I stumble on old acquaintances who enjoy life in my own fashion, cheerfully accepting the contemptuous treatment of Dame Fortune, who in emptying our pockets also relieved us of tiresome responsibilities. It is wonderful the clearness of judgment and general enlightenment of those who are not weighed down by this world's goods."

"I dare say you are right, Lord Everton. Still, a few of them are advantageous; though I do not see that money can purchase any essential of life."

"That depends very much on what you consider essentials."

"That is true—But Miss Dacre is going to make a speech," for that young lady had said, in an audible tone, "I am going to tell you a story."

"I know," whispered Lord Everton, "if her pockets had always been empty, she would have known better how to hold her tongue."

"This story came to me in a letter from the wife of a cousin of mine whose cousin was eye-witness of the adventure," Miss Dacre was saying, as she posed herself on an ottoman and every one turned towards her. "Scene a dark, stormy night, a distant sea, one of Her Majesty's big ships tossing about on the waves, which make nothing of her bigness. Young sailor, doing something incomprehensible with a rope or ropes, loses hold or balance and drops into the black depths of the raging waters. Captain orders boats to be lowered. 'He'll be gone before you can reach him,' they say. 'He cannot swim,' cries another officer, throwing off his boots while he spoke, and springing over at a bound."

"This is suicide," exclaimed the captain. The young officer is a huge favorite with the crew, the crew work with a will, the boat is lowered, a life-boat probably, they surmount the waves and slide into the watery hollows, they come up with the gallant lieutenant, who is supporting the senseless sailor and nearly exhausted himself, they drag them into the boat, they regain the ship, the men crowd round the—whatever you call it where they get on board, their cheers ring above the roar of the storm, the rescued and rescuer are safe!"

"Most dramatic," said Lord Everton. "Worthy of Brandram," added George Lumley.

"I don't exactly see—" began Richard Saville.

"No, of course you do not; there is nothing to see exactly," interrupted Miss Dacre, quickly.

"I have heard the tale before. The only difference is that the weather was not quite so stormy as your correspondent represents it," said Mr. Rawson, playing with his double glasses.

"It was really much worse than I represent," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with an air of profound conviction. "Now, does no one want the name of my hero?"

There was a moment's pause. Mrs.

Saville sat silent in her arm-chair. Lumley's laughing eyes sought Miss Desmond's, but she was sheltered behind a massive urn which always appeared at tea-time. Only Lord Everton rose to the occasion.

"I am dying of curiosity, my dear Miss Dacre," he said languidly.

"Name! name!" cried Lumley.

"Hugh Saville!" said Miss Dacre, rising and assuming an attitude.

"I thought so," said Richard.

"Just like him!" cried Lumley, cordially.

"Give me your arm, Mr. Rawson. I have letters to show you in my study. I avoided church because I did not think prayers or sermon would improve my headache. I did not bargain for being obliged to sit out a dramatic recital," said Mrs. Saville, dryly, then added to the company, "You will excuse me, I do not feel equal to general conversation," and she touched Mr. Rawson's with the finger-tips of her right hand, and walked with much dignity through the door which Lord Everton with a sad and solemn expression of countenance held open. As soon as she had passed, he closed it gently, and advancing a step or two, glanced from one to the other with some look of dismay that both Lumley and Saville laughed.

"Courage such as yours, my dear Miss Dacre, deserved success; and yet it has not been successful," he said, with an air of deep sympathy, to the fair narrator, and sat down on the ottoman beside which she stood.

"I never saw any one like Mrs. Saville—never!" cried Miss Dacre, growing red with disappointment and mortification. "I really hoped that such a story of bravery and humanity would have done something towards softening her heart; and I flatter myself I did it pretty well."

"If you had asked my advice," said Richard Saville, "I could have told you it would be simple waste of breath."

"But," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with a sound of tears in her voice, "Mrs. Saville always used to mind what I said, and—and seemed so fond of me. I was rather proud of it, she likes so few people."

"I am afraid there is some difference between past and present," said Lumley, pushing a chair forward. "Come, Miss Dacre, you have done your best, and your best is very good. Now take a cup of tea, and pardon my aunt her scant courtesy. I am going to write to Hugh, and I'll tell him of your championship."

"You ought," said Miss Desmond, who had not spoken before, but whose voice showed she had not been unmoved. "Very few can count on such courageous advocacy of the absent and of a losing cause."

"You are very kind to say so. Yes, I will have a cup of tea. My mouth feels parched."

"No wonder!" cried Lord Everton. "I am sure my tongue would have cleaved to the roof of mine, had I dared to utter such words to the Lion of Ingleswood. Excuse me, my dear Richard."

"Do not mention it, my dear uncle."

"I wish you would come out and take a little walk with me, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "I feel frightfully upset."

"I should like to do so very much, but Mrs. Saville may want me to write for her, or something, and I do not like to be out of the way."

"What penal servitude!"

"You must not say so. I agree to perform certain duties, and it would not be honest to run away from them."

"Why do you always take her part?" and Miss Dacre made an impatient grimace. Then, addressing the gentlemen, "Just walk back to the court, and I can follow by myself. Then I can have a quiet talk with Miss Desmond."

"Very well," said Lumley, rising. "I will escort my uncle to the court, and return for you." Miss Dacre gave him a nod and smile, and the gentlemen left them.

(To be continued.)

What He Remembered.

"An' ye fell from a window, Jerry? How far wuz it ye fell?"

"Tin stories."

"Well, well! That was a great fall. And what did you think on your way down?"

"Begorry, I didn't think of nothin' until I passed the fift' story. Thin I remembered I left me pipe on the window sill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Delicate Hint.

"Poor Miss Oldgirl! Did you hear of the jolt she got at the seedsman's?"

"No; what was it?"

"She told the man she had a little garden of her own and asked him to recommend some suitable plant. He gave her one look and then suggested a wallflower."—Baltimore American.

The Old Man's Joke.

"Mary," called her father, "has that young man gone yet?"

"No, pa," replied the maid. "But he's going right now."

"Then ask him to empty the pail underneath the icebox before he goes, will you? I forgot it?"—Detroit Free Press.



Honey Muffins.

Sift two cupfuls of flour with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Rub in two level teaspoonfuls of sweet butter, two eggs well beaten, five tablespoonfuls of milk and two-thirds of a cup of honey. Mix and pour into well-greased round muffin tins, filled half full; bake in a moderate oven. These muffins may be covered with fruit pudding sauce or whipped cream and served for cottage puddings.

Cream Scones.

Sift one and one-half cupfuls flour into a basin, add one teaspoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub in one heaping tablespoon butter, then make into soft paste with some cream. Divide it in two pieces. Take one piece and roll it out quite thin and round, then roll out the second piece and cut into eight pieces. Lay them on hot griddle and bake them for five minutes, turning them once.

Frosty Chocolate.

Make the chocolate as usual for drinking, using at least three heaping teaspoonfuls of grated chocolate to each pint of boiling water or milk. Cook in a double boiler and set aside to cool. When cold add one cupful of cream. Beat all well together and serve in tall glasses with either cold whipped cream or whites of eggs (stiff beaten and sweetened) on top of the chocolate.

Tomato Soup.

Wash and quarter one-half peck of ripe tomatoes and four onions. Place them in a kettle with six whole cloves and one teaspoonful fresh thyme. Let stew for half an hour and rub through a wire sieve. Return juice to kettle and add a little butter, flour and sugar, with salt and pepper to taste. Let all cook three minutes and serve with or without small cubes of toasted bread.

Syllabub.

Peel and slice very thin two sweet oranges and two ripe bananas into a cold dish, and sprinkle over them one-fourth of a cupful of sugar. Whip one cupful of cream, add to it a little at a time one-half cupful of sugar. Beat the whites of two eggs very stiff, then whip these lightly into the cream and heap it over the fruit. Set on ice until ready to serve.

French Creole Drink.

Take one pineapple, one lemon and a quart of milk. Crush the pineapple, press the lemon, strain the juice of both in a fine sieve or through a piece of linen; add a quart of milk, a piece of ice and sugar to taste. The creoles serve this in large jugs, with a double bottom containing a piece of ice to keep it cool instead of mixing the ice with the beverage.

Soup from Canned Salmon.

Take half a can of salmon, remove all skin and bones and chop it fine. Boil an onion in one quart of water for about fifteen minutes; take out the onion, thicken the milk with one scant tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and pepper to taste. Add the salmon; boil up and serve.

Pea Soup.

Cut one pound each of beef and salt pork into inch pieces. Boil one quart of peas until tender and press through a sieve. Add this pulp to the meat, cover with four quarts of water and boil until the quantity has been reduced to two quarts. Season with celery or sweet herbs, salt and pepper and serve.

Cream of Rice.

One-half cup of rice, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-quarter teaspoon salt. Pour over this one pint of hot water and one pint milk. Scald and remove half the liquid. Bake till nearly done. Stir in remaining liquid and bake a minute or so more. Take from oven while still quite wet, as it dries up when cool.

Italian Tomato Sauce.

Take twelve tomatoes and six good-sized onions and slice together in a stewpan. Add a little thyme, a bay leaf, a tablespoonful of butter, salt, half a dozen allspice, a little Indian saffron and a teaspoonful of beef tea. Cook an hour over a moderate fire, strain it, heat again and put aside for use.

Cream Icing.

Stir together one and a half cups of granulated sugar, ten tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of butter and a pinch of salt. Cook until the mixture threads, then beat hard and put on cake or on freshly baked buns.

GIRLS HARVESTING CROPS.

Many of Them Earn Good Wages in Wheat Fields of Northwest.

The small grain harvest that was recently being finished throughout Southern and Central Nebraska supplies convincing proof that the women of the West are rapidly crowding the men out of the fields of labor and are candidates for positions in all of the respectable vocations. When the Nebraska small grain harvest opened there was a great shortage of male help. Even \$3 a day, with board, lodging and washing, did not attract the city man. A large number of college students went to the rescue of the ripening grain, but the supply was far less than the demand. Farmers became desperate. The price of wheat kept on soaring and they could not afford to let the grain go back into the ground. Out in Beatrice one day Henry Wilson, a farmer living nine miles south of town, needed four men for gathering and shocking wheat. He offered idle park loungers \$3.25 a day, but they declined to go to work. Stopping at a lunch counter before going home, Mr. Wilson told of his troubles to Miss Jeannette Allison, a waitress. "Why don't you hire girls?" she asked.

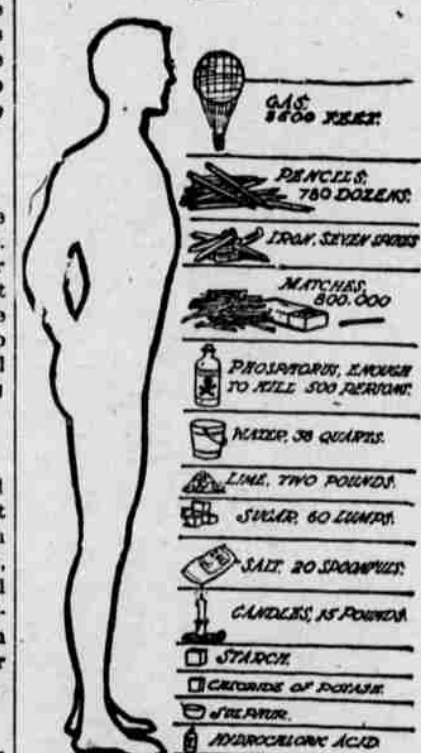
They would not go into the harvest field and they would not do the work if they could," responded the farmer. "Try them," ventured the girl. "Give me the same wages as you would a man and I will go. Besides, if I do not do the work of a man I will not charge you a cent."

Not only did Miss Allison ride home with Farmer Wilson that night, but four of her girl friends went along. The next evening Farmer Wilson told his wife that he had never had harvest hands that did better work than the five girls. The second day farmers came from miles about, saw the girls at work, and that night many of them went to Beatrice and other neighboring towns, where they hired fifteen young women to work in the grain fields.

Word was passed down to Omaha that young women could have employment in the harvest fields of Gage County. An employment agency published this ad: "Wanted—One hundred young women to work in the harvest fields. Wages \$3 per day. Board and washing."

The next day that employment agent did business. He was swamped with applicants, all young women, school teachers, stenographers, college girls and girls who had been working in factories at from \$6 to \$7 per week. All they wanted was to be given a trial. The farmers gave them the trial, and they made good. They remained with the farmers until the harvest was finished, and many of them will continue during the stacking and haying, receiving from \$1.75 to \$2 per day and board.—Omaha (Neb.) Dispatch to Boston Transcript.

WHAT MAN IS MADE OF.



Get Out and Dig.

An English specialist in nerve diseases has been recommending all who suffer from any kind of mind disturbance to take to digging, for he says there is something about mother earth that gives steadiness and balance. If every woman who is a victim of neuralgia, nervous headache or irritability would take a spade and dig a little patch in her garden every morning before breakfast and then interest herself in this little patch so far as to see what can be grown in it he is of the opinion that she would soon forget her troubles. The remedy is a simple one and worthy of a trial by those who find it within their reach. It is cheaper and more agreeable than traveling to a distance for baths and other cures and if used with discretion can do the patient no harm.

A woman's ambition is not only to have both ends meet, but to lap over and have enough for her kin.