

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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

CHAPTER X.

The young heiress was much upset, and, besides this, she had felt for some time what she would have termed an "aching void" for want of a confidante. A confidante had always been a necessity to her, as it generally is to persons much taken up with themselves. Her last devoted friend, the depository of her secret troubles, projects, and love affairs, had lately married a brutal husband who had taught his bride to laugh at Mary Dacre's storms in a teacup and two-penny-half-penny tragedies; so her heart was empty, swept and garnished, and ready for the occupation of another "faithful friend and counsellor," when fate threw Hope Desmond in her way. In Miss Dacre's estimation, she was eminently fitted to fill the vacant post; there was just the difference of station between them which would make the confidences of the future Baroness Castleton flattering to their recipient, to whom also her friendship might be useful. There was a short pause. Miss Desmond's eyes looked dreamy, as if she were gazing in spirit at some distant scene, and not as if she were quivering with impatience for the revelations about to be made to her.

The silence was broken suddenly by a somewhat unconnected exclamation from Miss Dacre: "He is certainly very nice-looking."

"Who? Lord Everton?" asked Hope. "Lord Everton! Nonsense! He might have been forty years ago. I mean Captain Lumley. There is something knightly in his look and bearing; one could imagine him going down into the lion's pit for one's glove, and that sort of thing."

"I do not think I could," smiling. "I do not fancy Captain Lumley or any other logical modern young man doing anything of the kind. He might, if extra-chivalrous, bring you a dozen new pairs to replace the one you had dropped."

"Ah, my dear Miss Desmond, I fear you are not imaginative. Or perhaps you have only known prosaic men."

"I have only known very few of any kind."

"And I have had such a wide experience!" said Miss Dacre, with a sigh. "You can see I am no beauty; yet I have the fatal gift of fascination in an extraordinary degree. Yes, really it is quite curious." Another sigh. "I feel in something of a difficult position just now, and I have no friend near with whom to take counsel. Now, dear Miss Desmond, I feel attracted to you. I am certain you could be a faithful friend, and silent as the grave."

"I should be very happy to be of any use to you," said Hope, seeing she paused for a reply.

"I knew you would. I am so tired of feeding on my own heart! I want a friend. Now, I dare say you are surprised to see how earnestly I advocate Hugh Saville's cause. Ah, there is a little tragic story which will color my whole life."

"Indeed! with awakening interest. 'I trust your life will be free from all tragic ingredients.'"

"Ah, no; that it cannot be. You must know that I saw a great deal of Richard and Hugh Saville when I was a little girl; my father, worried a great deal about politics, and I used to live at the Court all the summer, that he might see me sometimes (my mother died when I was a baby, you know). Well, as soon as I left off playing with dolls and began to feel, I was in love with Hugh; and he was very fond of me. Then he went to sea, and we did not meet for years, until after I had been presented and had refused half a dozen men. I shall never forget our first meeting when he returned from—oh, I don't know where. He was so pleased to see me; but soon, very soon, I saw that he who was the light of my eyes was the one man of all I had met who resisted the attraction I generally exercise." Here she paused in her voluble utterance and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

Hope was so amazed at these unexpected revelations that the bright color rose in her cheek—it seemed to her delicate nature almost indecent to thus lay bare one's secret experiences to a stranger—and a look of embarrassment made her drop her eyes; but these symptoms were lost on her companion, who thoroughly enjoyed holding forth on the deligh-

ful topic of self and exhibiting her own fine points.

"That must have been very trying," said Hope, feeling that she ought to say something.

"Awful, my dear Miss Desmond. By the bye, may I call you Hope? It is a good omen, your name."

"Certainly, Miss Dacre."

"Well, my dear Hope, I nearly went mad; but it is curious that I never looked better. I flirted wildly with every one; still of course Hugh knew quite well that I was desperately in love with him."

"Did he? How very trying! Perhaps he did not."

"Oh, yes, he did; and of course I did all sorts of wild things to show I did not care."

"Yes, I understand."

"Then I had that disturbance with my father about poor Lord Balmuir. I behaved rather badly. I did intend to marry him, but I couldn't! And so we went abroad; and I felt better. But it was an awful blow when I found that Hugh was absolutely married! Just think of it!—and to a mere adventuress, a nobody!—such an ambitious man! He will get sick of her, you may be quite sure."

"Why?" asked Hope, looking earnestly at her. "Is he very changeable?"

"No, not at all; he is as steady as a rock, and very proud. But most men tire of their wives, especially when they have brought them no advantages. I never thought Hugh Saville could fall in love and forget himself. Now, when I saw George Lumley, his likeness to his cousin made my heart beat. I soon saw that he was a good deal struck with me, and I believe I could love him passionately if—if memory was not so importunate. He is very charming; and why should I not grow young again? for one does feel awfully old when one has no love affair on. Don't you think George Lumley is—very much taken with me?"

"I suppose that sort of attraction is more perceptible to its object than to any one else," returned Hope Desmond, hesitatingly. She had grown pale and grave, while Miss Dacre rattled on: "Then, you see, when I heard about Hugh saying that man's life, I thought I might make use of the story to wake up Mrs. Saville's good feelings. It would be rather an heroic proceeding if I were to reconcile the mother, son, and wife. George Lumley said I was splendidly generous."

"What! did he, too, know all about Hugh—I mean Mr. Saville?" cried Hope, more and more disturbed.

"Oh, yes; we have quite interesting talks about him. I tell him confidentially how fond I was of Hugh, and then, of course, he wishes he was Hugh's place; so we get on very well. He is always coming over to the Court, except when he goes away for a few days' shooting. I am not quite sure my father likes it. You have never met Lord Castleton? He is very nice—rather old-fashioned. Lord Everton was a great friend of his in early days. Now, my dear Hope, you know my heart history; and you will notice Captain Lumley's manner. You know the Lumley estates are rather encumbered, and I dare say he feels shy of approaching me—poor fellow! but, if I like him that is of no consequence."

"I am always interested in what you like to tell me, Miss Dacre," said Hope, with some hesitation, as if choosing her words, "but I am not very observant, and some older and wiser person would be more deserving of your confidence than I am."

"Nonsense! I could not tell all these things to a stiff old frump! Now, mind you ask Mrs. Saville if you may come and practice every morning for the concert. I intended to ask her, but my anxiety about Hugh quite put it out of my head. That is always my way; I never think of myself." Hope was too bewildered with her energetic rapidity to reply, so Miss Dacre went on: "She has really no feeling at all. She is fearfully hard. I am afraid she will never forgive Hugh. But I will do all I can."

"If you will take my advice, Miss Dacre," said Hope, earnestly, "you will leave the matter alone. The less Mrs. Saville hears of her son for the present, the better. Attempts to force

him on her notice only harden her."

"Well, perhaps so; but you must back me up whenever you can."

"Trust me, I will."

"Now I had better go home. I dare say Captain Lumley is waiting for me on the way. I am so glad you made me open my heart to you. It is such a comfort to have some one to speak to."

"Thank you," returned Hope.

"So good-by. You are looking quite pale and ill. Be sure you ask Mrs. Saville about the concert." And Miss Dacre departed through the open window.

Hope threw herself on the sofa as soon as she was gone, and sat there lost in thought, her elbow on the cushion, her head on her hand, unconscious of the large tears which, after hanging on her long lashes, rolled slowly down her cheeks. What unhappiness and confusion Hugh Saville's headstrong disobedience had created!—and for what? Perhaps only for a temporary whim; perhaps only to regret it, as Miss Dacre said. The thought of these things depressed her. Some incident in her own life perhaps made her more keenly alive to the trouble in Mrs. Saville's; for Hope Desmond was an exceedingly attractive girl, graceful, gentle, with flashes of humor and fire, suggesting delightful possibilities. The day had been trying, for her good friend Mr. Rawson had not brought too flourishing an account of her affairs, and she did not enjoy the idea of being a companion all her life. At this stage of her reflections a shadow fell across her, and, looking up, she saw George Lumley contemplating her with much interest. She was always pleased to see his bright, good-looking face, and, smiling on him kindly, said, "You have missed Miss Dacre. She has just gone."

"Are you all right, Miss Desmond?" he asked, with much interest, and drawing a step nearer.

"Yes, of course," she returned; then, becoming suddenly aware that her face was wet with tears, she blushed vividly and put up her handkerchief to remove them.

"The terrible effect of a private interview with one's legal adviser," she said, with a brave attempt to laugh.

"He must have brought you bad news, I fear." And Lumley sat down beside her. "Old Rawson—" He paused.

"Is one of the best and kindest of friends," put in Hope. "Now I must go away. I should have been in my room before this, only Miss Dacre chose to stay and talk about family affairs. If you follow you will soon overtake her; she has taken the vicarage path."

"Why, you don't suppose I want to overtake her?"

"She expects you."

"Well, she may do so. She has nearly talked me to death once today. I am not going to run the same risk again."

(To be continued.)

MEN OF ACTION.

"How did you like Professor Newman?" one of the summer residents of Willowby asked Hiram Gale. "I saw his name on the list of lecturers in your last winter's course."

Mr. Gale stroked his chin reflectively.

"Well, some thought he was kind of stiff in his speech at first, but I tell you what happened:

"He got kind of worked up telling us what 'men of action' meant; what the government of these United States was doing in Alaska, the Philippines, and so on; and he stepped a mite too high the edge of the platform and lost his balance; but as he began to fall, Sam Hobart and Pick Willis, that were in the front seat, stood up and' ketch'd him up standin'. He bulged out at the knees for a minute, but nothing to speak of."

"And says Pick to him, 'The last word you spoke was 'omnivorous,' and maybe before you mount again you'll give us some kind of a hint what it means.'"

"The Professor looked from Pick to Sam and back to Pick again, kind of dazed, and then he began to laugh."

"You let me mount," he says, 'an' I'll see to it that the rest of my talk is such you won't need a dictionary'—an' he kep' his promise."

"Yes, sir, he gave us a fine talk after that, an' he's coming again. We had him to breakfast next morning, and my wife said she wouldn't want to hear anybody talk more sensible nor act more common an' friendly than he did. But there was a piece in the Sentinel next week referin' to Pick and Sam as 'Willowby's Men of Action'—an' I reckon the name'll stick to 'em long as they live."

Favorably Impressed.

"Why do you insist on having a native of Italy to work on your farm?" "Because I've read so much about them fine Italian hands."—Washington Herald.

AGRICULTURAL



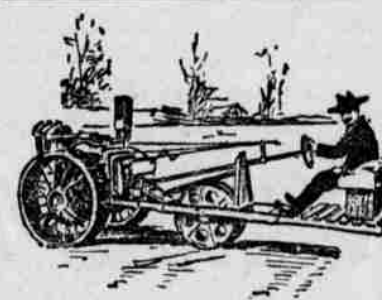
No More Walking.

What the inventor says will be a great boon to small farmers, as the invention, it is claimed, will do the work of six horses, is in use in California, but it can be adapted to any locality. It is a gasoline tractor and is a help in plowing, harrowing and harvesting. It will keep running as long as it is fed gasoline.

Built with a two cylinder motor, the tractor has plenty of power. It has two speeds, forward and reverse, and is easily operated from an extension seat, from much the same position a driver would occupy with his team.

It is particularly an orchard tractor, having low, wide wheels, narrow tread, short wheel base and short turning radius. A special feature is that the tractor may be driven from the seat of the ordinary wheel plow or harrow, enabling one man to drive and operate the levers of this plow and cultivator with perfect ease and convenience. It is a one man machine, light in weight, with all control levers conveniently arranged.

To obtain the greatest efficiency the front wheels are made the traction wheels; also the steering wheels. In the rear are smaller plain wheels, close together, with flanges to hold against side slipping, used simply as



THE HORSELESS CULTIVATOR.

trailers, to which the plow, cultivator, harrow or farm wagon is hitched the same as though coupled to the small wheels used on the rear of the ordinary tongue when plowing with a team.

The power plant is built in a stiff steel frame, mounted rigidly to the main axle, and is composed of a two cylinder opposed engine of standard make, rated at twenty-four horsepower.

Thumps in Pigs.

Thumps in pigs is caused by a surplus of fat and a lack of exercise. The thumping is due to violent beating of the heart, causing shaking movement of the sides and flanks of the animal. Often it is so violent that the whole body trembles and shakes with the movements. In aggravated cases the pig is weak and uncertain in his walk, and lies down most of the time. Before death the nose, ears and other parts of the body become red and purple with congested blood, due to weak circulation.

Advanced cases of the thumps are difficult to cure. When first symptoms are noticed reduce the bedding if there is much in their sleeping quarters; reduce the feed and compel the pig to exercise in the open air. Fresh air will purify the blood and exercise will promote circulation. When pigs become fat and lazy they will lie in bed a great part of the time, often completely covered with bedding, so that they breathe impure air and dust. This poisons the blood and reduces the vitality in general, which, with compression of the heart with surplus fat, causes the malady.

In the spring or summer when pasture is good it is well to change pasture of hogs afflicted with the thumps so that they will be induced to take more exercise and eat green food. Reduce heavy feeding and keep the bowels of the animal loose by doses of castor oil. A little turpentine in the slop or drinking water is said to be good.

Selecting Seed Corn.

In gathering the corn crop, it is well to look out for next year's seed. Next to good soil and good cultivation, is good seed. Do not place too much confidence in abnormal individual ears, select good ears from rows which produce a large yield. And when seedling time comes next year, do not rely too much on the character of the seed. With well-prepared soil and thorough culture, a large crop of corn can be

grown from almost any kind of seed, which will germinate, but good seed will increase the yield, and will fully repay the trouble and cost of obtaining it.

Newest Posthole Auger.

An invention that will be found useful by fence-makers and farmers generally, is the post-hole auger designed by a Michigan man. This implement digs a narrow, fence or other post hole and digs it quickly. In appearance the auger resembles a clean hole, just the right diameter for a huge auger of the ordinary carpenter's kit. It is pressed down into the earth, the jaws

taking in the amount of dirt a post would replace, and then withdrawn, bringing up the dirt just as a dredger would. Indeed, the implement works much like a dredging machine. The advantage of auger is in the small, clean hole it makes. Without it a post hole must be dug with a spade and the smallest spade not only makes a hole too big, but one that necessarily slants from the rim to the bottom and must be filled again. It is easy to understand that a post will stand much more firmly in a hole that does not have to be filled in.

Value of Coal Ashes.

There is more value in coal ashes than is generally realized by the farmer. For the amelioration of heavy clay land they are exceptionally valuable. This is particularly so with the ashes of soft coal, as such usually are reduced almost to a dust.

Coal ashes have a fertilizer value. This opinion, however, is not held generally. The coal beds contain phosphorus, potash, nitrogen and lime, as well as the other less important ingredients. When the original trees out of which were formed the coal beds were reduced to coal the mineral elements remained in them, and consequently those same elements go with the ashes. One authority says that the reason why people have formed an idea that coal ashes contain no fertility is that the trees now grown have in them less carbon than those in the old days and thus the percentage of other elements to carbon is probably greater now than then, which gives a larger value to our wood ashes but does not annihilate the value in the coal ashes. Ashes can be used to advantage without sifting, but large quantities of half-burned coal are by some considered a detriment to the soil.

Homemade Feed Cutter.

Here is a feed cutter which anyone can make from a little cheap lumber. The knife, a, is a common broad ax, which most farmers have. Put a handle in, as shown, and build a frame of 2x2-inch hard wood and inch boards. The end of the handle is fastened to the standard at b with a piece of strap iron. Another piece of strap iron, c, acts as a guard and keeps the ax close to the edge of the box.—Farm and Home.

The Poultry Yard.

A flock might just as well roost in trees as in a house full of cracks and holes, which chills the birds in spots and produces bad colds.

A hen too fat gets lazy; she takes no interest in life. One too poor cares nothing about her egg record. The happy medium is a happy hen.

Some people are willing to pay an extra price for eggs on one color. Many people get a cent or more a dozen for sorting their hen fruit according to size and color.

On some farms the young chickens are allowed to roost outdoors during the summer and fall. They should at once be trained to winter quarters, and the sooner this is done the better.

It is worth the poultry raiser's while to remember that an earth floor is unhealthy when the location is naturally wet and not well drained. With this kind of location it will pay to put in a board floor.

Take no chances by having too many chickens together in one flock. If you see they are getting to be crowded in their winter quarters, make thrift and health a certainty by dividing them up, or selling some of them.

You may have an idea that poultry can hunt their own grit. You are wrong. Grit is as essential as feed. Get a grit box, fill it with crushed rock and oyster-shell, and hang it on the wall where dirt will not be scratched into it.—Farm Journal.