

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Hope looked at him with a very puzzled expression, then a smile parted her lips.

"I think you are all very curious people here," she said. "There are small signs of English reserve about you. But I don't want to hear any more confidences; so I shall leave you."

"This is too bad!—when I thought I should have a minute's talk with you in peace! Did you ever know anything so idiotic as Miss Dacre's dramatic attempt?"

"I thought you pronounced it 'splendidly generous.'"

"Well, so it was, considering how mad she was about Hugh herself a couple of years ago. It was a match that would have suited my aunt down to the ground, but he would never hear of it. Are you really going? Well, it is too bad of you! I hope you will not go over to this practicing to-morrow? I am on duty, and have to return to quarters to-night."

"What I can or cannot do depends on Mrs. Saville. Good-by for the present."

She gave him her hand for a moment, and was gone.

With an air of extreme annoyance Captain Lumley, stepping through one of the open windows, followed the path taken by Miss Dacre.

The dinner at Ingfield was very tranquil that evening. Mrs. Saville, her son, Hope Desmond and Mr. Rawson made up the whole party. Mrs. Saville looked ill; there were deep shadows under her eyes, and her face seemed smaller than usual; but she was unusually talkative and gracious.

She discussed politics with her guest, and occasionally directed her remarks to Hope. Mr. Saville contributed some rather original observations, and all things went smoothly. On leaving the table she said to Rawson, "I must leave you to Miss Desmond's care this evening, for I have a very bad headache; but I shall see you in the morning."

After a little conversation Mr. Saville went to look for some sketches he had taken of the Lincolnshire churches, and in his absence Mr. Rawson said, "Mrs. Saville is most friendly. She particularly wishes you to remain; she says you know when to be silent and when to speak; so I think things promise well. Go on as you have begun. She talks of going on the Continent in a month or two. You are, I imagine, firmly fixed in her good graces. This is having half your work done."

"Heaven grant it!" said Hope, with heartfelt earnestness; and soon they separated for the night.

CHAPTER XI.

"I think, Miss Desmond, I shall go abroad next week," said Mrs. Saville, breaking silence one dull, drizzling, depressing November day, when they were sitting by the fire in the smaller of the two drawing-rooms. Mrs. Saville had been in deep thought, and Hope diligently making a long strip of lace which usually occupied her when not reading aloud.

"Do you wish me to accompany you?"

"Yes, of course. You are very ready to leave me."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Saville: I should be sorry to do so; but I wish you to feel quite free. The secret of comfort in such a relationship as ours is that we are not bound to each other."

There was another pause.

"Very likely," resumed Mrs. Saville, as if she had been reflecting. "However, I do not wish to part company as yet. I must say you are one of the few young women—indeed, young or old—who have any common sense, though your ideas on some points are by no means sound."

"What are my chief errors?" asked Hope, with the pleasant fearlessness which was one of her chief attractions to the imperious little plutocrat.

"You are a sentimentalist in some directions, and you do not recognize the true value of money. The first is weakness; the second, willful blindness."

"I dare say I am weak," returned Hope, laying down her work and speaking thoughtfully; "but do you know, Mrs. Saville, I think I have a truer estimate of the value of money than yourself?"

"How do you make that out?" Mrs.

Saville spoke with some degree of interest.

"I know that a certain amount is necessary, that real poverty is degrading, that every right-minded individual will strive and toil for a sufficiency, enough to secure independence and respectability; but, after that, what can money buy? Not health, nor a sense of enjoyment, nor intelligence, nor the perception of beauty, nor that crown of life, love. Very moderate means will permit of fullest pleasure in all these, but they must be all the free gift of nature; gold cannot buy them."

"And with them all," returned Mrs. Saville, "you can never lift your head above the obscurity of a mean position. If you only possess moderate means."

"That does not seem a hardship to me. It is true I never knew what ambition meant, and therefore I am no fair judge of what is essential to an ambitious spirit; but men have attained to great power and yet had but little money."

"Not often—not often; while to women, with their more limited sphere, money is still more essential. If every one was as philosophic as yourself, where should we be? Where would civilization, inventions, improvement, employment, be, if men did not haste to become rich?"

"But I do not object to people becoming rich, and I acknowledge that men who amass large fortunes are often benefactors to their fellows. I only urge that great wealth is not essential to individual happiness, and that men who increase knowledge and social improvement, who invent and explore, are benefactors equally with those who make the money which pays for it all."

"We are like the two knights who fought over the color of the shield, Miss Desmond. You must grant that if wealth cannot buy health it can at least mitigate suffering; and it certainly can buy esteem, if it cannot buy love. As to love, who feels it except the young and the imaginative? It is but another form of selfishness; some quality in another gratifies you or flatters you, and you think that person essential to your existence."

"There is something more in that," said Hope, gently; "you must know that. Did you never love any one yourself?"

"Yes; at least I thought I did, and small thanks I had for it. But I am not sure that my reason is not too strong for my affections."

"I think," said Hope, slowly, "that you could love very much." She stopped, and grew a little paler than usual. "Pardon me if I take a liberty in speaking my opinion."

"No; go on; you amuse me."

"We scarcely know what gifts we possess till circumstances call them out, and yours may not have drawn out your faculties in that direction. But I am quite sure the remarkable strength of your nature would make your love strong, too."

"Really, Miss Desmond, you are a profound student of human nature. Unfortunately for the development of my affections, I am not what is called a lovable person."

"No," said Hope, quietly, "not what a surface observer would call lovable: you are too contemptuous of weakness, which you cannot understand; but if steadiness of purpose, a sense of justice, honor, and loyalty, are worthy of love, you ought to be loved. When I came to you, my first inclination was to fear you, and I determined not to yield to it, or, if I found it insurmountable, to leave you. You cannot support the companionship of a spirit inferior to your own."

"And you consider yours equal to mine?" asked Mrs. Saville, with a slight smile.

"I do," returned Hope, steadily. "You are my superior in knowledge, in experience, in ability, in strength of will; but my opinions, my individuality, are my own; I will never yield them to the mere authority of any creature, even to one I respect as I do you. If, in speaking as I think, I offend, we are not bound to live together a moment longer than is agreeable. I may love you one day; I will never allow myself to fear you."

"You are rather a curious girl. I do not wish people to fear me. Why should they?"

"I do not suppose you do; but you have a dominant will, which wealth

gives you the power to exercise, and it colors your manner."

"I have always been well served."

"No doubt."

"Well, Miss Desmond, you have interested me a good deal, and, as you say, whenever I grow too tyrannical, or you grow too fearless, we can part company. At any rate, you are more of a rational being than most young women. Now as to my plans for this winter. I cannot stand being worried by the people I know in London, and my relations; so I propose going to Dresden, a town where one meets few English. I have had enough of my compatriots for the present. I shall come to Paris in the spring; and after—oh, that is too remote to think of. I had a letter this morning from Mary Dacre. She is staying in Yorkshire, at some wild country house, where she hunts and shoots in modern-young lady fashion. She threatens to return here with her obedient father on the 17th, and that idiot George Lumley in her train. Lady Olivia writes that the preference dear Mary Dacre shows with such girlish simplicity for dear George is quite touching. Of course the Lumleys are enchanted at the possibility of such a marriage. I wonder does it ever occur to them to count up the number of aspirants Miss Dacre has encouraged and thrown over? I do not myself quite understand why George Lumley hung about here so much. I fancy he was rather laughing at the future Baroness Castleton; and he is too much of a Saville to do what he doesn't like, even for a wealthy marriage."

"I must say, Mrs. Saville, that seems to me erring in the right direction."

"I suppose it does, to you. To me it seems weak self-indulgence, when you consider the position George Lumley is born to, and which he is bound to keep up."

"What a terrible birthright!" returned Hope Desmond, laughing, as she resumed her lace-work, and tea coming in at that moment, the conversation was interrupted.

Hope had been for four months Mrs. Saville's constant companion, and, having got over the first almost overpowering inclination to fly from her awful presence, every day added to the steadiness of her nerve, and to her influence with her wealthy patroness.

She, too, rejoiced in Miss Dacre's departure for more brilliant fields of conquest, as her constant demands on her new confidante's time and sympathies were rather exhausting. The village concert had been a great success, but the practices which led up to it had been an equally great trial. Moreover, Captain Lumley's manners had caused her much annoyance. Pre-occupied feeling had at first blinded her as to the true meaning of his attentions and efforts to escort her to and from the Court and Ingfield House; while the self-confident hussar was enraged, piqued, and above all fascinated, by the friendly, kindly unconsciousness of his aunt's attractive companion. He had never met anything like it before, and gradually prudence, worldliness, every consideration, became merged in an all-devouring desire to conquer the smiling indifference which baffled him, and to revenge the endless slights he thought he had received. At last he had torn himself away, hoping to renew the attack with fresh effect on his return. Meanwhile, he masked his batteries under a very overt flirtation with Miss Dacre.

Before starting for the Continent, Hope had leave of absence for two or three days, which she spent with her friend Miss Rawson. These were a refreshment to her spirit, and after much confidential talk and some necessary shopping she returned to her post.

The welcome accorded her by the self-contained mistress of Ingfield was warmer than she anticipated. Mrs. Saville had missed her pleasant companionship. Her presence soothed and satisfied the imperious woman. The sincere respect she evinced was so thoroughly a free-will offering that it was more flattering to Mrs. Saville than the most elegantly turned compliments from a luminary of fashion.

"You will go on and prosper, I have no doubt," were Mr. Rawson's parting words, the day before the intending traveler started, when he had come to Ingfield on business.

"So far all goes fairly. If I can win Mrs. Saville's confidence so completely that she voluntarily mentions her offending son, I shall think I have done well."

"It will be a long experiment, I fear; but you have twelve months before you."

"Yes; and who knows what a day may bring forth?"

Twenty-four hours later saw Mrs. Saville and her companion dining at Maurice's. In the former's youth the hotel had been the favorite quarters of the well-to-do English in Paris, and she never left it. Hope Desmond had often been in Paris before, but generally in very loftily placed and diminutive apartments; and her present luxurious surroundings did not please her as much as they saddened by the memories and contrasts they evoked.

(To be continued.)



Handy Cooking Utensil.

Time, money and space are saved by the cooking utensil designed by an Ohio man, and all housekeepers will



SAVES TIME.

readily understand the merits of this article by merely glancing at the illustration. This utensil consists of a steamer with three separate compartments in which three vegetables may be cooked at once over one lid of a stove or one flame of a gas range. The pan comprises a skeleton frame of bottom and top hoops and side bars and three receptacles, one taking up half of the capacity and the others being quarters. Each of these receptacles has a clip which fits over the rim of the frame and by which it may be lifted into place or out again. As each of these vessels is separate it is not necessarily that the vegetables to be cooked in them require the same length of time. As one is done the partition can be lifted out. Such a utensil, when used on a gas stove, uses up only one-third as much gas as under ordinary conditions.

Queen Cream Biscuits.

Two cupsful of sifted flour, half a cupful of cream, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one of sugar and a half saltspoonful of salt. Mix the flour, sugar, salt and baking powder together, then add the cream and one well-beaten egg, mixing all together with a silver knife. Handle the dough as little as possible while making it into small round cakes. Bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. This quantity will make a dozen biscuits.

Potato Chowder.

Shred a large onion in three pint. of milk, add two stalks of celery, cut fine; put in a double boiler and let it come to a boil. In the meantime pare and boil six or seven medium-sized potatoes; when done, mash thoroughly, beat light and add to the boiling milk; put in a lump of butter equal to two tablespoonfuls; when melted season with pepper and salt, put through a sieve and serve at once.

Old Paraffin.

That has been used to cover jelly and fruit may be cleaned in the following way: Put all together in a large pan with boiling water. Let boil rapidly for a while till paraffin is thoroughly melted. Set aside to cool. All dust will settle to the bottom and any jelly or fruit juice in the paraffin will be dissolved. Paraffin will harden at the top and may be removed, clean and white, and with no waste.

Ham and Bean Loaf.

One cup boiled ham and one cup baked beans; put through meat grinder; one-half cup fine bread crumbs, one beaten egg, one tablespoon melted butter. A little milk or water, if needed to make the ingredients hold together. No salt will be needed, but a pinch of mustard and a little onion juice may be added if liked. Pack in baking powder cans and bake half an hour.

German Potato Salad.

Pare and boil in salted water about six potatoes. When done, but while still hot, cut into dice and add a dressing made as follows: Cut up about a third of a pound of bacon into small bits, fry until crisp, and add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt, black pepper, two teaspoonfuls of minced parsley and one onion cut very fine. Serve in a bowl lined with shredded lettuce.

Apple Pudding.

Mix together one-half cupful of sugar and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Blend one-half cupful of butter with one pint of soft bread crumbs, three beaten eggs and six pared and finely chopped tart apples. Mix with sugar and lemon and flavor with cinnamon. Bake in a pudding mold placed in a moderate oven and serve with hard sauce.

Chocolate Nut Caramels.

Put into a porcelain-lined kettle two pounds of granulated sugar, one-quarter pound of grated chocolate, one-half pound of milk, one-quarter pound of flour. Boil steadily until a little dropped into cold water hardens; flavor with vanilla, stir in a cupful of broken walnut meats, turn into a greased pan and mark off into squares.

Lima Beans.

One-half pound Lima beans soaked overnight. Boil till tender in fresh water with a small piece of bacon. Season well and add cream.

Short Suggestions.

To keep the white of eggs from falling after being whipped try adding while whipping a pinch of cream of tartar.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Florida is the center of the turpentine industry.

Natives of the Upper Congo eat certain kinds of caterpillars.

The use of barges in the coastwise trade is increasing enormously.

Nitrogen iodide is so sensitive that the touch of a fly's foot would explode it.

Cotton plants require little care in Honduras. They produce cotton in luxuriant abundance during nine months of the year.

Glass water pipes covered with asphalt have been in use for a long time in some parts of Germany with success. They give thorough protection against the entrance of gases and acids.

Somebody has invented a combined electric lamp and shaving mirror in which the reflector can be arranged to throw the light only upon the face below the eyes, no light falling upon the mirror or the eyes.

Official statistics for the first six months of 1909 show a continued decline in the population of France. The marriages decreased 6,201 as compared with 1908, divorces increased by 543, births decreased 12,692 and deaths increased by 25,019.

Dorando Pietri, better known as Dorando, has just been married in Capri to his old sweetheart, Teresa Deridi. The young couple will live in a villa, which Dorando has built with the money earned in America. He is said to have made a small fortune.

Simply because Benjamin Franklin associated electricity with lightning, and that most people are more or less afraid of lightning, electricity is believed to be a dangerous factor in fire hazards. This is not true, for it has been proved time and again that electricity causes fewer fires than a number of other things about the house or office.

Governments of the federated states of Germany are considering the introduction of a land tax of the "unearned increment." The measure is expected to raise \$5,000,000 annually. It is held that such a tax would rest heavily on speculators and landowners in cities, but lightly on country districts, where values increase very slowly if at all.

"Pajamas" means "leg garments." They were eagerly adopted by Europeans in India from the Mohammedans, probably by the Portuguese in the first place. Earlier Anglo-Indian generations knew them as "tong drawers" or "mosquito drawers," and still earlier generations as "mogul breeches," under which name they are referred to by Beaumont and Fletcher.

A dressmaking establishment in Boston almost entirely operated by electricity has an electric cutter capable of cutting out 250 thicknesses of cloth at once, a button sewing machine which puts on 3,000 buttons a day, a buttonhole machine making 400 an hour, sleeve sewers, tucking machines, waist and skirt machines making 1,800 to 3,500 stitches a minute.—Chicago Journal.

"Cool off" is an Americanism which has invaded England, but by no means the only one. The London Chronicle remarks: "In many shops one finds the word 'candy' being used familiarly, and it no longer means the jaw-breaking but wholly delicious sugar candy of one's youth. It is the same with 'cracker,' which used to convey to the English child's mind only something that belonged to Christmas time and could be pulled. The one surprise of to-day is that 'week-end,' which ought to be an Americanism, is really a good old North Englishism."

It was Halley's comet which appeared in 1066 at the time of the invasion of William the Conqueror and again in 1456 when Constantinople was besieged by the Turks and the crescent-shaped tail was a mighty omen. Halley's comet duly appeared in 1759, somewhat retarded by the attraction of Jupiter and Saturn, its perturbations having been accurately calculated by the French astronomer, Clairaut. It appeared again in 1835, and is now once more rapidly approaching the earth and the sun, having passed the orbit of Jupiter in April last.—Popular Science Monthly for November.

Among the photographs in the collection made by an American tourist who recently returned from the Orient is one showing a mammoth olive tree in the garden of Gethsemane. The trunk is divided near the ground, giving it the appearance of two trees. In order to protect it from the assaults of vandals a stone wall about three feet high has been built around it, and the spot has become a favorite one for photographic groups. The tree is looked upon with awe by the natives, who assure the tourists that it is at least a thousand years old. The picture in question shows four bicycles in the foreground.