

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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CHAPTER XII.

Back in bright Paris, now decked in her garden-party dress of chestnut-blossoms, lilacs, and laburnums, some six or seven months afterwards.

Mrs. Saville had spent a very tranquil winter. She had rarely been free from irritation for so long a period.

For a week or two at Christmas she had been a good deal tried by a visit from her son, who, to her surprise, brought his cousin, George Lumley, with him. That over, she settled down again to her books, her fancy-work, of which she was rather proud, her game of whist with some old Grafts and Barons attached to the little court, some of whom had dabbled in diplomacy and even spent a few years in London, and frequent visits to the opera, for almost her only real pleasure was music.

If, six months before, Mrs. Saville had missed her companion when she was absent for a couple of days, the idea of parting with her now would have struck her with dismay. She had softened gradually but considerably—so gradually that Hope Desmond had to look back and recall her first impressions to measure the change.

The weather was fine, the sky blue, and sunshine beautified all things. It seemed impossible not to partake of the general exhilaration which pervaded the atmosphere. Yet Mrs. Saville's expression, if less hard, was infinitely sadder than formerly, and, though Miss Desmond's eyes were calm, and her air composed, there were shadows beneath the former and a somewhat worn look in her expressive face. She was thinner, too, as if she had borne some mental strain.

It was afternoon, and the Champs-Elysees were crowded with streams of equipages pouring out to the Bois. Stemming this current, Mrs. Saville and Hope returned from their earlier drive, and on arriving at the hotel found another open carriage drawn up at the entrance, from which a gorgeously-dressed lady was leaning while she spoke to the porter. He made a gesture towards the new arrival, whereupon the lady looked round and displayed the well-known features of Miss Dacre.

"How fortunate!" she cried. "Here, open the door; let me out!" And she sprang upon the ground.

"My dear Mrs. Saville, I only just heard by the merest accident that you were in Paris. We have been at Pau for two months, and are on our way home."

"Oh, indeed," returned Mrs. Saville, rather dryly, as she descended very deliberately and submitted to be kissed by her young friend. "I am sorry for your poor father. Why could you not let him rest in peace among his turnips and mangel-wurzels?"

"Why, I must think of myself, you know. How do you do, Hope? I am so glad to see you! I can't say you are looking very flourishing. I suppose you are coming in, so I can pay you a nice visit, though I have a hundred and one things to do. I suppose you have your old rooms, Mrs. Saville. We are at the Bristol. I wonder you stay here, it is so slow."

"Quite fast enough for me; but come up-stairs."

"She is as cross as ever," whispered Miss Dacre to Hope as they ascended to Mrs. Saville's apartments. "I don't wonder at your looking worn out." Hope laughed and shook her head.

"You are comfortable enough here, I must say," resumed Miss Dacre, looking round the handsomely-furnished room, which was sweet with flowers and flooded with soft light, the strong sunshine filtering through the outer blinds.

"Well, dear Mrs. Saville, and how are you after burying yourself alive in Germany all the winter? It is such a queer place to go to."

"I like Germany, and I am remarkably well."

"Well, you don't look so. We had a wild time at Herondyke. I was there for nearly a month. Lady Olivia is quite too good-natured. Then she and the girls came over to Castleton, but your son persuaded George Lumley to go with him to Dresden. A great mistake! Captain Lumley was quite cross when he returned—said it was a God-forgotten hole! I met Mr. Vignolles at Pau"—etc., etc. And Miss Dacre turned on a rapid flow of gossip. As soon as she made a pause for breath, Mrs. Saville said, wearily:

"Miss Desmond, the tea is ready. Give me a cup."

"By all means. The Parisians have improved immensely, but they have not arrived at the height of good afternoon tea yet."

Silence on the part of Mrs. Saville, while Miss Dacre sipped her tea.

"When do you come back to London, Mrs. Saville?"

"Not this year. I may go to Inglesfield in the autumn."

"I suppose you know Richard is bringing out a work on 'The Romans in Lincolnshire,' illustrated, with notes and appendices? It will cost a small fortune, they say."

"They say? Who says?"

"Oh, the literary world. I am thinking of publishing extracts from the Archives of Castleton Forest. There are lots of old deeds and letters in the muniment-room, especially about the Long Parliament times. One must really write something now."

"Indeed! Can't you compile a timetable of the trains between Castleton, Upton, and London, copying Bradshaw freely? It would answer all purposes, and give you very little trouble."

"Dear Mrs. Saville, what an idea! Now I want you to do me a favor. Let Miss Desmond come with me to the Opera Comique this evening. My father has instituted a headache, and I rather want a chaperon. It will not be very late."

"Miss Desmond is perfectly free to do as she likes."

"If you can find any other chaperon I am quite ready to stay at home," said Hope, smiling.

"Now, do not be disagreeable. I want you to come with me."

Hope did not answer and it was arranged that Miss Dacre should call for her favorite confidante that evening en route for the theater.

"I have a hundred and one things to say to you," whispered Miss Dacre when Hope Desmond escorted her to the stair after she had taken leave of Mrs. Saville. "The same mysterious fate still dogs me. I do not know what spell binds George Lumley to silence. Poor fellow! I am so sorry for him! I rather imagined he thought I was going to Dresden last winter—heaven only knows why. You will be ready at 7:30, will you not?"

"Yes, certainly."

CHAPTER XIII.

When Hope returned to Mrs. Saville she found that lady's maid removing her out-door garb and arranging her mistress on the sofa as if for a siesta.

"I would have saved you from this infliction if I could," she said, presently, when Hope thought she was going to sleep. "Mary Dacre was always foolish; she is now absolutely idiotic. I am not surprised that Hugh had no patience with her; Hugh was always instinctive. He is like me in many things."

Hope listened with nervous attention, growing alternately red and white. Never before had Mrs. Saville named her offending son, and Hope feared to utter a word that might offend or divert the current of her thoughts.

"I am always doomed to disappointment," she went on, as if speaking out her thoughts. "There is Richard; he will be a dilettante and a nobody all the days of his life. I never wasted any anticipations on him. But Hugh might be anything—a statesman, a leader of men.—I would have done anything to push his fortunes. All my hopes, all my ambitions, centered in him; and you know—you must have heard—how he repaid me."

"Yes, I have heard," returned Hope, in such tremulous accents that Mrs. Saville looked up, as if surprised and touched by her keen sympathy. "It seems very cruel."

"Seems! It is. To be forgotten, thrown over, for the sake of a pretty face, a whim of passion, after years of devotion! It is intolerable; it is not to be forgiven. An unsuitable wife is a millstone round a man's neck that will drag him to perdition; but I leave her punishment to him. He will tire of her, and he will curse the day he ever saw her, and sacrificed his mother and his career—everything—to a passing fancy."

"It was a terrible mistake, a—"

She stopped suddenly.

"Are you ill? You look white and

faint!" exclaimed Mrs. Saville, roused to attention by the sudden cessation of her voice.

"Only a little giddy and dazed; the sun was so strong to-day," returned Hope, steadying her voice by a strong effort. "I felt faint when we were driving round the lakes. But, dear Mrs. Saville, may I say that greater blame attaches to the girl who allowed your son to sacrifice himself for her, than to him?"

"No doubt she is a designing minx. But she will find that she reckoned without her host when she caught my son. Existence as the wife of a poor naval officer is not quite a bed of roses."

"And suppose she proves a devoted wife, prudent, careful, self-denying; would you not in time forgive her, and pardon him for his misfortune in falling a victim to—her designs?"

"You suppose what is highly improbable; but even if this woman prove a gem of the finest water, that will do nothing towards pushing my son in his career. All must come from him; and a wife endowed with money or interest, or both, can do so much for a man. Maddening as all this is, what embitters me most is my son's contemptuous disregard of me. To marry without a word of notice, an attempt to win my consent, was an insult."

"But Mrs. Saville, if I may venture to speak on a subject so near your heart, do you not think that the hopelessness of gaining your consent held him back from making the attempt?"

"It should have held him back also from such ungrateful disobedience. He knew he would break—no, not break my heart—mine is not the kind of heart which breaks—but harden it with a hardness that pains, with a dull, indescribable aching." And she pressed her hand on her bosom.

"Oh, yes, it was wrong—terribly wrong," cried Hope, and there was a sound of tears in her voice, "but you know your son's nature. Rightly or wrongly, he loved this girl with all his heart, and she was singularly desolate, friendless, penniless. How could he desert her, being the man he is? how could he help her effectually save as her husband? It was imprudent, I know, and very wrong, but not unpardonable. Dear Mrs. Saville, think how unhappy your son must be, parted from you as he is, and oh, think of the sad future of self-reproach and regret you are creating for his unhappy wife."

"Do not talk such sentimental rubbish to me, Miss Desmond. It is not like your usual quiet good sense. Has Mr. Rawson placed you with me to plead Hugh's cause? If so, it is wasted ingenuity. I will not be talked over; nor does Hugh think it worth while to make any attempt at reconciliation."

"Probably he fears it would only embitter you were he to try."

"No; it is pride and obstinacy. He has something of my own nature. How proud I was of him once!"

"And so you will be again," cried Hope, cheerfully. "Foolish, faulty, he may be, but he has done nothing unworthy of a man of honor. Does a marriage of affection incapacitate a man from distinguishing himself in his profession? Do you not believe that when the heart is satisfied and at rest, the intellect works more freely and clearly?"

"And do you think that the heart will long rest satisfied when the lot of its owner is poverty and obscurity? There, that is enough. I will not hear excuses or pleading for my son. If I thought Mr. Rawson suggested such interference, I would beg you to leave at once."

"Which I can do to-morrow, if you wish," said Hope, her pale cheek flushing quickly, though she spoke with a pleasant smile.

Mrs. Saville laughed. "You know I should not like you to leave me," she said, more genially than Hope once thought she could ever speak. "Nor need you do so, if you will avoid vexed questions." Hope bent her head. "Tell me," resumed Mrs. Saville, "if you did leave me, what should you do?"

"I am not absolutely without resources," returned Hope, "and I should try to find pupils or some similar employment to this."

"But you would prefer staying where you are?"

"Yes, very, very much."

"There is a tone of sincerity in your words. Pray read to me for a while, and let us have no more agitations."

This long-wished-for opening appeared to Hope to have done very little good. She wrote an account of it to Mr. Rawson. Indeed, her correspondence with the Rawson family was very constant. Every week a thick letter went to Miss Rawson, and every week came a punctual reply. Sometimes these letters sent Hope to her daily task with a soft, happy smile on her lips; sometimes her quick-falling tears bedewed the paper as she read. But, through smiles and tears, she never failed in her duty to her employer, who grew more and more dependent on her daughterly care and attention

(To be continued.)



"Does one Fish live in this building?" Janitor—Yes, third floor, but his name's Herring.

"I am looking for a husband." "How would I do?" "But you are married?" "All husbands are."—Houston Post.

First Newporter—Was it an informal dinner? Second Newporter—Very. The flowers only cost \$2,500.—Puck.

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

"Nature plans well for mankind's needs." "I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"

Old Lady (in a shoe shop)—Have you felt slippers? Small Boy Assistant (solemnly)—Yes, ma'am; many a time!—Comic Cuts.

"Was it your wife who called you up this morning?" "No; that was aunt. It was my wife who called me down."—Baltimore American.

Solemn Man—Do you hear the clock slowly ticking? Don't you know what day it is ever bringing nearer? Cheerful Man—Yes, pay-day.

Professor—I've come to see your collection of curios. Merchant—Pardon, if I introduce, first of all, my wife and daughter.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"Opportunity calls just as often as in years gone by." "But with us, all huddled up in fats, opportunity is liable to whistle up the wrong tube."

Minister—And the child's name, madam? Mother (firmly)—Name him Frederick Robert Cook Peary Smith. I'm not going to take any chances.—Puck.

Barber (to customer, whom he's cut up)—Would you mind going out the back way? So many people might see you in the main street.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Suitor (on bended knee)—See, in me, my love, your most humble and devoted servant. She—if this is your first place, I'll engage you for life.—Lustige Blaetter.

Arctic Explorer—During our whole two years in the polar region we couldn't wash ourselves once. Enfant Terrible—Mamma, can't we move there?—Lustige Welt.

"Will that young man ever go home?" demanded the irritated head of the house. "I guess so, father," replied the mater familias. "He always has."—Washington Herald.

Professor's Wife (to cook)—My husband has received a call to Heidelberg. Will you go with us? Cook—I feel highly honored, madam, but I cannot accept the call.—Lustige Welt.

Poet—When I finished that poem I was completely exhausted. Editor—I can sympathize with you, old man. I was in the same condition when I finished reading it.—Philadelphia Record.

He (nervously)—Er—er—Margaret—er—er—there's something has been trembling on my lips for the last two months. She—Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?—Princeton Tiger.

"You women never keep posted on current events." "Why, yes we do. I've been reading all about the finding of the pole. But, John?" "Well, what?" "How did the pole happen to be lost?"—Public Ledger.

"Say, Casey, it's bar-red wurcker ye are. How many hods uv mortar hev ye carried up that ladder to-day?" Casey—Hush, man. I'm fooling the boss. I've carried the same hod up and down all day, and he thinks I'm wurkin."

Senior Partner—Keep a sharp eye on Holdfast. I'm afraid he's robbing the firm. Junior Partner—Eh? Is he living extravagantly? Senior Partner—Well, I passed him in the street yesterday, and he was smoking a cigar that didn't smell at all bad.—Tit-Bits.

"I must warn you, dearest," he said, "that after we are married you will very likely find me inclined to be arbitrary and dictatorial in my manner." "No matter," she replied, cheerfully. "I won't pay the slightest attention to what you say."—Presbyterian Standard.

"Has that feller Pinkley returned home yet?" "Nopa. He's been gone two years now, and nobody knows a blessed thing about him." "Well, darned if I shouldn't think you'd be afraid he'd come home some day and claim he found the South Pole."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

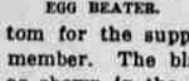
"How is this?" asks the brutal husband, looking over his wife's accounts. "Here's a bill for \$40 for two switches. I thought I heard you and Mrs. Magoooin talking about how glad you were that the new fashions had done away with rats and pompadours." "So they have," explains the fond wife. "But don't you see, the switches take the place of the rats and pompadours."—Chicago Post.



Effective Egg Beater.

An effective egg beater that is operated in a simple and novel manner is that invented by a Connecticut man.

By merely pulling a flexible cord attached to the drum of the implement the blades are made to revolve both ways with great rapidity. The beater consists of a hollow receptacle with a drum inside and a step bearing in the bottom for the support of the revolving member. The blades are bent wires, as shown in the illustration. Around the top of the drum is wound a flexible cord. The eggs are placed in the receptacle and the cord pulled to its full length, this causing the blades to revolve rapidly in the mixture. The momentum thus gained causes the cord to rewind about the drum, and when it is again drawn out the blades revolve in the opposite direction and the cord winds up once more. This double action continues indefinitely, or as long as is necessary to operate the beater to do the work.



EGG BEATER.

Stuffed Ham.

"For company," says the rule. In a cold-boiled ham make many incisions by cutting out small slices. Prepare a stuffing of half a loaf of bread, grated; all kinds of spices, a little more cinnamon than the others; a tablespoon of currant jelly; half a cup of walnut catsup; half a pound of butter and the beaten whites of three eggs. Mix, and press all that is possible into the ham. Cover it with the remaining dressing and brown. When cold rub over with the three yolks beaten with a little milk and again brown. Trim with green.

Veal Loaf.

Have as many pounds of veal as wanted (the leg is the best), ground with a little pork. To each pound allow one egg, well beaten; one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one of salt, two rolled crackers, a tablespoonful of flour, a tablespoonful of cream and one of butter. Season with sage or parsley. Mix all thoroughly, make into a firm loaf, and roast the same as other meats. If beef be used in place of veal add salt pork.

Artichokes.

Gather the artichokes two or three days before they are required for use. Cut off stems, pull out the strings and wash them in two or three waters. Have a large saucenpan of boiling water, with two teaspoonfuls of salt and a pinch of soda. Put the artichokes in with the tops downward and let them boil quickly until tender. Take them out and lay them upside down to drain. Serve with melted butter.

Potted Eggs Tartlets.

Potted eggs will be found very acceptable, and they may also be used in tartlets or as a filling for sandwiches. In either case a little cress is a great improvement, besides giving a dainty finish. In making potted eggs use two ounces of oiled butter and three hard-boiled eggs. Pound them well together in a mortar and add salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce.

When Cooking Vegetables.

Not every cook knows that all vegetables that grow under the ground should be put to cook in cold water. This includes potatoes, turnips, carrots and others. Those that grow on top of the ground, such as beans, peas, spinach and corn, should have boiling water poured over them. If left uncovered they will retain their fresh, green look.

Moontlight Pudding.

Mix six tablespoonfuls of flour in a gill of milk, then stir it by degrees into a quart of boiling milk with a little salt. Stir constantly and boil ten minutes. Serve it with sugar and plain cream, or a rich sauce, as preferred. This is not blanc mange, as the use of flour instead of corn starch gives it a much different taste.

Short Suggestions.

Keep all dry supplies in glass preserve jars—labeled.

A good test for boiled icing is not to take it off until it pulls up hard from the bottom of the glass when put in ice water.