

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 XV.—(Continued.)

"Who and what is he?" cried Lumley, fiercely, starting forward from where he had been leaning against the window-frame.

"I will tell you so much. He is poor like myself, and we have a long struggle before us, but—there, will say no more. Now that you understand there is no hope, you will be able to put me out of your thoughts. Do tell your father he has nothing to fear, at least from me. It is cruel to disappoint a father, a parent. See what suffering Hugh Saville has caused his mother."

"He was right. He got what he wanted. I am disappointed. I thought when you knew what I really meant, you—"

"It is useless to argue about what is inevitable," interrupted Hope. "I deeply regret having caused you annoyance or disappointment, but neither you nor I would have been happy if we had become man and wife. Why, oh, why did you not understand me? Now I can hear no more. Make haste to relieve your father's mind, and—good-by, Captain Lumley." She half put out her hand, drew it back, and left the room swiftly. The enraged and disappointed lover took a turn to and fro, uttering some half-articulate denunciations of his infernal ill luck, then, snatching up his hat, rushed away to pour his troubles into the sympathizing ear of Lord Everton, in whom all imprudent youngsters found a congenial confidant.

As soon as the sound of his steps was heard, the unclosed door of a small inner room from which there was no other exit was pushed more widely open, and Mrs. Saville walked in. She wore her out-door dress, and held a note in her hand.

"I little thought what I should hear," she said, almost aloud, "when I determined to keep quiet till that booby had gone. Listeners never hear good of themselves. So I am a cantankerous, dictatorial, tyrannical old woman? Hope Desmond does not think so; I know she does not."

CHAPTER XVI.

To Hope Mrs. Saville made no sign, and she remained in complete ignorance that her acute patroness had been a hearer of Lumley's avowal.

There was something increasingly kind and confidential, however, in her tone and manner. Hope was greatly relieved by having thus disposed of her admirer. That worry was at an end; another, however, still remained.

Miss Dacre's feelings and imagination were greatly exercised by the sudden disappearance of George Lumley from the scene, and she grew quite ravenous for Hope's society, that she might wonder and conjecture and mander about his mysterious conduct, and cross-examine Hope as to what she thought might, could, would, or should have caused him thus suddenly to throw up the game which Miss Dacre chose to think he was playing so eagerly—viz., the pursuit of herself—till she made her hearer's life a burden to her.

"I don't know what you do to Miss Desmond when you have her out by herself," said Mrs. Saville to the young heiress one afternoon, when she had called to know if dear Mrs. Saville would spare Hope Desmond to take a drive with her and stay to afternoon tea, "but she always comes back looking white and tired, quite exhausted; and I will not spare her, Miss Dacre. I want her myself. If you are always taking her away, you had better keep her."

"I am sure I shall be delighted. I want a nice lady-like companion a little older than myself, to go about with me and—"

"A little older than yourself!" laughed Mrs. Saville. "I suspect she is two years your junior. Well, take her, if she will go."

"Indeed, Mrs. Saville, I think you would do better with an older person, some one nearer your own age."

"I am much obliged for your kind consideration. Yes, of course Miss Desmond has rather a dull time with me. Suppose you make her an offer in writing."

"Yes, of course I could; that is, if you would not be offended."

"No, by no means. I would not stand in her light."

"Really, Mrs. Saville, you are the most sensible woman I know. Pray,

how much do you give her?—what salary I mean."

"What Mr. Rawson asked for his protégé—fifty pounds."

"Is that all? Oh, I will give her a hundred."

"Then of course you will get her," said Mrs. Saville, grimly. "That being so, pray leave her to me for this afternoon."

"Oh, yes, certainly. I can write to her this evening." Her further utterance was arrested by the announcement, in loud tones, of Lady Olivia Lumley, whereupon that personage entered, wearing a simple traveling-dress and a most troubled expression of countenance.

"Dear Miss Dacre, I had no idea I should find you here," said Lady Olivia, when she had greeted Mrs. Saville. "I am on my way to Contrezeville, to try and get rid of my gouty rheumatism; so—"

"How very unfortunate that Captain Lumley should just have left!" interrupted Miss Dacre. "He started on Wednesday—something regimental, I believe."

"Most unfortunate," returned Lady Olivia, emphatically.

"Where are you staying?" asked Miss Dacre.

"At the Hotel d'Albe."

"Well, I shall call late this afternoon. Now I am obliged to call on the Comtesse de Suresnes. So good-by for the present, Mrs. Saville. Good-by, dear Lady Olivia."

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Saville, looking very straight at her sister-in-law, asked, "What is the matter with you?"

"Matter! Matter enough! If I had not been en route for Contrezeville I should have come here on purpose to—tell you what I think."

"And pray what may that be, Lady Olivia?"

"That you have allowed my unfortunate boy George to fall into the same scrape as your own son, just to make us suffer as you have done. It is too bad, that while we were thinking everything was on the point of being settled between him and Mary Dacre (such an excellent marriage), there is he falling into the trap of that low-born, designing adventuress, your companion! You are not a woman to be blinded by anything, and you never took the trouble to warn us or save him, and I who always sympathized with you in your trouble about Hugh! I expected better things from you, Elizabeth. You are infatuated about that woman, of whom you really know nothing."

For a moment Mrs. Saville was silent, too amazed to find words.

"I don't understand you. Pray explain your meaning, if you have any," she said, at last, a bitter little smile curling up the corners of her mouth.

"Why, our unfortunate mad boy wrote to his father a few days ago that he was going to make an offer to that dreadful girl, as she was the sort of woman to whom he dared not propose a private marriage; that we feared we might be vexed at first, but if we attempted to prevent it he would go straight to the dogs. Oh, it is too too bad! I little thought, when I was so horrified at Hugh's conduct last summer, that before a year was over I should be afflicted in the same way."

"When you gloated over my disappointment, you mean," cried Mrs. Saville, her keen black eyes flashing. "I have no doubt you thought to yourself that your son would never be false to the instincts of his race, which is aristocratic on both sides, but that mine was impelled by the plebeian vigor inherited from his mother's people. I know the amount of gratitude you all feel towards me for conferring wealth for which he never toiled, on your brother and his sons. But the blood in my veins has been strong enough to keep you all in your places. Yes, as the world we live in chooses to attach importance to rank and to worship a title, I bought what was necessary of the valuable article; but I know your estimate of me and the veiled contempt of your commiseration when the blow fell upon me. Now I am going to return good for evil, and relieve your mind. Your precious son is perfectly safe. That low-born, designing adventuress, my companion, has defiantly and utterly rejected him."

"Impossible! Are you sure? May this not be some deep-laid scheme? How do you know?"

"It is quite possible, I am perfectly

sure; it is no deep-laid scheme, I know, because I was in that room there, unsuspected, and heard every word of the proposal and of the distinct, decided rejection. Miss Desmond reproached your son with his perseverance in spite of her discouragement, and informed him she was engaged to another—evidently some humble, struggling man, from whom your charming, distinguished son was powerless to attract her. Miss Desmond acted like a young woman of sense and honor, and in my opinion she is a great deal too good even for so high and mighty a gentleman as Captain George Lumley."

"Thank God!" cried Lady Olivia, too much relieved to resent the undisguised scorn and anger of her sister-in-law. "But are you quite sure there is no danger of this—young person changing her mind?"

"Be under no apprehension. Your son is safe enough so far as my young friend Miss Desmond is concerned."

"I am sure I am very glad; but really, Elizabeth, I am amazed at the very extraordinary attack you have made upon me."

"Or, rather, you are amazed that I know you so well. I saw the sneer that lurked under your assumed compassion for my disappointment, and I am amazed you ventured to speak in the tone you did to me. Now you may go, and write to your husband and assure him his son is safe for the present. Before we meet again, you must apologize to me for the liberty you have taken."

"I think an apology is also due to me," cried Lady Olivia.

While she spoke, Mrs. Saville had rung the bell, and, on the waiter's appearance, said, in a commanding tone, "Lady Olivia's carriage," whereupon that lady confessed defeat by retiring rapidly.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Saville walked to her special arm-chair, and, taking Prince into her lap, stroked him mechanically, as was her wont when she was thinking.

"So that was the fool's attraction?" she mused. "I ought to have suspected it, but I did not, or I should have sent him about his business. It is natural enough that the father and mother should be annoyed; but she is too good for him—a great deal too good. But she is silly, too, with her high-faloot notions. We cannot defy the judgment and prejudices of the world we live in; obscurity and insignificance are abhorrent to most sane people. Yet it is impossible to doubt her sincerity; and she is common-sensical enough. Can it be that she is wise and I am unwise?" Here Mrs. Saville put her little favorite on the carpet and again rang the bell. This time she desired that Miss Desmond should be sent to her.

"I think I shall go out and do some shopping," she said, when Hope appeared. "I do not walk enough. I have had a tiresome morning. First Miss Dacre came begging that you might be lent to her for the day. This I refused. Then came Lady Olivia, in a bad temper, and we quarreled. She is going away to-morrow or next day. At all events, she shall not trouble me any more. I think we have had enough of Paris. Richard is coming over next week. As soon as he leaves, I shall go away to a quaint little place on the coast of Normandy, and recruit. It will be very dull; but you are used to that."

"I rarely feel dull," returned Hope, who secretly wondered why Mrs. Saville had quarreled with her sister-in-law. She was too decided, too peremptory a woman to be quarrelsome. Could it be for any reason connected with herself? Lumley said he had communicated his intention to propose for her (Hope) to his father. This, no doubt, would have enraged his family; but she could not ask any questions. Indeed, she was thankful to "let sleeping dogs lie." She had many anxieties pressing on her young heart. A very cloudy and uncertain future lay before her. "It is hard," she thought, "that, however good and true and loving a woman may be, if not rich she is thought unworthy to be the helpmate of a wealthy, well-placed man; any poor, struggling nobody is good enough for her. Yet it is among the struggling nobodies that the finest fellows are often found; so things equalize themselves."

(To be continued.)

Still Guessing.

"Say, paw," queried little Henry Peck, "did you know ma long before you married her?"

"No, my son," replied the old man with a sigh long drawn out, "and as a matter of fact I'm not thoroughly acquainted with her yet."

Quite Appropriate.

"What's become of that pretty young actress I saw last year?"

"She's starring."

"And the young fellow who seemed to be so devoted to her?"

"He's still mooning."—Baltimore American.

Different.

She—Does he command a good salary?

He—He earns a good salary; his wife commands it.

MME. STEINHEIL'S ESCAPE.

Conservative Paris Believes That Justice Has Been Defeated.

Despite the popularity of the verdict which freed Mme. Katherine Steinhell of the charge of murdering her husband and mother, there are not a few among the conservative element of Paris society who believe that justice has been cheated by the suppression of evidence for "reasons of state."

The court scrupulously excluded all evidence pertaining to the dashing career of the "Red Widow" from the time she made her debut in Paris bohemian society and became the acknowledged queen. It is known that among her worshippers were men famous in every walk of life. There is also no longer any question that President Faure died at her house, and to this day the circumstances of the demise are veiled in mystery.

The journalists who attended the famous trial noticed particularly that whenever the inquisition on the part of the prosecutor or judge became too dangerous for the safety of the defense, the woman accused uttered threats of making disclosures that would stir a hornet's nest in French politics, and despite the apparent defiance of the judge that she do so, the inquisition was gradually mollified.

It will be remembered, says Henri Chevalier in the Cincinnati Enquirer, that at one time during the hearing when the evidence seemed to become particularly convincing of her guilt, Mme. Steinhell excitedly said to the judge:

"You ought to have pity on me. So far I have shown perfect discretion. Do not exasperate me any longer. I am defending myself because unfortunately I am obliged to, but if you drive me to it I will cease to be discreet. Do you understand?"

All this was said with lightning rapidity. The president immediately dealt with another point.

There is no doubt that Mme. Steinhell could tell details of the Faure death or assassination and the preceding political plots that would create an awful scandal.

And there are many who think that the possession of these secrets saved her from punishment for at least complicity in the terrible double murder.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

"Why won't my folks remember to address my letters as I've told them to? I've written repeatedly to tell them how my mail gets all mixed up with that of those Cartridges in the village, and yet they forget!"

Thereupon Miss Cartright sat down at her desk and wrote several emphatic postal cards—being quite at the end of patience, and having had trouble with her mail ever since she rented this place north of Croton.

A few days later she received the following letter from her favorite nephew, Bob:

Dear Aunt Betty. Having had from you a Roasting, Furious, Dictatorial communication, I—a youth ordinarily Radiant, Facetious, Debonair—have suddenly become Rueful, Frustrated, Despondent.

After Ransacking Forty Dictionaries in vain search for light on the cryptic signs, I nevertheless bow meekly to your stern command—at least I do on the inside of the letter, as you can see for yourself. But to a Rational Fellow, Deliberating profoundly, only one way, alas! suggests itself of working 'em in on the outside.

You yourself brought me up to thirst after Reasons For Doctrines, so, for goodness' sake, let me know by return mail why on earth you insist upon my inscribing cabalistic initials on your mail matter.

Yours, Robert—Flabbergasted but Devoted still.

Turning hastily to examine Bob's envelope, Miss Cartright saw why the postman had been so "queer" this morning. He had handed out her mail, his face all in a broad grin, and had remarked, as he drove off, "I s'pose the original old Rural Free Delivery puts up here, don't he?"

Bob's letter was addressed to Miss Elizabeth Cartright—"In care of the Hon. R. F. D., Esq."

How He Knew the Time.

"Lady," said the ragged individual at the door, "I'm a clock repairer. If yer clock runs fast or slow I kin fix it. It's jist 12:30 now."

"How do you know it is?" asked the housekeeper.

"'Cause I always git hungry at 12:30."—Philadelphia Press.

Makes a Lot of Difference.

Colonel Highfyer—What are your rates per column?

Editor of Swell Society—For insertion or suppression?—Life.

The surest way for a widower to keep his wife's memory green in the neighborhood is to make matrimonial eyes at another woman.

But the thin girl usually has a shapely ankle to be proud of.



Raisin Roll Cake.

Beat one cupful of sugar with the yolks of three eggs. Sift one cupful of flour with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add to the sugar and egg, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. Add a teaspoonful of lemon flavoring, and, last, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Beat well and pour into a long shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven. Turn on to a cake rack and spread at once with a mixture made from the whites of two eggs beaten with one cupful of powdered sugar and one cupful of chopped raisins.

Mince Pie.

Take five pounds of beef, boil, chop fine with three pounds of suet; seed four pounds of currants, slice a pound of citron, chop four quarts of apples. Put in a saucpan with cinnamon, cloves, ginger, nutmeg, the juice of two lemons, one teaspoon of pepper and two pounds of sugar. Pour over all a quart of cider, one pint of molasses and a teacup of melted butter. Bake in a rich crust without tops, then bake a crust of puff paste and lay on.

Beef Olives.

Cut a very thin flank or round steak into strips two inches wide and four inches long. Add to one cupful of bread crumbs a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of chopped onions, a saltspoonful of pepper and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Spread this over the strips of beef, roll and tie them tightly. Brown them in suet and make a sauce precisely the same as for a brown stew. Cook them slowly for one hour and a half.

Cannelloni of Beef.

Two pounds of round or flank steak put through a meat mincer; then add to it one-third cup soft bread crumbs, one tablespoonful minced parsley, one level teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful pepper, one beaten egg; mix well; then shape into a roll; lay in pan and bake forty minutes; baste frequently with hot water and salt pork drippings. Serve on hot dish with tomato or mushroom sauce. Garnish with laticed cucumbers, lemons and parsley.

Sweetbread Croquettes.

Parboil the sweetbreads and mince them very fine, season with pepper and salt, adding some powdered mace or cayenne, a grating of nutmeg and a little lemon juice. Mix with finely grated bread crumbs, moisten with cream, and shape them into small cones. Dip into beaten egg, toss in bread crumbs and fry until of a golden brown in deep boiling fat. Garnish with parsley and slices of lemon.

Pumpkin Pie.

Pare and stew pumpkin until dry. Sift through a colander, and to one cup of pumpkin add one egg, three tablespoons of molasses, a pinch of salt, one rounding tablespoon of sugar, one level teaspoon of ginger or cinnamon and two cups of milk. Line a pie plate with crust and make a rim. Fill with the pumpkin and bake slowly.

Cream of Potato Soup.

Cut into small pieces five or six potatoes and boil until tender in salted water. Mash through a sieve, and add the pulp to three pints of hot milk slightly thickened with flour and butter, and nicely seasoned with white pepper and salt. A little chopped parsley may be sprinkled upon each plate before serving.

Chicken Soup with Rice.

The chicken should be boiled until tender and then taken out, boned and cooled, after which the meat may be cut into dice and cooked in the stock again, with the addition of rice. The rice should be carefully prepared in order that the grains appear whole and separate.

Household Hints.

If the lid is left off cabbage when cooking it will keep its color better.

Do not put salt in the water in which peas are cooked, as it causes the outer skin to crack. Leave lid off saucapan.

A pinch of soda added to the boiling water in which cabbage or cauliflower is cooked improves the flavor of the vegetable.

Never soak rice or macaroni before cooking. Well wash the former, but not the latter, and place both in boiling water to cook.

To keep silver from tarnishing when packed away make small cotton bags and fill with camphor gum. Place them among the silver.