

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 XVII.—(Continued.)

That evening, as Hope was playing some Scotch airs, with great taste and a delicate touch, while Mrs. Saville sat thinking in her chair and stroking Prince, a note was brought for Miss Desmond. Hope finished what she was playing, then, asking, "Will you allow me?" opened the missive.

"It is from Miss Dacre," she added, in a minute or two—"a most extraordinary epistle. She says she writes with your knowledge and approval. She asks me to leave you and live with her, and offers me one hundred pounds a year. Will you look at it?"

Mrs. Saville stretched out her hand, and, after reading the letter, deliberately returned it.

"How do you mean to reply?"

"Can you ask?" cried Hope—"unless, indeed, your knowledge of Miss Dacre's intention indicates a wish that I should leave you."

"No, it does not. I thought it right that you should have the option of refusing an advantageous offer. You would have more gaiety, a larger salary, an easier life, with Mary Dacre, than with a cantankerous old woman like myself."

"If I had the money I should be willing to pay a hundred a year to stay away from Miss Dacre," said Hope. "You are severe, and rather formidable, but I feel sure of your justice and loyalty, and the restfulness of life with you is infinitely preferable to the fevered gaiety of Miss Dacre's existence."

"I am glad you think so. Write to her at once."

Hope obeyed, and, after writing with deliberation for some minutes, gave the result to Mrs. Saville for perusal.

"Good," said that lady. "It is firm and courteous. Let it be posted at once. Now play me the march from 'Tannhauser.'"

When that was finished, Mrs. Saville said, "Come and sit down."

Hope obeyed. There was a short pause, and she went on: "As you have chosen to stay with me, my dear Miss Desmond, I shall increase your salary to what Miss Dacre offered."

"You are very good, Mrs. Saville, but I would rather you did not. I have quite enough for all I want. A year hence, when you have proved me, if we are still together and you like to offer it—But, oh, it is unwise to look ahead so far."

"I am not a very imaginative person," said Mrs. Saville, slowly, "but it strikes me you have a history, Miss Desmond."

"I suppose every one has," said Hope, smiling. "I too, have my little story; and some day, if you ever care to hear it, I will tell you—but not just yet."

"I suppose it centers round some love-affair, which you silly young people always think of the last importance."

"It does," said Hope, with grave feeling; "and I am sure the importance cannot be exaggerated. If men and women only allowed themselves to think what a sacred and solemn thing love and its usual ending marriage is, fewer unhappy ones would take place."

"Ah, with the vast majority love is an unknown quantity and an insignificant ingredient. Just think what human nature is, the conditions in which it lives, moves, and has its being: how is love as you exalted people accept it, to exist? There we shall never agree. Pray get me the Figaro."

Miss Dacre was reproachful, and even tearful, when Hope next saw her, but the "much desired one" was immovable.

"Is it not extraordinary," cried the disappointed heiress, "that George Lumley went off in that unaccountable way? There is some hidden baneful influence at work. It is always the same: as soon as we are growing confidential he flies off. It is a hideous thought, but it has occurred to me that he is secretly married to some dreadful woman. What do you think?"

"I think there is nothing more unlikely."

"Well, good-by. We return to London on Wednesday. Perhaps Richard Saville will be able to tell me something of George. Oh, I forget; we shall just miss him. Well, if you can find out anything you will be sure to write? You have treated me very badly; but I do not bear malice. You will find you have made a great mistake. So good-by."

Mrs. Saville seemed more cheerful

and in a better temper after Lord Castleton and his daughter left Paris, though the presence of her eldest son was always more or less a trial.

She endured an occasional visit from Lord Everton, who was quietly pertinacious in cultivating friendly relations with her.

He was the only member of the family who dared to mention her offending son, but he only ventured to do so when they were alone.

"I really believe you are softening Mrs. Saville's stony heart," he said one day as he met Hope coming from the galleries. "Not, I am sure, by fire and vinegar, but rather with the milk of human kindness. She allows me to mention Hugh, and just now endured hearing that I had a letter from him. He writes in good spirits. I believe the Vortigern will be home in August or September, and then we shall see what we shall see—oh, allow me," for Hope had dropped her sunshade and stooped to pick it up. "Getting quite too hot to stay here. I am off for Switzerland; and I hear Richard is going to cruise in somebody's yacht to the coast of Norway. He has scent of some buried treasures of Runic inscriptions, and heaven knows what else, near Skarstad. You had better get Mrs. Saville away, and yourself, too. You are looking pale and seedy—excuse a privileged old fellow. You have by best wishes, my dear girl—my very best. Accept a prophecy: I think we'll turn a corner before long."

And before Hope could ask the meaning of his enigmatical words he had raised his hat, bowed, and departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The little fishing village of Sainte-Croix, lying at the mouth of a valley or gorge which opens from the sea between high cliffs on the coast of Normandy, has of late been revealed to Parisians, especially artistic and literary Parisians. One giant of the latter order has even built himself a villa well up on the steep side of the valley. Artists encamp in the fisher cottages, turning the kitchens, with their carved oak dressers and settles, into living-rooms, and cooking in outhouses, or getting their food from a rambling hotel and restaurant lately instituted by joining several cottages together, with additions and improvements, where a few yards of level ground intervene between the sands and the cliff.

A straggling growth of fine beech-trees stretches down from a large wood which crowns the gradual ascent of the valley where it merges into the flat table-land above, well cultivated, and rich with fields of corn and clover. At the date of this story it was known to few, but, obscure though it was, Mrs. Saville chose it for a resting-place before she returned to London. It was a fine glowing August evening when, with Miss Desmond, her German courier, and her English maid, Mrs. Saville arrived and startled the sleepy little village into lively curiosity, as she drove through it in an old-fashioned travelling-carriage drawn by four scraggy post-horses, the whole equipage secured with some difficulty by the careful courier at the nearest railway-station. The dogs barked, the hens cackled, the ducks and geese flew out of the roadside pond with prodigious noise and flutterings, as the scarecrow team rattled down the hill to the shore of the rock-encircled bay along the edge of which the "Hotel de l'Europe" stretched its low, irregular front.

The landlord and one male and two female waiters were drawn up to receive the distinguished guests and usher them to their apartments.

"Madame has a fine view of the bay and cliffs. The sunsets are superb, nay, exquisite, in good weather; and it is generally good at Sainte-Croix. I do not remember having had the honor of receiving Madame before."

"I dare say not. You were not old enough to be the head of such an establishment when I was here last," returned Mrs. Saville, more graciously than she would have spoken to an Englishman.

"Impossible, madame!" cried the host, with polite incredulity. "When will Madame dine?"

"At 6. Meantime, we want tea; but my courier will see to the preparation. He understands it. Pray, is Madame d'Albeville at the chateau?"

"No, madame. Unfortunately, the second son of Madame is Marquise was wounded a week ago in a duel, and

she has gone to nurse him—at Grezoble, I think. Her arrival is quite uncertain."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear it." And she bowed dismissal to her polite host.

"This is a disappointment," said Mrs. Saville to Hope. "I quite counted on Madame d'Albeville's society. She is an agreeable, sensible woman, and rather pleasantly associated with my former visit to this little hamlet. Come, let us look at our rooms."

They were small, but more comfortable than the guests had anticipated. Hope was greatly pleased with the picturesque surroundings, and was anxious to survey the village.

"Then take Jessop with you for a ramble. I have letters to write, and do not feel inclined to move. Tell them to light a fire in the salon. I like a fire and open windows. The air is very fresh and deliciously salt, but I can quite bear a fire."

Hope willingly accepted the suggestion, and as soon as they had a cup of tea she set out with the prosaic lady's-maid, glad to enjoy some exercise after the long cramping journey by rail and road. It was indeed a primitive little place. A narrow stony road led between two irregular lines of detached cottages, each with a little garden, many of them overgrown with ivy and roses. Frequent steep paths between them led to huts perched on the hill-sides above them. Gradually the road climbed up clear of these surroundings to where on the higher ground the ruins of a mediaeval abbey peeped out from the shelter of the surrounding beech woods. Hope and her companion did not venture quite so far, but even from the height they had attained they looked out over the blue water of the Channel, now glittering and laughing in the strong light of the westerling sun.

"We must return now, Jessop," said Hope. "Mrs. Saville will have been a long time alone by the time we get back."

"She will indeed, miss; and what made Mrs. Saville come to this savage place is past my comprehension," returned the abigail, in an aggrieved tone. "There seems to be nothing but common people without shoes to their feet going about. I am sure Mrs. Saville would have got her health better at Ingfield, with the comforts and delectations as become her station around her."

"Perhaps so; but this is a sweet place. I think I could enjoy it intensely, if—if—" She paused, and her rich red lips parted in an unconscious smile.

"If your young gentleman was here, miss?" said Jessop, with a confidential smirk. Jessop had grown friendly and patronizing to her lady's young companion.

Hope laughed, and the yearning of her heart prompted her to reply, "Yes, that would make it a heavenly place, Jessop; but I must not allow myself to think of such joy."

"That's a pity, miss. So there is a young gentleman? Indeed, I'd be surprised if there was not. I hope he isn't far away, miss?"

"Yes, there is many a weary mile between us."

"That's bad, miss. Men are an inconstant lot; it's out of sight out of mind with most of them. I was engaged once myself, to a young gentleman in the grocery line, but he behaved most treacherous, and married a butcher's daughter. She was freckled and cross-eyed, but she had a tidy bit of money; and a man would marry the Witch of Endor for that."

"I dare dare say the Witch of Endor was a very attractive woman."

"Law, miss! an old witch?"

"Oh, no; a nice witch is never old."

Here this intellectual conversation was interrupted by the sound of approaching wheels, and the pound, pound, pound, crunch, crunch, of a patient, heavy-footed horse toiling slowly up-hill.

(To be continued.)

A Doubtful Compliment.

"Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy.

The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked blandly:

"Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy."

"Be sure to get the same kind," said the boy. "A lot of pa's relations is visiting at our house and ma doesn't want 'em to come again."—Tit-Bits.

Why She Hates Him.

Bessie—There goes that Mr. Primple. How I do hate the man!

Kitty—The idea! Not a single word has ever passed between you and him. Bessie—But you should have seen the way that he and Bertha Twittle went on at the reception last night. I never did like Bertha.

Favorites.

"What are you going to put in there?" asked his wife.

"Peas, dear," replied the man with the trowel. "Say, if you're going into the house bring out a can with you. You know—the kind we had for dinner yesterday."

Maraschino Cherries.

Weigh the stemmed cherries, after removing the stones. To every two pounds of fruit make a sirup of a pound of sugar and a half-gill of water. Heat to boiling, stirring to prevent burning, and pour over the cherries while warm, but not hot. Stand for an hour, then put over the fire and heat very slowly. Boil for just five minutes, take out the cherries with a skimmer, and lay on platters, allowing the sirup to boil for twenty minutes more. To every five pounds of fruit allow a pint of maraschino, and add this to the sirup just before taking from the fire. Put the cherries in jars, fill to overflowing with the maraschino sirup and seal.

Fruit Cookies.

Cream one-half a cup of butter with one cup of sugar, beat two eggs very light and add them, then stir in four tablespoonfuls of sour milk into which has been beaten one-half a teaspoonful of baking soda. Mix together a cup of chopped raisins and one of chopped nuts, flour them and stir them into the batter with one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves and one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Fold in quickly two cups of flour and drop the mixture by spoonfuls on greased paper. Bake in a good oven.

A Novel Cranberry Pie.

Take a good-sized cupful of cranberries, cut them in two and put them in cold water to draw out the seeds. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with a cupful of sugar, and then add slowly a scant cupful of boiling water and half a cupful of raisins stoned and cut in two. Lift the cranberries out of the cold water, which should be thrown away, and mix them with the other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Sometimes a teaspoonful of vanilla is added.

Renewing an Old Ice Box.

Scrub the zinc in your ice box and enamel it white, giving it a priming of ordinary white paint first. Then give the outside a coat of stain and varnish in any color you like. The material may be bought all prepared for about 20 cents at any paint store. I have a friend whose husband is in the ice-box business, and he says a housekeeper would do well to buy an ice box without any enamel and enamel it herself. It comes a few dollars cheaper.

Plum Pudding.

A plum pudding that is not overrich wants a cupful of chopped suet, a cupful of sour milk, a cupful of molasses, a cupful each of raisins and figs, minced fine, three cupfuls and a half of flour, two eggs, a teaspoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, a grated nutmeg, a little salt and a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Fill a mold two-thirds full with the mixture and steam three hours.

Shrimp and Tomato Salad.

Put boiled shrimps on ice until very cold. Strip the skin from large ripe tomatoes and scoop out the insides. Set these also in the ice to get chilled. Fill the hollowed tomatoes with the shrimps, set each tomato on a leaf of lettuce and pour mayonnaise dressing over all.

Macaroni and Mushrooms.

Break the contents of a small box of macaroni into pieces and boil until soft. Have ready a cup of stewed mushrooms and a cup of grated cheese. Put macaroni, cheese and mushrooms in layers in a buttered baking dish and bake until brown.

Breaded Sardines.

Drain the oil from large sardines and dip in cracker dust. Bake in good oven to a delicate brown, and transfer to strips of crustless toast. Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on each sardine and serve, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

Ronlettes.

Cut beef into strips, the same as for beef olives. Cover each strip thickly with chopped red pepper; roll and finish precisely the same as beef olives. Remove the strings, dish and serve with them macaroni with tomato sauce.

Peanut Sandwiches.

Cut white bread into very thin slices and remove all the crusts. Spread with peanut butter, and put the slices together in sandwich style. Cut the sandwiches into triangles or into rounds with a biscuit cutter.

Household Hints.

To revive a dying fire scatter on the embers a spoonful or two of granulated sugar.

Radiators will not be so conspicuous if enameled in a color to match the wall paper.

When rubbers look old, apply a coating of patent-leather shoe polish and they will be like new.

Finger-marks on doors can be removed with a rag dipped in paraffin. Afterward wash the door with a little hot water, and the smell will soon go.

To cut hard jelly squares, use a perfectly clean pair of scissors dipped in cold water. Thus one can cut small



"Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis to-day?" "Naw; I'm tired of these organ recitals."

Bess—That's a quaint ring you are wearing. Is it an heirloom? Tess—Well, it dates from the Conquest.

"The world wipes its feet on me," said the doorman. "And every man's hand is against me," said the push-button.

She—You've seen Charley's wife. Would you call her pretty? He—I might if I were talking to Charley.

"If you had to choose between me and a million dollars which would you take?" "I'd take the million; after that you'd be easy."

"Nice car." "Yes." "Is it the latest thing in cars?" "I guess so; it has never gotten me anywhere on time yet."—Houston Post.

Church—Ever make any money on a Wall Street tip? Gotham—Yes; a fellow told me to keep away from there.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—He has a most extraordinary figure, hasn't he? He—That's so. I believe an umbrella is about the only thing he can buy ready-made!

"They say his wife was the inspiration of some of his best plays." "Yes, he produced them before he was married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Visiting Relative—How aristocratic your father looks with all that gray hair. Naughty Son—Yes, and he's got me to thank for it, too!—Puck.

She—Confess, now, that you would like to see women voters at the polls. He—I should, indeed! Either of 'em, North or South.—Illustrated Bits.

Patrice—You say she is a clever writer? Patience—Very. Why, I've known her to use a fountain pen without getting ink all over her fingers!

"What do you think of a man with a rip in his coat and only three buttons on his vest?" "He should either get married or divorced."—Boston Transcript.

Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mott—No; that is because the other half are doing them.—Boston Transcript.

Missionary (a little nervously)—I do hope that we shall agree. Cannibal King—Oh, I don't think there is any doubt about that! My digestion is excellent.—Illustrated Bits.

Wiggs—At the first night of Scribner's new play I understand there was a big house. Wagg—Yes, but most of the audience left early to avoid the rush.—Philadelphia Record.

Football Coach (after the game)—Boys, are you all here? Quarterback—I'm not; I left an ear and part of a finger somewhere near the twenty-five yard line.—Chicago Tribune.

The Highwayman—Hands up! Give us your money, or I'll blow your brains out! The Victim—Blow away! You can live here without brains, but not without money.—The Sketch.

"I've often marveled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your—" "If it's more than five dollars, old man, I can't do a thing for you. I'm nearly broke myself."

Mr. Struckoff—That there sculptor feller says he's goin' to make a bust of me. Mrs. Struckoff—Henry, it's dreadful the way you talk. Say "burst," not "bust."—Philadelphia Record.

She—How far can your ancestry be traced? He—Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a county bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away.—Pittsburg Observer.

Hiram Hutchins—Hope your boy Eph ain't on one of them college football teams? Abijah Perkins—Not much; Eph got ketched under a steam roller once an' he knows how it feels.—Boston Herald.

Mrs. A. (maliciously)—You were such a charming debutante, my dear, fifteen years ago. Mrs. B.—Was I? I only remember you made such a lovely chaperon for me when I came out.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Pyne—Mrs. Blank certainly possesses tact? Mrs. Hyne—What is your definition of tact? Mrs. Pyne—Tact is a woman's ability to make her husband believe he is having his own way.—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Is he what you would call a first-class newspaper man?" "I should say so. When the 'end-of-the-world' scare was at its height, he had two editorials written—one to publish if it did come off, the other if it didn't."—Puck.

"That widow is a good manager, isn't she?" "Manager? I should say so. She got that house of hers practically fixed up like new for nothing." "How did she manage it?" "She was engaged to the carpenter till all the woodwork was finished, and then she broke it off and married the plumber."—Baltimore American.