

# 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 XXI.—(Continued.)

"I am dying to read my letters," cried Mrs. Saville. "Here is a thick one from Mr. Rawson." She opened it, and then, growing rather white, exclaimed, "Why, it encloses one from Hugh!" This she read eagerly, and then reperused it.

"Ah, if I could believe he cares for me!" she said, at length. "The letter is like himself, tender yet obstinate. He will be here nearly as soon as this," she went on, her small, thin fingers closing tightly on the paper. "He implores me to let him see his mother's face once more—the mother he has been so near losing. Rawson has evidently told him of my illness. He confesses I had a right to be angry, but reiterates his conviction that he has done well and wisely in securing the sweetest wife man could have."

"You will see him, dear Mrs. Saville?" cried Hope, with white, parched lips. "You are so good as to think I was of use to you; if you would amply repay me, see your son—let him plead for his wife. They are married, you cannot separate them, and if she is a true woman it will break her heart to know she has parted mother and son. It is in your power to confer such happiness."

"I will receive my son. As to his wife, I cannot say what I shall do. I gave Rawson directions to have her watched; it was a shabby thing to do, but I did it. He has had her closely shadowed, but she has been absolutely well conducted. Still, if it is in my power to confer much happiness, it was in hers to create much misery, and she did it! Why, Hope, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Hope fell back in her chair so deadly white and motionless that Mrs. Saville was terror-struck. She rang violently, and, rushing to the fainting girl, began to rub her cold hands.

"Bring water, wine! send Jessop! call the doctor!" she cried, in great agitation, to the astonished butler, who had never before seen his imperious mistress so moved.

"The doctor has just driven off, 'm; but I will send Jessop."

Soon the lady's-maid, the butler, and the housekeeper were trying to bring Miss Desmond back to life. When she did open her eyes they sought Mrs. Saville's; she smiled and feebly put out her hand.

"Now she must go to bed," said Mrs. Saville, holding the offered hand in both her own. "She had better be carried up-stairs."

"I can walk quite well; at least in a few minutes," murmured Hope, "if Jessop will help me."

Thus Hope was relegated to her own room, where Mrs. Saville insisted she must remain all the next day. Wonderful to relate, that lady spent most of it at her bedside, reading or knitting. Neither spoke much, yet they had a certain comfort in the companionship. Miss Rawson called, and was admitted during Mrs. Saville's absence, when she went for a short airing, which she considered essential for her own health.

To her Hope explained that she must for the present refuse her hospitable invitation. Then they talked long and confidentially, and Miss Rawson took charge of a couple of letters when she bade her young friend good-by.

It was now established that Miss Desmond was not to appear till luncheon-time, Mrs. Saville being content to read the papers herself. The doctor was not quite satisfied; his young patient did not recover strength or tone; she was depressed and nervous, averse from food, sleepless. Some complete change to a bracing place might be necessary. Mrs. Saville, who was deeply concerned, went eagerly into the question of localities, but Hope implored, almost piteously, not to be sent away.

It was the end of September, and London was at its emptiest; Mrs. Saville was therefore spared the visits and kind inquiries of her kinsfolk and acquaintance. She was ill at ease from anxiety concerning Hope. All that was kindly and grateful in her strong nature had been drawn forth by the desolate orphan girl who had the spirit to withstand her hitherto unresisted tyranny, and the perception to appeal to the better self which lay beneath it.

So Mrs. Saville sat by herself, thinking deeply of her past, her present, and the possible future, one warm, rainy morning. "Horrid weather for

that I should make the desperate attempt. I was therefore introduced to you by two of my names—Hope Desmond. I was called Katherine Hope Desmond after my mother, who was Uncle Desmond's only sister. How I had the courage to brave such an experiment I cannot now understand, for my heart"—she pressed her hands against her bosom, and, disengaging herself, made a step nearer her mother-in-law—"seems to flutter and fall me. But the desire to retrieve the wrong I had wrought sustained me. I did not tell Hugh what I had undertaken until I had been some weeks with you. He was much alarmed, and begged me not to risk too much—to leave as soon as I could, if the strain was too great; but he did not forbid me to stay. So I stayed. How dreadful the beginning was! Yet, though you were cold and stern, I could bear it, for you are too strong to be suspicious, or petty, or narrow, and I dared not let myself fear you; and then—I grew to know you had a heart. That is what makes this moment so terrible; I fear your disapproval more than your displeasure. Now, can you, will you, forgive me?"

Mrs. Saville was silent; her brows were knit, her eyes downcast; yet Hope dared to take the fine small hand which lay on the arm of the chair. Mrs. Saville did not draw it away. The lookers-on held their breath. Then she drew Hope's to her, and gently stroked it. "I think," she said, slowly, "that you are the only creature that ever understood me. I forgive your husband, and accept you—not because his disobedience is pardonable, but because, when I came back from the jaws of death, the first sight that met my eyes were your tears of joy at my recovery. Yet, had I died intestate, you and your husband would have been far better off than you will be; and you knew it. You are the first that has ever given me what gold cannot buy."

"Mother," cried Hugh Saville, in a tone of wounded feeling, "I always loved you as much as you would let me."

"Perhaps you did. I believe you did," said his mother.

Hope had sunk on her knees, and kissed the hands which held hers, then her head fell forward, and Hugh sprang forward to lift her.

"She is quite overcome," he exclaimed, almost indignantly. "She is but a ghost of her former self. And he placed her in an easy-chair, where she lay with closed eyes.

"Happiness will be a rapid restorative," said Mrs. Saville, kindly. "Now, what punishment is to be dealt out to you, traitor that you are?" she continued, turning to Mr. Rawson. "To enter into a conspiracy against your trusting client! Shall I degrade you from the high office of my chief adviser? I must hold a council, and the council-board shall be my dinner-table. Bring your daughter to dinner this evening, and we shall settle many matters. And, Hope, if you feel equal to the task, write to Richard, inviting him to dinner to meet his new sister-in-law."

"Very few fellows have so good a right to be proud of a wife as I have," cried Hugh, exultingly. "Our old naval stories of desperate cutting-out exploits are poor compared to the enduring courage that upheld Kate, as I always call her, through the long strain of her bold undertaking."

"She has enlightened me, at all events," said Mrs. Saville. "Now go away to the drawing-room and have your talk out. The doctor insists that a complete change is necessary for Hope's recovery; so take your wife away to-morrow for your long-delayed honeymoon. But, remember, whenever you are pursuing your profession on the high seas, I claim the companionship of Mr. Rawson's pleasant protégée."

"Dear Mrs. Saville, I will be your loving daughter so long as you care to have me near you," cried Hope; and, no longer hesitating, she folded her formidable mother-in-law in her arms. (The end.)

What Troubled Him. Willie—Say, mother, will it hurt to have this tooth out? Mrs. Silmsom—Naturally; but it will be so sudden that you won't have time to think—just a quick turn, and it will be all over.

Willie—Um—that's all that could happen to me if I had my head pulled off.—Life.

Getting Wise. "I want to be well informed," said the ambitious girl. "I want to know what's going on." "Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I would suggest that you get one of those telephones that will put you on a line with five or six other subscribers."—Exchange.

A Strong Attachment. Jinks—I called on your friend, Miss Sweetlips, last night and could hardly tear myself away.

Miss Charming—Was she so delightful as that? Jinks—Oh, it wasn't she I had to tear myself away from; it was the big dog.—Illustrated Bits.

CHAPTER XXII. Hugh Saville sprang forward, exclaiming, "My own love; my own darling wife!" and folded her in a rapturous embrace, kissing her hair, her eyes, her lips, forgetful of everything else.

Mrs. Saville again rose from her chair, and stood petrified. At last Hope disentangled herself from her husband's arms, and, crossing to where her mother-in-law stood, said, brokenly, "Can you forgive me the deceit I have practiced? Can you have patience to hear my explanation?"

"I am bewildered," cried Mrs. Saville, looking from one to the other. "Is Hope Desmond your wife, Hugh?"

"She is! Can you forgive me now?" said Hugh, advancing to support Hope's trembling form by passing his arm around her.

"It is incredible! How did you come to impose upon me in this way?"

"I will tell you all," Hope began, when she was interrupted by a message which the butler brought from Mr. Rawson requesting to be admitted.

"Show him up; he is a party to the fraud," said Mrs. Saville, sternly.

Hugh drew his wife closer to him as Mr. Rawson entered looking radiant.

"I trust you do not consider me an intruder," he said.

"You come just when you are wanted. I feel my brain turning," returned Mrs. Saville.

"If you will listen," urged Hope, with clasped hands.

"Yes, pray hear Mrs. Hugh Saville," said Mr. Rawson.

Mrs. Saville turned a startled look upon him, and Hope went on: "When I came to this good friend, who offered me the shelter of his house so soon as he found I was the niece of his old rector, I was in despair. I began to realize the mistake, the disobedience, that Hugh had been guilty of. I had yielded too readily to the temptation of spending my life with him. I felt that I was the cause of his troubles, and I was overwhelmed. I wished that I could die; anything to be no longer a burden and an obstacle. Then I heard Mr. Rawson speak of finding a companion for Mrs. Saville, and the thought came to me of being that companion, and perhaps winning her affection for myself and restoration for Hugh." A sudden sob interrupted her, then, with an effort, she went on: "Mr. Rawson was startled at the idea, but his daughter at once took it up, and, after some discussion, it was agreed

## WEAR ANCIENT GREEKS' GARB.



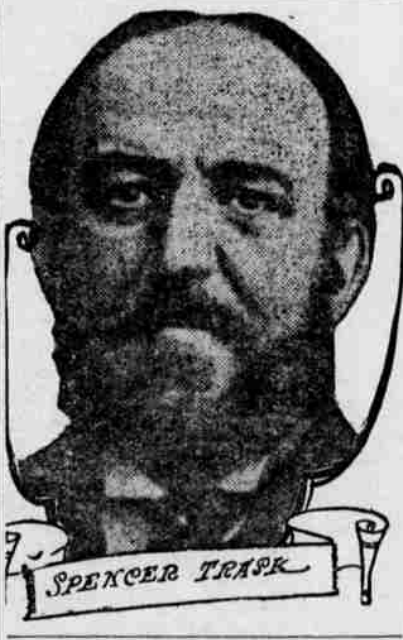
RAYMOND DUNCAN, WIFE AND CHILD.

Serene in the firm belief that they have solved the problem of right living, Raymond Duncan, brother of Isadora Duncan, the famous bare-legged "artistic" dancer, his wife and young son, who came back to America after nine years spent in Greece, walked about the central streets of Philadelphia unmindful alike of the stares their strange costumes attracted and of the almost zero weather. The tunic and toga of the Athenian era formed the dress of the trio. All wore the sandals of the ancients. Vague and fleeting references to "model systems" and "harmonies" and "rhythm" were made by Duncan as he strolled. "I do not believe in what you understand as marriage," he remarked once, "but the true rhythmic union of a man and a woman is always conducive to better work. All true marriages should contain rhythmic harmonies. If discord appears no divorce is necessary. Simply separate."

## PATRON OF ART.

### Tragic Death of Spencer Trask Ends a Noble and Generous Life.

The death of Spencer Trask, the new York banker, who was killed in a collision between the Montreal Express and a freight train at Croton-on-Hudson, was the culmination of a series of misfortunes. Last June he was in-



SPENCER TRASK

jured in an automobile accident at Boston and lost the sight of one eye. A short time before that death took away his only children—two daughters. For years his wife has been an invalid and it was largely on her account that he made his home at Saratoga. His age was 66.

Mr. Trask was a native of the metropolis and had been in the banking business since 1869. He was the first financier to recognize the commercial value of electricity as applied to transportation and it was to him that Thomas Edison applied when struggling for recognition. Once the connection was formed the inventor and the banker became partners in many other enterprises. Mr. Trask assisted in establishing the Edison business in New York and Brooklyn, and he was also interested in the Edison illuminating business throughout the country.

Mr. Trask was well known as an art connoisseur and his home in Saratoga contained many art treasures. His estate, Yaddo, is considered one of the most beautiful in the country. Upon its site once stood the famous Dutch roadhouse of Meinherh Barhydt, a resort near Saratoga Springs favored by the presence of Presidents,

Daniel Webster, Edgar Allan Poe and other celebrities.

Mr. Trask was very generous and in memory of one of his dead children founded and practically supported St. Christina School for Girls at Saratoga. He spent thousands of dollars in philanthropic work in Saratoga yearly. It was his intention, had he lived, to make Saratoga the Carlsbad of America.

In 1874 Mr. Trask married Miss Kate Nichols, who is well known to literary fame by her poems, plays and other writings. She is the author of a poetic drama, King Alfred's Jewel, and of a nativity play, The Little Town of Bethlehem. Although a physical sufferer, she is vigorous mentally, and retains much of the beauty of her girlhood. Mrs. Trask is deeply interested in philanthropic movements and has been an earnest sympathizer with her husband in his patronage of art.

## TAPA CLOTH.

### Attire of the Native Hawaiians Before Civilization Arrived.

The "paper mulberry" tree (*Broussonetia papyrifera*) is the source of the famous "tapa cloth" of the Polynesian islands. This is a natural tissue and is derived from the inner bark and after being torn off in strips is scraped with shells and beaten with a mallet until it resembles a soft, flexible paper. The individual strips are united by overlapping the edges and beating the fibers together until large pieces of the tissue are formed.

It is said that before Hawaii was swept with the wave of civilization men and women were dressed in this natural bark cloth "tapa" or "kapa." The dress of the women consists of the "pa-u," or wrapper, composed of five thicknesses of tapa, about four yards in length by three in width, passed several times around the waist and extending below the knee. The dress of the men was the "malo," or girdle, about a foot in width and several yards long. A "kikel," or mantle, six feet square, was sometimes worn by both sexes. In former years these natural cloths were sometimes bleached to snowy whiteness or were dyed in colors and even printed or ornamented usually in checks or squares.—Exchange.

## He Was.

"Owen Flannagan! Are you Owen Flannagan?" said the clerk of the court.

"Yes, begorra," replied the prisoner, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I'm owin' everybody!"—London Mail.