

What Gold Cannot Buy

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Will," "Boston's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Saville had stayed unusually long in town, and, at the moment chosen to open this story, was sitting at the writing-table in her private room, a richly-furnished and luxurious apartment with yellow brocade curtains and stained-glass windows. She was a small, slight woman, with regular, delicate features, quick, dark eyes, and hair nearly white, combed back and surrounded by a tiny cap of exquisite lace with a tuft of scarlet velvet ribbon. The small thin hand which held her pen was loaded with rings that flashed and glittered even in the subdued sunshine, while the other gently caressed the head of a small, silky, pearl-colored dog which lay on a chair beside her.

She was speaking with a fair, large lady about her own age, who occupied an arm chair at the other side of the table, and who was rather gorgeously attired in out-door dress.

"I am sure I interrupt you. You are always so busy," said the latter, with a comfortable smile, but showing no inclination to move.

"I do not mind being interrupted this morning," returned Mrs. Saville, not too graciously; "my eyes are very tiresome. They smart so when I read or write for any time. I really must get an amanuensis."

"Is it possible? I should never suspect your eyes of being weak. They seem strong enough and sharp enough to see through anything."

"Thank you; they have served my purpose well enough."

"When do you leave town?"

"I am not quite sure. I do not care to go until Hugh returns. He ought to be here now. This is about trouble with Russia may bring him his appointment to a ship any day, and he ought to be on the spot. He has been ashore now for nearly a year."

"I wonder he chooses the navy," said the visitor. "I should think the army must be much the most agreeable profession."

"My dear Lady Olivia! who can account for a young man's vagaries? My son is positively enthusiastic about his profession. He is very scientific, you know, and will, I have no doubt, rise to great eminence."

"Oh, I dare say he is very clever, but he is not a bit like other young men. I confess I do not understand him."

"No," returned Mrs. Saville, with much composure, "I don't suppose you do."

"Not clever enough myself, eh?" said Lady Olivia, with a good-humored smile. "Where is this bright particular star of yours just now?"

"When he last wrote he was still at Nice. He has stayed on there too long, I think. I trust and hope he does not visit Monte Carlo too often; I am not much obliged to Lord Everton for introducing Hugh to his gambling friends there."

"I don't fancy poor Everton's friends are generally what would be considered eligible acquaintances for the young and inexperienced, especially when they have pretty daughters who sing like angels—or prima donnas," she added, with a comfortable laugh.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Saville, with a flash of anger in her keen black eyes. "Hugh is quite indifferent to all that nonsense."

"Is he? What an unnatural monster!" said Lady Olivia, rising. "I wish I could say the same of my George! However, he has taken to admire married women lately—which is a great relief."

Mrs. Saville also stood up, and rang the bell. "Where is Everton just now? I want him so much to write to his cousin, Captain Brydges, on Hugh's behalf. I don't understand how it was he did not do so before on his own account."

"Oh, nobody knows where Everton is to be found. He is coming to us in September at Heronbyke."

"Lady Olivia Lumley's carriage," said Mrs. Saville to the man who answered the bell.

"Good morning, then, dear Elizabeth. Don't try your eyes too much. Shall we meet you at the Montgomery's to-night?"

"No; I am really sick of society." "My dear, you must be seriously ill!" cried Lady Olivia, with another good-humored but rather silly laugh, and the sisters-in-law shook hands, and parted.

Mrs. Saville picked up her little dog and took a turn up and down the room with it under her left arm, a look of extreme annoyance quivering in her eyes. "What a fool that woman is! she murmured to herself; 'not even a

well-bred fool! and to look at her, who would imagine she was the daughter of one earl, the sister of another? yet there she is, started by the mere accident of birth in a position which cost me all my fortune, my aristocratic marriage, my brains, to achieve. Still, I do not complain; had these class distinctions not existed, there would have been nothing to strive for, nothing to attain. Still, Lady Olivia is a fool; you are a wiseacre to her, my precious Prince," she continued, patting the dog's head; "you are a natural aristocrat; so is Hugh, though he has some abominably radical ideas."

Here the footman opened the door, and said, deferentially, "If you please, Mr. Rawson would like to see you."

"Yes, certainly. Show him up."

In a few minutes the door again opened, to admit a gentleman, a short, stout, well-dressed man, slightly breathless, and apparently well braced up in his admirably-fitting clothes. His hair and complexion were of that neutral tint which is termed "pepper and salt," his eyes light gray and twinkling with a perception of the ridiculous, and his air, though it was politely respectful, showed a certain assured familiarity indicative of a confidential position.

"Well, Mr. Rawson," said Mrs. Saville, resuming her seat and placing her small favorite on the chair beside her, "what has brought you here to-day?"

Her tone was considerably more amiable than it had been to her previous visitor.

"What will, I hope, give you satisfaction. I fancy we will succeed in getting that piece of the Everton property you have been so anxious to purchase, for your price, and it will be a decided bargain. I am to see the vendor's solicitor finally on Thursday, when I fancy he will come in to our terms."

"I am very pleased, Mr. Rawson, very pleased indeed. I must say, you always manage my business most satisfactorily. But you say several farms on the property are unlet. Now, I want my money to bring me in a decent percentage. What do you propose doing with the land?" Whereupon solicitor and client plunged into an animated discussion, in which Mrs. Saville proved herself to be a shrewd woman of business.

"Well, Mr. Rawson," she said, after a short pause, "respecting a smaller matter, yet not an unimportant one. Have you made any inquiries about an amanuensis or companion for me?"

"I hardly thought you were serious in the wish you expressed—"

"I am, exceedingly serious," she interrupted. "My maid, who has just left me, was really a very superior person, and could read aloud very well; now I have a totally different woman. I must have some one who is fairly educated, who can write, and keep accounts, and read French—I like French novels; she must be fit to associate with, yet ready to leave me to myself at a nod; I cannot be hampered with any one whose feelings I have to consider. She must have pleasant manners and a sweet voice, and look fit to be seen at luncheon and when she comes out with me."

"My dear madam, you have indeed set me a task! You must give me some time to find out such a treasure."

"I cannot give you much time. You must find her as soon as you possibly can. Advertise in all the papers; heaps of young women will apply; pick out one or two, but on no account let me be worried with an indiscriminate string of candidates; I know I shall be disgusted with them. I will not ask any of my acquaintances; they always recommend the most unsuitable people and are offended if you do not take their proteges. Then they bore you with pitiful stories. No, my dear Mr. Rawson, let it be a purely business matter."

"I shall do my best. Suppose I try an advertisement in a provincial paper—"

"Do what you like; only remember I must have a presentable, well-educated, well-mannered young woman—young, mind, who will save me trouble, not give me any."

"The labors of Hercules were a trifle to this," sighed Mr. Rawson.

"Oh, you will do it as cleverly as you do everything. Now, tell me, have you heard anything of my son lately?"

"Of which, may I ask?—Mr. Saville?"

"No; of Hugh."

"Well, no, not for a week. He was at Nice, I think."

"I know that, and it makes me very uneasy. Why does he stay there? It is not the season."

"Are you afraid of Monte Carlo? I don't think you need be. Mr. Hugh Saville never was inclined to gamble."

"I am afraid of something much worse—a designing woman."

"Indeed!" And Mr. Rawson glanced curiously at her.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Saville, stroking the little dog's head thoughtfully. "When he was abroad some time ago he made the acquaintance of a horrid old gambling, disreputable friend of Lord Everton's. This man has a daughter, and I heard accidentally that Hugh was a great deal with her. When

my son returned I warned him against such penniless adventurers. He laughed in an odd, bitter way, and said, 'Don't trouble yourself, my dear mother; Miss Hilton would not look at me.' I at once saw some deep scheme in this; don't you?"

"Well, I can't possibly say; there are so many sides to human nature—feminine human nature especially. The young lady must be rather peculiar if she would not look at Mr. Hugh Saville. I should say he was rather a pleasant object."

"I know you are fond of Hugh, Mr. Rawson; your regard for him strengthens the old ties that your excellent services has created."

"Humph!" said Rawson to himself, "does she think I am her footman?" "Yes," he observed, "your son was a true friend to my poor wild lad. It's owing to him that he is what he is now, and has a chance of a respectable life."

"I am very glad he was of use to your son," returned Mrs. Saville, with an air of infinite superiority. "But, Mr. Rawson, do you not think Hugh's answer evasive?"

"Mr. Hugh Saville is never evasive. He may have been a little huffed with the young lady."

"Then she was on the track of some other prey," said Mrs. Saville, scornfully. "I have an admirable match for Hugh, desirable in every way; so, when I found he had wandered back to Nice and was lingering there, I felt not a little uneasy."

"Did you say the young lady's name is Hilton?" asked Rawson, suddenly.

"Yes; her father is, or calls himself, Captain Hilton."

"Then I don't think you need distress yourself. I saw the death of a Captain Hilton about a fortnight ago in a newspaper. He died somewhere in France, but not at Nice. I noticed the name because—oh, because I have heard Lord Everton speak of him."

"How can you tell if it be the same?" Mrs. Saville was beginning, with great animation, when the butler appeared, carrying on a salver a large envelope bearing the inscription "On Her Majesty's Service" and addressed to Lieutenant Hugh Saville.

"This is some appointment for my son," cried Mrs. Saville. "I knew it would come in this unexpected way. Is it not maddening that he should be absent?" As she spoke, she tore the letter open and glanced at it, and exclaiming, "Yes, as I thought!" handed it to her confidential adviser. He took it, and read as follows:

"Admiralty, Whitehall, July 20.

"Sir—I have the honor to inform you that you are appointed to H. M. S. Vortigern, Flag-ship of Admiral Wardlaw, on the West Indian Station.

"You will proceed by the Mail leaving Southampton on the 26th instant for Port Royal, Jamaica.

"If H. M. S. Vortigern has left, you will report yourself to the Senior Naval Officer, from whom you will get directions where to join your ship.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT BROWN,
"Secretary to the Admiralty."

"To Lieutenant Hugh Saville,
"Stafford, Square, S. W."

"There, that is just the opening Hugh has wished for—Lieutenant of the flag-ship on the West Indian Station. Why, if this threatened rupture with Russia comes to anything, the West Indian squadron would most probably be ordered to the Black Sea—nothing is more probable; then he might have a chance of distinguishing himself. I want to see my son an admiral! How infinitely provoking that he should be absent!"

"You must telegraph to him without a moment's loss of time," said Mr. Rawson. "If he starts to-morrow, or to-night, why, he'll be here in thirty-six hours. Very little time need be lost. Shall I wire for you?"

"Oh, yes, please; and reply to this, too. Let them know he is coming."

"Well, there is little danger of your son being caught now, Mrs. Saville. If Venus herself had her hand on him he must break away, when such a summons may mean fighting. Good morning. Leave the telegraph to me, and accept my best congratulations." Mr. Rawson bowed himself out.

Mrs. Saville mechanically rose and rang the bell. Then she stood in thought for a minute, and rang again.

This time the butler presented himself.

"Atkins," said his mistress, "I expect Mr. Hugh on Wednesday or Thursday. He will only stay to collect his luggage, and goes on to join the ship to which he has just been appointed. I want you to look out his chest and all his things. Let me know whatever you can see is wanting, and order the carriage immediately after lunch. Send Jessop to me. I really think I might as well go to the Montgomery's this evening," she thought.

"I feel so relieved."
(To be continued.)

Asking Too Much.
Jenks (ringing up the theater gets the wrong number)—Can you let me have a box for four to-night?

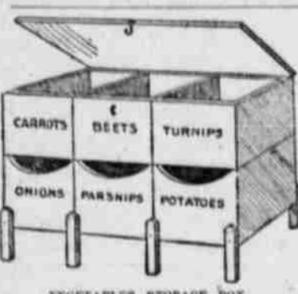
Bones (the undertaker)—I'm afraid not, sir. I only make 'em to hold one.
—Tit-Bits.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Neat Storage Box for Vegetables.

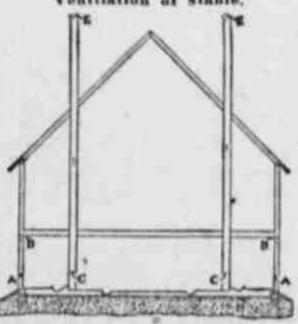
Instead of keeping the vegetables in barrels or boxes scattered all over the cellar, I have made a set of storage bins. I took six drygoods boxes and bolted them together as shown in the drawing. I put legs on them to hold them off the floor and a cover on the box. Then I painted on the boxes the names of the vegetables we generally store. This makes a neat and handy storage bin, and is well worth the little time it takes to make it. Before we had this bin we stored the different vegetables in barrels, boxes, wash-tubs, lard cans, or any receptacle that happened to be at hand when we harvest-



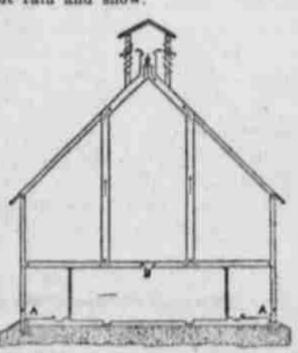
VEGETABLES STORAGE BOX.

ed the crop. These were scattered about the cellar promiscuously, and sometimes we knew where to find what we wanted and sometimes we did not. There is nothing more satisfying to a farmer's wife than to be able to take a friend into a cellar where everything is neat and in order.—A. O. Griner in Farm and Home.

Ventilation of Stable.



Here's a good method of ventilating an ordinary stable. Intake flues are constructed in the side walls. The ventilation flues will take up considerable space but are more efficient than a single flue. Openings are at or near the floor level and the tops several feet above the ridge of the roof. Caps or cowls may be placed over them to keep out rain and snow.



Another arrangement of flues which is quite effective in securing ventilation. The opening in the center of B may be provided with a shutter to prevent too rapid movement of air. Separate outlets may be provided or the single cupola as shown.

To Make the Hens Lay.

If the hens don't lay, turn them out and let them dig and hunt in the ground for food, is the advice of T. F. McGrew, in the Country Gentleman. Bury small grain where they will find it when they dig. This will induce them to hunt, and while thus employed they will find bugs and worms that will quicken the production of eggs. It is well to follow this plan as soon as the spade will turn the ground, for it adds vigor and strength to the hens and insures strong, healthy chicks. The lazy, idle hen is of no use but to sit about, eat and grow fat. If she will not lay, she will not lay. If she will not lay, her life should end, and her fat carcass grace the table. You can rest assured that the indolent hen is a nonproducer; soon she becomes too fat to lay and too tough to be eaten.

Raising Chickens.

The greatest drawback to the chicken business is that there is not a day's let-up in the steady routine of work from the time an egg is piped until

the ax closes the hen's history. It is natural after the pullets are feathered out and weaned and the roosters separated from them to let up a little in the care bestowed on them. This is a great mistake if winter eggs are expected. If there is one thing more than another that the average poultryman is liable to err in it is lack of fresh air in the coops at night. Slip out some hot night about 11 o'clock and you will perhaps hear the thump, thump of restless chickens crowding around against each other, fighting in vain for a cool, airy spot to sleep in comfort. Or in the morning take a whiff of the fetid, unwholesome air before letting the chickens out, and you will realize that night spent under such conditions must prevent the steady, healthy growth necessary for best results. This condition of affairs is liable to be worse with incubator chickens, because they are raised in larger flocks and the tendency is to crowd them more after taking them from the brooders.

When Hens Are Moulting.

One of the difficulties in poultry raising is to get the hens to molt early, so that they will be ready to lay in the fall and winter, when eggs are high. Left to themselves, hens will take a long time to molt, and will not finish until cold weather sets in. They will not then lay until early spring and all the profits for the winter months are lost. At the poultry institute held in Denver by the Colorado Agricultural College, W. J. R. Wilson, a poultry man of long experience, gave his method of controlling the molting of hens. As soon as the hens are through laying he turns them on alfalfa, feeding them dry bran only, in addition. Under this treatment they get thin. Then he feeds them a mixed ration of grains and meat, giving a light feed in the morning and all they will eat at noon and night. Under this treatment they finish molting quickly, get new feathers and begin laying in September. By October 1 they are in full laying condition and make a profit through the fall and winter.

Alfalfa for the Dairy.

Successful dairy farming depends a great deal on growing the necessary feed on the farm. City milkmen can buy high-priced feeds and make a profit, but farmers who ship longer distances require all the advantage they can get. Alfalfa is getting to be one of the most important dairy feeds. It can be grown in almost any part of the country where there is sufficient moisture within reach of the long tap root, provided that there is no rock to interfere with its growth. If you never tried alfalfa, commence now by fitting a small piece of ground very carefully and make it very rich on top. The new plants are delicate and require careful feeding until they get started. Most failures are caused by insufficient preparation of the seed bed.

Right Time to Pick Apples.

Apples intended for cold storage should not be allowed to become too ripe on the tree. When an apple is fully grown, highly colored, but still hard, it is in prime condition to be picked and stored. It has then obtained its highest market value because it is most attractive in appearance and best in quality. If picked before entirely ripe apples deteriorate more rapidly, and it is best to allow an apple to become a trifle overripe than to pack it in an immature state. Many people have the erroneous opinion that apples should be picked before fully ripe in order to keep well in cold storage, but this is a mistake.

Ants and Lice.

When ants are seen running up and down fruit trees an examination will usually disclose the presence of plant lice on the branches and leaves. As is well known to expert orchardists, most plant lice are attended and cared for by ants, and the presence of ants may serve as an indication of infestation of plant lice. Under such circumstances the ants do no harm to the plant except in the way of assisting in the distribution of plant lice.

Grafting on Willow.

A horticultural curiosity is to be seen in the garden of Gloucester Lodge, Portsmouth Road, near London. A gooseberry bush, a currant bush and an elderberry tree are growing high up on a willow tree, to which they have by some means become grafted. All are flourishing and fruit is forming on the gooseberry and currant bushes.

Hog Cholera Expensive.

In Missouri there are about 4,000,000 hogs, worth at market prices nearly \$45,000,000. Hog cholera costs the growers of that State alone more than a million dollars every year, and the loss sometimes is more than \$5,000,000.

Was Too Quick.
There were three at the little table in the cafe, a lady and two men. Suddenly the electric lights went out, and the lady, quickly and noiselessly, drew back.

An instant later there was the smack of a compound knee. As the electric lights went up each man was seen smiling complacently.

"I thought I heard a kiss," said the lady, "but nobody kissed me."

Then the men suddenly glared at each other and flushed and looked painfully sheepish.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Recognizing His Opportunity.

Gentlemanly Caller—Of course you will want some new books now.

Member of School Board—I think not. All our purchases are made and are in the hands of the children, or will be in a day or two.

Gentlemanly Caller—Yes, but your geographies are old-fashioned, you know. We are running a specially prepared, up to date edition through our presses right now, with the north pole plainly marked where Dr. Cook discovered it. How many thousand copies do you think you can use?—Chicago Tribune.

Waste of Material.

In process of time it was observed that the multimillionaire philanthropist had ceased giving costly library buildings to towns and cities.

"Why is this, Mr. Canaggy?" the reporters asked him.

"Young men," he said, "what is the use of building great houses for libraries when all a man needs for an education is five feet of books?"

Whereat they marvelled, but they could not answer him.—Chicago Tribune.

Fly in the Ointment.

"As to this polar discovery," said the distinguished naturalist, "I have only one regret."

"And that is—"

"That the ship in which Feary sailed for the arctic bears the name of a tropical explorer and wild animal killer."—Chicago Tribune.

Another Means Tumbo Jingle.

(Contributed by a deprived outsider.)
A lion then sprang into view.
And roared, "There's no use flyin'! I'm going to make a meal of you!"
But he caught the lion by'n'.

Eighty is Plenty.

The other morning we saw a man 88 years old going into a doctor's office. It seems to us that if we were 80 we would have enough.—Lacon (Ill.) Journal.

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