

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)
Miss Desmond had been little more than a week at Inglefield, when, returning home from the neighboring vicarage, whence she had been dispatched with a message respecting some of the local charities to which Mrs. Saville contributed, she entered the drawing-room through one of the French windows which opened on a veranda and thence on to the grounds.

The lady of the house was not there but lounging comfortably in her especial chair sat a gentleman, who, directly Miss Desmond entered, rose and made her a bow—a bow which proved that bowing was not yet quite a lost art. He was a tall, elderly man of uncertain age, slight and elegant, with fine aquiline features and light-blue laughing eyes that looked as if boyhood still lingered there in spite of the wavy hair that curled round a rather low but well-shaped forehead. He was carefully admirably dressed, and indescribably fresh and cool, though it was a burning August day.

"Allow me to explain my appearance here," he said, in a pleasant, youthful voice. "I have taken the exceedingly uninteresting journey from London to this place, and I now await its amiable mistress's pleasure as to whether she will see me or not."

"Has she been told you are here?" asked Miss Desmond, taking off a large garden-hat, which she continued to hold in her hand, wondering who this could be. Mrs. Saville's visitors had hitherto been few and far between, her acquaintances at that season being scattered in remote regions.

"Yes, I believe her major-domo has conveyed my noteboard to the august presence." And the stranger, with the air of being very much at home, drew forward a chair, which Miss Desmond did not accept.

"Pray, has Mrs. Saville been long here?"

"About a fortnight."
"And you—have you been here all that time?"

"Not quite."
"Ah! what wonderful resisting power! I should have imagined you would both by this time be extinct from mortal inaction." Miss Desmond laughed—a sweet, well-amused laugh.

"And you can laugh like that!" he continued. "Then your vitality has of course kept my revered sister-in-law alive. It must, however, exhaust your own vital powers to give out ozone—no, what do they call it?—electricity—to such a degree. There is nothing to me so soul-destroying, so deadening, as suburban rusticity. Won't you sit down? I can't stand any longer myself."

"Then pray do not. I do not sit down because I am not going to stay. I thought Mrs. Saville would come in immediately," said Miss Desmond, who began to perceive in some way that this pleasant, talkative personage was a good deal older than he seemed.

"Since you permit it, then." And he sank into his chair with a sigh of relief. "You see," he went on, "this sort of place is just far enough from London to cut you off from all the conveniences of town life, and too far for any of the legitimate amusements and occupations of the country."

Here the butler appeared, and said "Mrs. Saville will see you, my lord, if you will come this way." The gentleman rose, and made another elegant bow as he passed Miss Desmond.

"What an amusing person! I wonder who he is. Some relation, I suppose, or he would not speak so freely," thought Miss Desmond. "I must not go to Mrs. Saville at present." She too left the room by a different exit and ascended to her own pleasant apartment, which looked out to the front; a dressing-closet opened from it, and, except for the bed, it was furnished like a sitting-room. After leaning from the window for some minutes, apparently in deep thought, she went to her writing-table, and, unlocking a desk with a key which hung to her chain, she began to add some lines to a closely-written letter which lay therein.

She had written for a considerable time when the sound of wheels and horses' feet drew her to the window, from whence she saw the gentleman with whom she had spoken in the drawing-room descend the hall door steps to enter a very rusty fly or station cab. He had a comically rueful expression of countenance, and, look-

ing round over the front of the house, his quick eye caught sight of Miss Desmond. To her annoyance, he lifted his hat and gave a slight expressive shrug before stepping into his cab, which drove off immediately.

"I wish I had not looked out," she thought; then, smiling at the idea, it struck her very like an "explosion." "No doubt Mrs. Saville could be very severe—even cruel; but she is good to me. I had better give her the vicar's message; yet I feel half afraid. This will not do. My best, my only chance is fearlessness."

She paused a moment, then looked away her writing again, and proceeded down a long passage and a short stair to the wing in which was Mrs. Saville's boudoir.

She knocked at the door, and was imperatively told to come in. Mrs. Saville was walking up and down, evidently much disturbed.

"I beg your pardon," hesitatingly. "Oh, come in, come in! I have been worried by an impudent fool; but I am not so overset that I cannot attend to anything else. Did you see the vicar?"

"I did; and he is very sorry, but he has already returned the plans of the cottages to the builder."

"Then he must get them back," very sharply. "I will walk over myself to the vicarage. I want movement. Did you happen to see Lord Everton?"

"The gentleman who has just left? Yes; he was in the drawing-room when I came in."

"He is one of the most contemptible men in England," continued Mrs. Saville—"a mere butterfly at sixty-three. He has only existed for pleasure his whole life, and even now pleasure still pleases. His sense of enjoyment has been his ruin. A trifler of the most trifling description, without an ambition or an aim; worst of all, reckless of how he may throw others into temptation or difficulty. He has injured me past forgiveness, and yet he comes meandering here to try and talk me over to induce me to pardon the cruellest injury that could be inflicted. I told him my opinion fully; but to be seriously angry with such a creature is like taking a howitzer to shoot a hummingbird. Come, Miss Desmond; let us go out into the open air. What o'clock is it? Nearly five? I shall walk round the grounds until it is time to find the vicar."

They paced somewhat slowly across the grounds to a wooded rising ground on the left of the house, from which a view of it and its surroundings could be obtained, and when they had accomplished the ascent Mrs. Saville sat down, as if tired, on a seat placed at the best point of outlook. Her companion had observed that the keen, active woman was stronger in spirit than in flesh, and felt a sort of pity for this rich, prosperous, resolute lady.

"What a sweet, beautiful place this is!" she exclaimed, after gazing at the scene before her for a few minutes. "I think it is the most charming I have ever seen."

"Then you have not seen much," returned Mrs. Saville, testily. "That is true. I have not seen any nice places in England, and the palaces and chateaux abroad are so melancholy; but who could desire anything beyond the exquisite, graceful, homelike beauty of Inglefield?"

It was, in truth, a delightful abode, sheltered on the east by the upland from which they now looked down; the ground sloped steeply from the opposite side, giving a wide view over a richly-wooded country; while the house, gardens and grounds occupied the level space between. Fine trees stood about, for Inglefield was an old country-house dating tolerably far back, built in the half-timbered style, the first story of fine bricks, the upper part beams and plaster, with high chimneys and many-gabled roofs. The large additions made by Mrs. Saville's father had been carried out in strict accordance with the original plan, and the garden designed to suit it also. A circular lawn, surrounded with flowering shrubs and dotted with several large spreading trees, separated the house from a wide avenue which opened exactly opposite the entrance, arched by a double row of great old elms at either side. Beyond, on the left, from a wooded hollow, through which a trout-stream had been widened and dammed into a miniature lake, glimpses of which could be caught

when the sunlight fell upon it, rose the smoke from some unseen chimney.

"Home-like," repeated Mrs. Saville. "There is an immense amount of nonsense talked about home. I wish you could see Kingswood, Lord Everton's place; it is one of the finest seats in England—full of family treasures and historic relics—and he would not make the faintest effort to retain it. He might have entered diplomacy—or taken a foreign appointment and saved money. But he is quite content to derive his income from the rent a Manchester millionaire pays him for his ancestral halls when he might have married the millionaire's daughter and kept it for himself."

"Well, if the daughter was not the sort of woman he could love, he was right," said Miss Desmond, thoughtfully. "Suppose she was not companionable, that he could not love her; the finest place in the world could not make up for that."

"You are a foolish child! The thing called love soon evaporates. Rank, importance, high position, last; and duties due to one's station fill up life satisfactorily. It is a low, mean conception of existence to spend it in personal pleasure."

"Yes, certainly. You are right," eagerly. "To live for one's self alone, in any way, is miserable. But one has a right to try and be happy if it does not interfere with the happiness of others."

"You have been tolerably poor, from what you say," said Mrs. Saville, not unkindly. "Have you been happy?"

Her interlocutor paused before she replied. "Yes, on the whole I have been happy. Sometimes it has been trying to feel shabby and to be unable to get a new dress, to know that lovely pictures and delightful music were within your reach, yet inaccessible. The worst is to want nice delicate things for some one you love and not to be able to get them; that is bitter. Still, nothing can be so poverty-stricken as to have no one to trouble about, no one to love or live for, no one to love you."

"It is, then, very unfortunate for a person of your disposition to have lost your home," remarked Mrs. Saville, coldly.

"It is sad enough; but I have been fortunate in finding friends like Mr. Rawson and his daughter. It is better, too, to believe that there is some pleasant sheltered nook round the next turn of the road than always to look for sandy deserts. Loneliness is the worst evil of all: it is what I fear most."

Mrs. Saville did not answer immediately; then she said, abruptly. "What is your name—your Christian name?"

"My name? Hope Desmond."

"I thought so. It is very appropriate. You have given me a curious mental picture. I suppose it is true, though it is incomprehensible to me, but you give me the idea of being sensible and accurate. Do you not feel that your life has been lost, fruitless, passed as it has been in this constant struggle?"

"No," cried Hope, her dark eyes lighting, and lifting her head with an unconscious but dignified movement. "It has had much sweetness, and I have been of some use. Though I am not clever, I have done what I could; and that will always comfort me. I do not fear the future. Work will come to me. I would not change with any one. I prefer to remain the 'me' that I am."

You are an unusual specimen, Miss Desmond, and really a profound philosopher; yet you have refinement and taste, sly, and culture enough, to enable you to enjoy beauty and elegance, literature and art. I congratulate you; only, if every one was as easily pleased the world would stand still!"

"Perhaps so," said Hope Desmond, with a sigh. "I can only see life according to my lights."

Then, after some minutes' silence, she observed how prettily the smoke curled up from among the trees down in the hollow.

"Yes," said Mrs. Saville. "I suppose Lord Castleton has arrived. Inglefield Court belongs to him. It is an older and much damper place than this. I must call to-morrow." She heaved a deep sigh as she spoke. "Miss Dacre is one of the fortunate ones according to my estimate. She is her father's sole heiress, and takes the title, too, when she succeeds him. She is pretty, rather accomplished, and decidedly popular. I used to see a good deal of her at one time; now—"

She paused and frowned, then, rising, said imperiously, "Come, I feel rheumatic; I have sat here too long."

Few words passed between the companions till almost at the gate which opened from Mrs. Saville's grounds on a foot-path which crossed the vicarage fields, when that lady said, suddenly:

"I expect my son to-morrow."

"Your eldest son?"

"I have but one son," returned Mrs. Saville, icily.

(To be continued.)

Hasty Marriage.

Clerk at Marriage License Bureau

—What's the lady's first name?

Prospective Bridegroom —Heaven!

man. I never thought to ask her.



The Apple Barrel.

It stood in the cellar low and dim.
Where the cobwebs swept and swayed.

Holding the store from bough and limb.

At the feet of autumn laid.
And oft, when the days were short and drear.

And the north wind shrieked and roared.

We children sought in the corner here.

And drew on the toothsome hoard.

For thus through the long, long winter-time.

It answered our every call.
With wine of the summer's golden prime.

Sealed by the hand of fall.

The best there was of the earth and air.

Of rain and sun and breeze.

Changed to a pippin sweet and rare.

By the art of the faithful tree.

A wonderful barrel was this, had we

Its message but rightly heard,

Filled with the tales of wind and bee,

Of cricket and moth and bird;

Rife with the bliss of the fragrant June.

When skies were soft and blue;

Thronged with the dreams of a harvest moon.

Our fields drenched deep with dew.

Oh, homely barrel, I'd fain essay

Your marvelous skill again;

Take me back to the past, I pray,

As willingly now as then—

Back to the tender morns and eves.

The noontimes warm and still,

The fleecy clouds and the spangled leaves.

Of the orchard over the hill.

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's.

Composition of Vegetables.

WATER
PROTEIN
ASH
STARCH
FIBER

WATER
PROTEIN 0.9%
CARBOHYDRATES 5%
EXTRACT 8%
FIBER 2%
MINERAL MATTER 0.065%
FAT 0.02%

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While vegetables are given a low value as food for man or beast on account of their large percentage of water, the dry portion is highly nutritive. In the potato the 22 per cent of solid matter is nearly all available for food. The protein as flesh formers and the carbohydrates as fat producers are essential parts of food.

Keep the Road Drag Going.

Bad roads are an extravagance that no farming community can afford. Just what they cost in unnecessary expenses it takes but a moment to determine.

A team and driver are reasonably worth \$3 a day, and by the use of these it is possible to deliver to market from your home 100 bushels of corn. Hauling over good roads, the cost of delivery is 3 cents per bushel. But if, in consequence of bad roads, but fifty bushels can be delivered, the cost is doubled and the difference is what the impassable roads cost you. Continue this calculation, applying it to the hauling of all your crops, and it quickly becomes apparent that it amounts to a very burdensome tax.

Good roads help in every way; they promote sociability by making friends and relatives accessible, and by means of them it is easier to reach the schools and churches and to generally do and enjoy the things which make life really worth living.

Sunflowers for Poultry.

Sunflowers are grown by many poultrymen and farmers. The seed make an excellent feed for poultry and can be easily and profitably produced. The seeds can be sown in rows and the crop cultivated the same

as corn. When ripe the seed is threshed out and fed to the poultry either whole or ground. If the sunflower heads are thrown into the chicken yard, the birds will thresh the seeds out themselves with no expense to the grower. It is an excellent fattening food, and when fed with cracked corn gives good results.

It is too late this season to sow the sunflower seeds, but it is a good thing to keep in mind for another year.—Farmers' Guide.

A Troublesome Weed.

At the feet of autumn laid.
And oft, when the days were short and drear.

And the north wind shrieked and roared.

We children sought in the corner here.

And drew on the toothsome hoard.

For thus through the long, long winter-time.

It answered our every call.

With wine of the summer's golden prime.

Sealed by the hand of fall.