

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 IX

Miss Dacre was a very persevering young woman, nor was she restrained by any sensitive delicacy in pursuing her designs. Hitherto she had rather liked Mrs. Saville in a surface fashion, flattered herself that she was a favorite with the stern little woman. On this supposed favoritism she was always ready to presume. Hope Desmond and Mr. Rawson were therefore somewhat appalled when the sounds of wheels and approaching footsteps in the pleasure-ground to watch the windows of the smaller drawing-room opened made themselves heard about teatime, when Mrs. Saville had come in from a short stroll with her confidential adviser, and Hope had descended from her own room, where she had enjoyed a couple of hours' solitude. These sounds were followed by the appearance of Miss Dacre, Saville, Lumley and Lord Everton.

"So sorry you were not able to come to church this morning, dear Mrs. Saville!" said Miss Dacre, effusively, and with the unconcerned assurance of the class which does not hesitate to rush in where the sharper-sighted fear to tread; "so we have all come over to inquire for you. You are looking quite pale. You see I have brought poor Lord Everton, who is so distressed at being expelled from this paradise. You really must make friends. He could not foresee that things would go wrong, and he is so sorry. Now, for my sake, dear Mrs. Saville, you must forgive him, you are such near relations."

"Connections, you mean," corrected Mrs. Saville, a bitter smile curling her lip. "If Lord Everton chooses to come, I can only admire his forgiving nature and accept the olive-branch."

"You are, as ever, just and generous," returned the impetuous peer, with a delightful bow and smile. "I am quite charmed with the vision of myself as a dove, which you kindly suggest."

Mrs. Saville turned from him with undisguised contempt, and addressed herself to George Lumley.

"So you are staying at the Court? How does your regiment, or your troop, get on without your valuable assistance?"

"Disagreeable old cat!" thought Lumley, while he said, "Oh, I ride over every other day, and the intermediate ones they stumble on as best they can without me."

"I thought you were going down to Heroddyke?"

"Here's metal more attractive," said Lumley, melodramatically, with a wave of his hand towards Miss Dacre, who was deep in conversation with Mr. Rawson, on whom she was smiling with her habitual belief in her own power to fascinate all male creatures.

"Metal! Yes, I dare say. I sometimes wonder if you are as foolish as you seem, George."

"Oh, a good deal more so," said the handsome Hussar, showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile. "You know I haven't many ideas."

"Yet I dare say you would be less easily taken in than men who have," scornfully.

"Very probably, my dear aunt."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Miss Dacre, in a low tone, drawing a chair to the tea-table, where Hope Desmond presided. "You look pale and ill, and as if you had been crying. Pray forgive me," she added, seeing the quick color rise in her victim's cheek, "but I knew quite well you could not stand Mrs. Saville for long." In a low tone.

"Oh, yes, I can," said Hope, smiling a brave defiance. "Don't you think I am likely to have worries and bad news apart from poor Mrs. Saville?"

"Well, I suppose so; but it did not occur to me. She is not popular, you know, though I always get on with her. I am going to play a bold stroke just now; it will astonish you all. 'Nothing venture nothing have,' you know."

"Jockey of Norfolk, he not too bold," quoted Miss Desmond, with a somewhat tremulous smile.

"She has been crying—I am certain she has; though she is braving it out. At any rate, she is going to stick to Mrs. Saville. I wonder what she is saying to George Lumley. Nothing amiable, I am sure."

Here Lord Everton, who had been speaking to Saville, and of whom the mistress of the house had not taken

the slightest notice, approached and begged for a cup of tea.

"It is a beverage of which I am extremely fond," he said, "and I think a decided liking for tea ought to be a patent of respectability to any man. You have been a good deal on the Continent, I believe, Miss Desmond?"

"I have traveled occasionally in my aunt's lifetime."

"Ah! and enjoyed it, I dare say?"

"Yes; but I also enjoy returning to England."

"Indeed! Well, I do not. The moment I set foot on my native soil, I cease to be a free man; invisible detectives put me in social irons; cruel warders imprison me with adamant barriers, where I am obliged to eat and drink and speak and have my being according to rigid rules. I must give my money for what satisfactions not, and go to the funeral hostesses frequented by my peers. I must don evening dress, and wear unlimited purple and fine linen. Then my exasperating relatives will pester me with invitations, because they think they must not neglect that poor old beggar Everton." Now, on the other side of the Channel my only habitation is an airy bedroom, outside which a whole world of cafes and restaurants are before me where to choose my breakfast and dinner, where I meet pleasant, intelligent people of every shade of opinion, with whom I can converse freely in happy ignorance of their names and condition, as they are of mine; and occasionally I stumble on old acquaintances who enjoy life in my own fashion, cheerfully accepting the contemptuous treatment of Dame Fortune, who in emptying our pockets also relieved us of tiresome responsibilities. It is wonderful the clearness of judgment and general enlightenment of those who are not weighed down by this world's goods."

"I dare say you are right, Lord Everton. Still, a few of them are advantageous; though I do not see that money can purchase any essential of life."

"That depends very much on what you consider essentials."

"That is true—But Miss Dacre is going to make a speech," for that young lady had said, in an audible tone, "I am going to tell you a story."

"I know," whispered Lord Everton. "If her pockets had always been empty, she would have known better how to hold her tongue."

"This story came to me in a letter from the wife of a cousin of mine whose cousin was eye-witness of the adventure," Miss Dacre was saying, as she posed herself on an ottoman and every one turned towards her. "Scene a dark, stormy night, a distant sea, one of Her Majesty's big ships tossing about on the waves, which make nothing of her bigness. Young sailor, doing something incomprehensible with a rope or ropes, loses hold or balance and drops into the black depths of the raging waters. Captain orders boats to be lowered. 'He'll be gone before you can reach him,' they say. 'He can not swim,' cries another officer, throwing off his boots while he spoke, and springing over at a bound."

"This is suicide," exclaimed the captain. The young officer is a huge favorite with the crew, the crew work with a will, the boat is lowered, a life boat probably, they surmount the waves and slide into the watery hollows, they come up with the gallant lieutenant, who is supporting the senseless sailor and nearly exhausted himself, they drag them into the boat, they regain the ship, the men crowd round the—whatever you call it where they get on board, their cheers ring above the roar of the storm, the rescued and rescuer are safe!"

"Most dramatic," said Lord Everton. "Worthy of Brandram," added George Lumley.

"I don't exactly see—" began Richard Saville.

"No, of course you do not; there is nothing to see exactly," interrupted Miss Dacre, quickly.

"I have heard the tale before. The only difference is that the weather was not quite so stormy as your correspondent represents it," said Mr. Rawson, playing with his double glasses.

"It was really much worse than I represent," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with an air of profound conviction. "Now, does no one want the name of my hero?"

There was a moment's pause. Mrs.

Saville sat silent in her arm-chair. Lumley's laughing eyes sought Miss Desmond's, but she was sheltered behind a massive urn which always appeared at teatime. Only Lord Everton rose to the occasion.

"I am dying of curiosity, my dear Miss Dacre," he said languidly. "Name! name!" cried Lumley. "Hugh Saville!" said Miss Dacre, rising and assuming an attitude. "I thought so," said Richard. "Just like him!" cried Lumley, cordially.

"Give me your arm, Mr. Rawson. I have letters to show you in my study. I avoided church because I did not think prayers or sermon would improve my headache. I did not bargain for being obliged to sit out a dramatic recital," said Mrs. Saville, dryly, then added to the company, "You will excuse me, I do not feel equal to general conversation," and she touched Mr. Rawson's with the finger-tips of her right hand, and walked with much dignity through the door which Lord Everton with a sad and solemn expression of countenance held open. As soon as she had passed, he closed it gently, and advancing a step or two, glanced from one to the other with so comic a look of dismay that both Lumley and Saville laughed.

"Courage such as yours, my dear Miss Dacre, deserved success; and yet it has not been successful," he said, with an air of deep sympathy, to the fair narrator, and sat down on the ottoman beside which she sat.

"I never saw any one like Mrs. Saville—never!" cried Miss Dacre, growing red with disappointment and mortification. "I really hoped that such a story of bravery and humanity would have done something towards softening her heart; and I flatter myself I did it pretty well."

"If you had asked my advice," said Richard Saville, "I could have told you it would be simple waste of breath."

"But," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with a sound of tears in her voice, "Mrs. Saville always used to mind what I said, and—and seemed so fond of me. I was rather proud of it, she likes so few people."

"I am afraid there is some difference between past and present," said Lumley, pushing a chair forward. "Come, Miss Dacre, you have done your best, and your best is very good. Now take a cup of tea, and pardon my aunt her scant courtesy. I am going to write to Hugh, and I'll tell him of your championship."

"You ought," said Miss Desmond, who had not spoken before, but whose voice showed she had not been unmoved. "Very few can count on such courageous advocacy of the absent and of a losing cause."

"You are very kind to say so. Yes, I will have a cup of tea. My mouth feels parched."

"No wonder!" cried Lord Everton. "I am sure my tongue would have cleaved to the roof of mine, had I dared to utter such words to the Lion of Ingleswood. Excuse me, my dear Richard."

"Do not mention it, my dear uncle. I wish you would come out and take a little walk with me, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "I feel frightfully upset."

"I should like to do so very much, but Mrs. Saville may want me to write for her, or something, and I do not like to be out of the way."

"What penal servitude!"

"You must not say so. I agree to perform certain duties, and it would not be honest to run away from them."

"Why do you always take her part?" and Miss Dacre made an impatient grimace. Then, addressing the gentlemen, "Just walk back to the court, and I can follow by myself. Then I can have a quiet talk with Miss Desmond."

"Very well," said Lumley, rising. "I will escort my uncle to the court, and return for you." Miss Dacre gave him a nod and smile, and the gentlemen left them.

(To be continued.)

What He Remembered.
"An' ye fell from a window, Jerry? How far wuz it ye fell?"
"Tin stories."
"Well, well! That was a great fall. And what did you think on your way down?"
"Hegorry, I didn't think of nothin' until I passed the fifth story. Thin I remembered I left me pipe on the window sill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Delicate Hint.
"Poor Miss Oldgirl! Did you hear of the jolt she got at the seedman's?"
"No; what was it?"
"She told the man she had a little garden of her own and asked him to recommend some suitable plant. He gave her one look and then suggested a wallflower."—Baltimore American.

The Old Man's Joke.
"Mary," called her father, "has that young man gone yet?"
"No, pa," replied the maid. "But he's going right now."
"They ask him to empty 'he pail underneath the icebox before he goes, will you? I forgot it!"—Detroit Free Press.



Beef Cattle Fed on Silage.

During recent years a number of the state experimental stations have carried on a series of experiments which have demonstrated that silage can advantageously be fed to beef cattle. The Tennessee Experimental Station has especially given close attention to this matter, probably more so than any other station, and in one of its bulletins shows how silage increases the carrying capacity of the land. Ordinarily from two to three acres of blue grass is required to carry a 1,000-pound steer after six months, when gaining from 300 to 400 pounds. Four 800-pound steers were fed for 150 days on the production of less than an acre of land in the form of silage and gained 866 pounds during that period.

When beef is raised on long that is high-priced, the above facts show especial strength in favor of silage. In 1903 a feed test was carried on by the Michigan Station for the purpose of ascertaining the relative number of pounds of beef that could be produced from corn fed in the form of silage, in the form of shock corn and in the form of corn and corn meal. The corn was secured from three different pieces of land, each nearly an acre in size. In addition to the corn fed in this manner the steers were fed daily rations of 5 pounds of corn and cob meal, 2 pounds of oil meal and 4 pounds of clover hay. After the experiment had continued for twelve weeks the average daily gain of the steers had been as follows: For the silage-fed lot, 2.22 pounds; for the shock-fed, 2.02, and for the corn and cob meal lot, 1.89 pounds. While it may be argued that this experiment should be repeated before conclusions can be drawn from it, still so far as these figures go the results were in favor of harvesting the corn in form of silage.

For Barb Wire Cuts.

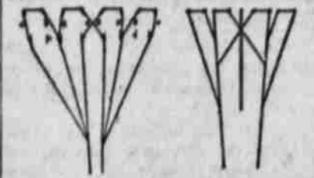
When a horse has been injured on wire the first thing to do is to stop the flow of blood; this may be a rule to be done by bandaging it up tight. It may also frequently be best to apply powdered alum or common saleratus, both of which will generally be found effective. In a few hours, considerable swelling will set in; this should be reduced either by applying cold water frequently, or, what is really better, applying pure kerosene oil, not only to the wound, but also to the swollen parts. No bandage should be kept on where kerosene is used, as it will then cause the hair to fall off temporarily, and as soon as it is safe to do so, the sore should be carefully washed with soft water and castile soap. This ought to be repeated daily until the sore heals. One of the best healing medicines for horse flesh that I have ever used can be put up at any drug store, as follows: One-half pint of alcohol, one-half pint of spirits of turpentine, one ounce of pure glycerine; mix all together in a large bottle and shake well before using. Apply only with a feather at morning and night. The sore should never be bandaged. By daily washing it will in this way heal up very rapidly. I can personally testify to the effectiveness of this simple remedy, as we have made use of it in numerous cases, with the best results, where every other remedy we tried failed to heal up the sore on the horse.

—Agricultural Epitomist.

Four Horse Reins.

A correspondent asks how can a pair of lines be rigged up for four horses so that each horse will have a line to each side of bit, thus doing away with the tying together of horses heads.

The two sketches indicate arrange-



ments of lines that should prove satisfactory. In the first illustration A A A A are two-horse reins and checks; B B are short ropes with snaps and C C are bridle reins on inside of bridle with snaps to snap in check buckle on reins.

Possibilities of Our Farm Lands.

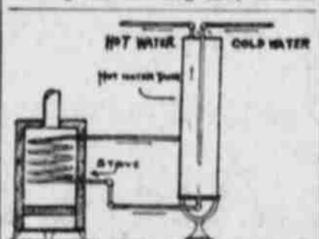
From the standpoint of the most reliable and recent investigations and information, our land, handled in accordance with certain natural laws that determine its proper cultivation, will not only furnish food and clothing for an immensely greater population for ages, but will supply fuel and

light and power when coal and petroleum shall have been exhausted. But we must look to better methods of soil usage for the alternative of bringing under cultivation unused and abandoned swampy conditions, although adding a vast total to our cultivable fields, will not always suffice to meet the growing demand. Already many sections of congested population are calling upon outside sources for food, and many of the large cities at times actually suffer from vegetable famines. Such shortages are due to more or less local and abnormal conditions, but might become general and permanent unless wise foresight should make provision for feeding our rapidly increasing population.

The producing possibility of our cultivable lands becomes almost inconceivable to the mind when we consider that only a small proportion of the land nominally in farms is actually under cultivation, and that our acreage yields are ridiculously low in comparison with those of highly developed agricultural countries like Germany, France and England, notwithstanding that our soils are naturally as productive, says the American Review of Reviews.

Hot Water Heater.

As a means of providing hot water for washing in the kitchen or for cleaning and sterilizing dairy utensils



the tank shown in the illustration is simple and cheap. Any stove in which the iron coils can be heated will serve the purpose.

Strength of Bone in Hogs.

The effect of feed on the strength of bone in pigs forms the text of a bulletin by Nebraska Experiment Station. The experiment shows very marked increase in the strength of bone when tankage or ground bone is fed in addition to corn. In determining the strength of bones the two principal bones in each leg of each animal were removed and broken in a machine. There were four pigs fed in each lot, making the figures given the average of the breaking of thirty-two bones in each lot. The average breaking strength per 100 pounds live weight of hogs after twenty-two weeks feeding was as follows: Lot 1, corn, 325 pounds; lot 2, corn and shorts, 396 pounds; lot 3, corn and skim milk, 509 pounds; lot 4, corn and tankage, 580 pounds; lot 5, corn and ground bone, 681 pounds.

Dairy Farm Implements.

Every dairyman should endeavor to have as many labor-saving appliances around and in his barn as possible. For instance, the removal of manure from a dairy barn entails a great deal of hard work. However, the work may be greatly lessened if the farmers will install a manure carrier, which runs on a track. These carriers cost little in comparison to the amount of labor they save.

Every dairy farmer should have a manure spreader. One spreader may do the work of several men in the spreading of manure on the fields. The manure is spread more evenly and each ton returns more value for this reason. No dairy farmer can afford to be without a manure spreader. But he should buy a standard make.—Inland Farmer.

The Tomato Worm.

The big tomato worm, which eats the leaves from the tomato vines is very difficult to see because it so resembles the tomato foliage in color. After they get through eating and mature they drop to the ground and burrow in it, to pass the winter in the chrysalis stage. In the spring, when the garden is plowed or spaded, the chrysalis may be found, and can be recognized by their brown color and "jug-handle" protuberance.

Largest Grapevine.

The largest grapevine in the world flourishes in San Gabriel, Cal. It was planted by the San Franciscan friars and is 120 years old. The stalk is 1 1/2 feet in diameter and 8 feet high, and the branches and foliage cover 5,000 square feet. Last year it produced 2 1/2 tons of grapes.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

There are blind stenographers and typewriters.

The use of leather shoes of the foreign type is rapidly extending in Japan.

There are in France over 19,000 qualified medical practitioners and over 11,000 pharmacists.

Of the Philippine Islands the one which probably has the most productive soil is Mindanao.

The roller skating fad, which became popular in England last winter, promises to continue this season as well.

In reply to an inquiry, Consul Chas. M. Caughey of Milan reports that harness racing is becoming more general in Italy, twenty-six meetings having been held in 1908 in twenty-three cities.

With a view to raising the standard of pillow, needle point and Midland lace production by English peasantry the lady mayors of Midland will hold an exhibition entirely of English handmade lace at the Mansion House.

The Chinese thrash rice by hand, beating a bunch against a frame suspended over a basket. For a fanning mill the usual way is for them to put the unhusked grains into a receptacle and tread on them with bare feet until the breeze has blown away the chaff.

Fifteen hundred "six-penny cabs," hansom and four-wheelers have just been placed in the streets of London, and they are said already to have scored a great success. Each cab bears a little flag with the announcement: "Sixpence (12 cents) not exceeding one mile."

The financial possibilities of cinematograph theaters have dawned slowly on the British mind, long after they were extensively exploited in the United States and on the continent, but provincial theaters are now beginning to feel the effects of their competition seriously. There are one thousand of these shows in the United Kingdom already, and the number is increasing monthly. The price of admission ranges from a penny to a shilling.

The electric treatment for skin diseases, first introduced by Professor Leduc of Paris, in 1903, has now emerged from the experimental stages and is extensively used at Bartholomew's hospital, London. The treatment consists of passing an electric current through the diseased part, one of the electrodes being a covered pad soaked with a solution containing a drug or chemical. The electricity breaks up the solution into ions, which penetrate the tissue cells with the current.

Up-to-date stenographers use the typewriter automatically, pretty much as pianists play in the dark. This not only relieves the eyes, but gives greater freedom to thought and movement of the body, and puts a large part of the work upon the centers of the automatic nervous system in the tip-top of the spinal cord, which act more or less independently and without concentration and fatigue of the higher brain cells. Some can type a rapid dictation in the dark with only seeming playful effort, and a few can use their fingers, chew gum, talk, laugh and work all at the same time.—New York Press.

In microscopic form Moissan, the French chemist, produced absolute diamonds, which are but crystallized carbon. The largest artificial diamond yet produced measures less than one millimeter (.03937 of an inch) in diameter. In Moissan's laboratory they believe that if they could deal with forty or fifty pounds of iron as easily as with four or five ounces their diamonds would be larger. They also believe that the process of their laboratory is the process of mother earth, though down in her secret laboratories the earth has temperatures and pressures they can not command and seems of time to perfect her work.

Sir David Gill, who, says the Westminster Gazette, is to make a report to the International Geodetic Conference on the progress made with the African survey from the cape to Cairo along the 30th meridian east, commented that great task many years ago while astronomer royal at the cape. He pointed out to the colonial government that a proper survey was essential to any system of land tenure, and showed that big tracts of land had been lost to the government by the wilful shifting of beacon marks, made possible by hurried and inadequate surveying. Mr. Cecil Rhodes early saw the value of this advice, and not only acted on it in Rhodesia, but provided in his will for a grant of some £50,000 from the funds of the British South Africa Company toward the expenses of carrying the meridian arc northward toward Lake Tanganyika. The survey has now been carried seventy-two miles north of the equator.