

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 XII.

Back in bright Paris, now decked in her garden-party dress of chestnut-blossoms, lilacs, and laburnums, some six or seven months afterwards.

Mrs. Saville had spent a very tranquil winter. She had rarely been free from irritation for so long a period.

For a week or two at Christmas she had been a good deal tried by a visit from her son, who, to her surprise, brought his cousin, George Lumley, with him. That over, she settled down again to her books, her fancy-work, of which she was rather proud, her game of whist with some old Grafs and Barons attached to the little court, some of whom had dabbled in diplomacy and even spent a few years in London, and frequent visits to the opera, for almost her only real pleasure was music.

If, six months before, Mrs. Saville had missed her companion when she was absent for a couple of days, the idea of parting with her now would have struck her with dismay. She had softened gradually, but considerably—so gradually that Hope Desmond had to look back and recall her first impressions to measure the change.

The weather was fine, the sky blue, and sunshine beautified all things. It seemed impossible not to partake of the general exhilaration which pervaded the atmosphere. Yet Mrs. Saville's expression, if less hard, was infinitely sadder than formerly, and, though Miss Desmond's eyes were calm, and her air composed, there were shadows beneath the former and a somewhat worn look in her expressive face. She was thinner, too, as if she had borne some mental strain.

It was afternoon, and the Champs-Élysées were crowded with streams of equipages pouring out to the Bois. Stemming this current, Mrs. Saville and Hope returned from their earlier drive, and on arriving at the hotel found another open carriage drawn up at the entrance, from which a gorgeously-dressed lady was leaning while she spoke to the porter. He made a gesture towards the new arrival, whereupon the lady looked round and displayed the well-known features of Miss Dacre.

"How fortunate!" she cried. "Here, open the door; let me out!" And she sprang upon the ground.

"My dear Mrs. Saville, I only just heard by the merest accident that you were in Paris. We have been at Pau for two months, and are on our way home."

"Oh, indeed," returned Mrs. Saville, rather dryly, as she descended very deliberately and submitted to be kissed by her young friend. "I am sorry for your poor father. Why could you not let him rest in peace among his turkeys and mangel-wurzels?"

"Why, I must think of myself, you know. How do you do, Hope? I am so glad to see you! I can't say you are looking very flourishing. I suppose you are coming in, so I can pay you a nice visit, though I have a hundred and one things to do. I suppose you have your old rooms, Mrs. Saville. We are at the Bristol. I wonder you stay here. It is so slow."

"Quite fast enough for me; but come upstairs."

"She is as cross as ever," whispered Miss Dacre to Hope as they ascended to Mrs. Saville's apartments. "I don't wonder at your looking worn out." Hope laughed and shook her head.

"You are comfortable enough here. I must say," resumed Miss Dacre, looking round the handsomely-furnished room, which was sweet with flowers and flooded with soft light, the strong sunshine filtering through the outer blinds.

"Well, dear Mrs. Saville, and how are you after burying yourself alive in Germany all the winter? It is such a queer place to go to."

"I like Germany, and I am remarkably well."

"Well, you don't look so. We had a wild time at Herondyke. I was there for nearly a month. Lady Olivia is quite too good-natured. Then she and the girls came over to Castleton, but your son persuaded George Lumley to go with him to Dresden. A great mistake! Captain Lumley was quite cross when he returned—said it was a God-forgotten hole! I met Mr. Vignoles at Pau—etc., etc. And Miss Dacre turned up on a rapid flow of gossip. As soon as she made a pause for breath, Mrs. Saville said, wearily:

"Miss Desmond, the tea is ready. Give me a cup."

"By all means. The Parisians have improved immensely, but they have not arrived at the height of good afternoon tea yet."

Silence on the part of Mrs. Saville, while Miss Dacre sipped her tea.

"When do you come back to London, Mrs. Saville?"

"Not this year. I may go to Inglefield in the autumn."

"I suppose you know Richard is bringing out a work on 'The Romans in Lincolnshire,' illustrated, with notes and appendices? It will cost a small fortune, they say."

"They say? Who say?"

"Oh, the literary world. I am thinking of publishing extracts from the Archives of Castleton Forest. There are lots of old deeds and letters in the muniment-room, especially about the Long Parliament times. One must really write something now."

"Indeed! Can't you compile a timetable of the trains between Castleton, Upton, and London, copying Bradshaw freely? It would answer all purposes, and give you very little trouble."

"Dear Mrs. Saville, what an idea! Now I want you to do me a favor. Let Miss Desmond come with me to the Opera Comique this evening. My father has instituted a headache, and I rather want a chaperon. It will not be very late."

"Miss Desmond is perfectly free to do as she likes."

"If you can find any other chaperon I am quite ready to stay at home," said Hope, smiling.

"Now, do not be disagreeable. I want you to come with me."

Hope did not answer and it was arranged that Miss Dacre should call for her favorite confidante that evening en route for the theater.

"I have a hundred and one things to say to you," whispered Miss Dacre when Hope Desmond escorted her to the stair after she had taken leave of Mrs. Saville. "The same mysterious fate still dogs me. I do not know what spell binds George Lumley to silence. Poor fellow! I am so sorry for him! I rather imagined he thought I was going to Dresden last winter—heaven only knows why. You will be ready at 7:30, will you not?"

"Yes, certainly."

CHAPTER XIII.

When Hope returned to Mrs. Saville she found that lady's maid removing her out-door garb and arranging her mistress on the sofa as if for a siesta.

"I would have saved you from this infliction if I could," she said, presently, when Hope thought she was going to sleep. "Mary Dacre was always foolish; she is now absolutely idiotic. I am not surprised that Hugh had no patience with her; Hugh was always instinctive. He is like me in many things."

Hope listened with nervous attention, growing alternately red and white. Never before had Mrs. Saville named her offending son, and Hope feared to utter a word that might offend or divert the current of her thoughts.

"I am always doomed to disappointment," she went on, as if speaking out her thoughts. "There is Richard; he will be a dilettante and a nobody all the days of his life. I never wasted any anticipations on him. But Hugh might be anything—a statesman, a leader of men. I would have done anything to push his fortunes. All my hopes, all my ambitions, centered in him; and you know—you must have heard—how he repaid me."

"Yes, I have heard," returned Hope, in such tremulous accents that Mrs. Saville looked up, as if surprised and touched by her keen sympathy. "It seems very cruel."

"Seems! It is. To be forgotten, thrown over, for the sake of a pretty face, a whim of passion, after years of devotion! It is intolerable; it is not to be forgiven. An unsuitable wife is a millstone round a man's neck that will drag him to perdition; but I leave her punishment to him. He will tire of her, and he will curse the day he ever saw her, and sacrificed his mother and his career—everything—to a passing fancy."

"It was a terrible mistake, a—"

She stopped suddenly.

"Are you ill? You look white as"

faint!" exclaimed Mrs. Saville, roused to attention by the sudden cessation of her voice.

"Only a little giddy and dazed; the sun was so strong to-day," returned Hope, steadying her voice by a strong effort. "I felt faint when we were driving round the lakes. But, dear Mrs. Saville, may I say that greater blame attaches to the girl who allowed your son to sacrifice himself for her, than to him?"

"No doubt she is a designing minx. But she will find that she reckoned without her host when she caught my son. Existence as the wife of a poor naval officer is not quite a bed of roses."

"And suppose she proves a devoted wife, prudent, careful, self-denying; would you not in time forgive her, and pardon him for his misfortune in falling a victim to—her designs?"

"You suppose what is highly improbable, but even if this woman prove a gem of the finest water, that will do nothing towards pushing my son in his career. All must come from him; and a wife endowed with money or interest, or both, can do so much for a man. Maddening as all this is, what embitters me most is my son's contemptuous disregard of me. To marry without a word of notice, an attempt to win my consent, was an insult."

"But Mrs. Saville, if I may venture to speak on a subject so near your heart, do you not think that the hopelessness of gaining your consent held him back from making the attempt?"

"It should have held him back also from such ungrateful disobedience. He knew he would break—no, not break my heart—mine is not the kind of heart which breaks—but harden it with a hardness that pains, with a dull, indescribable aching." And she pressed her hand on her bosom.

"Oh, yes, it was wrong—terribly wrong," cried Hope, and there was a sound of tears in her voice, "but you know your son's nature. Rightly or wrongly, he loved this girl with all his heart, and she was singularly desolate, friendless, penniless. How could he desert her, being the man he is? how could he help her effectually save as her husband? It was imprudent, I know, and very wrong, but not unardonable. Dear Mrs. Saville, think how unhappy your son must be parted from you as he is, and oh, think of the sad future of self-reproach and regret you are creating for his unhappy wife."

"Do not talk such sentimental rubbish to me, Miss Desmond. It is not like your usual quiet good sense. Has Mr. Rawson plied you with me to plead Hugh's cause? If so, it is wasted ingenuity. I will not be talked over; nor does Hugh think it worth while to make any attempt at reconciliation."

"Probably he fears it would only embitter you were he to try."

"No; it is pride and obstinacy. He has something of my own nature. How proud I was of him once!"

"And so you will be again," cried Hope, cheerfully. "Foolish, faulty, he may be, but he has done nothing unworthy of a man of honor. Does a marriage of affection incapacitate a man from distinguishing himself in his profession? Do you not believe that when the heart is satisfied and at rest, the intellect works more freely and clearly?"

"And do you think that the heart will long, rest satisfied when the lot of its owner is poverty and obscurity? There, that is enough. I will not hear excuses or pleading for my son. If I thought Mr. Rawson suggested such interference, I would beg you to leave at once."

"Which I can do to-morrow, if you wish," said Hope, her pale cheek flushing quickly, though she spoke with a pleasant smile.

Mrs. Saville laughed. "You know I should not like you to leave me," she said, more genially than Hope once thought she could ever speak. "Nor need you do so, if you will avoid vexed questions." Hope bent her head. "Tell me," resumed Mrs. Saville, "if you did leave me, what should you do?"

"I am not absolutely without resources," returned Hope, "and I should try to find pupils or some similar employment to this."

"But you would prefer staying where you are?"

"Yes, very, very much."

"There is a tone of sincerity in your words. Pray read to me for a while, and let us have no more agitations."

This long-wished-for opening appeared to Hope to have done very little good. She wrote an account of it to Mr. Rawson. Indeed, her correspondence with the Rawson family was very constant. Every week a thick letter went to Miss Rawson, and every week came a punctual reply. Sometimes these letters sent Hope to her daily task with a soft, happy smile on her lips; sometimes her quick-falling tears bedewed the paper as she read. But, through smiles and tears, she never failed in her duty to her employer, who grew more and more dependent on her daughterly care and attention.

(To be continued.)

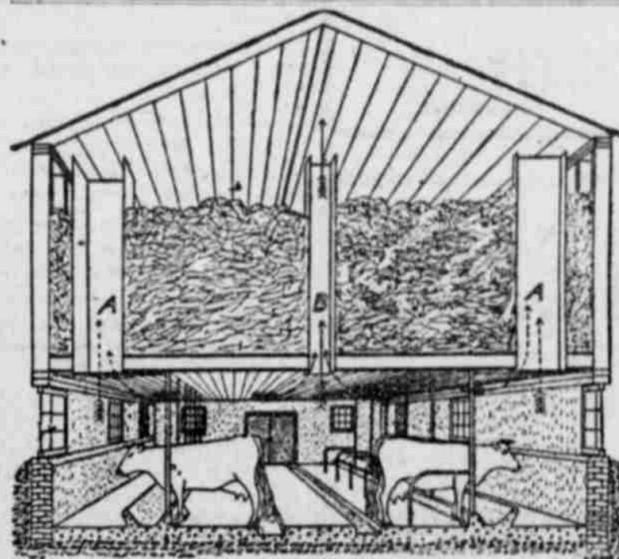


Stable Ventilation.

Some years ago Prof. F. H. King, of Wisconsin, made an experimental study of the effect of ample and deficient ventilation upon twenty milk cows. The experiment was made in a half-basement stable, represented in accompanying figure, having three outside doors, thirteen large windows and a door leading by a stairway to the floor above. The ceiling was nine feet above the floor and the stable contained 960 cubic feet of space per cow. Leading upward from the ceiling were two hay chutes two by three feet in cross section, twenty feet high, which could be opened or closed at will, and a ventilating shaft terminating near the ridge of the roof inside.

During the trial the cows were kept continuously in the stable with the hay chutes closed during two days and then with them open two days, the trials being repeated four times. Following these four trials the hay chutes were left closed during three consecutive days for poor ventilation and left open the following three, making fourteen days in all.

It was found that measurably the same amount of feed was eaten under both conditions of ventilation. But during the days of insufficient ventilation the cows drank, on the average, 11.4 pounds more water each day and yet lost in weight an average of 10.7 pounds at the end of each



period, regaining this again when good ventilation was restored, and this, too, when they were drinking less water. During the good ventilation days, too, for each and every period, the cows gave more milk, the average being 55 pounds per head per day.

At the end of the fourteen days the cows were turned into the yard and exhibited an intense desire to lick their sides and limbs, doing so in many cases till the hair was stained with blood.

Examination showed that during the interval a rash had developed which could be felt by the hand, in the form of hard raised points, and the rasping of these off caused the bleeding.

Sell Less Wheat Abroad.

The calendar year 1902 will show a smaller exportation of wheat than any year in the last decade, and an increased home consumption, both in amount and per capita average, says a report of the Bureau of Statistics on wheat production, exportation and consumption of the United States.

The continued decline in exports of breadstuffs lends interest to the statement. The exportation of wheat for the nine months ending with September amounted to only 27,768,991 bushels, against 58,178,935 bushels in the same month of 1901; four exports were 6,288,281 barrels, against 9,428,347. This reduction in exports of wheat seems to be due to increased consumption at home rather than at any decline in production. The average annual production for the last five years has exceeded any earlier five-year period.

Rural Delivery and Roads.

The Postoffice Department at Washington has again sent out orders that rural mail delivery is to be discontinued on routes not properly maintained by mail patrons, who are supposed to keep the roads in good condition. In many parts of the country the roads are maintained and kept in fairly good condition, but thousands of miles of roadways traversed every day by the carriers are wretched, and later in the year will become next to impassable. Were it a matter of great expense or

effort to keep country roads in good condition it might be something of a hardship to farmers, but the intelligent use of the split-log drag has practically solved the problem of country road making and road maintenance, and people need to get busy in employing them on the highways. In many parts of the country, especially in Iowa and Missouri, hundreds of miles of roads are kept in passable condition the year around by means of this cheap and inexpensive implement. When once a highway is placed in good condition any farmer can keep up one mile of road the year around by dragging it a few times a month after rain has fallen, a work that will take the time of a man and team less than a half a day all told.—Denver Field and Farm.

Experience with Alfalfa.

In the first place, I made two mistakes in sowing with grain and of course made two failures in getting a stand that suited me. For my third endeavor I selected a piece of ground which had been in hood crops for a number of years and heavily manured each year, plowing it in April and keeping it cultivated till July, when I seeded it at the rate of 20 pounds per acre.

On the night following my sowing we got a very heavy shower, and I got a magnificent stand. On part of the field I had sown wheat and red clover the fall before. So that in the fall after sowing my alfalfa the red clover was knee high and in full bloom, and as I did not wish it to go to seed I turned my cattle and sheep into it, thinking they would not trouble the alfalfa, but I found that I had made a great mistake, as they fell upon the alfalfa and eat it nearly into the ground. I gave it up, thinking it was entirely ruined, but the next spring it came up as green as a bed

Declaration Amended.
Arabella—Lil is going to marry Dick, is she? Isn't that just too ridiculous to talk about?
Estella—I should say not. It's too ridiculous to keep still about.
Calling H.-e. Down.
The little boy's mother had accidentally dropped a book on his head.
"Mamma," he said, after waiting a moment and hearing an apology, "you should say 'excuse your head!'"
Setting the Action.
"When you talk about the ultimate consumer," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, filling his pipe with the remnants in his tobacco pouch and lighting it, "I'm him."

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