

# What Gold Cannot Buy

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Saville had invited some friends who were passing through Paris to dine with her that day, so Hope felt no compunction about leaving her alone, though she was by no means anxious to accompany Miss Dacre, whose constant confidences about Lumley made her feel uncomfortable; for during his visit to Dresden she had perceived what was the real attraction which brought him there, and she had a sense of guilt towards Miss Dacre which oppressed her.

"However, she will be going away soon," was her reflection as she dressed, always in black, but not now in such mourning—black lace over black satin, her snowy neck and arms showing through their transparent covering, and a jet comb shining among the abundant coils of her rich, dark-chestnut hair.

"I am so glad you could come!" cried Miss Dacre, when she got into the carriage. "I cannot go quite by myself, and there is no one else in Paris I care to have. Do you know, my father says he thinks he saw George Lumley on the Boulevards this morning."

"Indeed! Well, we have seen nothing of him."

The house was crowded with a brilliant audience. The music was light and sparkling. Many glasses were turned to the box occupied by the two distinguished-looking Englishwomen. Hope Desmond had had a budget from her faithful friend Miss Rawson that evening, and something in the contents had sent her forth with a bright color and a smiling face. Even Miss Dacre, self-absorbed as she usually was, thought, "How handsome Hope is looking!"

That young lady, who had been sweeping the house with her opera-glass, suddenly started, and exclaimed, "Why, there is George Lumley in the balcony opposite! He is with Lord Everton. Is it not extraordinary?—as soon as I come to Paris he appears. Stay! he sees us; they are coming over. I don't know how it is, but I felt I should meet him here."

In a few minutes the door of the box opened to admit Lord Everton and his young nephew.

"Well, Miss Dacre, this is an unexpected pleasure," said the gallant old peer. "I met Castleton a couple of hours ago, and he told me you were coming here to-night. Then this young scapgrace called at my apartment, and we agreed to look you up."

"I saw Richard Saville in town the day before yesterday," said Captain Lumley as he shook hands with Miss Desmond. "He told me you were in Paris; and—here I am."

"It is the best time for Paris, everything looks so bright and gay," she returned, with some slight embarrassment. "Rather different from Dresden."

"I hope there may be a change from the Dresden tone," he replied, with some significance. Then he turned to greet Miss Dacre with great cordiality, and while they talked with much animation Lord Everton addressed Miss Desmond.

"Delighted to see you! So glad you had not deserted my distinguished sister-in-law. You remind me of Una and the Lion, or I might say the Tiger. The softening power you have exercised is amazing. I only wish the process extended in widening circles to embrace a few more than your favored self."

"I wish I possessed the power you credit me with," returned Hope, smiling, as she made room for him beside her. She was always amused with the boyish old peer, who showed her a degree of kindly attention which touched her.

"And how are you getting on?" he continued, in a confidential tone. "I know that good fellow Rawson counted on you as an ally in the cause of Madame's prodigal son."

"I do not get on at all. I have had but one chance of pleading for him, and I am afraid I made little or no impression. Mrs. Saville has been profoundly offended. Naturally, she will find it hard to forgive."

"She is somewhat adamantine. If you succeed with her I shall say you are a decidedly clever young woman. Still, I am inclined to back you. I must tell Hugh what a first-rate advocate he has. I had a letter from him a few days ago. His ship will be

out of commission—let me see, in less than five months. The present First Lord is an old schoolfellow of mine, and he wants a lift with him. He must keep up, you know, now he is a married man—poor beggar! Then, in a way, I am responsible for his sins."

"Oh, indeed!" said Hope, looking at him with eager, earnest eyes.

"Yes; I know old Hilton for years, off and on. He wasn't a bad fellow at all—very much in my own line; and I am not at all a bad fellow, I assure you."

"I am sure you are not," returned Hope, with a caressing smile.

"What a sweet soul you are to say so!" showing all his still white teeth in a genial laugh. "Then he, Hugh, met the daughter—an uncommon girl, I believe, sang divinely, and all that." "Did you know her too?" asked Hope.

"Well, I have seen her, years ago, when she was in short frocks with a pigtail. Then she was away in England for some time, but Hilton did not consider it prudent to cross the Channel. Anyhow, Hugh is most anxious about his precious wife, and fears she may get into trouble during his absence. I am thinking of running down to Nice to look her up. She is there still, isn't she?"

"I think—that is, Mr. Rawson thinks she has left. You had better ask him."

"I will," with some significance. "May I call upon her imperious Highness, do you think?" "I can hardly tell. You might leave a card. I am inclined to think that she would be pleased by your kind effort to further her son's interest."

"That is a little encouraging. Hugh has always been a favorite of mine. He is a fine fellow, and I do not think he will revenge himself on the poor girl who is the innocent cause of his misfortunes. God! a sweet charming woman is worth paying dear for!"—a sentiment which seemed to touch his hearer, for she gave him a soft, lingering, tearful glance, which, "had I been some twenty years younger," thought the old boy, "I should have felt inclined to repay with a kiss."

## CHAPTER XV.

Miss Dacre's bright beady eyes danced in her head with delight as she chattered volubly to Lumley, whose face grew rather sulky as he listened, scarcely deigning to reply. Here a welcome interruption came in the shape of one of the English attaches, for whom Lumley immediately vacated his seat; and, as Lord Everton wished to say a word to one of the singers, he departed behind the scenes, and Lumley slipped into his place.

"My uncle was fortunate in securing your devoted attention, Miss Desmond."

"Yes; he always interests me."

"Lucky old fellow! What have you been doing with yourself?" continued Lumley, looking earnestly at her. "You are looking pale and thin, and your eyes—"

Hope interrupted him by holding up a finger. "What a rude speech!" she exclaimed.

"You ought to know by this time that I am too deeply interested in you to pay you compliments."

"And you ought to know by this time, Captain Lumley, that I am an ungrateful creature and not deserving of your interest."

"Whether you deserve it or not, I can't help feeling it."

"Has Mr. Saville any thoughts of coming to Paris?"

"I don't know. He will probably pay his respected mamma a visit. He is at present deeply engaged assisting a desperate female antiquarian who is collecting materials for the history of Queen Bertha, or Boadicea, or some such remote potentate. Whether she will end by leading him to the hyemeneal altar is uncertain; but it is quite possible."

"I earnestly hope poor Mrs. Saville may be spared this last straw," exclaimed Hope, smiling.

"I am sure I don't care. I only care for my own troubles. I have been the most miserable beggar in existence for the last four or five months, hoping and fearing, and dragged every way. I am resolved to put an end to this infernal uncertainty and know my fate. Don't you think I am right?"

"How can I tell?" Hope was beginning, when Miss Dacre broke in: "You will come back to sup with me, will

you not, Miss Desmond? Captain Lumley and Lord Everton are coming, and Lady Dolamere, and Monsieur de la Taille. I will send my maid home with you after."

"Many thanks, Miss Dacre, I really must not."—an animated argument followed; but Hope Desmond stuck to her resolution, and, declining Captain Lumley's proffered escort, drove back to Maurice's alone.

Mrs. Saville was rather amused in Paris; she met many acquaintances who did not bore her, and she tolerated Captain Lumley's visits more good-humoredly than formerly, chiefly because he was quiet.

About a week after Hope had gone to the opera with Miss Dacre, Mrs. Saville had gone to drive in the Bois with an invalid dowager duchess who was on her way to some famous health-resort in Switzerland, and Hope, having finished her weekly letter, went out to post it, proceeding afterwards to do some shopping. On her way back, near the Theatre Francaise, she met Lumley, who immediately turned with her. They walked rather silently to the hotel, Hope feeling very anxious to get rid of him, yet somehow deterred from acting with decision, but a certain air of resolution, by no means usual, which pervaded his face and voice seemed to hold her back.

"Has Mrs. Saville returned?" asked Hope of the waiter who attended their suite of rooms.

"Not yet, mademoiselle," he replied. "Then—"

"Then—"

"If you will allow me, I will come in and wait for her," he said, with so much decision that she felt it would be easier to let him come in than to resist. He therefore followed her upstairs to the pleasant salon, looking out on the Tuilleries gardens, where Hope took off her hat, intending to supply him with a newspaper and leave him to his own reflections. This plan was nipped in the bud.

Having walked to the window and looked out for a minute, Lumley returned and closed the door. Standing between it and Hope, he said, very quietly, "This is the first chance I have had of speaking to you, and I implore you to hear me. I insist on your hearing me. You have treated me with the most insulting indifference, and obstinately refused to understand the feelings I have tried to show you. Now I am determined to speak out. I am madly in love with you. I would sacrifice everything and every one for you. I am desperately in earnest. Promise that you will love me, that you will even try to love me, and I'll marry you to-morrow. No! hear me further," as Hope attempted to speak. "Just think of the different life you would lead with me. You would have society, position, freedom. We might be obliged to pinch at first, but nothing can keep the family estates from me when my father is gone; and I could always get money. Then compare life with a husband who adores you, with that of a sort of upper servant to a cantankerous, dictatorial, tyrannical old woman like my aunt Saville. You must not refuse me, Hope. I'll blow out my brains if you do." He tried to catch her hand, which she quickly snatched away, stepping back a pace or two, while she grew alternately pale and red under the passionate gaze of the eager young man.

"Now, you must listen to me, Captain Lumley. You have distressed me infinitely. You ought to have understood by my manner that I wished to avoid such an explanation—to save you, as well as myself, the pain it must cause. It is impossible that I could love you as you wish. And it is well I do not; for there is no reason why you should give your parents as your cousin has done his mother."

"That need not weigh with you," cried Lumley. "I wrote to my father yesterday, and told him I should ask you, and if you accepted me, as I hoped you would, nothing should prevent our marriage."

"How insane of you!" said Hope, greatly agitated. "Why could you not see that I should never under any circumstances have loved you, we are so unlike in every way?"

"That's no reason why we should not be perfectly happy; and see all I can give you."

"All you could give has not a feather's weight with me. I am profoundly grieved that I could not keep you from this mortification. You will find many good and charming women, who, if you seek them, would love you well; and I will even tell you that I have no heart to give. I am engaged to a man I love with all my soul, and no one can put him out of my mind."

(To be continued.)

## It Depends.

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" the teacher asked of the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And the smart boy stood up and said it depended a great deal whether the word applied to a man or a bee.—London News.

We all need more mercy than we deserve, therefore let us judge only with charity.—Furniss.



## FARM NOTES

Short Cornstalks.

Every farmer who feeds corn fodder knows how difficult it is to pitch the manure from the stables in which the stalks have been used for bedding. When the fork is thrust into the compact manure the long stalks run so far in every direction and hold so tightly that the man at the fork begins to think that he will be compelled to lift the entire bottom out of the stall with the first forkful. The long stalks make both loading and unloading of the manure very difficult.

A Missouri farmer has just given his way, which we think is a good way, of feeding corn fodder to make better bedding of the refuse stalks and to make the handling of the manure easier. He ties his corn fodder, or corn stover, in bundles after husking, for storage. At feeding times he takes these bundles and cuts them with an ax across a large wooden block into three or four shorter lengths. These short lengths are then placed in the mangers for the cows and horses to pick over and are then thrown into the stables and stalls for bedding. He claims that stover cut into shorter lengths is easier for the stock to pick over, that it helps to keep the stalls neater, and that it is better in many ways. Where these short lengths of corn stalks are used in the bedding the handling of the manure is easy.

Corn stalks are a valuable by-product of the corn crop when used in the right way, and there are many good ways of using them. Dry corn stalks are porous, spongy, and are good absorbers of liquids. They are bulky and fill up fast, hence aid in keeping the stall floors fully covered and the animals dry. Wheat, oat or rye straw mixed with the dry corn stalk bedding makes an almost complete absorber of the liquids and saves all of the rich fertilizers.—Exchange.

## Education and the Soil.

One of the popular fallacies that is rapidly losing ground is the idea that any one with no previous training or experience can be a successful farmer, and one of the chief agencies of enlightenment is the Government Bureau of Soils. This useful adjunct of the Department of Agriculture is rapidly completing its investigations of the actual values and needs of the earth in various parts of the West, and its reports will constitute a valuable compendium for those already engaged in agriculture to embark in it.

The government has risen to the need of demonstrating that the day of haphazard and scratching of the surface of the earth is passed, and that for most successful results practical training, if not thorough scientific education, is needed. It is the aim of the Bureau of Soils to establish accurately the nutrition values of the earth in varying sections for producing the greatest abundance of suitable crops, and with such a definite basis to help the husbandman proceed with greater certainty toward his goal of achievement. This sort of official knowledge is sure to enable man to make many blades of grass or grain grow where few or none grew before, for its natural development will be the intelligent cultivation of every arable acre of land that can be made to yield a profitable crop.—Twentieth Century Farmer.

## Small Hog Cot.

The hog cot illustrated here is 6 ft. wide, 8 ft. long and 6 ft. 2 in. high in front and 3 ft. high in the rear. The floor is built with 2 in. x 4 in.



stringers, and the frame is held on the floor by blocks at each corner. Lumber required will be: 12 pieces, 2 in. x 4 in., 16 ft. long for frame; 4 pieces, 1 in. x 12 in., 16 ft. long for floor; 13 pieces, 1 in. x 2 in., 16 ft. long for roof and ends; 10 battens, 16 ft. long for sealing crack between boards. Total cost about \$12.50.

## Early Maturing Pullets.

Early maturing pullets are likely to be excellent layers the first winter, whether or not they prove to be good layers in subsequent years. The slow-maturing bird is almost certain to lay late in the winter, and often will not commence until "thawed out" by pleasant weather in the spring; also, she is not likely to lay so regularly as the pullet that commences before the snow flies. The early maturing bird will therefore prove the more valuable property the first year because she is producing eggs at a time when eggs are bringing fancy prices. The season at which a pullet shall lay best in her first year is controlled more largely by maturity than by feeding, although of course the latter is always an important factor. The thing for the farmer to do, then, is to retain all the early hatched pullets he can possibly find room for and give proper care and attention. Those that are now beginning to "sing" and cackle, and whose heads are beginning to redden, are the ones that will shell out eggs this winter when they are selling at top-notch prices.—Agricultural Epitomist.

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Ivory doubles in price every few years.

Brandy was first made in France in 1310.

The first pair of spectacles was made by an Italian in 1299.

Norway has a factory in which 24,000 pounds of haddock can be turned into fish balls in a day.

Though hydrophobia has been stamped out of Britain, it is still rampant in Germany, where every year over 2,500 dogs and cats afflicted with the disease are destroyed.

When the post office was first opened at Kai-Feng, China, the clerks had a fight with some of the men who bought stamps and refused to go away until the stamps were licked and stuck on their envelopes for them.

The present wave of agitation for the amendment of the British copyright law is gaining strength from the discovery that a great-grandson of Robert Burns is now making a precarious living as a mender of pots and pans.

Queensland and Victoria possess only small ostrich farms, which have not produced very encouraging results. In all there are now about two thousand ostriches in Australia. The inferior feathers are used at home and the more valuable ones are exported, chiefly in Germany.

The French government takes 15 per cent of all the money staked at the casinos of the seaside and other health resorts on the little horses and other gambling devices. For the season of 1908-9 this percentage amounted to \$945,393, the summer season naturally contributing the greater part—over \$600,000.

The duke of Atholl holds part of his lands conditionally on his presenting a white rose to his sovereign when honored with a visit. The late Queen Victoria and Prince Albert once were his guests at a time when these flowers were out of season and the duke had much difficulty in obtaining two roses for the occasion.

The court house at Washington, Mason County, Kentucky, in which Uncle Tom of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame was sold, was struck by lightning and destroyed on August 12. The building was erected in 1794. It was the sale of the aged negro at this place that gave Harriet Beecher Stowe the basis for her story.—Green Bag.

One of the main features of the agricultural exhibition at Allahabad, India, next month will be the tillage field, on which as large as possible a choice of plows and other implements of tillage will be regularly at work, so that visitors can see for themselves the depth and quality of the tillage, and the weight and draft of the various implements.

About one million persons in the working period of life in the United States are on the sick list each year. The cost of their illness is about \$1,000,000,000 a year, of which at least one-half is preventable. Therefore, the estimate, considered low, of the preventable loss from disease and death in this country is \$1,500,000,000.—Professor Irving Fisher.

Henrik Ibsen's posthumous works have just been published in Norway. They consist of a collection of verse, biographical material and sketches of the plots and morals of his plays, as well as the text of the plays as first completed, the last showing the great importance Ibsen attributed to careful planning of his plays in advance and to thorough revision.

Wilfred Stevens, of Shakopee, Minn., translator in the service of the United States government, has a working knowledge of twenty-odd languages and can converse in as many dialects of various other tongues as may be demanded of him. He knows more diplomatic secrets than any official of the government, with the possible exception of the President and the Secretary of State.

Hookworm can certainly be quickly conquered, malaria more slowly and consumption most slowly, but almost as completely. Consumption is virtually the same great, sweeping destroyer in modern cities of science that it was a century ago, say, in London. Indeed, since the great grip epidemic of 1831 consumption seems worse than it ever was before and the grip epidemic of twenty years ago did not make things any better.—New York Press.

In the British postoffice savings bank in 1907 there were 18,771,969 deposits, of the value of \$44,217,258, and last year 18,379,991, representing \$44,770,782. In 1907, 9,308,247 withdrawals were made, involving \$46,463,632, and last year 9,322,169, representing \$45,395,490. The interest credited to depositors in 1908 was \$3,772,755, as compared with \$3,719,975 in 1907, and the total standing to the credit of depositors on savings bank account on December 31, 1908, was \$160,648,214, an increase of \$3,148,137 in the year.