What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

The tenth day came, and Mrs. Saville seemed sinking rapidly. The doctor remained all night. Hope sat by the bedside. Haggard, dry-eyed, sometimes the sufferered uttered the name of her offending son, sometimes she murmured inarticulately. The eleventh day dawned gray and overcast. Hitherto the weather had been fine, and warm enough to make it difficult to keep the sick-room tolerably cool. In after-years, the shimmer of moonlight on the sea, and the sweet soothing rhythm of the soft upward rush and backward sweep of wavelets on a pebbly beach, always brought the sick-room and the terrible anxiety of those days vividly before Hope's mind. A cooler wind now blew gently, and Hope, who had snatched half an hour's rest, came soon after dawn to resume her watch. She was startled. Had the proud, hard, disappointed woman passed away! She lay so still, with something of that "rapture of repose" which only death can bring. She looked at the Sister—a look of terrified inquiry. "She lives, but scarcely breathes," was the whispered reply. Hope bent over the bed, and touched the thin hand which lay outside the clothes. "She is breathing regularly. Her hand is not burning. Go call the doctor, Sister Marie. Oh, go quickly."

When he came, he, too, touched her hand and listened. "She sleeps," he said at length. "She may live. Keep everything profoundly quiet."

Never could Hope forget that vigil. As the hours passed, and still the exhausted patient slept and slept, some more than natural strength seemed given to the young watcher, who would not quit the bedside, only taking a cup of milk to sustain her, for how long she never knew.

At last, when then sun had sunk and the first soft shades of night began to fall, Mrs. Saville slowly lifted her eyelids, and recognized Hope. She smiled gently, as if feeling comfortable and pleased to see her. She was too weak to speak. The relief was too sudden, too delightful, for Hope's self-command. "Oh, thank God! thank God! you are better! you will live! we shall save you!" she exclaimed, while the glad tears dropped from her eyes on the poor, helpless hand which she kissed. Mrs. Saville smiled again; her lips moved, as if she tried to say something; then she closed her eyes, and an expression of infinite content stole over her worn face.

CHAPTER XX.

Having seen the doctor, who paid a late visit to his patient, and heard from him the confirmation of her happy anticipations, Hope left Sister Marie in charge, and at length yielded to the imperative necessity for rest.

What joy it was to wake the next morning and feel that the danger past, and that she had helped to save the cold, stern woman who had buried her heart so deep down under her pride, self-will, and arrogance that Hope had nearly despaired of touching it! How sweet it was to return to her post and see the delicate face no longer disfigured by the dusky purplish hue so surely indicative of fell disease, but pale and cool, if worn and thin!

Mrs. Saville's eyes were closed, but she was not asleep. The faint rustle of Hope's dress, as she sat down caught her attention, and she opened them. Then she smiled, a soft, kindly smile, such as Hope had never seen before part her lips, and she made a slight motion of her almost transparent hand toward Hope's, who immediately took it and kissed it tenderly.

"You are really glad," Mrs. Saville whispered—"really," she sighed, a sort of contented sigh, and kept her eyes fixed on her young companion's face, as if it gave her pleasure to look at her.

The day passed in profound quiet. The patient slept a great deal, and took all the nourishment offered her, the restful, contented expression on her countenance assuring the watchers that all was well.

The afternoon was far advanced when Sister Marie, who had been taking her turn of rest, stood in the doorway and made a sign to Hope, who came to her in the next room.

"A gentleman has arrived and wishes to see you," whispered the Sister.

"What kind of gentleman?" asked Hope, in the same tone.

"He is stout and gray."

"Ah! Mr. Rawson!" exclaimed Hope; and she hastened to the salon, where she found that gentleman awaiting her. He looked weary and anxious.

"How is she?" he exclaimed, taking both hands she held out. "Is there any hope?"

"Oh, thank heaven, she is out of danger!" she cried, bursting into tears, her nerves no longer able to resist her emotion, now that the terrible strain upon them was removed.

"Than' heaven indeed! It would have been terrible if she had died unreconciled to her son, for he was really fond of her. They were fonder of each other apart than together. Why, my dear young lady, you look completely worn out. The courier has told me of your devotion. I trust in God you will not suffer for it."

"No, I am sure I shall not. God has given me strength."

"Your—Hugh Saville will thank you and re y you for this." And the good man walked the room, greatly moved.

Hope sat down, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, kept quietly for a few moments; then, resuming her self-control, she began to tell Mr. Rawson the story of Mrs. Saville's illness from the first seizure to the present.

"I was moving about," said Rawson, "and the news only reached me three days ago. We were at Thun. My daughter and I started at once. She went straight home from Paris, and came on, here. I must write to Hugh. I know he will be shocked at the idea of never seeing his mother in this world."

"You may be sure I kept him informed," said Hope. "Even this morning I managed a short letter to convey the joyful news."

"I trust there will be no drawback to her convalescence. I shall remain here for a week or two, until I see all is safe. It has been an awfully trying time for you. Such responsibility; and had she died, that unjust will would have held good.'

"It has been destroyed," said Hope. "Mrs. Saville told me so. She was going to make another, when this dreadful fever began."

A long, confidential conversation ensued, then Hope left the family solicitor to the care of the courier and returned to her post.

A week later Mrs. Saville was able to leave her bed and receive her confidential adviser.

Worn and emaciated though she looked, her aspect was younger than it had been, so greatly was the expression of mouth and eyes softened.

"I am truly rejoiced to see you once more," said Mr. Rawson, with a kindly twinkle in his eyes.

"You thought you never should, I suppose," murmured Mrs. Saville, giving him her hand.

"Indeed, I feared the worst."

"I was very nearly gone. What seemed to kill me most was the doubt whether anybody cared if I lived or died. The last thing I remember distinctly was Miss Desmond's sad, anxious face. It seemed to say that there was one human being who would regret me. The first experience of returning life was her tears of joy at the chance of my recovery. I shall not soon forget that."

"I think she nursed you very devotedly."

"She did. She has saved my life. She has made herself almost a necessity. I have been a hard woman, Mr. Rawson, though not unjust, but somehow this girl, who might well be my daughter, suggests to me that there is something beyond justice, and that is equity."

Then they talked as long as Mr. Rawson would stay; but he was careful not to exhaust the convalescent.

It was a joyful day when Mrs. Saville first ventured into the salon, and still more so when she first ventured out. The day before this event her eldest son arrived in hot haste, and, for so undemonstrative a man, showed great joy at finding his mother not only alive, but rapidly recovering, as persons of an untried constitution do, even after so severe a fever. He expressed his warm acknowledgements to Miss Desmond for her devotion, and said the family were under the deepest obligation to her.

Mrs. Saville had gained so much strength in the next few days that her son and Mr. Rawson decided that they might leave for London, as with Miss Desmond and her maid the invalid could travel safely as soon as the doctor gave his consent.

"She is very eager to return," said Hope to Mr. Rawson as they slowly paced the beach in front of the hotel while waiting for the carriage which was to convey him and his traveling-companion to the nearest railway-station.

"Yes. Do you know why? She confessed to me last night. The Vortigern will be at Plymouth and paid off in about four or five weeks, and I believe she yearns to see and be reconciled to her son; for she said, 'God has been merciful and spared me to correct some great mistakes, and I dare not myself be unforgiving.'"

"Did she say that?" exclaimed Hope. "Oh, I pray God her mood may not change! Do you know I feel so strangely weak and anxious, it seems impossible I can live through another month of anxiety?"

"You have done splendidly so far; you must not break down at the last," said Mr. Rawson. "When you return to London you must come to us for a week's complete rest."

"Thank you. You have been a true, good friend. While I am with you, I feel that matters will arrange themselves as we wish; but when I am alone, all my courage seems to evaporate. I trust we may be in London within the next three weeks."

"I hope you may, and I believe you will be. Here is the carriage. Let us go in. I suppose Mr. Saville is ready. Nothing proved to me his mother's complete restoration so much as her speech about him. 'Let hi go away with you, Mr. Rawson,' she said; 'if he travels with us he will only be an additional responsibility to Miss Desmond. Richard is incapable of taking care of himself.' She is marvellously toned down by suffering and sympathy; but we cannot expect the Ethiopian to change his skin, nor the leopard his spots, altogether, though one may become a shade light and the other have fewer marks."

CHAPTER XXI.

It was with a thankful heart that Hope Desmond found herself and her charge safely housed in the Staff Square mansion. Mrs. Saville bore the journey well—indeed, better than her companion, whose pale cheeks and heavy eyes bespoke mental and physical exhaustion.

Mrs. Saville's usual medical attendant, or rather the medical attendant of the household, for the wiry woman scarcely knew what indisposition meant, awaited her arrival and noticed Miss Desmond's looks.

"If I might offer advice unasked, I would recommend a tonic and some days' complete repose to this young lady," said the polite practitioner. "It seems to me that her nervous system is somewhat overstrained."

"She shall do as you direct," returned Mrs. Saville, with her usual decision. "I will look to her myself. She has braved horrible infection for me, and has had a large share in saving my life; therefore I value hers beyond everyone's, except, of course, my sons'. Yes, you look frightfully ill, Hope. I cannot have this."

"Perhaps if I went to Miss Rawson for a few days," said Hope, with hesitation, "I might gather strength sooner. Here I shall always want to be up and about."

"You shall be nursed in no other house than this; so, doctor, send in your prescription soon. As for me, I want nothing but good food and occupation."

"You are indeed marvelously well and strong, considering what an illness you have gone through. We have now every reason to hope that you will be spared to your family and friends for many years."

"Much my family and friends care about that special mercy," returned Mrs. Saville, with one of her ironical smile. "Good-morning, doctor." And the doctor bowed himself out.

(To be continued.)

MURDER MOTHER TONGUE.

Pres. Faunce Says American College Graduates Are Illiterate.

That the American people are murdering their mother tongue and one of the great opportunities for reform at the present time is to teach them to reverence and prize the English language and also to speak and write it decently, was the opinion expressed by President Faunce, of Brown University, at Chautauqua, N. Y. He did not spare the American colleges in his general arraignment and declared that they are turning out an alarming proportion of graduates who are actually illiterate.

"I should like," he said, "to see the colleges of the country join in an effort to induce the American people to write and speak the English tongue decently. The colleges are not doing it now. It is a fact that the colleges of this country are sending out illiterates. Many of our college seniors can not write a decent business letter. Large numbers of them cannot express themselves in writing so as to be understood. We Americans should link our minds and hearts and hands in an effort to preserve this mother tongue which is our definite intellectual heritage. We should prize English speech and English literature and pass on this heritage of the past to the children of the future."

President Faunce said that he had been surprised and shocked recently when he mentioned the name of Professor Huxley to a group of Brown students and no one knew whom he meant.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Hamp's Foot.

Hank Stubbs—Hamp Culver put his foot in it when he bought that piece uv medder from Amos Green.

Bige Miller—Ef Hamp put his foot in he got amighty big piece uv medder fur his money.—Boston Herald.

A Stoppage in the Supply.

Father—Heavens, what a noise that child is making."

Nurse—Well, I don't wonder. I see you made a knot in the tube of his bottle so that you shouldn't forget to feed him.—Fliegende Blatter.

Judging Character.

Character is told by the voice. It is a telltale of temperament. A heart full of feeling and generous warmth is betrayed in the tones. The blind always read individuals by the voice.

We Give It Up.

Who was the great woman who first thought of cooking sauerkraut and spare ribs together?—Atchison Globe.

FARM AND GARDEN

Stick to the Farm!

"Stick to the farm," says the President
To the wide-eyed farmer boy,
Then he hies him back to the White House home,
With its air of rustic joy.

"Stick to the farm," says the railroad king
To the lad who looks afar,
Then hikes him back on the double quick
To his rustic private car.

"Stick to the farm," says the clergyman
To the youth on the worm fence perch,
Then he lays his ear to the ground to hear
A call to a city church.

"Stick to the farm," says the doctor wise,
To those who would break the rut,
Then hies him where the appendix grows
In bountiful crops to cut.
—McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

Why Boys Leave the Farm.

An official connected with an eastern agricultural college has made a summary of the reasons given by 155 sons of farmers for abandoning the pursuit of their fathers. Sixty-two of this number said that farming does not pay. A strong argument can be made on the idea that it pays better than other forms of business. The secretary of agriculture has stated that the products of the soil in this country in 1905 reached a value of $6,000,000,000, which is a good deal of wealth to divide up as a reward in one industry. Seventeen of the young men said the hours of labor on the farm are too long. No doubt they meant at certain seasons, but this is a detail open to adjustment. Twenty-six thought social advantages on the farms are not equal to those in cities, which is also a matter of opinion. Sixteen said they had a natural bent for something else, which is a point that deserves consideration always. Others objected to farm monotony, and fifteen said they would return to farming as soon as they made a pile of money at something else.

Many of these young men are the victims of illusion, and, unfortunately, of a kind curable only by experience. Probably they are not aware that 90 per cent of those who branch out into general business fail to accumulate any considerable wealth, while the positive wreckage in means, health and comfort is large. A farm is never monotonous to a good farmer. It is rather a book of fresh interest each succeeding day. A surplus at the end of a year is the rule on the farm; in the city a surplus is the exception, and the style of family living, on the whole, is in favor of the country. But statistics show that plenty of boys remain on the farms. The farming population of the United States in 1900 was four times as large as in 1850, and the value of their property increased five fold, or from $4,000,000,000 to $20,000,000.

Do Farmers Read Bulletins?

I have noticed one thing in particular while traveling in some of our best agricultural states, and that is, when I see a number of well dressed farmers discussing beef and milk rations, feeding young animals for a healthy development, nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus and their functions in plant growth and protein and carbohydrates and their functions in animal growth, I am invariably in a prosperous and up-to-date community. Now, the question is, do the best and most intelligent farmers read their bulletins and keep in touch with their station workers and read the agricultural press, or does the reading of these bulletins and agricultural papers make more intelligent farmers? It is one or the other considered from either standpoint, for these bulletins and agricultural papers are not read by the poor and uneducated class of farmers, neither do they circulate as freely among the poorer farmers as they do among the farmers in the better agricultural communities. — Agricultural Epitomist.

No Use for the Horns.

When cattle were raised on the range a good set of horns was necessary for protection. An all-wise creator put them there for that purpose. On the farm a cow or a steer is not in need of horns. Breeders are breeding them off very rapidly. Even the long-horned Hereford has a polled strain now, and it is predicted by many that within twenty-five years a horned animal of the bovine race will be a curiosity. On the other hand, advocates of horns say the hornless strain of every horned breed is undersized, and until it can come up to those that have horns in size and weight people will want the horned cattle of both shorthorn and Hereford breeds. However, there is no reason for leaving the horns on after they are there. The time to take them off is when the animal is young, and the way to do it is with any of the prepared horn killers. But take them off with the saw rather than let them go. It is more humane to do it than not to do it.—Farmers' Mail and Breeze.

Brush for Soil Wash.

There is nothing quite so good as fine brush to catch and hold soil wash. Where small trees are used to fill a gully the top of the tree should be placed toward the head of the gully, so that all soil and trash coming down will be caught in the forks of the branches. If the tree is placed in the opposite direction the descending trash will slip more easily by and over it. For the same reason, in filling a gully with brush and branches, the tops of the brush should be placed upstream.

Where gullies have been formed during the summer by soil washing it is well to fill them as early as possible in the fall while the leaves are still on the brush with which they are filled. When they are filled early and before the leaves of the trees have fallen, many leaves, as well as grass and weeds that may be blown about the fields by fall and winter winds will be caught in the brush to decay, will help fill and will form good soil. The brush itself will decay in a year or two, so that when the gully is filled it cannot only be plowed over, but will become the best soil. Never fill a gully with soil, unless some brush or similar material is put in the bottom to hold the soil.

In mending a steep place in the roadside, briers, brush and all fence row mowings make good material to lay down to place the dirt upon. If rocks are available it is best to first lay brush in the place to be filled, then place the rocks upon the brush, and last the dirt upon the rocks and brush. These will hold and bind the dirt until it becomes settled and firm, and it will be less subject to washing and being cut up by travel in wet weather. Never burn a bit of brush on the place, but put it to some good use.

Breeding Swine.

In breeding swine or live stock of any kind the breeder should have a well defined object in view, a point toward which to work, a type, an ideal, if you will, well fixed in his mind.

All hogs of the same breed are not alike, and it is this fact that makes improvement of any breed possible. There are different types of the same breed for the breeder to select from, and the intelligence and judgment used in the selection of the animals reserved for breeders will sooner or later demonstrate the success or failure of the breeder. Of course, methods of feeding and care cut an important figure. Many men who are good feeders of swine are very poor breeders, but few good breeders are poor feeders.

The tendency of all our improved animals is to revert backward toward the original type, and in the case of swine it should be borne in mind that while there is no stock that can be so rapidly improved by judicious selection, care and feed, there is none that will degenerate so quickly under neglect.—Kansas Farmer.

Vitality of Seeds.

The period for which the seeds of different plants maintains their vitality varies a good deal. The seeds of some vegetables are worthless after they are two years old, while the seeds of other plants improve with age until a certain period. For instance: the seeds of artichokes are good until they are three years old; asparagus, four years; beans, two years; kidney beans, one year; beets, ten years; broccoli, four years; cabbage, four years; carrot, one year; cauliflower, four years; celery, ten years; corn, three years; cucumber, ten years; egg plant, three years; endive, four years; kale, four years; leek, two years; lettuce, three years; melon, ten years; pea, two years; okra, two years; onion, two years; pumpkin, ten years; radish, four years; salsify, two years, spinach, four years; squash, four years; tomato, two years, and turnips, four years.

Scab in Sheep.

The disease commonly called sheep scab is one of the oldest known, most prevalent and most injurious maladies which affect sheep. It is a contagious skin disease caused by a parasitic mite. Investigation has shown that the disease is not hereditary, as the parasites which cause it live on the external surface of the body. It is possible, however, for a lamb to become infected from a scabby mother at the moment of birth or immediately thereafter. The treatment must consist of external cures to "purify the blood." Proper hygienic conditions alone, though of importance in connection with the subject of treatment, cannot be relied upon to cure scab. The only rational treatment consists in using some external application which will kill the parasites. By far the most rational and satisfactory and the cheapest method of curing scab is by dipping the sheep in some liquid which will kill the parasites.

Silo Feeding.

Not only must the silo be erected, shelter must be provided for the cattle during winter. Then if corn is fed in the form of silage there will be successful results. A great many farms buy stock cattle in the fall of the year, turn them into stalk fields and resell them toward spring as feeders. If the market is normal there will usually be a profit, but it, nevertheless, is a wasteful practice. A much greater profit would be secured from silo feeding as mentioned.

The Cost of Keeping a Cow.

According to careful experiments, the cost of keeping a cow a year with the best of feed and shelter, labor and interest on the investment included, all told, amounts to $55. If, then, the cow can not be made to produce more than $55, she is not worth keeping. A good cow ought to produce at least $110, or double the cost of her keep

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

1706—The Colonial Assembly of North Carolina repealed acts of intolerance.

1772—The first vessel left Quebec for the West Indies.

1778—British force arrived off the Island of Tybee to begin their attack on Savannah.

1783—Washington, in the city of Annapolis, resigned his commission in the army.

1789—Bank of the United States began to discount.

1800—Attempt made to assassinate Napoleon Bonaparte.

1811—Funeral in Richmond, Va., of the scores who perished in the burning of the Richmond theater.

1814—The British made an attack upon the position held by Gen. Jackson for the defense of New Orleans, and retired after a contest of about seven hours....Treaty of Ghent terminated the war of 1812, between Great Britain and the United States.

1832—Gov. Hayne of South Carolina issued a proclamation in answer to that of the President of the United States....John C. Calhoun resigned the vice presidency of the United States.

1835—A treaty was made with the Cherokees in Georgia, by which they agreed to remove west of the Mississippi.

1838—Execution of rebels in Montreal.

1839—Penny postage adopted in England.

1841—Gas first used for illuminating purposes in Toronto.

1847—First telegraph lines reached St. Louis.

1851—Louis Kossuth, the noted Hungarian patriot, spoke before the United States Congress at Washington.

1860—Louisiana adopted an ordinance of secession....United States revenue cutter William Allen surrendered to the South Carolina authorities.

1862—The Federals, under Gen. Sherman, were repulsed at Chickasaw Bayou, Miss.

1864—Gen. Hardee destroyed his ironclads and navy yards and escaped from Savannah with 15,000 troops.

1865—Celebration of the 500th anniversary of the foundation of Westminster Abbey.

1867—First meeting of the Ontario Legislature.

1868—Lord Lisgar appointed Governor General of Canada.

1870—State of Georgia leased the Western and Atlantic Railroad to a company for twenty years at a rental at $25,000 a month.

1871—Edward Blake formed a Liberal ministry in Canada.

1872—The Hon. Amos de Comos became premier of British Columbia. ....Barnum's Museum, New York City, destroyed by fire.

1874—King Kalakaua of Hawaii arrived in New York.

1875—Earthquake felt in Richmond, Va.

1876—Nearly a hundred lives lost in a train wreck at Ashtabula, Ohio.

1883—The cantalever railroad bridge across the Niagara River was opened.

1890—Henry B. Brown of Michigan commissioned an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court....Capt. Wallace and several soldiers killed in a fight with Sioux Indians in South Dakota.

1891—Fight at Ratenal Springs, Texas, between United States troops and Mexican revolutionists....Business suspended in London because of dense fog.

1898—New buildings of McGill University opened by Lord Minto.

1903—Nearly 600 lives lost in the Iroquois theater fire in Chicago.

1904—Market price of cotton declined to 8½ cents.

1905—Herbert H. D. Pierce appointed first United States minister to Norway.

1908—William I. Buchanan sent to Venezuela as American commissioner, to investigate conditions.... President Roosevelt invited Canada and Mexico to participate in the movement for the conservation of resources.

French Medals for Flight.

For distinguished success in the art of mechanical flight during the year, the French Academy of Science has decided to award gold medals to the following aviators: Bleriot, Farnum, De Lambert, Latham, Dumont, De la Vaulx, Voisin, Wilbur and Orville Wright and Count Zeppelin.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES

Major W. H. Heistand, an inmate of the soldiers' home at Sawtelle, Cal., has fallen heir to the title and estate of Baron Karl Frederick Heistand, who died recently near Karlstandt, Bavaria.

All boarding and rooming houses occupied by students of the University of Wisconsin are henceforth to be under thorough inspection by the faculty committee on hygiene. At their last meeting the regents provided funds for this work.