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What Gold Cannot Buy

BY MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Will," "Repton's Revenge," "A Life Interest," "Mama's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Saville had stayed unusually long in town, and, at the moment chosen to open this story, was sitting at the writing-table in her private room, a richly furnished and luxurious apartment with yellow brocade curtains and stained-glass windows. She was a small, slight woman, with regular, delicate features, quick, dark eyes, and hair nearly white, combed back and surrounded by a thin cap of exquisite lace with a tuft of scarlet velvet ribbon. The small thin hand which held her pen was loaded with rings that flashed and glittered even in the subdued sunshine, while the other gently caressed the head of a small, silky, pearl-colored dog which lay on a chair beside her.

She was speaking with a fair, large lady about her own age, who occupied an arm chair at the other side of the table, and who was rather gorgeously attired in out-door dress.

"I am sure I interrupt you. You are always so busy," said the latter, with a comfortable smile, but showing no inclination to move.

"I do not mind being interrupted this morning," returned Mrs. Saville, not too graciously; "my eyes are very tired. They smart so when I read or write for any time. I really must get an amanuensis."

"Is it possible? I should never suspect your eyes of being weak. They seem strong enough and sharp enough to see through anything."

"Thank you; they have served my purpose well enough."

"When do you leave town?"

"I am not quite sure. I do not care to go until Hugh returns. He ought to be here now. This score about trouble with Russia may bring him his appointment to a ship any day, and he ought to be on the spot. He has been ashore now for nearly a year."

"I wonder he chose the navy," said the visitor. "I should think the army must be much the most agreeable profession."

"My dear Lady Olivia! who can account for a young man's vagaries? My son is positively enthusiastic about his profession. He is very scientific, you know, and will, I have no doubt, rise to great eminence."

"Oh, I dare say he is very clever, but he is not a bit like other young men. I confess I do not understand him."

"No," returned Mrs. Saville, with much composure, "I don't suppose you do."

"Not clever enough myself, eh?" said Lady Olivia, with a good-humored smile. "Where is this bright particular star of yours just now?"

"When he last wrote he was still at Nice. He has stayed on there too long, I think. I trust and hope he does not visit Monte Carlo too often; I am not much obliged to Lord Everton for introducing Hugh to his gambling friends there."

"I don't fancy poor Everton's friends are generally what would be considered eligible acquaintances for the young and inexperienced, especially when they have pretty daughters who sing like angels—or prima donnas," she added, with a comfortable laugh.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Saville, with a flash of anger in her keen black eyes, "Hugh is quite indifferent to all that nonsense."

"Is he? What an unnatural monster!" said Lady Olivia, rising. "I wish I could say the same of my George! However, he has taken to admire married women lately—which is a great relief."

Mrs. Saville also stood up, and rang the bell. "Where is Everett just now? I want him so much to write to his cousin, Captain Brydges, on Hugh's behalf. I don't understand how it was he did not do so before on his own account."

"Oh, nobody knows where Everett is to be found. He is coming to us in September at Herondyke."

"Lady Olivia—Lumley's carriage," said Mrs. Saville to the man who answered the bell.

"Good morning, then, dear Elizabeth. Don't try your eyes too much. Shall we meet you at the Montgomeries' to-night?"

"No; I am really sick of society." "My dear, you must be seriously ill!" cried Lady Olivia, with another good-humored but rather silly laugh, and the sisters-in-law shook hands, and parted.

Mrs. Saville picked up her little dog and took a turn up and down the room with it under her left arm, a look of extreme annoyance quivering in her eyes. "What a fool that woman is!" she murmured to herself; "not even a

well-bred fool! and to look at her, who would imagine she was the daughter of one earl, the sister of another! yet there she is, started by the mere accident of birth in a position which cost me all my fortune, my aristocratic marriage, my brains, to achieve. Still, I do not complain; had these class distinctions not existed, there would have been nothing to strive for, nothing to attain. Still, Lady Olivia is a fool; you are a wiseacre to her, my precious Prince," she continued, patting the dog's head; "you are a natural aristocrat; so is Hugh, though he has some abominably radical ideas."

Here the footman opened the door, and said, deferentially, "If you please, 'm, Mr. Rawson would like to see you."

"Yes, certainly. Show him up."

In a few minutes the door again opened, to admit a gentleman, a short, stout, well-dressed man, slightly breathless, and apparently well braced up in his admirably-fitting clothes. His hair and complexion were of that neutral tint which is termed "pepper and salt," his eyes light gray and twinkling with a perception of the ridiculous, and his air, though it was politely respectful, showed a certain assured familiarity indicative of a confidential position.

"Well, Mr. Rawson," said Mrs. Saville, resuming her seat and placing her small favorite on the chair beside her, "what has brought you here to-day?"

Her tone was considerably more amiable than it had been to her previous visitor.

"What will, I hope, give you satisfaction. I fancy we will succeed in getting that piece of the Everton property you have been so anxious to purchase, for your price, and it will be a decided bargain. I am to see the vendor's solicitor finally on Thursday, when I fancy he will come in to our terms."

"I am very pleased, Mr. Rawson, very pleased indeed. I must say, you always manage my business most satisfactorily. But you say several farms on the property are unlet. Now, I want my money to bring me in a decent percentage. What do you propose doing with the land? Whereupon solicitor and client plunged into an animated discussion, in which Mrs. Saville proved herself to be a shrewd woman of business."

"Well, Mr. Rawson," she said, after a short pause, "respecting a smaller matter, yet not an unimportant one. Have you made any inquiries about an amanuensis or companion for me?"

"I hardly thought you were serious in the wish you expressed."

"I am, exceedingly serious," she interrupted. "My maid, who has just left me, was really a very superior person, and could read aloud very well; now I have a totally different woman. I must have some one who is fairly educated, who can write, and keep accounts, and read French—I like French novels; she must be fit to associate with, yet ready to leave me to myself at a nod; I cannot be hampered with any one whose feelings I have to consider. She must have pleasant manners and a sweet voice, and look fit to be seen at luncheon and when she comes out with me."

"My dear madam, you have indeed set me a task. You must give me some time to find out such a treasure."

"I cannot give you much time. You must find her as soon as you possibly can. Advertise in all the papers; heaps of young women will apply; pick out one or two, but on no account let me be worried with an indiscriminate string of candidates; I know I shall be disgusted with them. I will not ask any of my acquaintances; they always recommend the most unsuitable people and are offended if you do not take their proteges. Then they bore you with pitiful stories. No, my dear Mr. Rawson, let it be a purely business matter."

"I shall do my best. Suppose I try an advertisement in a provincial paper—"

"Do what you like; only remember I must have a presentable, well-educated, well-mannered young woman—young, mind, who will save me trouble, not give me any."

"The labors of Hercules were a trifle to this," sighed Mr. Rawson.

"Oh, you will do it as cleverly as you do everything. Now, tell me, have you heard anything of my son lately?"

"Of which, may I ask?—Mr. Saville?"

"No; of Hugh."

"Well, no, not for a week. He was at Nice, I think."

"I know that, and it makes me very uneasy. Why does he stay there? Is it not the season?"

"Are you afraid of Monte Carlo? I don't think you need be. Mr. Hugh Saville never was inclined to gamble."

"I am afraid of something much worse—a designing woman."

"Indeed!" And Mr. Rawson glanced curiously at her.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Saville, stroking the little dog's head thoughtfully. "When he was abroad some time ago he made the acquaintance of a horrid old gambler, disreputable friend of Lord Everton's. This man has a daughter, and I heard accidentally that Hugh was a great deal with her. When

my son returned I warned him against such penniless adventures. He laughed in an odd, bitter way, and said, 'Don't trouble yourself, my dear mother; Miss Hilton would not look at me; I at once saw some deep scheme in this; don't you?'

"Well, I can't possibly say; there are so many sides to human nature—feminine human nature especially. The young lady must be rather peculiar if she would not look at Mr. Hugh Saville. I should say he was rather a pleasant object."

"I know you are fond of Hugh, Mr. Rawson; your regard for him strengthens the old idea that your excellent service has created."

"Humph!" said Rawson to himself, "does she think I am her footman?"

"Yes," he observed, "your son was a true friend to my poor wild lad. It's owing to him that he is what he is now, and has a chance of a respectable life."

"I am very glad he was of use to your son," returned Mrs. Saville, with an air of infinite superiority. "But, Mr. Rawson, do you not think Hugh's answer evasive?"

"Mr. Hugh Saville is never evasive. He may have been a little huffed with the young lady."

"Then she was on the track of some other prey," said Mrs. Saville, scornfully. "I have an admirable match for Hugh, desirable in every way; so, when I found he had wandered back to Nice and was lingering there, I felt not a little uneasy."

"Did you say the young lady's name is Hilton?" asked Rawson, suddenly.

"Yes; her father is, or calls himself, Captain Hilton."

"Then I don't think you need distress yourself. I saw the death of a Captain Hilton about a fortnight ago in a newspaper. He died somewhere in France, but not at Nice. I noticed the name because—oh, because I have heard Lord Everton speak of him."

"How can you tell it to be the same?" Mrs. Saville was beginning, with great animation, when the butler appeared, carrying on a silver a large envelope bearing the inscription "On Her Majesty's Service" and addressed to Lieutenant Hugh Saville."

"This is some appointment for my son," cried Mrs. Saville. "I know it would come in this unexpected way. Is it not maddening that he should be absent?"

As she spoke, she tore the letter open and glanced at it, and exclaiming, "Yes, as I thought!" handed it to her confidential adviser. He took it, and read as follows:

"Admiralty, Whitehall, July 29. "Sir—I have the honor to inform you that you are appointed to H. M. S. Vortigern, Flagship of Admiral Wardlaw, on the West Indian Station."

"You will proceed by the Mail leaving Southampton on the 26th instant for Port Royal, Jamaica."

"If H. M. S. Vortigern has left, you will report yourself to the Senior Naval Officer, from whom you will get directions where to join your ship."

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant."

"ROBERT BROWN, "Secretary to the Admiralty."

"To Lieutenant Hugh Saville, "Stafford Square, E. W."

"There, that is just the opening Hugh has wished for—Lieutenant of the flag-ship on the West Indian Station. Why, if this threatened rupture with Russia comes to anything, the West Indian squadron would most probably be ordered to the Black Sea—nothing is more probable; then he might have a chance of distinguishing himself. I want to see my son an admiral! How infinitely provoking that he should be absent!"

"You must telegraph to him without a moment's loss of time," said Mr. Rawson. "If he starts to-morrow, or to-night, why, he'll be here in thirty-six hours. Very little time need be lost. Shall I wire for you?"

"Oh, yes, please; and reply to this, too. Let them know he is coming."

"Well, there is little danger of your son being caught now, Mrs. Saville. If Venus herself had her hand on him he must break away when such a summons may mean fighting. Good morning. Leave the telegram to me, and accept my best congratulations." Mr. Rawson bowed himself out.

Mrs. Saville mechanically rose and rang the bell. Then she stood in thought for a minute, and rang again. This time the butler presented him self.

"Atkins," said his mistress, "I expect Mr. Hugh on Wednesday or Thursday. He will only stay to collect his luggage, and goes on to join the ship to which he has just been appointed. I want you to look out his chest and all his things. Let me know whatever you can see is wanting, and order the carriage immediately after lunch. Send Jessop to me. I really think I might as well go to the Montgomeries' this evening," she thought. "I feel so relieved."

(To be continued.)

Asking Too Much. Jenks (ringing up the theater gets the wrong number)—Can you let me have a box for four to-night?

Bones (the undertaker)—I'm afraid not, sir. I only make 'em to hold one.

—TIT-BITS.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

Newsy Items Gathered from All Parts of the World.

PREPARED FOR THE BUSY READER

Less Important but Not Less Interesting Happenings from Points Outside the State.

Russia appears to be planning a war of revenge on Japan.

Anarchy is rampant in London on account of the execution of Ferrer.

Official figures show a total attendance at the A-Y-P exposition of 3,749,551.

The trolley lines of Vancouver, Wash., have been extended seven miles toward Orchards.

The interior department refuses to recognize Washington's claims to reservation lands.

A three-cornered fight is on in New York for spoils of subway contracts and the mayoralty.

W. I. Buchanan, an American diplomat on a special mission, died suddenly in London of apoplexy.

The government has decided that horses are better than dogs for transportation work in Alaska.

Had the mutiny in the Greek army succeeded, the Duke d'Abruzzi would have been offered the crown.

President Taft tells Texas people that he favors irrigation and a big standing army. He will rest four days on his brother's ranch in Texas.

One convict is dead, two wounded, and two deputies wounded as a result of a battle between five escaped convicts and a posse near Buena Vista, Or. Two convicts escaped unhurt.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition closed with many ceremonies.

The total fatalities in the recent storm in Tennessee number 46.

A runaway horse leaped clear over an automobile at Bellingham, Wash.

Stuyvesant Fish, of New York, is likely to be the next minister to China.

The Oregon Trunk will bridge the Columbia between Celilo and The Dalles.

Willie Boy, the California Indian outlaw, committed suicide with his last cartridge.

A deputy sheriff was badly wounded in a battle with escaped convicts near Salem, Or.

Taft sternly rebuked New Mexicans who questioned his good faith as to statehood.

President Taft exchanged visits with President Diaz, of Mexico, and pledged international friendship.

It is declared that Ferrer was not a revolutionist, but only a promoter of free education in Spain.

An American aeroplane was wrecked during its first trial at Doncaster, England, while an English aviator made the longest flight ever seen in England.

Taft was showered with gifts by Pueblo Indians.

A. D. Charlton declares the heavy traffic from the East will continue.

Thomas J. Lipton is anxious for another try for the American yacht cup.

Cook's discovery of the North Pole is officially recognized in New York City.

It is now reported that Minister Crane is the victim of political intrigues.

Terrible storm in South kills at least 50, and causes immense property damage.

President Moffatt says the Oregon Electric will ultimately build on to Roseburg.

Superior judge at Washington rules that it is not necessary to declare one's politics when registering in that state.

A woman drawn by mistake as a juror at Los Angeles declares she will serve, and there seems to be nothing to prevent it.

A family feud near Lazy, Wash., resulted in the blowing up of a house by dynamite, and exposed a whole household of degenerates.

Five convicts at work on roads near Salem, Or., overpowered their two guards and escaped, taking two automatic revolvers, \$29 in cash and a horse and buggy.

Japan is pressing her demand on China.

Killing frosts in the South have raised the price of cotton considerably.

An Italian warship has arrived at San Francisco to participate in the Portola festival.

A robber who had held up a Chicago bank committed suicide when cornered by police.

Taft promises to help statehood in Arizona, and sounds warning against fade of Oklahoma.

ANARCHY RAMPANT.

London Mob Condemns Alfonso and Blames King Edward.

London, Oct. 18.—The red flag was raised in London this afternoon and a large mob moved upon the Spanish embassy to make a demonstration of its disapproval of the execution of Professor Francisco Ferrer at Barcelona.

Police drove off the crowds in their usual bloodless effectual way. But an-archists pervaded the neighborhood.

The trouble began at a mass meeting in Trafalgar square organized by several socialists and labor bodies. Several hundred members of these organizations marched to the square carrying red flags draped with crepe and bearing inscriptions denouncing King Alfonso. A black bordered banner was left standing against the Nelson column with big letters, "To Hell With the Murderer Alfonso."

Several laborite members of parliament spoke. Victor Grayson, of Manchester, the socialist member, capped the climax by declaring that if the head of every king of Europe were torn from his body, it would not pay half the price of Ferrer's life.

He called the Russian emperor a "dirty monster," and said King Edward, who could have prevented the execution, was responsible for what might happen in England as a result of it. He demanded the expulsion of the Spanish minister.

The socialist societies, carrying banners, then marched to the Spanish embassy, singing revolutionary songs and shouting King Alfonso. A rabble accompanied them, filling the streets. It was dark when they reached the open square in front of the embassy, and they found the square filled with police.

The embassy windows were dark and there was no sign of life. The police would not let the procession enter the square, nor even stop.

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SOARS AT 1,300 FEET

French Aviator Performs a Most Astounding Feat.

CIRCLES AROUND EIFFEL TOWER

Receives Tremendous Ovation—Gives United States Credit—Greatest Feat Since Dumont's.

Paris, Oct. 19.—Count de Lambert, French aviator, just before dark to-night accomplished one of the most remarkable and daring feats yet credited to heavier-than-air machines. Starting from the aerodrome at Juvisy, he flew to Paris, about 13 miles. After maneuvering over the city at an average height of 400 feet, he ascended in gradually diminishing circles, and passed several hundred feet above the Eiffel tower. He then returned to Juvisy.

Thousands who watched him hardly could credit their senses when they saw the aeroplane, a tiny object, gliding swiftly far above the tower, and the sensation created was more profound than when Santos Dumont circled the structure in his dirigible balloon in 1900.

Count de Lambert was given a tremendous ovation on his return to Juvisy. Orville Wright rushed forward and wrung the hand of the aviator as he alighted. He was led to the pavilion, where his health was drunk, the crowd meantime cheering lustily and crying: "Long live Count de Lambert!" "Long live Russia," De Lambert being of Russian extraction. The count held up his hand and shouted: "Cry long live the United States, for it is to her that I owe this success."

The aviator said that the only inconvenience he suffered was from the throbbing of the engines and from difficulty in seeing toward the end in the gloom.

The official time of the flight was 49 minutes, 39 seconds. The distance was roughly estimated at 31 miles, and the height varied from 300 to 1300 feet.

Count de Lambert and Mr. Wright left the field together in an automobile. Dragons were obliged to clear a way through the crowd, in which there were many enthusiasts, who showed a desire to carry the aviator in triumph on their shoulders.

The difficulty which had so long proved insurmountable was presented by the inability of the railroads to arrive at an agreement as to a standard form of ticket contract to cover all contingencies. The roads of the Western Passenger association have finally signified their acquiescence to a revised report of the committee on standard ticket contracts, and steps will begin immediately for the gradual substitution of the new forms of tickets.

It is understood that the Central Passenger association roads have likewise taken an affirmative action in the matter.

The new ticket will be conspicuous by its simplicity. Efforts will be directed to eliminating every useless word and making the ticket so plain and brief as to be understood by any passenger. It is proposed to cut out nearly all stopper privileges now permitted; to cut out all verbiage and make the ticket a plain contract by the railroad and its connections to carry a passenger from one point to certain other points for a certain sum of money with-in a certain time.

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