

# What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Beaten's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

## 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 scapegrace called on my acquaintance, 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 great Miss Dacre with great cordiality, and while they talked with much animation Lord Everton addressed Miss Desmond.

"Delighted to see you! So glad you have 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 admiring. 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 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 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 Bonidoca, or some such remote potentate. Whether she will end by leading him to the hyemal 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 Delamere, and Monsieur de la Paille. I will send my maid home with you after."

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—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 grieve 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.)

## WHISKERS AS A LIABILITY.

Once an Asset, Now They've Gone to Join Periwig and Hoopskirt. There was an age when a man could cultivate a stand of whiskers without people suspecting him of wanting to touch off some anarchistic fireworks beneath the ship of state, the Kansas City Times says. A beard was considered an asset—in this safety-razor era it is treated as a liability.

"If it were not meant that man's features should blossom forth in his suit foliage, then why did Mamma Nature sow it there?"

Having a large and unsophisticated confidence in Mamma Nature, men not only tolerated facial ivy but were accessories to it, coaxing it to blossom like a Kansas wheat crop. Youth baptized their upper lips with fertilizing lotions guaranteed to bring out thirty bushel per acre crop on a heegee that had been bald from birth. They harrowed their manes with brushes and nourished the infant sprouts at least as though each were a gold eagle bush.

Then came the terrible period which decided what hue the growth would assume. In most cases the complexion of the crop was a bilious pink, as of a brickbat the color of which had run in washing. Then those with patience waited for the whiskers to ripen into a more brunette shade, and others invested in hair lines. One man in the world—the Hon. J. Ham Lewis, of Chicago—had the courage to raise a crop of the faded crimson whiskers, and on the strength of them has risen to fame and fortune. Drug gists are still unloading the stock of sideburn dyes left on their hands when the beardless craze struck, in packages lettered "Easter Egg Colors" and "Potato Bug Exterminator"—warmed.

Barbers weren't very good with the razor—but they were all F. D. Coburn when it came to whisker agriculture. On the walls of their shops hung vividly colored numbered charts depicting the latest conceits in beard pruning. And the whisker farmer ran his eye over this and took his choice. He could look like Buffalo Bill, Franz Joseph or Capt. John Smith. He called the chart style number and the barber got busy with the shearing operations. By the cut of his whiskers a man admitted broadly what line of business he was in.

"Why, I've seen the day," observed a scion of a veteran who has one of the handiwork barber poles on Walnut street, "when a smooth-shaven man was considered as wearing a disguise and was held under mild suspicion. Of course the lawyers had to have their jaws and Adam's apples unhampered, but they wore their whiskers on the back of their heads to make up for it. A man's countenance was like a lawn, to be gardened and mowed and—scrapped like a tennis court. And that was logical, too. Next thing you know they'll be using their safety razors on the tops of their heads."

This barber, by the way, has a mustache guard on his coffee cup.

But those things are no more. It may be that the increasing use of machinery multiplies the danger of getting one's whiskers caught in cog wheels. The fact remains that who keeps have lost their significance. Those extra are mere personal characteristics and no one can judge thereby whether the wearer is a bank president or soda-water salesman. Whiskers that remain survive the scythe only because their owners wish to continue looking like their pictures.

It Depends. "How do you pronounce st-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.

## TRUMPET CALLS.



Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed. It takes more than an ear for big words to make a minister of the Word.

Some of the silliest ones are those who have "sung their souls away."

Spiritual astigmatism is often cured by steadily looking up from bended knees.

Some men would be sure of heaven if they could only die in their Sunday blacks.

No wonder religion affects character so little when it is taken as a get-rich-quick scheme.

No man knows how to live so as to die right who has not learned how to die so as to live right.

It is better to be in the rear rank of the right army than in the band wagon of the wrong one.

Some think they have deeply religious natures because they get so much enjoyment out of a funeral.

The rule of inheritance proportion applied to the size of a woman's hat will give you the weight of her head.

INVENTING A REAPER. Cyrus Hall McCormick, a Scotch-Irishman, ranks in history as the man who showed how to conquer the vast prairies of the American West. It is interesting to know that his father, Robert, was an inventor of no mean capacity. In his farm workshops he fashioned an ingenious horse-drawn and cleaner to be operated by horse-power. A clover-sheller and a hillside plow were also among his contributions to rural mechanics. R. G. Thwaites, the author of "Cyrus Hall McCormick and the Reaper," says that the son when but 15 years old surpassed the father in his work upon farming implements.

The father's reaping machine, standing outside the blacksmith shop on the home farm, had been a familiar and alluring spectacle to the boy. His imagination was early fired with a desire to conquer the great practical difficulties of mechanical reaping. When the father acknowledged himself defeated, Cyrus took up the problem on his own account. Later in that same summer of 1831, when but 22 years of age, young McCormick constructed a machine essentially unlike any other which had before undertaken the task. He immediately demonstrated by practical tests that the successful type had thus been created; and he never departed from that type, in conformity therewith all success in this art has since proceeded.

The grain supply of the world was then being gathered by hand, with no better implement than the sickle and the cradle, when, in the harvest of 1831, young Cyrus Hall McCormick entered a field on Walnut Grove farm and demonstrated to his delighted father that he had at last established the correct principle of cutting. His experimental mechanism was of the rudest sort; but finding that the plan was satisfactory, to use his own words, "I had my machine more completely made, with the addition of a gathering reel, and with a better arranged divider, ready for trial in a neighboring field of late oats, during the same harvest, in which I then cut very successfully six or seven acres of crop."

It is recorded that Robert McCormick declared to a neighbor, "The reaper is a success, and I believe that I could not have made it so; but it makes me feel proud to have a son do what I cannot."

Accident to "Jack and Jill." Good nonsense grows out of good nonsense. A writer in the Chicago Tribune imagines what a "copy-reader" in a newspaper office would do with a certain Mother Goose rhyme. The copy-reader, who had had a reporter's training, and has learned to write everything alike, sits down for a few moments and revises "Jack and Jill" somewhat as follows:

Jack, aged 7, son of Peter Jones, 298 Spring street, and Jill, aged 6, young daughter of Mrs. Abigail Thompson, 209 Spring street, at eleven o'clock yesterday morning walked up the hill near the junction of Bunker avenue and Fordyce place.

For the purpose, as Jill afterward explained, of procuring a pail of water—although the improbability of their finding water at the top of a hill naturally suggests itself.

Jack, who was carrying the pail, had started on the return trip, accompanied by the little girl, when he stumbled, as it is supposed, over some obstacle in his path, and fell, his head striking the ground with great violence. Doctor Slack, 427 Billings court, who was summoned at once, made a hasty examination, pronounced the lad's injury to be a fracture of the anterior portion of the cranium, and ordered his immediate removal to Blessington Hospital, 643 Wisconsin avenue.

And Jill, who had fallen at the same time, either through excessive fright or in consequence of having stumbled over the same obstacle, but had received no serious injury, went home unassisted.

A Social Mistake. "Bliggins seems unpopular in his neighborhood." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He was so anxious to make people like him that they concluded he couldn't amount to much and was trying to butt in."—Washington Star.

# Little Laughs



Where the Danger Lies. "Yes, she is quite brace enough to go up in a balloon." "But there is no danger in that." "What! No danger in going up in a balloon?" "No; all the danger lies in coming down."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Change. "You do not act toward me as you did before we were married." "Evidently we have both changed." "How have I changed?" "You would have scorned to have taken money from me before we were married, but you are different now."—Houston Post.

Something in a Name. The Summer Boarder—Circumstances! That is certainly a queer name for a name.

The Farmer—Oh, I dunno. Didn't you ever hear of circumstances over which a fellow ain't got no control?—Brooklyn Citizen.

Thought He Meant Feet. Miss Antique—I've walked twenty miles since breakfast. What do you think of that?

Mr. Kutting—Great feat. Miss Antique—Sir!

As Advertised. He—Are you the young woman to whom life would be a burden without the companionship of a man of noble character and imposing presence?—Flegende Blatter.

The Widow's Foresight. "What relic of your late husband do you cherish the most?" "His shoes."

"How strange! And why?" "Because I may find some one to fit them."

A Good Reason. "Why do you want to sit in my lap, Lieschen; why not on the bench?" "Because, auntie, I think the bench has just been painted!"—Flegende Blatter.

A DREADED DUTY. Soldiers into the Job of Guarding Military Prisoners.

The grimmest phase of the soldier's life is prison duty—the guarding of military prisoners. These are divided into two classes:

First—Garrison prisoners, who have received light sentences for minor breaches of discipline and will be returned to duty in a short time.

Second—Military convicts, who for attempted desertion or other serious military crimes have been dishonorably discharged by order of a court martial and have received sentences varying from a few months' to several years' confinement at hard labor, according to the gravity of the offense. Into their ranks the vicious element, or those who hold their oath of enlistment too lightly, eventually find their way.

Every morning at fatigue call the prisoners are drawn up in a long line in front of the guard house and surrounded by a chain of sentries. The sombre prison garb of the "generals"—military convicts were formerly known as "general prisoners"—is marked with gigantic capital "P's," which render them conspicuous and therefore make escape more difficult.

Some are evil-looking fellows with long and unsavory records. Doubtless many have "done time" more than once in civil prisons before evading the watchfulness of the recruiting officer and finding their way into the army. Others are rosy-cheeked lads who in all probability have yet to see their twenty-first birthday, and in nine cases out of ten the charge against them is desertion. Homelessness or restlessness under military restraint and discipline have led them into the rash act, the heavy penalties of which they may not have fully realized.

In groups of twos and threes and guarded by sentries with loaded rifles these men perform most of the disagreeable work and menial labor about the army post, which is highly varied in character and may consist of anything from sprinkling the flower beds on the officers' lawn to digging ditches for monster sewer pipes. Although they generally perform their enforced tasks cheerfully, occasionally a particularly disagreeable piece of work causes a miniature strike and a dozen men may "buck"—that is, refuse to work.

Insurance Misinformation. If one is to believe all the statements made by applicants for life insurance policies, some families have been distinguished by very curious, not to say inexplicable, happenings.

'Twas the Same Thing. Merchant—Here, what I advertised for is a piano mover, and you say you're a piano finisher. Applicant—Well, that's because I generally finish them when I move them.

Too Uncertain. The traveling salesman had looked at Mrs. Dolan's third-floor back, and found it neat and attractive. "I'll take it for two months," he said, "and I will suit you?"

"It will not," said Mrs. Dolan, firmly. "There's times I'm not in the house when folks goes; they're liable to be called off suddint when I'm out o' the way. My boarders pays when they come—or else they don't come."—Youth's Companion.

So He Does. "Do you believe tough beef is as good for a person as tender beef?" "Better. The man who eats tough beef gets both nourishment and exercise."—Houston Post.

Man in Woman's Work. Hubby—And what looks more awkward than to see a woman stepping off a street car? Wife—I can tell you. Hubby—What? Wife—Why, a man washing dishes. Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Beauties of Nature. "I suppose you get to admire a great deal of delightful scenery while touring in your car?" "Yes, every time we have a breakdown."

Diplomatic Mike. Hungry Higgins—Did you get a meal outen dat sour face woman up dere? Mike—Sure. Hungry Higgins—How did you do it? Mike—When she opened de door I sez, "Is your mother in, miss?"

Up-to-Date. Lady—But poverty is no excuse for being dirty. Do you never wash your face? Tramp (with an injured air)—Par-don me, lady, but I've adopted this 'ere dry-cleanin' process as bein' more 'ealthy an' 'igenee.—Punch.

And His Own Shortcomings. Judge—You say your wife is in the habit of throwing things in your face. What, for instance? Plaintiff—Her former husband's virtues, your honor.—Boston Transcript.

A Revisionist. "When you started on your political career you made numerous excellent resolutions." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, pensively; "but I have tacked on a great many amendments since then."—Washington Star.

The British Medical Journal selects a few of the most amusing blunders: Mother died in infancy. Father went to bed feeling well, and the next morning he woke up dead.

Grandfather died suddenly at the age of 103. Up to this time he had fair to reach a ripe old age.

Applicant does not know anything about maternal posterity, except that they died at an advanced age.

Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness.

Applicant has never been fatally sick.

Father died suddenly; nothing serious.

Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when he was a mere child.

Grandfather died from gunshot wound, caused by an arrow, shot by an Indian.

Dead Broke. The Count—Ah! yes, our distinguished family comes of one line of unbroken noblemen.

Miss Smart—I am so glad to hear it, count. Most noblemen I have met are always broke.

He Was Great. "Yes, he's a great thinker, isn't he?" "Yes, He thinks he knows it all."—Detroit Free Press.

How She Sang. A maid was brushing her mistress' hair when she mentioned that she heard Miss Evans sing in the parlor the night before.

"And how did you like it?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, mum!" exclaimed the maid, "it wuz beautiful! She sung just as if she was gargling!"—Woman's Home Companion.

A Luxury. "If you were worth a million you could afford to indulge in luxuries." "Yes, I could afford to marry for love, then."—Houston Post.

Human vs. Dog Nature. "Why do you keep that dog tied there's no danger that he'll run away?" "That's just it. I keep him tied, in the hope that he will want to run away."

There's a Reason. Binks—If you ever intend to marry pick out a woman who can swim. Jinks—Why? Binks—She can keep her mouth closed.

Domestic Amenities. Wife—What book is that? Hub—"The Sorrows of Satan." Wife—So nice of you, dear, to be interested in the troubles of your friends.—Boston Transcript.

She Took a Pair. "How much are these shoes?" asked the lady who had the reputation of being a keep shopper.

"Those shoes are not for sale," replied the salesman, who had something of a reputation, too; "we're giving them away with every pair of shoe faces at \$3.50."—Judge.

NEW VEGETABLES. Rivals of the Potato Being Tried Out in Southern States.

Efforts are being made to introduce in the Southern States certain useful vegetables hitherto unknown to this country, which are known in tropical regions as the yautia, the dasheen and the taro. The last named is already familiar as an ornamental plant, under the name of caladium or "elephant's ear." All three are nearly related, and their starchy, edible roots are highly prized in warm latitudes.

These roots, indeed, resemble the common potato in composition and in flavor. That of the yautia, for example, when properly cooked, is not easily distinguished from the "Irish" tuber. It is sometimes white, sometimes red and sometimes yellow, according to variety. So rich is it in starch that it yields nearly one-third of its weight in flour, and its leaves are prepared for the table after the manner of spinach.

One reason why it is deemed desirable to introduce these plants is that they flourish in land that is too wet for ordinary crops. It has been ascertained that they will grow well in this country as far north as the Carolinas. Not only are they useful by reason of their edible qualities, but their high yield of starch affords a prospect of great usefulness for them as stock food or in the production of alcohol.

The yautia seems to have been originally native to the West Indies. It was cultivated by the aborigines in those parts centuries before Columbus discovered America. Even to the present day its roots, which look somewhat like sweet potatoes, are raised on the islands of that archipelago in great quantities, the production often reaching ten tons to the acre. Did the white potato not exist they would take the place of it admirably.

Speech Before a Dressing. Uncle George—Hullo, Willie; beer havin' a swim? Willie—Yes, uncle; but I'm only learning, same as you. Uncle George—Same as me? What do you mean? Willie—Why, dad was telling us only yesterday as how you had a awful job to keep your head above water.—The Sketch.

Literature the Last Resort. People resort to literature exactly in proportion as they are unable to make a living any other way. Literature as a symptom of financial despair has received far too little consideration at the hands of economists.—Philadelphia Evening Post.