

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

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CHAPTER IX.

Miss Dacre was a very persevering young woman, nor was she restrained by any sensitive delicacy in pursuing her designs.

On this supposed favoritism Miss Dacre was always ready to presume. Hope Desmond and Mr. Rawson were therefore somewhat appalled when the sounds of voices and approaching footsteps in the pleasure-ground to which the windows of the smaller drawing-room opened made themselves heard about tea-time.

"So sorry you were not able to come to church this morning, dear Mrs. Saville!" said Miss Dacre, effusively, and with the unconcerned assurance of the class which does not hesitate to rush in where the sharper-sighted fear to tread.

"You are as ever, just and generous," returned the impecunious peer with a delightful bow and smile. "I am quite charmed with the vision of myself as a dove, which you kindly suggest."

"You are staying at the Court? How does your regiment, or your troop get on without your valuable assistance?"

"Disagreeable old cat!" thought Lumley, while he said, "Oh, I ride over every other day, and the intermediate ones they stumble on as best they can without me."

"I thought you were going down to Herondyke?"

"Here's metal more attractive," said Lumley, melodramatically, with a wave of his hand towards Miss Dacre, who was deep in conversation with Mr. Rawson, on whom she was smiling with her habitual belief in her own power to fascinate all male creatures.

"Metal! Yes, I dare say, I sometimes wonder if you are as foolish as you seem, George."

"Oh, a good deal more so," said the handsome hussar, showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile. "You know I haven't many ideas."

"Yet I dare say you would be less easily taken in than men who have," scornfully.

"Very probably, my dear aunt!"

Channel my only habitation is an airy bedroom, outside which a whole world of cafes and restaurants are before me where to choose my breakfast and dinner, where I meet pleasant, intelligent people of every shade of opinion, with whom I can converse freely in happy ignorance of their names and condition, as they are of mine; and occasionally I stumble on old acquaintances who enjoy life in my own fashion, cheerfully accepting the contemptuous treatment of Dame Fortune, who in emptying our pockets also relieved us of tiresome responsibilities. It is wonderful the clearness of judgment and general enlightenment of those who are not weighed down by this world's goods."

"I dare say you are right, Lord Everton. Still, a few of them are advantageous; though I do not see that money can purchase any essential of life."

"That depends very much on what you consider essentials."

"That is true—But Miss Dacre is going to make a speech," for that young lady had said, in an audible tone, "I am going to tell you a story."

"I know," whispered Lord Everton, "if her pockets had always been empty, she would have known better how to hold her tongue."

"This story came to me in a letter from the wife of a cousin of mine whose cousin was eye-witness of the adventure." Miss Dacre was saying, as she posed herself on an ottoman and every one turned towards her. "Scene a dark, stormy night, a distant sea, one of Her Majesty's big ships tossing about on the waves, which make nothing of her bigness. Young sailor, doing something incomprehensible with a rope or ropes, loses hold or balance and drops into the black depths of the raging waters. Captain orders boats to be lowered. He'll be gone before you can reach him; they say. 'He can not swim,' cries another officer, throwing off his boots while he spoke, and springing over a board."

"This is suicide," exclaimed the captain. The young officer is a huge favorite with the crew, the crew work with a will, the boat is lowered, a life boat probably, they surmount the waves and slide into the watery hollows, they come up with the gallant lieutenant, who is supporting the senseless sailor and nearly exhausted himself, they drag them into the boat, they regain the ship, the men crowd round the—whatever you call it when they get on board, their cheers ring above the roar of the storm, the rescued and rescuer are safe!"

"Most dramatic," said Lord Everton. "Worthy of Brandram," added George Lumley.

"I don't exactly see—" began Richard Saville.

"No, of course you do not; there is nothing to see exactly," interrupted Miss Dacre, quickly.

"I have heard the tale before. The only difference is that the weather was not quite so stormy as your correspondent represents it," said Mr. Rawson, playing with his double glasses.

"It was really more worse than I represent," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with an air of profound conviction. "Now, does no one want the name of my hero?"

Lumley, pushing a chair forward. "Come, Miss Dacre, you have done your best, and your best is very good. Now take a cup of tea, and pardon my aunt her scant courtesy. I am going to write to Hugh, and I'll tell him of your championship."

"You ought," said Miss Desmond, who had not spoken before, but whose voice showed she had not been unmoved. "Very few can count on such courageous advocacy of the absent and of a losing cause."

"You are very kind to say so. Yes, I will have a cup of tea. My mouth feels parched."

"No wonder!" cried Lord Everton. "I am sure my tongue would have cleaved to the roof of mine, had I dared to utter such words to the Lion of Ingleswood. Excuse me, my dear Richard."

"Do not mention it, my dear uncle. I wish you would come out and take a little walk with me, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "I feel frigidly upset."

"I should like to do so very much, but Mrs. Saville may want me to write for her, or something, and I do not like to be out of the way."

"What penal servitude!"

"You must not say so. I agree to perform certain duties, and it would not be honest to run away from them."

"Why do you always take her part?" and Miss Dacre made an impatient grimace. Then, addressing the gentlemen, "Just walk back to the court, and I can follow by myself. Then I can have a quiet talk with Miss Desmond."

"Very well," said Lumley, rising. "I will escort my uncle to the court, and return for you," Miss Dacre gave him a nod and smile, and the gentlemen left them.

"(To be continued.)"

WHITE HOUSE CHINA Is Never Given Away and Sold Only After Formal Condemnation. Custom at the White House demands that no dish shall appear on the table (especially on state occasions) that is not absolutely without defect. Not merely a chip, but the slightest scratch in the gliding on the edge of a plate or cup, or the almost imperceptible wearing of a color design, is sufficient to condemn the piece. It is put aside, and by-and-by, when a number of such "rejects" have accumulated, they are inspected by the steward (who is official custodian of all executive properties), and sent off to auction, writes Rene Bach.

Under the law, the official china cannot be given away under any circumstances, and can never be sold except in the manner described, after formal condemnation. Condemned White House china always brings very high prices at the auction sales—especially pieces of the Lincoln, Grant and Hayes sets. Even a badly cracked Lincoln cup and saucer, or damaged egg cup, may fetch \$15 or \$20. On the other hand, a Franklin Pierce plate in good condition is not likely to command more than \$5. Washington and Jefferson crockery is always salable at fancy prices; but none of it comes from the White House, where only a few specimens remain and are kept on exhibition in the cabinets in the basement.

MAKING FARMERS BUY TREES. Vermont Waste Land to Be Reforested—2,000,000,000 Feet Cut. A novel experiment in American forestry is to be tried by the State of Vermont, says a Burlington special to the New York World. She is going to coax or make all her farmers on the waste lands and deforested tracts buy from her at cost price at least 500 young trees apiece for planting. The state has established a tree nursery and has also imported from Germany more than 100,000 saplings, mostly white pine, suitable for building purposes.

An investigation by A. F. Hawes, who took office on April 1 as Vermont's first State forester, shows that more than 2,000,000,000 feet of the finest lumber has been cut from forests of the State since 1880. This was practically all heavy growth, the lumbermen paying no attention to the annual growth, though they could have used them as well as not.

Vermont officials are alarmed by this tremendous destruction of the best forest lands in the State, and an agitation is to be started in favor of re-planting. The 5,846,906 acres in the total area of Vermont is divided as follows: Forest and waste lands in farm boundaries, 2,597,000 acres. Forest and waste lands not in farm boundaries, 1,122,000 acres. Improved farm lands and pasture, 2,127,000 acres.

The plan is to reforest the waste lands all over the State. At present the forest products of Vermont sell for about \$10,000,000 a year, but the cut is diminishing owing to the falling supply. More than 500 lumber mills in constant operation have at last produced their inevitable effect. The State forester will co-operate with lumbermen and farmers desiring to improve their lands and prevent them from going to waste.

SHORT METER SERMONS. Soul Growth. There can be no soul growth without God.—Rev. G. A. Jamieson, Presbyterian, New York City.

The Necessary Things. The things which are necessary are not sinful.—Rev. C. E. Guthrie, Episcopalian, Washington.

Polluting Life. When present-day streams of action become polluted, present-day life is polluted.—Rev. R. H. Wilson, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

Activity. The diligent do not wait for large work that will flatter pride, but takes hold at the first righteous opening.—Rev. H. F. Carpenter, Christian, Santa Clara, Cal.

Restoring of Trouble. Much evil comes by our delicate action. We violate some law, human or divine, and then the trouble begins.—Rev. George Bailey, Presbyterian, Washington.

God's Word. The word of the Lord is the means by which God expresses His will to men. It is a revelation of God Himself.—Rev. C. E. Delamater, Episcopalian, Providence.

The Unit. The soul is a unit, and when we think or feel or act, it is the whole personality that is thinking or feeling or acting.—Rev. J. W. Rowlett, Unitarian, Atlanta.

The Dreamy Dreamer. If the man of faith dreams dreams and sees visions, what is to save him from being a dreamy, visionary, orist?—Rev. F. S. Spalding, Episcopalian, Salt Lake City.

Christ's Mission. Christ's mission was to lead mankind to view the problems of life in a manner that will lead to their solution.—Rev. P. F. O'Hare, Roman Catholic, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Personality. The ultimate fact is a person, the basic principle personality. The mightiest force is the power of personality.—Rev. F. J. Van Horn, Congregationalist, Seattle.

For boys and girls

The Think-Box. I've got a thing inside my head That's made of tacks and spoils of thread, And little sticks, and wheels, and springs, And scissors, and all sorts of things. Besides, it's like a little trap; When thoughts come in I hear it snap!

And there it's got 'em, in a trice, 'Tis Vile's trap gets little mice. It's like Dad's typewriter machine, With clogs, and such things, in between. It's something like his cam'ra, too; And like my paints—red, green, and blue. It ticks out thoughts and ticks 'em in. As fast as all the wheels can spin. It makes me think of things for lunch. And wooden guns, and funny Punch and Judy, and of Puss in Boots, And Grandmama, and soldier-suits. It makes me think of motor cars, Of sixteen rabbits and ten stars. It makes me want a piece of rope, A hammer and Dad's shaving soap. It makes me break my china cup. And get my suit all dirtied up. Guess what it's just been telling me? It said I must go quietly. And find that great big heavy jar— The one where all the cookies are. —Julian Street, in Everybody's.

CHIMNEY SWEEPS OF PARIS. In that delightful story by Charles Kingsley, "The Water Babies," Tom, the hero, was a chimney sweep before he was turned into a water baby. Probably some of the children who have read the book have wondered why he never see any chimney sweeps; if chimney sweeps were ever real; if Tom's being a chimney sweep wasn't just part of the fairy tale, anyhow.

But it was not. Little, sooty, black faced chimney sweeps like Tom were very common in big cities like London and Paris once upon a time, and the reason they are rarely seen now is that chimneys are quite differently built, with the introduction of pipes and other modern contrivances and it would be impossible for even the leanest boy to climb up the length of one.

In Paris there are still a few small chimney sweeps to be seen, and their duty is to sweep out baker's chimneys and ovens. These little fellows come up from Savoy every winter, accompanied by their masters, men who take most of their earnings and work them hard enough, you may be sure. If you should go to Paris some winter, you would very likely hear on a frosty morning the musical cry:

"Oo! Oo! Ramoneur du haut en bas!"—which means "Sweeper from top to bottom."

And if you looked out of the window, you would see a sooty little boy, with his brush over his shoulder, and his cap—the cap he uses to protect his hair from soot—on his head. He carries, too, a bag in which to collect the soot. His master goes with him on his rounds, has routed him out of bed good and early, at 4 o'clock or before.

By and by some baker, hearing the cry of the "sweeper," beckons to him, and he and his master go into the baker's shop. The master takes the boy on his shoulders and "totes" him to the mouth of the oven or chimney.

"Shout when you reach the top," he warns him. Scraper in hand, the boy climbs away, using his feet, his knees and his elbows. In a few minutes he passes the second story, the third, the fourth and fifth, and presently emerges from the top of the chimney, and then he draws a deep breath and shouts:

"Ooo, swee-p!" Then, turning, he descends, scraping off what soot is left as he goes, with his little scraper. He gets a good deal on his clothes and his face, too, so that if it were not for his bright eyes twinkling out of his sooty face, his own mother wouldn't know him.

Arrived at the bottom, the small sweep gathers up the soot there in his sack, puts it over his shoulder and starts in search of another chimney. For sweeping a chimney the master, who doesn't do it, is paid a little more than a franc. A franc is not quite 20 cents in American money. Of this franc the boy sweep gets a few sous, which are the French pennies. Yet so frugal is the little Savoyard that when he returns to Savoy in the spring he carries with him quite a nest egg. In Savoy he minds the goats and breathes the fresh air and eats the scanty fare—for they are very poor, these Savoyards—till the fall comes, and then back to his old master in Paris and his chimney work. By the time he is too big to sweep chimneys he has saved up enough to buy a tiny "holding"—which means the right to work a bit of land owned by some one else—and so he marries and settles down in Savoy, and some other sweeper goes to Paris in his place.—New York Tribune.

GOOD REFERENCES. "There is no doubt of it, he was anything but a promising subject," said the chief of a gigantic railroad corporation, speaking of his confidential clerk.

"When he first came to me to apply for a position in the office, I smiled, for he seemed so incongruous a figure in any place I had to offer. Of course I turned him down promptly, although as gently as I could, but the matter did not end there. He was persistent, and as regularly as once a month he appear-

ed at my door to ask: 'There was yet any opening for him. Now I like persistence if exercised along proper lines, and, the more I saw of him, the more I liked the boy. But what to do with him was the question. He was too big for an errand boy, and too green looking for any of the departments, and yet I had not the heart to discourage him entirely.'

"At length a vacancy occurred in the general office; the boy who looked after the letter files and attended to the copying left us; and, just as I was casting about for a suitable successor, John arrived again.

"When I asked him for references, however, he looked dazed, and I was forced to explain that he must have some one vouch for his business ability, punctuality, and conscientiousness, when he unwillingly assured me that he could give me such a letter, and went out with flying feet. The next day he handed me this remarkable epistle, and on the strength of it I hired him:

"Dear Sir—This is to certify that I never have to call my son John but once in the morning. He does his chores around the house and farm exactly when they should be done, and without having to be told more than once how to do them. He knows when not to talk, and that there is time for work as well as play. He has also learned the meaning of 'mine and thine.' I can conscientiously recommend him to any position within the scope of his intelligence to fill. (Signed)

HOW THE GIRLS HELPED. A business man who had met with reverses passed through a trying year. At every turn failure stared him in the face. Every curtailment possible was made, and he weathered the storm, after protracted anxieties which sprinkled his hair with gray. After the crisis was over, a friend expressed his sympathy for the ordeal through which he had passed, and admitted that he was surprised that he had kept up his courage so long.

"I should have given up but for one thing," the other answered. "The attitude of my family kept heart in me. You know my girls are just at an age when money means a great deal. They stopped their music and painting lessons, without a murmur. They wore their last year's gowns and retrimmed their last year's hats, and nothing in their manner indicated that they looked at it as a hardship. All the servants but one were dismissed and the girls took hold of the work of the house as if it had been play.

When I came home to dinner at night, I was expected to pass judgment on Mary's biscuits or Ellen's coffee. They made mistakes and turned them to account in keeping up my spirits, and sometimes, after my hardest days, I have laughed till the tears came over Lella's account of how she cut both sleeves of her shirt waist for the same arm, and her difficulties in getting them adjusted.

"Yes, the crisis is over and we have smooth sailing again. But that is actually less of a comfort to me than the thought of the gallant way my girls stood by me in that year of trial. It was the 'silver lining to the cloud.'"—Young People's World.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES. One day when there was fish for dinner little Edna said: "Mama, I know what a shad is."

"What is it, dear?" queried her mother.

"It's a porcupine turned outside in," was the triumphant explanation. Teacher—"Why do you persist in saying the trunk is the front instead of the middle of the body, Johnny?"

Small Johnny—"Well, the trunk of the elephant I saw at the circus was in front."

Caller—"Harold, when you get to be the head of a family what will you say to your children when they are naughty?"

Harold—"Oh, I'll do like papa. I'll tell them how good I was when I was a kid."—Philadelphia Record.

TOO MANY SPOTS. The vital spot. Means quite a lot. When gunning in the jungle, The man who can't His bullet plant Therein, is apt to bungle.

Yet sometimes skill A man his life may jeopard. The vital spot, Is hard, I wot, To pick out on a leopard. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

DISPROOF. Mrs. Naylor—I heard Mrs. Turtleigh call your wife an old cat. Husband—Mrs. T. evidently never saw her in the same room with a mouse.—Brooklyn Life.

FINE FOR THE NERVE. Invalid—Is this a good place for the nerves? Proprietor of Health Resort—Is it? Why, when I opened up here I only charged \$2 a day—now I've got the nerve to charge \$10.—Town Topics.

RETORT COURTEOUS. "A woman who tries to look like a man is a fool," announced Mr. Jawback. "I should say so," said Mrs. J., looking him over carefully. "And even though she agreed with him, he didn't like it, somehow."—Cleveland Leader.

MISUNDERSTOOD. Beggar—Say, mister, I'm out of work an' I've got six small children I support. Won't you gimme a few pennies for 'em? Citizen—Much obliged for the offer, old man; but I've got all the children I need at present.—Chicago Daily News.

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE. "I cracked a lawyer's house the other night," said the first burglar disgustedly, "and the lawyer was there with a gun all ready for me. He advised me ter git out."

"You got off easy," replied the other. "Not much I didn't. He charged me \$25 for the advice."—Philadelphia Press.

REAL ONE COMING BACK. Ted—What kind of an auto has he? Ned—Twenty-horse-power going out and one-horse-power coming back.—Life.

THEY DON'T SPEAK NOW. Mildred—They say young Eugene wants to marry every girl he meets. Clothie—Then why don't you get some one to introduce you, dear?—York Dispatch.

THE MODERN WAY. The prodigal has returned. "Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?" "No," responded the old man, looking the youth over carefully, "no, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of that fat off."—Cleveland Leader.

WITH THE DOCTORS. "Well," asked the first physician, "what has that strange patient of yours got?" "I don't know," replied the other, "but I'm trying to turn it into typhoid fever. That's my great specialty, you know."—Catholic Standard and Times.

UP TO DATE. "Post has brought out a dandy new guide for motorists." "Has it got all the inns in the State in it?" "You bet! And a complete list of hospitals, with rates."—Town Topics.

BEATING SLEEP. The mouse had just gnawed the lion free. "That's nothing," we remarked; "we've known a Welsh rabbit to let loose a whole menagerie." Herewith Aesop realized his fable was pretty small pumpkins.—New York Sun.

GOT HIS BEARINGS. "But," asked the young doctor, "why do you always order champagne for every new patient that comes to you?" "Because, my boy," replied the old practitioner, "I can judge by what the patient says whether or not he can afford it. That helps me when I come to make out my bill."—Philadelphia Press.

THE SAME OR ANOTHER? "And you saw Muriel?" "I did." "Tell me, is she married?" "Yes." "One question more: Again or yet?"—Washington Herald.

THOSE STAGS BEHALF. "Something new in a rural frame." "How new?" "In the first set, they were a big meal; in the second set, they were in; and in the third set, they were for the doctor, oh! that's nothing, all right."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THEY DON'T SPEAK NOW. "All the world's a stage." "But the play is no longer the same." "No, my dear, the play is no longer the same." "No, my dear, the play is no longer the same." "No, my dear, the play is no longer the same."—New York Times.

TAKE THE AVERAGE FOR THE WORLD. There is one newspaper for \$2,000 in substance.