

What Gold Cannot Buy

CHAPTER X. The young heiress was much upset, and besides this, she had felt for some time that she would have termed an "aching void" for want of a confidence...

"Who? Lord Everton?" asked Hope. "Lord Everton? Nonsense! He might have been forty years ago, I mean Captain Lumley. There is something knightly in his look and bearing...

"Ah, my dear Miss Desmond, I fear you are not imagining. Or perhaps you have only known a few of my kind. I have only known a very few of any kind. And I have had such a wide experience...

"Thank you," returned Hope. "So goodly. You are looking quite pale and ill. Be sure you ask Mrs. Saville about the concert." And Mrs. Saville departed through the open window.

"That must have been very trying," said Hope, feeling that she ought to say something. "Awful, my dear Miss Desmond. By the bye, my call on Hope? It is a good one, your name."

beside her. "Old Rawson— He passed. "Is one of the best and kindest of friends," put in Hope. "Now I must go away. I should have been in my room before this, only Miss Duere chose to stay and talk about family affairs..."

ELECTRICAL EELS.

Among the curiosities of natural history are the electrical eels. They belong to the tropics, and their power of giving an electrical shock is what makes them of interest. J. E. Warren, the author of "Para, or Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon," tells in his book some amusing stories of the specimens which he brought home to this country.

"What! did he, too, know all about Hope— I mean Mr. Saville?" cried Hugh, more and more disturbed. "Oh, yes, we have quite interesting talks about him. I tell him confidentially how fond I was of Hugh, and then, of course, he wishes he was Hugh's place, so we get on very well. He is always coming over to the Court, except when he goes away for a few days shooting. I am not quite sure my father likes it. You have never met Lord Castleton. He is very nice—rather old-fashioned. Lord Everton was a great friend of his in his early days. Now, to dear Hope, you know my heart history, and you will notice Captain Lumley's manner. You know the Lumley estates are rather encumbered, and I don't say it is a matter of approaching me—of poor fellow! but if I like him that is of no consequence."

"I am always interested in what you like to tell me, Miss Duere," said Hope, with some hesitation, as if choosing her words. "but I am not very observant, and some older and wiser person would be more deserving of your confidence than I am."

MEN OF ACTION.

"How did you like Professor Newman?" one of the summer residents of Willowby asked Hiram Gale. "I saw his name on the list of lecturers in your last winter's course."

"Well, some thought he was kind of stiff in his speech at first, but I tell you what happened: "The sort of kind of worked up telling us what men of a from meant; what the government of these United States was doing in Alaska, the Philippines, and so on; as he stepped a mile to the right the edge of the platform on "lost his balance, but as he began to fall, Sam Hobart an Elk Whip, that was in the front seat, stood up and heaved him one by each arm, and brought him to his standing. He hugged me at the knees for a minute, but nothing to speak of."

"You let me mention it says, but I'll see to it that the rest of my party is such you won't need a dictionary to keep his promise. "Yes, sir, he gave us a fine talk after that, and he's coming again. We had him to breakfast next morning, and my wife said she wouldn't want to hear anybody talk more sensibly nor act more common than I friendly did he did. But there was a piece in the Sentinel next week referring to Pick an Sam as Willowby's Men of Action—and I reckon the name'll stick to 'em long as they live."

WORTH QUOTING

Says the Pittsburg Dispatch: To hold an automobile owner responsible for the recklessness of his chauffeur, as in New York sounds like rather tart doctrine, but to make automobile owners employ none but reliable chauffeurs looks like care for the public safety.

The Reef of Norman's Woe, made known to every schoolboy through Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," is but a short distance off the shore from Rafe's chum, near Gloucester, on the north shore of Massachusetts, explains the Argonaut.

A Chicago Judge sentenced Joseph Masterson, accused of stealing a pair of trousers, to return to Cleveland and read Dickens' "David Copperfield." A stay of judgment might have asked comments the New York Evening Post, on the ground of the imposition of a cruel and unusual punishment—for Joseph.

"Right here in this country," James J. Hill says, "we are consuming five to seven times as much lumber as we are producing. Conservation of our lumber supply, in common with all natural resources, is necessary. For instance, land in some sections of this country is worth less than it was 10 years ago, simply because its condition has deteriorated."

Says the Providence Journal: Since Great Britain has assumed so friendly an attitude to return to Cleveland and read Dickens' "David Copperfield." A stay of judgment might have asked comments the New York Evening Post, on the ground of the imposition of a cruel and unusual punishment—for Joseph.

Fleeing for a national crusade against flies in England, the Lancet writes a strong indictment against the little winged nuisance and suggests a home exterminator. "In our experience," says the Lancet, "the best exterminating agent is a weak solution of formaldehyde, which they drink. Some die in the water, others set as far only as the immediate vicinity of the plate of water, but for entirely safe work, a handkerchief all ultimately absorb, and which they occur in large numbers, hundreds may be swept up from the floor."

The bishop of Ripon, who lately attained his sixtieth birthday, was one of the most popular of London preachers for many years before he was elevated to the bishopric in 1881. Queen Victoria to whom he was honorary chaplain, was very fond of his sermons. Some one once asked Dr. Carpenter if he felt nervous when preaching before the queen. "I never address the queen," was the reply. "I know there will be present the queen, the prince, the royal household and the servants down to the scullery maid—and I preach to the scullery maid."

It is a curious fact—one all at variance with the doctrines of heredity, but borne out by police records—that the children of crooks, of all classes, rarely turn out to be crooks themselves, pronounced the Argonaut. Deeper study of the subject might reveal that they are possessed of the practically close example of that attend a ment and watchfulness that attend a criminal career has been a terrifying deterrent. The fact, at any rate, remains. The "Roses" Galleries of Scotland Yard, New York City, and Chicago may be studied in vain for the photographs of a father and a son.

Reputations.

"The Annotator," remarked the Recordist Person, "made a remark the import of which escaped me until the other day. He said: 'Many a man has a reputation because of the reputation he expects to have some day.'"

"That's not a half bad remark," suggested the Practical Person, "but my son—just out of college, you know, and in the habit of thinking humbugged thoughts, as it were, said something this morning that he appealed to me: 'Some men, he said, get a reputation and make other men get a reputation and make it keep them.'—New York Times."

Breaking Things.

A certain well-known member of Congress has a horse down in Washington. One of the fixtures of the place is an old negro servant named Sally Ann. In the Congressman's presence one Sunday morning she broke a big cut glass dish at the sideboard. "What have you broken now, you black-cushioners?" yelled the member, who possesses a very expensive vocabulary. Sally Ann was quite unnerfed, but she replied, very humbly: "Taint de Foth Commandment, bress de Lawd!"—New York Times.

A "Life-Saver."

One of the prominent statesmen at Washington is a total abstainer. His dinners, which are everything that is elegant and expensive, are served without wine. The only concession to conviviality is the Roman punch, flavored with Jamaica rum.

THE OLD PORCH.

By William Hervey Woods.

We did not ask in those old days If it looked east or west, To our young eyes the landscape there Of all the world was best: The steps led out to hills of home, Known fields and meadows low, With childhood's morn'g glory lit— What more was there to know?

The little wild things loved it, too, The pewee and the wren— The squirrel from the oak near by Would frolic there, and when Our laughing Patsy's harmless broom Had chased him to his limb, He'd sit and scold at her as if The porch belonged to him.

The slim, unpainted pillars gray, The roof where mosses met, The wabbling banisters, the bench, The battered croquet set, I see them all; and all endowed When June was at its height, With rose-bloom thick as clustered stars Some keen December night.

There father's home-made chair all day Its waiting arms outspread, But might not clasp that sturdy spade Till daylight's tasks were sped, Then in the dusk came mother's voice.

And Patsy's low reeple— The honeysuckle's breath around, The young moon in the skies.

And if at times our glances caught A glimpse of marble pale Against the drop-joint cedars dark Beyond the garden's rail, It brought no aching thoughts of those Who there in quiet lay.

For even our vanished ones, we felt, Were still not far away. They saw the house is haunted now, But if the late were true— If Heaven would but a single hour Of those old days renew.

Not all the old nor came nor power Of that chaotic world of men Could keep me, on my knees I'd go, To that old porch again.

—Youth's Companion.

Her Beautiful Rival.

"You got awfully sunburned today, Jim," said Jim Lancaster's nice little wife, as she handed him his cup. "I guess I have. My hat blew off just before going time, and I would not come down from the rocks for it." He leaned back in his chair contentedly. "Mrs. Holman has company," he announced.

"Has she? Who?" Nan looked eager. "No, I can't. I'm not good at guessing. Tell me, do?" "Well, it's Mrs. Abner McClure." "Nan sank back in her chair. "You mean Molly Stewart," she asked.

Jim nodded. "When did she come?" Her voice had changed. "This morning. She brought a trunk, and I judge she is going to stay quite a spell."

Nan caught her breath and looked at her husband, eating his supper and apparently all unconscious of the strife which he had suddenly renewed in her heart. Long ago, very long ago, in the days when she had only loved Jim and never expected to be his wife, Molly Stewart had been his sweetheart.

She was a rare beauty, one of those to whom nature has given and given until it seems she can add not only time more, and she had ways. No other girl could charm as she could, or dance or sing or laugh.

She had never known what came between him and Molly. He said his had not asked Molly to marry him and she had hinted that he had and that she would have none of him. Nan remembered the first time he walked home with her from church and how the people stared. She was not pretty, like Molly, and she had not Molly's good clothes nor Molly's way of wearing them. She was just a sweet, dainty-looking girl, with a heart caps of love and happiness. Jim had always been her ideal, her hero. When he turned from Molly Stewart to her she could not understand it.

straight into the old net that had on meshed him. She clung her hands in the darkness and prayed. Toward morning she fell asleep. At 6 Jim aroused her. He had been up an hour. "I let you sleep as long as I could," he said. "Don't fuss over the breakfast. Just make me a cup of coffee and give me some bread and butter. I'm in a hurry today, dear."

Nan got breakfast. She did not eat any herself. She kissed Jim passively at the door. "What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well this morning, Nan?" he asked anxiously. "Nan watched him up the hill. Then she lay down on the lounge and had her cry out. Noon came. She made tea and drank it. It traced her up wonderfully. Indeed, she felt almost feverish. It came to her that she would not endure it a moment longer. Jim was there and he was her husband. She would go there, too.

After noon a breeze sprang up which relieved the hot day. Nan dressed carefully in a white lawn with pinkish spots, a dress her husband admired. She loosened her hair about her face and let it drop a little lower toward the nape of the neck.

She felt that she was gliding herself for battle and she meant to have no weak spots in her armor. Then she locked the door, called Shap to follow her and, raising her umbrella above her bare head, set forth.

The walk put heart into her. She felt ready for anything as she crossed the last field before the Holman house. Mrs. Holman greeted her with a kiss. "Why, Nan, how do you do? I'm right glad to see you. I suppose you know Molly McClure's here? Jim told you? Yes, well, sit right down in this chair. We'll stay on the veranda, for it's cooler than in the house." She stepped to the door. "Molly!" she called. "She'll be down in a minute. She's most through dressing," she said, coming back to Nan. "How nice you look in that dress! You're one of the few women I ever knew who could wear pink and keep their complexion in it."

That did Nan good. She was cool and her heart had steadied down when a great rustling of skirts on the stairs announced Mrs. McClure. Nan rose to meet her. "Why, Nan Farrell—Nan Lancaster, I should say!" Molly cried, embracing her ecstatically. "I am perfectly delighted to see you!"

She held Nan off and looked at her. And Nan looked at Molly. In that moment her doubts, her long fear, her jealousy, blew away like a pinch of thistle down in a strong breeze. She found herself sitting beside her talking volubly. It was all over. "You haven't changed a bit, Nan," Molly was saying. "I asked Jim if you had yesterday and he wouldn't say. He said I should judge for myself. What have you done to keep your complexion like that, and your figure?"

Nan laughed. She could laugh now. Molly's young glory had faded sadly. Her wonderful hair was thin and dull; her cheeks coarse; her teeth had unaccountably been replaced; her double chin rested on her full bosom, and she wheezed as she talked.

Presently Jim came striding up with Mr. Holman. From afar he waved his hand toward his wife. "Just as much in love with you as ever, isn't he?" Molly said, seeing him. She disposed her handsome skirt carefully, so as best to display its cut and finish. But Nan did not notice. She was thinking of Jim. Molly had been an illusion, and the illusion was dispelled.

FIRST PATENT IN AMERICA.

Granted to Joseph Jenks, who established Iron Works in New England. The first patent in America was granted to Joseph Jenks, a founder and machinist who had emigrated from Hammarham, England, where he was born in 1692.

He was a very ingenious man, and was induced by Gov. Winthrop the younger to come to Lynn, Mass., about 1642, as master mechanic, to establish "the iron and steel works."

He was acknowledged head of the iron smelting and founding business and the first builder of machinery in this country, and first patentee of invention in America, having introduced the idea (first granted by act of Parliament in 1625) of protection for the manufacture of improvements by petition to the government of Massachusetts Bay.

In 1646 he took patents for mill improvements and in 1655 he patented the present form of the grass scythe, for which he should be held in grateful remembrance. In 1652 he made dies for the first coinage of money, the pine tree shillings. In 1654 he built the first fire engine, to the order of the selectmen of Boston (the first ever built in the country). In 1657 he built a forge and reared upon the manufacture of his improved scythes nine years before his application was granted.—From the Journal of American History.

Poor Mother Eve.

"Dr. Emil Reich is now saying that the American woman can't understand genius. That doesn't preclude her from understanding him." The speaker, a Colony Club woman, frowned.

"Dr. Reich," she said, "is anything but a genius, though abroad the women do fawn on him. Here we treated him as a lightweight with a slight gift of humor. He didn't like it. Hence his strictures on us. "I admit," she resumed, "that Dr. Reich is now and then rather funny. Once, for example, I heard him say at a dinner, apropos of woman's vanity. "Mother Eve must have been terribly put out not to be able to hold a small pail of water in front of her when she stood with her back to a pool and tried to see if her hair was properly done up behind."—Washington Star.

SHEN NONSENSE

He—What did you discuss at your debating club this afternoon? She—Nothing. We just talked. Magistrate—Are you a friend of the prisoner? Buxton Witness—No, I'm his mother-in-law.—New York World.

"Say something to the little boy," said Bobbie's mother. "Say, kid," said Bobbie, obediently, "kin you fight yet?"

"I hear you spent your vacation with friends." "We were friends during the first week."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Are you going to take the late train to Chicago?" "No, the engineer of the train is going to do that."—Baltimore American.

Customer—Give me a bottle of Dorem's Stomach Bitter. Druggist—We haven't any in stock, madam, but here's something just as bad. "There are two sides to every question," said the broad minded man. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "a winning side and a losing side."

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked the boss. "I got six months off for good behavior," answered the job seeker.—Chicago Daily News.

Prospective Best Man—Got the marriage license yet? Prospective Bridegroom—No; I'm not going to get that until the last thing. She may go back on me. Boss—So you're engaged? Well, well! As for me, I wouldn't marry the best man on earth. Jess—You couldn't—I've got him.—Cleveland Leader.

Scott—I remember reading of a very rich man who said he'd sooner be poor. Mott—Yes, and probably you remember reading somewhere that all men are liars. "I can't understand why Brown should have failed." "No, can't I. I always thought he was doing fine. He often came to me for advice."—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you have a good time at the Sunday school picnic, Bobby?" "I should say so," answered Bobby, enthusiastically. "There was three fights."—Buffalo Express.

"Why, Ethel, what's the matter?" asked her mother, as the little one almost choked at the dinner table. "I got a piece of bread bread first down my cough pipe," explained Ethel. "I never have no luck." "Neither do I," responded the other citizen. "Therefore I keep out of enterprises requiring large gobs of luck to be a success."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"We," remarked the young married woman, "try to see how few quarrels we can have in a year." "We," said the old married woman, "try to see how few cooks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Judge—How did the trouble begin? Witness—It began, yo' honor, when de chairman of de entertainment committee awaited de secretary over de hald wif de lovin' cup.—Boston Transcript.

Billion—We should all strive to bear each other's burdens. Cynic—Yes, most of us seem to think we could bear each other's burdens more easily than we could our own.—Philadelphia Record.

Bessie—Oh, Mabel! I am in an awful dilemma! I've quarreled with Harry and he wants me to send his ring back. Mabel—That's too bad. Bessie—But that isn't the point. I've forgotten which is his ring.—Kansas City Journal.

"What was the date of the Union of the Crowns?" asked the school inspector and the answer was "1602." "Right. And why was this date an important one for you to remember?" "Because you were sure to ask for it," returned the little victim of cramming. De Quiz—Did he have any luck fishing? De Quiz—Well, he says he caught a number of fish, many of which would weigh three pounds. De Quiz—Yes, I guess it would take a great many of the fish he caught to weigh three pounds.—Chicago Daily News.