

What Gold Cannot Buy

By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Women's Wit," "Boston's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mama'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 some 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 crossed always in black, but not now in such mourning—black face 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 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-glasses, 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 feel I should meet him here.'"

In a few minutes the door of the box opened to admit Lord Everton and his young nephew.
"Will, 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 at my quarters, 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, every thing 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 greet 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 Tina 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 adamantine. 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 knew old Hilton for years, off and on. He wasn't a bad fellow at all—very much in my own line; and I am not at all a bad fellow, I assure you."

"I am sure you are not," returned Hope, with a caressing smile.
"What a sweet soul you are to say so!" showing all his still white teeth in a genial laugh. "Then he, Hugh, and the daughter—an uncommon girl, I believe, sang divinely, and all that."
"Did you know her too?" asked Hope.

"Well, I have seen her, years ago, when she was in short frocks with a wiglet. Then she was away in England for some time, but Hilton did not consider it prudent to cross the Channel. Anyhow, Hugh is most anxious about his precious wife, and fears she will get into trouble during his absence."

"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! in a sweet charming woman is worth paying dear for!"—a sentiment which seemed to touch his hearer, for he 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.

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"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 feel 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 Boadicea, 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 Taille. I will send my maid home with you after."

"Many thanks, Miss Dacre, I really must not."—an animated argument followed; but Hope Desmond stuck to her resolution, and, declining Captain Lumley's proffered escort, drove back to Maurice's alcove.

Mrs. Saville was rather amused in Paris; she met many acquaintances who did not know her, and she tolerated Captain Lumley's visits more good-humoredly than formerly, chiefly because he was quiet.

About a week after Hope had gone to the opera with Miss Dacre, Mrs. Saville had gone to drive in the Bois with an invalid dowager duchess who was on her way to some famous health-resort in Switzerland, and Hope, having finished her weekly letter, went out to post it, proceeding afterwards to do some shopping. On her way back, near the Theatre Francaise, she met Lumley, who immediately turned with her. They walked rather silently to the hotel, Hope feeling very anxious to get rid of him, yet somehow deterred from acting with decision, but a certain air of resolution, by no means usual, which pervaded his face and voice seemed to hold her back.

"Has Mrs. Saville returned?" asked Hope of the waiter who attended their suite of rooms.
"Not yet, ma'moiselle," he replied.
"Then—" she began, holding out her hand to Lumley; but he did not take it.

"If you will allow me, I will come in and wait for her," he said, with so much decision that she felt it would be easier to let him come in than to resist. He therefore followed her upstairs to the pleasant salon, looking out on the Tuilleries gardens, where Hope took off her hat, intending to supply him with a newspaper and leave him to his own reflections. This plan was nipped in the bud.

Having walked to the window and looked out for a minute, Lumley returned and closed the door. Standing between it and Hope, he said, very quietly, "This is the first chance I have had of speaking to you, and I implore you to hear me. I insist on your 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, and 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 pluck 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."
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Rise of the Duel.

CONDITIONS THAT CALLED IT INTO BEING.

That combat in France which took place recently between two more or less eminent politicians at just about the time when most of us thought duelling had fallen into innocuous desuetude goes to show at any rate how long a custom may survive any use for it. For the duel did have its use, and, like nearly all other customs rose out of the necessities of the case. In a primitive society where there was no government or at least where the government was so weak that it was as good as none, the duel was a logical and almost a legal concession made to superior strength. It was an equitable form under the circumstances of settling a quarrel where each of the two persons involved in it thought himself in the right. It was moreover an advance over a mere act of vengeance, requiring no courage and giving the object of it neither warning nor chance of self-defense. It was an advance again over more brutal forms of revenge, in that the consequences of the quarrel fell upon only those immediately concerned in it instead of spreading until it caught in its meshes the offending and the inoffensive alike and involved whole families.

Comparatively speaking, it was a harmless manner of settling difficulties. Besides, since the duel imposed terms of combat equal for both sides, it may be pointed out that it showed an awakening demand for fair play on the part of the community as a whole and therefore goes to prove that a crude sort of public opinion was arising.

Westerners, the sociologist says, usually a self-manufactured poison, which, because it is made in too great quantity, or because constipation or kidney disease prevents its rapid elimination, accumulates in the system.

An essential in the treatment of such cases is dieting. Meat should be given up, for a time at least, and the only beverage allowable is water or milk.—Youth's Companion.

OLD NEW YORK MILESTONES.

Several Still Standing on Each of the Old Post Roads.
Each of the old post roads leading out of Manhattan still has some of the old milestones remaining.

In Yonkers, on the Albany post road, there is a stone on the east side of Broadway near the Lower station. Usually milestones in this section are placed on the west side of the road, and this exception leads one to think that this stone has possibly been removed from its original position to preserve it. As the top of the stone has been broken off the number cannot be stated. It is probably seventeen.

The nineteenth stone is built into the stone wall on the estate at 615 Broadway and the twentieth is on the east side of the roadway at about 1150 Broadway.

At Dobbs Ferry is a milestone, dilapidated and unrecognizable, at the corner of Broadway and Walnut street; some local society should rescue this stone and put it in a permanent condition. It may be the twenty-third milestone.

At Croton-on-the-Hudson are two milestones built into the wall about the Van Cortlandt houses. Both were probably placed there for preservation as they do not properly belong here. One of them should be the fortieth milestone.

In this same wall is a relic of the Indian manufacture, a hollowed-out stone for grinding corn. At Peekskill, by the Holman house, is a short distance north of the village, is the fifth milestone, lately repaired and reset by the D. A. R. The old house is the Dusenbury Tavern of revolutionary days. Here Maj. Andre was kept overnight after his capture at Tarrytown.

Along the Boston post road may be mentioned the nineteenth milestone at New Rochelle, at the corner of Echo avenue; the twenty-third milestone at Rye, near Mamaroneck and the twenty-fourth at Rye, opposite the John Jay house.

A milestone dissimilar to the others is the one on the White Plains road, Scarsdale near the Wayside Inn. The inscription reads:

XXIV
Miles to
N. York
1775

It is the only milestone that has been noticed bearing Roman numerals. The Wayside Inn, a low, rambling, picturesque building, was a tavern in the early days, and it is said had a charter from one of the Georges for a perpetual license to sell liquor.—Westchester County Magazine.

Wood Chopping a Sport.
In Tasmania is to be found a national pastime that is special and peculiar to that State alone—the sport of wood chopping. It says much for the grit and vigor of Tasmanians that this really serious and arduous work should be regarded as the finest sport.

At Hobart and Launceston they have their turf meetings, their cricket, football, golf, cycling and so forth but to a wood-chopping contest people will flock from far and near—men, women and children—and watch the axe wielders hewing away at huge blocks of timber as if life and reputation depended upon the issue. Thud, thud, thud go the axes and the splinters fly in all directions, the judges calmly sitting near taking note of the strokes, the spectators cheering the competitors from time to time as frantically as if they were racetracks. To be a wood-chopping champion means something to a man in Tasmania.—Dundee Advertiser.

are again in full mental weakness. There are less fortunate persons, who never have a complete and satisfactory night's rest, who are yet almost constantly drowsy; they are always nodding, but when the head touches the pillow sleep recedes, and the night is a succession of drowsy lapses to sleep with the instant return of semi-consciousness.

In general, with the exception noted at the beginning of this article, drowsiness is abnormal, and indicates something wrong, either in the body of the sufferer or in his habits. Those who habitually cut off their hours of sleep, the "night owls" and the "burners" of midnight oil, pay for their bad habit by attacks of sleepiness in the afternoon and early evening; later, unfortunately, after the influence of digestion wears off, the drowsiness appears, and then, relieved of his burden, the person "sits up to all hours" again, thinking in that way to make up for the hours lost by drowsiness. If he would abandon his owl habits, go to bed betimes and get his seven or eight hours of continuous sleep as he needs, his daytime and evening drowsiness would disappear, he could do more and better work, and find life much more enjoyable.

A slight drowsiness is often noticed after a hearty meal, because active digestion draws a greater volume of blood to the stomach, so that the brain is relatively poorly supplied. In some southern countries this tendency is favored, and the siesta after the noon meal is a national custom. With us, the after-dinner cup of black coffee often drives away the impulse to sleep—whether for good or ill may be left to the physiologists to determine.

Sometimes we hear of attacks of sleepiness occurring suddenly at certain periods of the day or at irregular intervals. These are altogether abnormal, and in such cases there is almost always some poison at work in the nervous centers—usually a self-manufactured poison, which, because it is made in too great quantity, or because constipation or kidney disease prevents its rapid elimination, accumulates in the system.

An essential in the treatment of such cases is dieting. Meat should be given up, for a time at least, and the only beverage allowable is water or milk.—Youth's Companion.

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For the Little Folks

The Fountain.
The fountain seems just like a living friend,
And so I often linger by his side.
He sings a quiet tune that does not end;
I listen as I watch the goldfish glide.

He cools me when I'm warm and tired with play;
I rest, and dream, and very quiet keep.
Sometimes I reach to feel his silver spray,
Sometimes he lulls me till I'm fast asleep.

He guards the lotus-leaves I'd like so much;
He mirrors back the birds and clouds that pass;
He bathes my face and hands with gentle touch,
And serves me for a faithful looking-glass.

I wonder what he'd tell me if he could,
What secret would he whisper in my ear?
Of course it would be beautiful and good,
And oh, how happy I should be to hear!

But, though I listen, listen all day long,
He tells no more than do the bees and birds.
So I suppose, although he sings a song,
And has a voice he does not know our words.

—Annie Willis McCullough, in St. Nicholas.
WHAT MUFF CAUGHT.
Such cute pets as Ruth had—two pure white kittens!
Their names were Muff and Fluff.
Muff wore a big blue bow and Fluff wore a big pink bow. If they had not, no one—no one—could have told "which was which!"

"I hope Muff and Fluff will grow fast, so they can soon hunt," said mamma, "for I think there are a few mice in the house. I shall pay each kitten for his first catch with a bunch of nice fresh catnip."

One day Ruth and her pets were having a fine romp. Muff and Fluff had all sorts of droll tricks and made Ruth laugh till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, you dear things! You are more fun than the clowns in a show!" she said.
Just then mamma came to the door. "Ruth, will you please go out to the barn and hunt for some fresh eggs? Bring me two if you can find them. I want to make a cake for tea," said mamma. Ruth liked to hunt for eggs. She liked to help mamma, too. So she went at once.

She had good luck, and soon came out of the barn with a large white egg in each hand. Close by the path grew a small tree which Ruth must pass on her way to the house. Just as she went under a low branch the wind blew, and a curl of her hair caught fast in the tree.

Ruth did not know what to do. She could not pull the curl loose with her hands, for they were full of eggs. She could not hold both eggs in one hand, for they were too large. She could not stop down to lay the eggs on the grass, and she could not drop them, for they would break. She shook her head hard, but it was of no use.

The more she shook the more her hair caught and the worse it pulled. What could she do? "Mamma! Mamma! come and help me!" she called as loud as she could.

When at last mamma heard her and came to the door, she had to laugh at the droll sight which met her eyes. For Ruth's hair was caught on what do you think? No, not on a twig of the tree! It was held fast by Muff's white paw.

The rooster had run up the trunk of the tree and out on to the low branch. From there he reached down and caught Ruth's hair as it blew in the breeze. The more Ruth shook her head the more he pulled and bit and played. He thought it fun.

Mamma came and set Ruth free. As they went to the house, Ruth said: "Well, mamma, that was Muff's first catch. Are you going to give him some catnip?"
"Oh, no!" said mamma, with a laugh. "If Muff wants catnip, he must catch mice—my child!"—Jessie L'Alle Colton, in Little Folks.

THE LIFE-SAVING CREW.
The children were teasing for a new game, so their mother told them to come to the kitchen when the clock hands pointed to 9.30. The kitchen was small, and she would be very busy till then, and they might guess what the new game was going to be. They were so busy thinking and guessing that the hands went past the place, and their mother had to come for them, but no one guessed the right thing.

"You are to be the Life-saving Crew," said Mrs. Loring. "and here is the sea. A man had fallen overboard and must be rescued. You may watch me save his life, and then you may take turns."

Something white slipped into the brown sea in the big kettle, and the children were astonished to see a man presently come to the surface. There were many bubbles, and the smoke rose from the sea, but he did not struggle. He just turned a delicious looking brown, and Mrs. Loring turned him over with a long fork.

"In saving people who fall into the sea one must be very careful," she said, as she lifted the brown man out on a piece of paper. "We will let him lie on the shore a few minutes, and when he is dry we'll let him go when he's dry." She lifted him with her fork into a big bowl of white sugar, and presently he was as white and fine looking as could be.

But in getting the poor fellow to solid land, she broke off an arm; and when Peter tried it a minute later, he punched a hole right through a sailor's head. Then Jessie had her turn, and I can hardly tell you what followed. She broke a man right in two. But, horrible as that was, a worse calamity befell the poor, shipwrecked mariners, and it is hardly possible that any one will believe me if I do tell.

Just as soon as the last man was rescued, the Life-saving Crew went to work to eat the poor sailors, and by the next morning there was not a single man left to tell the tale. Did you ever hear of such a thing?—Hilda Richmond, in Sunday School Times.

SCHOOL CHILDREN ON HORSEBACK.

At Manor, Texas, in that sparsely settled country along the line of the Houston & Texas Central Railway, I came to a large wood-colored building surrounded by a caravan of horses. I counted upward of fifty all saddled, and each hitched to a tree. Everything about the house was as still as death.

"It must be a funeral," I said. Suddenly the scene changed. The doors of the building burst open and out broke more than fifty school children. "School's out!" they shouted, and a caravan of children scrambled for the horses.

In a moment the youngsters had mounted and were riding helter-skelter over the prairie. The Texas mustangs seemed to scent the frolic, and kicked up their heels as they galloped home with the school children. With their dinner-p