

# The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR  
A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

He wore his soft hat tilted off his forehead, and he hummed or whistled as he walked, as if he had not a care in a world which had been specially made for him.

He had been walking for five and a half hours, and almost every person whom he had passed had turned and looked after him, some of his own sex enviously, all of the other sex admiringly.

At the edge of the fair he pulled up and seemed to consider, looking in the direction of Monk Towers; then he took a coin from his pocket, spun it in the air, and said gravely: "Heads!"

It came down a head, and pocketing the coin he crossed the boundary line, so to speak, and joined the crowd, through which he shouldered his way with a good-humored smile, which now and again broke into a laugh, as if he were entering into the fun of the thing, and meant to enjoy himself; as indeed he did. He stopped at most of the stalls, bought some gingerbread, and ate it, and drank a glass of beer at a booth. He went into Richardson's Show, and laughed at the funny men and applauded the tragedian. He saw the Fat Lady, chaffed the Giant, and talked to the Dwarf and the Living Skeleton.

Presently he arrived in front of the platform, on which a wrestling bout was taking place, and he stopped short, shouldered himself into a clear space, and looked on with a smiling interest. And at this moment Madge Lee was drifted to his side, and the low, clear voice, with its mechanical, almost dreamy appeal, reached him. For a moment he did not notice it, for he was absorbed by the performance on the platform. Two men were hard at work trying to throw each other, and though it was evident the bigger of the two, a tremendous Cornishman, must throw his opponent, the young man, who understood the whole business, wanted to see how he would do it. But suddenly the crowd made one of the periodical rushes, and the girl was thrown against him.

He looked down carelessly, then seeing it was a woman he put out one hand, and, as if he were contending with a feather pillow, kept back the man who was crowding her and with the other drew her in front of him.

In doing so he held her a moment. She slipped from his grasp, her face suddenly dyed a rich crimson, and was passing on, when he said:

"Not hurt, I hope? You want to tell my fortune, do you? Well, I witnessed and experienced everything else in the fair but that, so here goes," and he held out his hand.

She stopped, reluctantly, as it seemed, and misunderstanding her hesitation he pulled out half a crown.

"Beg pardon! Got to cross your hand, of course. I forgot! Come on! Now, mind, I shall only believe in the good luck. No bad luck for me, thanks!"

After another momentary hesitation she took the fingers of his outstretched hand, lightly crossed his palm, and murmured something in so low a voice that he bent his head almost to hers.

"What?" he said. "There's such a row I can't hear," and with an action natural enough under the circumstances, and far from any intentional offence, he put his left hand on her shoulder and drew her away from the crowd.

Her face flamed, her eyes flashed, and she wrenched, slipped from his light grasp, and flinging the money at his feet, was moving away. The young man looked startled for a moment, then he stepped in front of her, as effectually barring her progress as if he were a stone wall.

"What's the matter?" he said, with a gentleness which was apology, conciliation, and a strong man's respect for a woman all in one. "Did I hurt you? I beg your pardon. I only meant to save you from being trodden on. Come, don't take offence, where none was meant, and tell me my fortune, there's a good girl—though, by George! I expect it will be a pretty black one, now," and he smiled.

She might have resisted his words and gone off, still resentful, but the smile was irresistible.

"Give me your hand, and—don't touch me, please," she said in a breath.

Something, a sudden gentleness of appeal in her last words, attracted his attention, and he just raised his hat before he held out his hand with the gesture a gentleman would accord a lady.

The fire died out of the girl's eyes, and with drooping head she murmured her prophecy hurriedly.

He caught only a word here and there, and his attention strayed back in a moment or two to the suddenness of the exclamation.

"Fair play!" he said, as if he were speaking to himself, his eyes fixed on the wrestlers.

The big man had thrown his op-

ponent once, and had seized him for another bout, getting "hold" of him, as it is called, foully. There was a great deal of excitement in the crowd around the platform and several of the spectators, hearing the young man's exhortation—he had one of those clear, bell-like voices which are warranted to penetrate the thickest din—joined in, and cries of "No, no! Fair play! Give him another hold!" rose from all sides.

The wrestlers stopped, the small man panting, the big one scowling down upon the upturned faces.

"What's the matter?" he demanded sullenly, lumbering up to the edge of the platform. "Who says I ain't playing fair? If any of you thinks you know more about wrestling than I do, he'd better step up here and teach me." He looked around the crowd fiercely, and his small eyes rested on the young man's upturned face.

"Perhaps this young gentleman 'ull step up and kindly give me a lesson, Long Bill is allus ready to learn."

The young man smiled, and Long Bill, like a bull enraged by a red cloth, scowled back at him.

"He don't seem to fancy it," he said, his huge mouth twisted into a sneer. "Likes shouting better, don't yer, sir? Well, just mind yer own business, will yer?"

The young man laughed.

"All right keep yer temper, my man," he said good-humoredly. "All I want is fair play for the little one. Go at it again, but give him time to get hold."

"Keep yer orders for them as wants them," was the retort. "I don't wrestle with him again—nor nobody, come to that," and he went for his coat, hanging on the ropes.

"Oh, go on, go on!" shouted the crowd, regretting their chivalry. "Go on!"

But he shook his head, and was shuffling on his waistcoat when the young man called out as pleasantly as before:

"Wait a moment! I don't want to spoil the sport. I'll have a bout with you!" and he took off his coat in a leisurely way.

The girl had stood looking from one to the other, silently, and almost indifferently, observant of all that was going on, but at this point an instantaneous change came over her face, and almost unconsciously her hand clasped the young man's arm.

He looked down at the hand as it lay, brown as a Hindoo's, but small and shapely, on the white shirt-sleeve, and then at her face.

"Hallo!" he said banteringly and with some surprise, for the face was full of fear and anxiety. For the first time he noted its beauty.

"Well?" he asked, "what's the matter?"

Her lips quivered, and all unconscious of the admiration in his smiling eyes, she said in a low voice:

"Don't go. He is strong and— and cruel when he's like this! Don't go!"

He laughed, and patted the small brown hand.

"It's all right," he replied. "Don't you be afraid; he won't hurt me."

She said no more, but took her hand away swiftly and drew back. But only a few yards.

Having finished his peeling leisurely, the crowd made a lane for him, and he sprang upon the platform. As the two men faced each other a murmur of admiration and satisfaction rose from the crowd.

They were two splendid specimens of humanity—one huge, muscular as a bull, the other slim, supple as a tiger, and yet with the firm, wiry muscles of the trained athlete. Beside the tremendous bulk of the professional the young man looked rather spare and slight, and Long Bill eyed him up and down with what was meant for a supercilious stare.

As they stood regarding each other, Uncle Jake limped up to the girl, whose large eyes, dilated, were fixed on the two.

"Who's that?" he asked sharply. "It's a gentleman, aint it? Who is he, eh?"

The girl without removing her gaze, shook her head, and drew away from him.

The eyes of the two men suddenly grew sharp and intent; they approached each other, shook hands, stood chest to chest, then got hold, and the struggle began. In less than a minute it was seen that the young man who had dared the champion of the district knew the rules of the game, and that Long Bill had not got a "soft thing."

They gripped each other, swayed, pressed, and tugged, the muscles standing out on their arms like strained steel. One moment it seemed as if the younger man's back must yield or be broken; the next he had recovered himself and was bending his antagonist almost double. Then suddenly, while the victory hung in the balance, the young man was seen to raise his shoulder and move his leg, and the huge form of Long Bill went

down upon the platform with a force that shook every plank.

A roar of astonishment and applause rose from the crowd. Long Bill got up and looked around with an air of surprise which provoked a loud burst of laughter from the spectators. It seemed to madden him and he made a kind of rush at his opponent; but the young man stepped aside and caught his arm.

"Hold on!" he said good-humoredly. "Get your breath, man. You've been at it before, and I'm fresh. Here—" he turned to the crowd, "give him a glass of beer." Two or three stone bottles were swiftly handed up; he took one and tossed it to the giant.

"Take a good drink," he said. Long Bill seemed for a moment as if he were going to refuse, then he took a draught, flung the empty bottle on one side, and stepped into position.

"Ready?" said the young man cheerfully.

"It's my turn now."

"All right."

Long Bill went to work more carefully this time, and it looked as if he meant to crush the life out of his foe and throw him afterward. But the young man kept his ground though his face grew pale and he breathed hard. Once his foot slipped slightly, and a kind of gasp rose from the crowd, breathless with excitement, but he recovered himself instantly and stood as before, firm as a rock.

"Bill's got him now," said a voice; the young girl heard, and a shudder ran through her, and she looked aside, but, as if fascinated, her eyes returned to the combatants, and she watched with heaving bosom and tightly clinched hands.

It looked as if the day must be won by the giant, as if it were impossible that the young man could hold out much longer; but presently the more knowing ones of the spectators saw that he was saving himself, and waiting for the critical moment in which to exert his reserve force.

It came, as all such moments come, and with a sudden gathering together of his muscles, a swift movement of his whole body as it seemed, he raised the giant—using his own knee as the lever—and literally flung him to the ground.

A yell of delight rewarded the exploit, and cries of "Bravo, sir!" "Hurrah, young 'un!" came from all sides.

Long Bill lay still. The young man waited for a second, then went and bent over the gigantic form stretched out as motionless as a stone figure cast from its pedestal.

"Hast killed um, lad?" croaked out an old man at the edge of the platform.

"No, no, he has only fainted. Give me some water."

He was all gentleness now, as he bathed the low forehead of his fallen foe and poured some brandy through the swollen lips.

"He's all right. Stand back and give him air!" he said, and he swept away the curious crowd with a wave of his hand.

Long Bill rose to his feet, dazed and staggering, then, when he could see distinctly enough to recognize his opponent, he lurched forward with a savage oath.

"No, no! Enough's as good as a feast. Don't be greedy! Some other day! Keep yer temper, man, Here shake hands!" and he held out a strong but well-formed hand.

But Long Bill had lost his temper beyond retrieval, and would have struck the hand aside if it had not been quickly withdrawn.

"Shame, shame!" shouted the crowd.

"Oh, never mind," said the young man. "He isn't quite himself yet, and doesn't mean it," and with a laugh and a pleasant nod he leaped from the platform. He was surrounded instantly by an admiring throng, eager to speak with, and, if possible, touch the youngster who though a gentleman, had managed to "down" the champion.

(To be Continued.)

## A Dying Promise

CHAPTER XLVII.—(Continued.)

"I am an outcast," he replied; gloomily, yet he remembered her words at the waterfall.

"Father thou art to me, and mother dear, and brother too, Kind husband of my heart."

"Your people would never hear of it," he added.

"Do you know, Lord Blank is rather fond of me. He is a sweet old man, and my godpapa. And Philip, please don't be angry, he knows why you went home in such a hurry. You will hear of something soon."

As she said this she looked down, a little tremor in her nervously clasped hands.

"Even at the very best it would have to be years, Ada!" he exclaimed, all his heart in his voice. "And to think of your wasting your youth and beauty—"

"Growing old and ugly, when of course, you wouldn't care for me any more."

"Ada!"

"I suppose you would die for me—they always say that," she added.

"Die? What would I not do?"

"Well, once you said you would even live for me—"

"And I did it, and I shall always, while I live at all."

"Yet you won't wait a little while?" she added, suddenly raising

her eyes so that the light in them flowed into his face.

"I have done you wrong," he replied. "I did not think any woman's nature could be so constant, so strong. I felt that I ought to give you up."

"But I wouldn't be given up," she interrupted, her voice quivering. "You shall not be given up. Nothing shall come between us."

"Since you have chosen unworthy me," he added, his voice trembling into a key of infinite tenderness, "I will do my utmost to justify your choice. I am your knight, your vassal, what you will, only yours."

The sun had gone down by this time, its last rose-light dying away into the track of Ulysses and his companions, following them in that mysterious voyage to the unknown Happy Islands of which Jessie loved to dream; some stars were already trembling in the clear sky, a faint glow still crowned the bare mountain summits, the brightly colored, smokeless city at their base, which was a jewel in the sunset, had faded to common stone, specked with innumerable sparks of light; the keen chill of the winter night was in the air, it was dangerous to linger beneath the olives. They rose and hurried away, parting at the gate of Ada's temporary home, not to meet again for years.

Stillbrooke Mill stands as of old beside its clear waters, on which silver swans glide among the green reflections of overarching trees. But the garden is built over, and the plane tree gone, so that the mill seems to be a continuation of the street. A railway bridge draws a black horizontal bar across the treetops and strides over the bridge with long, black iron compass legs, stepping unconcernedly on green turf or in mid-stream, a symbol of the money-getting spirit of the age, a spirit that everywhere defaces beauty, ruthlessly on-rushing, borne on by the fever of its own mad desire.

One summer evening some years ago, a train roared out of Cleve station and over this bridge at low speed, bearing in one of its carriages a general officer in full dress returning from a review, a beautiful dark-eyed woman with rich, black hair highly silvered, a lad of fifteen, and a girl of eleven. The latter, having tossed off her own gala hat, was crowning her brown curls with the white-plumed cocked hat that lay on the seat beside her, her brother had taken the unbuckled swordbelt and was drawing the sword slowly from its sheath, and feeling its edge.

"There is the mill, Ada," the general was saying, "see the man leaning over the half-door. One might think it was Matthew himself."

He saw it all as in the days of his happy, wholesome boyhood. Matthew and Martha and sunny-haired Jessie were moving about as of old. They were never long out of his thoughts, and at times were very near to him, living on beyond the bounds of sense and time in that eternity which is all round and about us.

The train passed into the blue distance, ruthlessly straight rushing as the democracy it typifies, the mill-wheel hummed on as of old, dashing the water in diamonds from its turning stair. Strangers dwelt in the mill-house, other children watched and wondered at the rolling wheel, and the mystery of the inexhaustible water, which flows on forever and never lessens.

So all things change and renew themselves, there is no death, only eternity. The water flows to the great sea which covers the earth, it rises on the wings of the sunbeam, rides gloriously over the heavens in cloud masses colored by purple sunset, descends in rich rains and fragrant dews, and so on again, in endless metamorphosis. We, too, have our time to rejoice and sorrow, to love and fear, to doubt and struggle, to bloom and fade. But though generation succeeds generation and the same willows hear the whispering of lovers and see their children and children's children, and the race is perpetually renewed in its eternal round, there is a difference. Unlike the water, man has a choice between blessing and cursing, he does not pass and "leave not a wrack behind" but a mark and a memory. For each separate man, as well as the whole race, moves onward, though often with many a backfall, to one "far-off divine event" with a certain power for a certain season to retard or advance the grand final consummation.

(The End.)

## A MOUNTAIN THEATRE.

Probably the most novel theatre in the world is that which was recently opened at Thale, in Germany. The theatre is on the summit of a mountain, and is surrounded on all sides by steep rocks; the seats for the audience are hewn out of the rock and accommodate 1,000 persons, and the stage, which is also hewn out of the rock, is 80 feet long by 54 feet wide. No artificial scenery is used, but the background is formed by the dense forest and by the outlines of the mountains in the distance. The dressing-room for the actors is close at hand in the forest, but completely hidden from the audience. The theatre is fully protected from the wind, and its acoustic properties are so excellent that every word is heard.

Nothing convinces like conviction.

Beware of loose dogs and tight men.



## APPLYING MANURE.

The two mistakes most frequently met with in spreading manure are that the applications are too heavy and that it is not pulverized finely enough, writes Mr. E. L. Jones. I have seen many loads thrown out on the ground in large chunks, some the size of a man's head, and from 3 to 5 feet apart. I cannot imagine a worse way. Manure should be pulverized and applied evenly. The amount to be used will depend on the kind of soil, the crop to be raised, and the quality of the fertilizer. Clay soils, for instance, will retain the strength of the manure for several years, while a sandy soil will lose all the benefit in one year. Therefore, on sandy soils I use manure sparingly. On corn land, with the right kind of soil, there is no danger of too heavy applications, but on small grain a heavy coating will often cause it to fall. When sowing grass seed on grain land, I sow before the manure is spread. In this way I am sure of a good stand of grass.

If you have a large shed to be cleared of manure, it will be well to plow it with a turning plow and either run a spike-toothed harrow over it or scatter some corn on it and let the hogs in to pulverize it. It can then be loaded with a fork and is ready to spread. If the bottom is packed hard, it should be dug up with a grubbing hoe, and pulverized in the shed before it is loaded. In handling heavy manure a large shovel, about 14 inches square, will be more satisfactory than the fork. On my wagon, I use a platform and two or more removable side boards. These are superior to a wagon box for this purpose. If to be hauled only a short distance, over level roads, end gates will not be needed, thus greatly facilitating the work. The load should be spread evenly from the wagon, covering the entire ground.

## PLANTING AN ORCHARD.

Mr. L. A. Goodman says there is no business that requires a greater amount of intelligence than orchard growing. Experience is a prime requisite to success; that is, knowing what certain treatment will produce.

The climate being suitable, profitable orcharding depends more on the subsoil than on any other one thing. You can make the soil richer if it is not rich enough, but you cannot change the subsoil without great expense. Congenial subsoil and success. Improper subsoil and failure. These two sentences should be burned upon the memory of every fruit grower. Dig down under your soil in a hundred different places on the land you intend to plant and see what is below. A few dollars spent in this way may save you thousands in your orchard. The best subsoil is the loess formation. It allows the rains to sink deep into its bosom and there holds it until called for by the drouths of summer and the cold of winter. A fertile, porous subsoil is important above all other considerations. A gravelly shale or clay loam is next in order as to value, and can be found in many of our apple districts. A red clay shale with limestone soil and subsoil is also valuable. After subsoil, a good fertile soil, porous, loamy, with plenty of humus, potash and lime, so as to give fairly good crops of grain or grass, should be chosen. One that dries out quickly so that it can be plowed soon after a rain, that works easily so as to get best results with least labor, that will give a good crop of corn while growing the trees, one that will not bake too easily, is always desirable. Next comes a rocky or gravelly soil, which is good, but takes more work to get results. These are found in abundance in all mountain districts.

## LOCATION AND EXPOSURE.

are not so important as elevation, although they should not be underestimated. Elevation above surrounding lands so as to get good air drainage cannot be ignored. Elevation above the sea, as you go south of 40 degrees, is important, because you get into the cooler, drier, purer air. But this is not enough, if you have not also elevation above the surrounding lands, for you then have trouble with the cold air the same as on lower lands. The northern slopes and exposures are always considered best. I think this is true because the best soils and subsoils are on these northern slopes, and not because of the location itself.

Unless varieties are adapted to climate, soil, location, exposure and market, you plant in vain. This study of adaptability can reach conclusions only by actual experience. It is well to make the experience of others serve you. If variety is at its best in one locality, then you should abide by this decision. But the fact that one variety does best in one part of our orchard and another variety in another part demands closest study. Watch for these variations and note why they are so, seeing if valuable, accurate conclusions cannot be drawn.

## PREPARATION OF THE LAND

and the distance of planting must be directed by climate, condition of soil and surrounding circumstances,