

# The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR  
A SECRET REVEALED

## CHAPTER II.

And now I should like to be able to say that he made them a nice speech about temperance and plain living, and with a "Bless you, my worthy friends," went home. This is what the ordinary heroes of romance invariably do. But the young man, though strong as a lion and light-hearted as a lark, was not, alas! prudent or wise. He allowed himself to be led—carried rather—by the crowd to the nearest drinking booth, where he stood treat many times and oft; and drank as well as paid for drink.

An hour later, flushed and hot, he remembered the girl whose beautiful face had been upturned to his with such anxiety, and with a half-defined idea of finding her and assuring her that he was not hurt, he got away from the crowd and went out to look for her.

The sun had nearly set by this time; a faint breeze, harbinger of the cool eventide, stole through the heat and dust.

He wandered about looking everywhere as he went, but though he saw several red-shawled faces, he could not find the one he sought.

Presently a clock—it was the one in the turret of Monk Towers—struck eight. He pulled up short and put his hand to his head—it was burning hot—as if he were trying to remember something; then he whistled half remorsefully, half comically, and strode out of the fair and onto the common, his face set in the direction of Monk Towers.

A lane led from the common, and stepping briskly along it he came to a bridge over a brook. Here he took off his coat, waistcoat, and collar, bared his broad chest and the Antinous neck, and bathed his head in the clear, cool water. Springing to his feet with renewed freshness and strength, "That's better!" he said with a long breath.

"What with Long Bill's hugs and the liquor I felt stiff and seedy; all right now." He put on his things quickly—there were bruises on his arms and chest, great bands of red that would be black and blue in an hour or two—and went on his way.

The lane led to a hill, beneath which in a slight hollow were the iron gates of the avenue to Monk Towers.

He passed through the gates and up the avenue, seeing no one; the lodge-keeper had stolen off to the fair. The elm-lined road wound round and round like a yellow serpent; but presently the long front of the great mansion loomed white-ly before him.

His handsome face grew rather grave as he looked up at the house but the seriousness did not last long, and he was humming again presently as cheerful and careless as before.

A moat, dry now, surrounded the house; he crossed the time-worn bridge and ran up the broad stone steps to the hall door. But there he paused. Perhaps the view of the interior, the polished oak, the spotless floor of white and black marble, the plush hangings, the lines of pictures in their heavy gilt frames, awoke in him a sense of his dusty and disordered condition. He looked down at his clothes, at his boots—the water of the brook had turned the dust on them to mud—and shook his head; and as he heard the sound of a servant's footsteps coming from the back of the hall he turned quickly and went down the steps again.

"I'll get in at the back and get a wash," he said to himself. "Madame hates this kind of thing," and he looked down at himself ruefully.

He passed along the side of the house and had nearly turned the corner when he heard, through an open casement, a voice singing.

It was a girl's voice, fresh and sweet. She was evidently singing to herself, for the voice was low and broke off now and then, and then went on again as if the singer were singing unconsciously.

He stepped up to the window cautiously and looked in.

The room was a small one, paneled in dark, shining oak. The floor was of walnut, the pictures were old, in tarnished frames, the hangings of silk damask were of a dull, faded gray; the only spot of light in the dusky room was the white dress of a young girl, who stood on an antique chair reaching down some books from an ebony cabinet.

If the young man had been an artist he would have felt his soul swell and throb with delight at the picture his eyes rested on, as it was, the dusky room, the air of quiet and repose, the slight figure of the girl—all in white—touched him with a vague pleasure.

The dress was made in the old—it is now, however, the new—fashion; the skirt in plain folds, the sleeves full. Only a girl with a graceful figure can wear this dress successfully; this girl made hers bowitching. Her back was turned to him; a mass of yellow, waving hair, caught by a ribbon, fell on the white, soft cashmere.

All unconscious of a spectator, she blew the dust from a book, opened it, and, resting the edge against the bookshelf, turned the pages, singing to herself all the while in the low, sweet voice.

The young man watched her with a smile on his mobile lips, and suddenly, as if she had become conscious of the burden of his eyes, as if she felt them on her back, she turned her head.

She did not cry out, but she dropped the book and stood still for a moment, the color coming and going on her face. It was a pure oval, very fair; the eyes, wide open with surprise, gradually growing into pleasure, were of a violet blue—a lovely, girlish face that matched the golden girlish hair, and the slight, almost frail, figure.

The young man seemed startled in some way, but as he stepped in he recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to take off his cap.

"Royce!" cried the girl in a voice as low and soft as the one in which she had sung. "Royce, is it you?"

"Yes. It's me, Irene!" he said with the beautiful disregard for grammar which distinguishes the public-school boy.

She dropped lightly as a feather from the chair; and he made as if to take her in his arms; then stopped and grew red and awkward. But there was no awkwardness on her part, now that the first moments of surprise had passed.

"Oh, Royce, I am so glad! When did you come—how?" and she took him by the hand and swung it up and down, almost drawing him into the room.

"Just now," he said. "Walked most of the way. But I say, Irene—"

"Well!" she said, looking up at him with welcoming eyes. "What is the matter? Why do you stare at me so? Come and sit down or I shall go and fetch the countess?"

"Hold on!" he said, holding her hand lightly. "Wait a minute. I'm staring because—I say, how you've grown—altered!"

She blushed and laughed and her eyes fell—but only for a moment—before his fixed and wondering regard.

"Have I? I suppose I have! You didn't expect to find me just the same after all this time, Royce?"

"Yes, I did," he said. "I was looking forward to seeing a little girl in short frocks and a pigtail. I meant to pick you up and give you a jump."

She drew away from him an inch or two, laughing still, but a little shyly.

"Why shouldn't I grow like the rest of the world? Why, you've grown yourself." She seemed to recognize the fact for the first time, and her look became still more shy. But it was only momentarily. "Why, Royce, you are quite a man."

He laughed and got hold of her other hand and swung them together in boyish, light-hearted fashion.

"Have I? Well, then I'll forgive you. But you've grown in other ways, Irene. By George, I can scarcely believe that this lively young lady is the little kid who used to climb the old apple tree—"

The blood stained her face again and she burst out quickly, as if to stop him.

"But how tired you must be! How far have you walked? Let me go and tell the countess, Royce."

"Not yet," he said. "How far? Oh, nearly twenty miles, more or less."

"Oh! How tired you must be!" she exclaimed.

"Not a bit, but I'm as hungry as a wolf. And I think I'd better put myself to rights before I see the mater, you know how particular she is—oh, Renie? I was stealing around to the back entrance, meaning to get a wash; when I heard you piping up like a linnet—"

"And so came into the cage," she said. "But you are so hungry! Sit down here, Royce," she pointed a slim finger to an easy chair, "and I will go and get you something to eat—"

"And drink, please; I am thirsty, too."

"And drink. I sha'n't be gone long; you shall see how quick I can be. And then, when you have had your supper, I will tell the countess."

"Yes, I shall want strengthening for that ordeal—oh, Renie?"

She rose, seeming scarcely to touch the floor, so light and airy was the movement; and Royce Landon leaned back and looked around the room.

His eyes rested on two portraits hanging side by side over the ancient fireplace. One was that of his father, the late Earl of Landon, in a general's uniform, the other that of his mother, the countess, in a dress of black satin and broad Honiton. His face grew grave as it lingered on the latter. Irene came in after a few minutes interval, carrying a small tray with a pie, some bread, a dish of strawberries, and claret.

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"There," she said triumphantly. "Now come and be fed."

"Bravo," he said as he sat down. "Help me yourself, Renie. A good big piece to begin with. I will show you the pattern of the bottom of that pie dish directly; and then I shall eat the dish itself!"

Laughing she helped him and sat by, leaning her elbows on the table, and her chin on her hands, regarding him smilingly while he ate.

Having satisfied his appetite, he leaned back in his chair and asked: "Now, what's the news?"

"News? There is no news. Everything at the Towers goes on the same year after year; just the same. I've got a new pony—you must see him, Royce! Such a perfectly lovely little dear!"

"And—my brother, Seymour?"

"The earl is very well," she said, quietly.

"And what's his last fad?" asked Royce.

"I don't quite know; we do not see very much of him; but I think it is in some way connected with Timbuctoo. But tell me all about yourself, Royce," she went on quickly.

"How did you get leave so soon again? I thought you had only just gone back to the regiment."

His face clouded, and grew grave and embarrassed, and he kept his eyes fixed on the claret jug as he replied:

"Yes—so I had, but—Oh, I'll tell you all about it presently."

"Oh, Royce," she faltered. "You—You haven't been getting into another scrape, have you?"

He laughed uneasily, his brows knit together, and his face grew hot and fierce.

"Let's talk of something else," he said. "We shall have plenty of time, for I'm going to stay home a bit. But look here—I must go and put myself tidy."

"Yes," she said. "Where is your luggage? Have you had it sent on? Perhaps it is in your room."

"I haven't any luggage—that is—there, I'd better tell you right out, I suppose. The fact is, Renie, I have been getting into another scrape, as you call it. And this time it's the worst scrape of all—What's that?" he broke off, looking toward the door.

She listened for a moment, then sprang up, her face paling a little.

"It is the countess; I know her step. Go, Royce! Let me break it to her that you are here. Go, quick!" And she pointed to the window.

He rose and went a pace or two, then stopped, and facing around, threw back his head.

"No!" he said. "No use running away, after all. I'll face it!"

(To be Continued.)



## APPLYING LIME.

Lime may be applied to the land in three different conditions, either as the ground, fresh-burned lime, hydrated or dry-water-slaked lime, and the air-slaked lime. The effect of lime in the soil may also be considered as of two general classes: First, in correcting acidity of the soil, and second in bringing about certain chemical and physical changes that are desirable, such as stimulating the decomposition of organic matter and aiding in the granulation of flocculation of the soil.

Suppose we start with one ton of freshly burned lump lime. In one case we grind this so that it may be applied to the land by means of a drill or sown broadcast like any other fertilizer. In another case we water-slake it. For agricultural purposes the best method of doing this is to scrape back the surface of the soil in the field and throw down about a barrel of fresh lime in a place at convenient intervals. If the soil is quite dry, throw a pail of water over this lime and cover it with soil. The lime will begin to slake by the absorption of water from the soil, and as it slakes it will swell and cause cracks to appear in the covering of earth. These should occasionally be filled to exclude the atmosphere. After three or four days the lime will have fallen to a fine powder and may be distributed over the land. The earth with which it was covered, mixing with the lime, aids in its distribution. This is what we call the hydrated lime. In the next case we simply expose the lime to the action of the atmosphere. Sometimes it is thrown in piles on the ground where it receives rain and dews, and absorbs some water from the soil, but most of the change that takes place in it is the result of the action of the atmosphere, the lime absorbing carbon dioxide as well as water. If this action is allowed to progress long enough, or if the lime is protected from rains, the mass will become, after a time

## THOROUGHLY AIR-SLAKED.

If we were to weigh the resulting product after these actions have taken place, we would find that the 2000 pounds with which we started had been increased to about 2640 or 2650 pounds in the case of the hydrated lime, and to 3600 pounds in the case of the thoroughly air-slaked lime. However, as lime is usually prepared for agricultural uses, we have a mixture of hydrated and air-slaked lime rather than either of them separate.

As to the effect of using these various

forms, so far as neutralizing acidity in the soil is concerned, there is little difference. The 2640 pounds of hydrated or the 3600 of air-slaked lime produce practically the same effect as the 2000 pounds of ground, freshly-burned lime. So far as its stimulation of the decomposition of organic matter in the soil or of the flocculation of the clay and the bringing about of a granular condition of the soil, 2640 pounds of pure hydrated lime produce practically the same effect as the 2000 pounds of ground lime. But the 3600 pounds of thoroughly air-slaked lime would probably produce only about 70 p.c. of the effect of the ground lime.

If, then, the object of applying lime to the land is simply to neutralize the acidity of the soil, it will make little difference whether the lime is spread upon the frozen ground and allowed to lie there until spring, when it will be worked into the soil, or whether it be applied at the time the soil is worked, in either of the three forms. If the soil is a heavy one and needs to have its physical condition improved, or if the object is to stimulate decomposition of organic matter in the soil and to assist in liberating plant food the 3600 pounds of air-slaked lime is not nearly so effective as the 2000 pounds of freshly-ground lime or the 2640 pounds of hydrated lime. The so-called agricultural lime that is usually offered in the market is not only air-slaked to a considerable degree, but frequently has mixed with it a good deal of the refuse material, as ashes and the more impure portions of the lime. It is, therefore, probable that a dressing of 1000 pounds of freshly burned, ground lime of good quality would be at least equal to a dressing of 2000 pounds of agricultural lime.

## SHEEP IN WINTER.

A cheap shelter will do very nicely for sheep if it has a tight roof, which will not leak every time it rains or the snow melts on it. Have the shed well boarded and battened on the north, west and east. It may be left open on the south. Nail a board across the front to keep the cows and calves out, writes a correspondent.

The clean snow or ground is a good place to feed sheep corn fodder, bean pods or hay. I am not so sure that sheep lack sense. They are pretty good timekeepers for one thing. They know when it is time to be fed, and what they like to eat, and there is no peace until they get it. And if one finds a good thing it will call all the flock. I do not agree about the snow for drink instead of water. My sheep go to a stream of spring water to drink. In winter it gets slippery at the edge and some are afraid to drink there, so I dip the water into a pail or tub. I have known them to travel to the stream half a dozen times or stand around and wait until I dipped in the water. And they had plenty of snow, too.

I have three fine lambs, at the present. February 10; one tipped the scale at 12 pounds. When the lambs come so early and the weather is cold, I feed them a little warm milk, sometimes before they are on their feet, using a bottle with a rubber nipple. If they seem chilled, I roll them up in a blanket and put in a basket by the kitchen stove until they are warm and lively.

## RETARDING GROWTH.

Digging deep holes for setting peach trees has many years ago passed the experimental stage with me, says John M. Stubbs. It is not a theory but a well established fact, that the deeper the holes are made for trees, in reason, especially if the subsoil is stiff clay, the more certain are they protected against early blooming in the spring, as well as against excessive drouth in the bearing period. The results obtained from deep holes and strong manures on the bottom thereof, and around the outer rim of the hole, is a root system deeply established and reaching down into the cold clay, where it retards the upflowing of the sap in the spring, and consequently the blooming period. The warmth of the sun that comes with too much force sometimes in February, and starts the sap in motion, does not warm up the earth down into the clay, but only on the surface, and consequently does not start the tree. Another not much less important result is that the root system, being deeply established, is not affected nearly so readily by drouth in summer or autumn. Some years ago I set a peach orchard of about 16,000 trees, adhering strictly to the deep hole system, and when orchards all over the state failed I have had good crops. In a recent exceptional year, in which a great many orchards had a large number of trees killed by frost, I did not lose a tree. I attribute this to the deep hole system and deep cultivation following, during the first two of three years.

"Of course," said the husband, who made a specialty of manufacturing excuses, "the truth is bound to leak out some time." "Yes," rejoined the other half of the matrimonial combine; "and I am inclined to believe that it leaked out of you long ago."

Timms—"I hope you'll join us in a little anniversary celebration to-morrow at our home?" Binns—"Delighted to do so. Wedding anniversary or birthday?" Timms—"No. The cook's been with us just a year."

# Will You Help It?

## THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

For it Cares for Every Sick Child in Ontario whose Parents Cannot Afford to Pay For Treatment.

The Hospital for Sick Children, College street, Toronto, appeals to the fathers and mothers of Ontario for funds to maintain the thousand sick children that it nurses within its walls every year.

The Hospital is not a local institution—but Provincial. The sick child from any place in Ontario who can't afford to pay has the same privileges as the child living in Toronto and is treated free.

The Hospital had last year in its beds and cots 761 patients, 267 of these were from 195 places outside of Toronto.

The cost is 98 cents per patient per day, and there were 129 sick little ones a day in the Hospital.

Since its foundation the Hospital has treated 10,371 children—about 7,500 of these were unable to pay and were treated free. Every dollar may be the translator of your kind thoughts into the Hospital's kind deeds. Everybody's dollar may be the Friend in Need to Somebody's child.

Let the money of the strong be mercy to the weak. The Hospital pays out dividends of health and happiness to suffering childhood on every dollar that is paid by the friends of little children.

If you know of any sick child in your neighborhood who is sick or crippled or has club feet send the parent's name to the Hospital.

See the example of what can be done for club-foot children. There were 14 like cases last year and hundreds in 28 years.



Please send contributions to J. Ross Robertson, Chairman, or to Douglas Davidson, Sec. Treas., of The Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto.

## WEAR TWO PAIRS OF SOCKS.

Shoe Salesman Tells How to Keep the Feet Warm.

"I see you wear two pairs of socks," said the shoe salesman to the customer. "You are very wise. A good many people are beginning to do it, especially between seasons.

"People ought to do it all through the winter. There is more warmth in two pairs of summer socks than there is in the heaviest pair of woollens that ever was manufactured.

"If you are troubled with cold feet, you will find that the combination of a pair of woollens and a pair of light weight socks—balbriggan or lisle thread—will fix you up comfortably the coldest day that comes. If your feet are tender, you can wear the thread ones inside and the wool without. If you are extra cold, reverse the process. Whichever you do you will find the thin pair easily doubles the value of the thick one.

"There is, generally speaking, an altogether wrong notion as to the best way to keep the feet warm. People ask for heavy soles and cork soles and insoles and fleece soles, and think they are protecting their feet.

"It is all a mistake. The soles of the feet are not sensitive to cold. It is not through the soles that you catch cold or feel cold. Any ordinary shoe affords the feet all the protection necessary, so far as temperature is concerned.

"To avoid cold feet, the ankles and instep should be protected. That is where your second pair of socks does its work. But, as a matter of fact, in very cold weather every one should wear cloth tops covering the whole upper part of the shoe.

"With spats and doubled socks and medium weight shoes you can walk on ice in zero weather and not know it's cold—so far as your feet are concerned. Of course you feel the cold most in your toes, but the protection of the upper part of the foot where the larger blood vessels run down is the main thing. Your toes won't feel cold if the rest of your foot is warm.

"I'd like to sell you a pair of tops. These black ones would just go with your new shoes. They're only—no, not this time? Well, call again."