

# The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR  
A SECRET REVEALED.

## CHAPTER VI.

On the evening Royce had left Monk Towers an outcast, his brother, the Earl of Landon, sat in his study at his house in Frogmore Gardens. Everybody knows those palatial residences. They stand in the centre of the now fashionable district—it was a market-garden not many years since—and they are, as the advertisements remark, replete with every modern convenience and luxury.

The earl's study was an example of what such a room should be. The walls were lined with books; there was a fourfold screen covered with maps; a thick Persian square occupied the centre of the parquet floor; a large morocco-lined table stood by the window; the chairs were marvels of the upholsterer's art; the pictures—mostly of a religious character—were India proofs.

On the table were Charity Societies' Reports and blue books; in the big brass paper rack were several religious newspapers. In a reading chair with a revolving seat sat the earl, at the end of the table his private secretary. The earl was a young man of thirty; tall, thin, with a long neck which permitted him to wear huge, upstanding collars like sails. He was fair to insipidity; his hair, which he wore rather long, was the color, as Royce had once remarked, of a gravel path. He had no perceptible eyebrows, and almost white eyelashes; and his eyes were of a faded blue which, when he had the headache, became almost white also.

He was a very "good" young man; had been one of those boys who "never give their mothers an hour's anxiety," and, now that he was a man, was a shining light at Exeter Hall. He was the chairman of at least a dozen charitable associations and a member of as many of those societies which have the promotion of some fad or croquet for their aim and object. He was a very bad speaker—with a lisp—and yet his name was a safe-draw for a philanthropic meeting, and when he got on his legs in the House of Lords, which he did about twice in the session, his fellow peers listened to him with something like attention and respect.

No one could have looked more "good" this evening—the evening when his younger brother was enjoying himself at Cumberleigh Fair—than the Earl of Landon; as, leaning back in his well-padded morocco chair, with his fingers joined at the tips, he regarded his secretary with a gravely bland smile.

"And to-morrow, Mr. Jowle?" he said in a soft voice, "what have I to do to-morrow?"

The secretary, a little man with a dark, haggard face—the face of a man overworked and underpaid—looked at his diary.

"To-morrow, my lord, at two o'clock, you have to open the new wing of the Asylum for Decayed Collar Starchers, at Walham Green."

"H'm, yes. I suppose I shall have to make a speech. Have you prepared the sketch, Mr. Jowle?"

"Yes, my lord, here it is," said the secretary, taking a roll of papers from his pocket.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: A public man has many duties to fulfill, but I know of none which would afford greater pleasure than that which I have been called on to undertake to-day. To aid, in however small a degree, the efforts of so praiseworthy a body as the Clean Collar Starchers of England in their endeavor to establish a charity benefiting the poor and needy of their class—"

"H'm, yes, the usual thing, I suppose," said the earl blandly, taking the sketch. "It is not too long, I hope?"

"No, my lord; half an hour," said the weary secretary.

"After you leave the Collar Starchers you have to dine with the Indigent Umbrella Frame Makers Society. I have your speech."

"The outline you mean, Mr. Jowle?"

"Certainly, the outline merely, my lord." Mr. Jowle corrected himself with a discreet cough; and he read the opening of a finished and complete speech.

"Thanks. Yes? And then?"

"Your lordship has to take the chair at a meeting of the Lost Cats Society."

"I don't speak there, I think?"

"Yes, my lord. Here is the—ahem—outline. I have drawn a picture of the working man sitting beside his fireplace with the kettle and the cat singing together—"

"Very good," said the earl, "very appropriate, indeed. I will—fill it in. Anything else, Mr. Jowle?"

"The meeting of the Society for the Investigation of Apparitions—but that's to-night, my lord—at midnight."

"I am afraid I must forego the pleasure of attending the apparition Society's meeting, Mr. Jowle. Be kind enough to write an excuse. You can say that I am suffering from a severe cold."

"Yes, my lord," said the patient secretary, and he rapidly wrote the

required note. "That is all, my lord," he said; then as he arose he looked up timidly at the great philanthropist, and, clearing his throat, said: "I am sorry to trouble your lordship, but my quarter's salary was due a week ago, and—I've a sick wife and four children, my lord—if you would kindly—"

"Really, Mr. Jowle, this—er—request is—er—most unusual, and—er—serious; if I may say so, it displays, a want of taste and delicacy, on your part. I am afraid you must have grown extravagant. Your salary of sixty pounds a year should be ample to keep you and enable you to put money by. Thrift, thrift, Mr. Jowle is the first duty of a man with a family; and you should always—always, remember—have money in hand. I was not aware your salary was due. Mention it to-morrow, please. It is too late to-night to get a check cashed, or I would give you one. Good-night, Mr. Jowle, good-night."

The unfortunate secretary gathered his papers together and trudged off to his sick wife and four children, and the Earl of Landon taking up his "outlines"—they were all complete and finished speeches—commenced to get them off by heart.

He worked very hard at his lesson—as hard as an actor who has so many "lengths" of his part to commit to memory—for a couple of hours pacing up and down the luxurious room; but toward the end of that time my lord grew restless.

His fair face drew into wrinkles of impatience, his two light blue eyes became wistful, and his thin, white hands lost their placidity and twined together; and as the exquisitely carved clock on the mantelshelf struck eleven he started and tugged at his long, fair hair.

Then, as the last stroke sounded, he dropped on the table the manuscript of one of the speeches which the secretary had composed, and ascended the thickly-carpeted stairs to his dressing-room.

His valet was busy—he had been reading a novel a moment before—brushing his master's clothes, but Lord Landon dismissed him.

"I shall not want you to-night, Perkins," he said. "Pray do not sit up."

Mr. Perkins bowed and disappeared, and the earl sank into a chair as if he were bent upon meditating on the various works of charity for which he was engaged on the to-morrow; but presently he got up, and stealing on tiptoe to the door listening intently.

Then, as if assured that all was quiet, he went to his wardrobe, unlocked a drawer at the bottom with a little key, and took out a box.

From this box he lifted a wig of gray hair. It was an elaborate and skillful example of the perruquier's art. At the bottom of the box were some sticks of grease paint, the pigment used by actors, and by the aid of these and the wig the Earl of Landon disguised himself so completely that it may safely be said that his own mother would not have known him. He exchanged the sober dress-coat for a rakish covert-coat, and turning the collar up, he stole out of the room and down the stairs of his own house like a thief.

A handsome cab was crawling along, and he hailed it and got in.

"Drive me to Regent Circus," he said.

The cabman whipped up the tired horse and reached the circus, and the Earl of Landon got out, paid his fare, and, after glancing to right and left cautiously, walked quickly down a side street.

He stopped outside an ordinary tobacco shop. Its door was closed and its shutters were up; but he knocked with his knuckles at the door, and a tall, soldierly-looking man opened it.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"All right, it's I, Scotty," said the Earl, and the man opened the door just wide enough for the earl to enter.

The shop was in appearance and just like the other thousand and one tobacconists in London; but the earl, lifting the counter flap, passed behind the counter into a long passage and, traversing this, reached a long room fairly filled with men and women. The men were, most of them, in evening dress, the women elaborately attired; and they were gathered in groups around green tables, upon which stood cards and bottles, of wine and glasses.

In a word, it was one of London's "silver bells," filled with gamblers, male and female.

The Earl of Landon, nodding to one and another as if they were old acquaintances, made his way to a table, and sitting down joined in the game.

At first he was cool and cautious, but as the game proceeded—it was baccarat—his face grew flushed, and his thin lips tremulous; the voice to which the audiences at Exeter Hall had listened with such edification grew thick and husky, and his hands as they dealt the cards shook like an aspen leaf.

He played all through the night

and the small hours of the morning, drinking the poor champagne, and smoking the poorer cigars; played with that intense absorption of which only the born gambler is capable. Some men are cursed with a love of drink, some with a love for the cards and the dice. Seymour, Earl of Landon was afflicted in the latter way. Where he had got his passion from one cannot tell. His father, the general, had never played anything but whist, and never for more than shilling points; but the taint in Seymour's blood had come down slowly but surely from some gambling ancestor, travelling like a root underground, to spring up like an upas tree.

Now he might have played at his club openly, and like other men addicted to the vice; but then he could not have been chairman of the Decayed Collar Starchers Society, etc., etc.; and Lord Landon was weak and vain, as well as vicious. He wanted to serve the god of respectability and Mammon at the same time, and the "silver bell" in the side street off Regent Street enabled him to do. Scarcely a night passed but he stole out of his house like a thief, and indulged his craving for the excitement of the gambling table.

To-night the cards had gone against him with a steady persistence which almost drove him mad; he loved to win for winning's sake, generally, but to-night he was particularly anxious that fortune should smile on him, for he had had a run of bad luck lately, and money was getting scarce. Your born gambler can never leave off, let the luck be as bad as it may, while there is a penny in his pocket, and Seymour sat at the table until his last banknote had gone.

The rays of the sun were filling the East with a golden light as he walked off Regent Street with his haggard face bent over his turned-up collar, and his hat pressed well over his brow, and he looked around nervously, for he was later than usual, and several persons were about the streets, and the policeman glanced at him curiously; but he put on a slight stagger as if he were a roysterer coming from a late party, and with his face almost concealed reached a quiet street.

Here he quickly drew off his wig and put it in his pocket, wiped the paint from his face, turned down his collar, and went with a slow and sauntering step toward Frogmore Gardens. He opened the door with his latchkey, and quietly went up the stairs.

A servant coming from the upper rooms stifled a yawn, and shrank back against the wall to let him pass; but the earl did not sneak by her like the guilty thing he was; instead, he stopped and said:

"A beautiful morning, Mary. I have been for a stroll in the park. We ought to be very grateful for such weather, Mary." And with a beneficent smile he passed on.

But as he closed the door behind him the smile vanished, and a look of utter weariness settled on his face and, undressing, he flung himself on the bed, and clasped his hands over his burning eyes. But he could not rest, and presently he got up and, taking his bankbook from a bureau, he looked at it with a haggard frown.

"Yes," he muttered at last, as if he had arrived at some resolution, "yes, I'll try my hand with Irene. The old lady means to secure her for Royce; but why shouldn't I have the Tresilian money? Yes, I think I'm a match for them. Besides, it would be a shame to throw away so good and beautiful a girl upon such a scamp as my dear Brother Royce. No, no! I must save her. I really must."

And with the hypocritical smile with which he charmed Exeter Hall he went to bed and slept the sleep of the unjust.

(To be Continued.)

## OUTWITTING THE OFFICER.

"Didn't you ever hear of a cat being used for smuggling?" asked the steward of one of the big ocean liners as he sat down to spin a little sea yarn.

"No? Well, it's a fact. Not long ago it happened that the ship's carpenter had picked up a lot of fine cigars that he wanted to sneak in without paying for the privilege. He didn't know quite how to manage it; but just as we got to port an idea struck him.

"A carpenter always has a sort of case called a 'bass' that he carries his tools in. When this one got ready to go ashore he put one of the ship's cats into his bass and swung it carelessly over his shoulder on the handle of his hammer. As he came down the plank the first thing he did was to run into a Customs inspector.

"What have you got in your bass?" demanded the inspector.

"Nothin' but a cat, sir," replied the carpenter, starting on.

"Open your bass and let's see," said the other, eyeing the bass suspiciously.

"I can't, sir; I'd lose my cat," replied the carpenter.

"This settled it with the inspector. He smelt a fine case of smuggling. He insisted, and the carpenter, with much grumbling, swung down his bass and opened it, when sure enough out jumped a cat and made a dash back to the ship.

"There, I told you you'd make me lose the cat!" said the carpenter.

The carpenter went back to get his cat, and when he returned was permitted to pass; and the inspector has never yet guessed that this time, instead of a cat, there were a lot of fine cigars inside the bass."



## KEEPING APPLES.

Many conditions, aside from varietal characteristics influence the keeping qualities of apples among which are the soil of the orchard, whether it be sod or cultivated, weather of growing season, especially the latter part of it, presence or absence of fungi, degree of coloration of fruit, size, ripeness, manner of handling, and kind of storage.

Baldwins grown on sandy or gravelly soil ripen earlier, must be picked earlier, and have a higher color than those grown on clay, but they do not keep so well. Apples grown in sod attain a higher color and keep longer than those grown under clean culture. Ordinarily, apples keep better when the season has been dry, rather than wet, and when the month of October has been cool rather than warm. The character of the weather has much to do with the next factor, presence of fungi, for a warm, moist season is favorable to nearly all the fungous diseases of the apple, and a scabby apple or one infected with any of the rots is a very poor investment for the storage man. Indeed, only prime fruit ordinarily should be stored, for number two fruit not only yields small profit from storage, but it hurts the sale of number one fruit. Overgrown specimens do not keep so well as fruit of ordinary size. Well-colored fruit usually keeps best, but it should not be allowed to remain on the tree so long for the sake of color that it suffers in firmness. For cold storage, fruit should not be so ripe or highly colored as is best for ordinary storage. Greenings are said to hold best in cold storage when the bloom will rub off, leaving the skin smooth and shiny, and the same rule applies less markedly to Baldwins.

Methods of harvesting, packing and handling in transportation have the greatest influence on keeping quality. Handlers of apples sometimes roll barrels of fruit, allowing them to strike against other barrels. This rough handling may bruise the fruit almost to the middle of the barrel. But some varieties are more easily injured by rough handling than are others. Northern Spy is one of the easiest to bruise, and barrels are often found to go down in storage early on this account. Tolman Sweet and Yellow Bellflower are very sensitive to rough handling.

Most storage men believe that apples should go into storage as soon as picked. Others believe that with some varieties it may be well to allow the fruit to lie on straw on the ground for two or three weeks to secure higher color. If any disease be present, the sooner fruit is put into refrigeration the better.

With varieties that ripen very unevenly, like McIntosh, Oldenburg and Fall Pippin, it is probably best to make two or three pickings, so that fruit of fairly uniform ripeness may be stored. It is impossible to give in any brief way the differences which mark varieties, so that topic is not discussed here.

## RULES FOR PRUNING.

Perhaps the most important thing is to observe the manner in which the fruit is borne. For instance, an apple or pear tree bears its fruit mostly on fruit spurs, and so would not be pruned in the same way as a peach, which bears its fruit only on the last season's growth. A quince tree, which produces its fruit on the tips of the growth made the present season, would naturally be pruned different from either an apple or peach tree. Likewise the correct pruning of grapes is based on the fact that the shoots of the present season produce this year's crop. The same principle in pruning holds true throughout the whole list of fruits—that is, the manner in which the fruit is borne governs the manner of pruning.

In a general way it may be said in regard to the fruit that all dead branches should be removed and the tops of the trees be kept sufficiently open to admit an abundance of sunlight for the coloring of the fruit. Reasonably open tops are also of great advantage in spraying the trees and in harvesting the fruit. The natural habit of the tree should suggest the form to be adopted by the pruner. In other words, a tree the branches of which naturally droop and a tree with a strong tendency toward forming an upright head, cannot readily be made to assume a decidedly spreading form. Of course these natural tendencies can be influenced in a measure by the manner of pruning, but they cannot be entirely overcome. The tops should be kept symmetrical and as well balanced as possible. The pruning of the various kinds of small fruits is based on the same general principles as the pruning of fruit trees—that is, the manner in which the fruit is borne and the character of the growth should govern the method of pruning.

In pruning the apple low-headed trees are now the rule. The main branch should be so situated and developed as to hold up the weight of fruit and leaves that a healthy tree should have. While the head of a tree should be sufficiently open to allow the free circulation of air and an abundance of light to color the

fruit, orchardists are apt to cut too freely when the trees are young, not realizing that as they get to bearing age the weight of fruit will cause their branches to spread. Cross branches should be cut out as soon as discovered. Every branch should grow away from the centre of the tree instead of toward it. No two branches should be allowed to rub against each other or to grow so close as to do so when bending under a weight of fruit. Pruning can never be done by strict rules owing to no two trees having the same form, so, after all, it is a matter for the best judgment of the fruit grower and efficiency can only come through practical experience and close study.

## MILK VS. BEEF PRODUCTION.

The question has often been raised whether a pound of butter fat can be produced from the same feed that will produce its equivalent in price of beef in a good steer of the beef type. Dairy men contend that it can, some beef men that it cannot.

Let us consult the findings of Lawes and Gilbert on the question. These ablest of experimenters, who have spent their lives at such work, and in some cases many years at a single experiment, have recorded results as authoritative as any known investigations. They find that the fattening steer, gaining 15 pounds weekly, yields 1.13 pounds of nitrogenous substance, or lean meat free of water, while the dairy cow in the same time yielding 10 quarts of milk daily, returns in this milk 6.6 pounds of nitrogenous substance, or six times as much. Again, the ox would store .22 pounds of mineral matter while the cow would secrete 1.35 pounds, over six times as much. The steer would gain 9.53 pounds of fat, and the cow gives 6.33 pounds in her milk, about two-thirds as much. This is, however, offset by 8.32 pounds of milk sugar for which the ox has no equivalent. Reducing this sugar to its fat equivalent would make the fat product of the cow equal to that of the steer. Thus we see that in the manufacture of fats the cow equals the steer, and in mineral and the valuable nitrogenous foods exceeds the latter five times.

This being the case, we cannot conclude that dairying is necessarily more profitable than the raising of cattle, for this depends upon the relative demand for beef and dairy products. Peoples' tastes do not always demand the food that is the cheapest. Beef will be bought even though the same amount of nutriment can be purchased in dairy products for one-third the cost. This, however, is true, that as the population becomes more dense people resort to producing those kinds of food from which nourishment can be had most economically. Accordingly we find dairying superceding the raising of beef in those localities where the population is more dense.

As to returns for feed consumed in each case, the Ohio station finds that the feed which will add three pounds live weight to the average steer will enable the average dairy cow to produce one pound of butter fat. Taking this as a basis, each one can figure out for himself from the current prices received for the products, and not forgetting the extra labor on the dairy side, which is the most profitable for his particular locality.

## DEFECTIVE POULTRY HOUSE.

"How can we make our poultry house warm at low cost? We built a new house last year, but the fowls freeze and do not lay. The house is 50 by 15 feet and faces the north. We did not make any scratching shed as we did not think it was necessary."

The best way to make a poultry house warm is to paper it with tared paper or some other heavy and durable paper. Fowls will not freeze in a house even at the zero temperature, provided the wind is kept out. We would advise our correspondent to immediately paper his house, and also place abundant straw in the house for the fowls to scratch in. This will keep them warm. We presume our correspondent has his roosts on the stair order, and the fowls that freeze are those that have occupied the top roost, being as they were nearest to the roof and the most exposed to the drafts. The roosts should be placed on a level, about two feet off the ground. This will prevent the fowls from crowding.

## NO DISAPPOINTMENT.

The preliminary agitation inseparable from a recent election was in full swing, and one of the candidates for a certain division was holding forth as to what his course of action would be in the event of his being elected. One of his questioners in the hall seemed inclined to doubt him.

"You say you'd look into things thoroughly," commented the heckler. "Now, would you have courage enough to go down into the sewers and see the disgraceful state they're in?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "I believe in going to the bottom of everything."

"Well," cried another member of the audience, "you won't be disappointed in that when the poll's declared."

Venice is built upon seventy-two islands.