

# The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR  
A SECRET REVEALED

## CHAPTER XIII.

Women adore strength when it is allied to courage, and men respect it.

From the hour Royce had forced the knife from Steve, the gypsies looked up to him, not only as their superior in social rank, but as their superior in pluck; for though there were not many cowards in the camp, few would have cared to tackle the young gypsy, especially when he was in one of his savage moods.

They learned, too, that their new comrade could not only fight but work.

He proved himself to be useful in many ways, but chiefly in horse-trading, he being an excellent judge of horseflesh. He knew a superior animal, and was, therefore, a shrewd purchaser. He knew, also, how to display a valuable animal to the best advantage before a prospective buyer, and, therefore, managed to dispose of him at a fair profit.

The gypsies learned to respect and admire "Mr. Jack," as he was called by those who liked him; but Long Bill and Steve could not conceal their dislike when anything was said in Royce's favor. The truth was, Steve realized that "Gypsy Jack," as some of the tribe named him, was daily winning the love of Madge, the girl on whom he himself had set his heart. It is not wonderful, then, that Steve viewed his rival's preference by Madge with eyes that glared with deadly hatred.

A scheme to injure him, by inducing Gypsy Jack to act as wrestler against all comers, at the Markham Fair, was frustrated by the firm command of Madge, who readily guessed that the instigators had a strong hope that in one of the contests he might be maimed, or otherwise injured.

It was at this same fair at Markham that a groom from Monk Towers had recognized Royce, although the latter did not recognize him, as he was hastening to another part of the fair, to attend to a matter of some import.

By this time Madge had ceased to shun Royce; and often in the evening, when the labor of the day was done, they wandered hand in hand beyond the light of the camp fire, to indulge in the sweet converse which denotes the highest esteem. On one of these occasions he laid bare his heart before her in impassioned words, and asked her to become his wife.

"Your wife! No, no!" she faltered, the agony of renouncing her exquisite bliss trembling in her voice, "You—you forget! You forget what you are, and what I am! A—a common gypsy, a vagabond; while you—Ah, I must not let you forget."

"I forget nothing," he said, his face flushing, his eyes bent with passionate love upon her upturned face; her eyes melting with mingled love and pain, hope, trust, and—yes, despair. "I know all you mean, but it amounts to nothing. If I were a king upon a throne, instead of being what I am—an outcast, disowned by his own people—I should say the same. You see, I can't help it! A man can't help loving, Madge; and the man who loves as I love you and doesn't speak out is a cur and a coward, and doesn't deserve to get what he wants. See, dearest! Don't hold off from me, Madge, unless—his face paled suddenly, "unless you don't care for me."

Her breath came and went, and she drooped her head, that he might not read in her eyes the love—the all-absorbing, passionate love, that filled her heart to overflowing.

"In that case, Madge," he said, and his voice grew husky, "I'll—I'll say good-by, and clear out of your way, for I couldn't stop in the camp and see you, perhaps—perhaps falling in love with—some one else! I couldn't do that! Tell me, Madge; speak to me, dearest, dearest!"

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" broke from her quivering lips. "Let me go! Ah, let me go! It is wrong, all wrong! Must I speak, must I tell you? Then—then—"

She paused as if on the verge of a verge of a great effort, then raised her eyes to his, "I—do not—love you," she faltered.

The next moment she was on his breast, her face hidden, her whole frame shaking with sobs.

She had tried to do her duty and failed.

Royce uttered a low cry and pressed her to him, took her face in his hands and raised it, and kissed the lovely eyes and trembling lips.

"Madge! Madge!" he murmured brokenly. "My darling! My darling! And you said you did not love me? Which is true? Whisper dearest. No, give me one kiss—one kiss from your heart, and then I shall know."

With her face hidden she slowly put her arms around his neck and drew his head down, and then with that surrender of self, of which only a girl in the throes of her first passion can be capable, she put her lips to his.

Behind them were the glare and the din of the fair, above them the starry night; the horses neighed

restlessly close by, a camp fire shot up luridly in the darkness. It was a fitting scene for Madge's betrothal, and one that she would not forget until the hour comes when death wipes away with one sweep of his fleshless hand all earthly scenes, sad or joyous.

He put his arms around her, lovingly, protectingly, and unconsciously they wandered away.

He could feel her heart throbbing wildly against his side, her breath stirred his hair, and as he bent to kiss her now and again and murmured—"I love you, Madge, my darling, my dearest!" he knew that though the lips were silent her heart gave back the refrain.

All unconsciously, rapt in the dream which is the sweetest to us all, they drew near the camp fire and Madge, waking with a start, stopped shrinkingly.

He had turned to lead her away, and was drawing the shawl around her with the newly-born, protecting tenderness of possession, when her name struck on their ears.

Mechanically they stopped and listened.

Neither of them at first recognized the voice, but presently both knew that it was Steve's.

"It must be put an end to," he was saying. "D'ye hear, all of you? I say it must be put an end to! It's Madge's fault as well as his, but he's the worst. Who's he that he should bring disgrace upon us?"

"Disgrace," cried upon Katie's voice. "Who's going to bring disgrace on us, I should like to know?"

"Who?" he retorted with an oath. "The fine gentleman that's sneaked in among us; this Mr. Jack, as you call him! I'm not blind, if the rest of you are! I tell you she's clean gone on him! Wasn't some of you there when she wouldn't let him go on the wrestling platform? Wasn't that enough to show you what was happening? I tell you if it ain't stopped that Madge will bring ruin on herself and disgrace on all of us."

Madge drew herself upright, and her eyes turned with a flash toward the fire; then suddenly the passionate indignation seemed to flicker out, and she sank on Royce's breast, panting hard.

"Hush, hush, Madge," he said through his clenched teeth. "What does it matter what they say! They don't know any better. We'll show them—"

He stopped, thought a moment, then bent till his lips touched her hair, and whispered long and hurriedly.

She started, her breath seemed to cease as she listened, but though with a kind of shiver she panted, "No, no!" and hid her face still more completely, she still clung to him in loving surrender.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Two nights after Royce had told Madge Lee, the gypsy, that he loved her, and had asked her to be his wife, there was a dinner party at the Monk Towers.

A dinner party at the Towers was an event. It was the principal house in the country; the countess was, admittedly, the first lady in the district, and the function was one at which every person of standing in the place was proud to assist.

The guests numbered twenty, and were representative. The Earl and Countess of Balfarras, a neighboring baronet, his wife, and two daughters; four or five squires and their wives; a couple of officers from the garrison town; the rector and his wife and son; and a celebrated author, who was staying with them.

Exactly at eight o'clock the countess entered the drawing-room in readiness to receive her guests. She was dressed in black satin, wore priceless lace, and a part of the Landon diamonds.

Her handsome face was almost without a wrinkle, and the dark eyes shone clear and moonlike, and like the moon, impassive and emotionless.

Seymour appeared on the scene next, and went about with a smile, sleek and benevolent, upon his fair face. He was dressed with the extreme care, and yet had contrived to give to his appearance the air of a man who cares nothing for his clothes.

As the bell rang for dinner, Irene entered the drawing-room. She came in quietly and noiselessly enough, but, nevertheless, her appearance created what is called in newspaper parlance a sensation.

The lily maid was dressed entirely in white. Her frock was of soft white silk, which, colorless as it was, did not dim the glorious ivory of her neck and arms. She wore no jewelry, but a white rose nestled in the silken coils of her golden hair, and another rested on the bosom of her dress.

The officers, all the young men, in fact, opened their eyes, and found their hearts beating at this vision of loveliness, and even Seymour was startled.

He had never seen Irene in her "war paint," and to-night she was a revelation. The blood quickened in

his veins as it had never done at anything before—excepting bacarat.

He had valued her hitherto for her money, but to-night he realized her indescribable beauty, and it made his pulse quicken.

The young officer who had taken Irene in, and was more than half afraid of her celestial beauty, fell head over heels in love with her before the third course, and, though he was a silent man as a rule, found himself trying to amuse and interest her.

He did not know who she was, and had no idea that she was the countess' ward, and living in the house; but regarded her as a guest of the evening like himself.

He told her some anecdotes of barrack life, which delighted her because Royce had been a soldier; but presently he made her start and turn pale.

"I had hoped to see the earl's brother, Mr. Royce Landon, to-night," he said.

"He is not here," said Irene in a low voice.

"No, I am sorry for that for I wanted to see him very much. A young brother of mine is in the same regiment, and he is quite mad about him, and will talk about him by the hour together."

"Mr. Landon has—left the army," said poor Irene.

"I know, and I suppose he's in a sort of disgrace. His people have sent him to Coventry, isn't that so?"

"Yes," faltered Irene.

"Well, I think it's rather too hard on him, and not fair."

"Why do you say that? Tell me," said Irene.

"Well, I fancy the whole truth of the business isn't generally known. I've got the rights of it from my brother, and I'm convinced that if young Landon had stood his ground he would not have had to resign. My brother says that the colonel was and is a perfect brute, and that he exasperated Landon beyond mortal endurance. The colonel had a grudge against him, and lost no opportunity of rounding on him—I beg your pardon, that's barrack slang!"

"I understand, I know; Go on!" murmured Irene, breathlessly.

"Not a day passed but Landon had to endure some open or covert insolence, and he bore it wonderfully until the night when the other man threw the wine in his face. Why, in the old times such an insult would have been wiped out with blood. All the sympathy was with Landon," he went on. "He was the favorite of the regiment, and the colonel was detested. According to my brother, Landon was just what an officer should be. Kind and considerate to the men, and as full of pluck and generosity as—as this glass is full of wine! My brother took Landon's resignation so much to heart that he called upon the earl, Lord Landon—"

"Called upon the earl?" said Irene.

"Yes, rather a cool thing to do, but he has plenty of cheek. He went to him and laid the whole case before him, gave him the full particulars, and begged him to use his interest at the War Office, and get Mr. Landon back again; and my brother is convinced that there wouldn't have been any difficulty in reinstating Mr. Landon."

"And—did he, the earl, try and do what he could?" she asked breathlessly.

"I don't know," replied the officer with some hesitation. "But I think not. I suppose he thought that it was of no use. We should have been sure to have heard of it if he had applied at the War Office; these things always leak out, you know."

"Do you think it is too late now to—to restore Roy—Mr. Landon?"

"N—o, I don't think so. The earl I believe has, a great deal of influence with the Government, and could bring tremendous pressure to bear at the War Office. But I don't think he himself is very hopeful. Perhaps he fancies that it would only make the unfortunate affair more public than it is. I'm afraid I've bored you to death, Miss Trefilian, but the fact is my brother is always drumming the business into my ears, and I've caught something of his enthusiasm."

"I am not bored in the least," said Irene so sweetly that her voice rang like music in the young fellow's ears, and kept him silent for a minute or two.

Every now and then Seymour glanced across at the two keenly. He saw the sensation Irene had produced, and it set him thinking that he had better not postpone his attack, unless he wanted to see her borne off by some other man.

(To be Continued.)

## RUSSIAN RAILWAY RETURNS.

In the Russian Railway Budget for 1904 the gross revenue from the State railways is estimated at £47,300,000 and expenditure on them, including working expenses, improvements and purchase of rolling stock, is estimated at £46,400,000, showing a net revenue of £900,000. But as the payment of interest on Government railway bonds absorbs annually a further sum of nearly £14,000,000, the total deficit on State railways alone would appear to be thirteen millions sterling (£14,000,000—£900,000), exclusive of advances of guaranteed interest, etc., to private companies.—London Engineer.

"We treat our cook just like one of the family," said Mrs. Gilfoyle. "We don't," added Mrs. Poindexter. "We don't dare. We are polite to our cook!"



## MONEY IN FALL PIGS.

Many farmers claim there is no money in fall pigs. I believe I can make as much growth for the same feed with a fall pig as I can with a spring pig, writes Colon C. Little. Of course, a man must provide suitable feed and shelter and know how to take care of fall pigs or he will not be satisfied. The fall pig cannot hustle for himself around the barn yard, eat out in the snow, sleep in a cold nest, and thrive very well. A pig several months old may do this if he has plenty of corn and a little slop. But the young pig, farrowed say in October, must have special care and feed in order to make a reasonable growth.

Mine is a winter dairy. I have more skim milk to dispose of during the cold months than during the warm ones. During September and October a large number of my pigs are farrowed. I must have them to utilize this by-product of the dairy profitably. In my case, I proved that necessity is the mother of invention. I will admit that I had to solve the problem of growing fall pigs.

For mature hogs, the temporary, outdoor hog house works very well, but it is not the place for the fall-farrowed pig. He needs a good roomy pen that is warm and dry. For weeks at a time he ought not to go out of doors. Every pleasant day the doors of our pen are opened to give the hog house an airing and to allow the pigs to take outdoor exercise if they choose, yet they prefer to remain in the pen most of the time. Some days they go out in their yards for a short time. But they act as if they were pleased when the doors are shut and the pen again assumes its normal temperature.

The fall pig should have a balanced ration. He should not be allowed to eat too much corn or too large a proportion of skim milk. My experience is that the milk should be in about the ratio of three pounds to one pound of corn. I never feed the skim milk clear, but make a slop of it by mixing wheat middlings and dried beet pulp. The former is splendid food for growing young pigs. It contains the protein, and the carbohydrates in just about the right proportion. There is nothing that a young pig likes better than a slop made in this way.

About once a week the pigs are given a feed of charcoal, which helps keep the digestive organs in good condition and sweetens the stomach. Every little while, also, wood ashes are put into their troughs. This also helps to keep the digestive organs in good condition and guards against intestinal worms.

## CHOOSING A BROOD SOW.

When selecting the brood sow, go to a pen where a number of gilts are kept and the fattest and best developed ones will always come to the trough first. From these select a brood sow. The gilt selected should come from a large litter and from a sow that is a good feeder, gentle and easy to handle. For if she is gentle and kind and a good feeder, she will usually be a good milker, a very essential point in a brood sow. One cannot judge accurately of the milking qualities in a gilt, but a chunky, heavy boned, short legged sow is not as good a milker as one with a longer body and legs, and less rounded sides. Under all circumstances avoid line that is wild, or nervous, or has a low back. The legs must be strong and straight. The sow must stand entirely on her toes and should show ten or 12 teats.

The age at which to breed depends on the maturity more than the age. A gilt that has been properly handled will weigh 200 pounds or more at eight months, and ought to raise a good litter of pigs if bred then. When a young sow has only a few pigs, or is a poor milker or a careless mother, she should be sent to the meat barrel at once. But if she is a good milker, and attentive to her young, she should be tried again, for the second litter will usually be larger than the first. If her second litter shows increased numbers, and the first one developed into good hogs, she might be retained for a breeder until a better sow can be obtained.

## FEEDING ORCHARD TREES.

While this is done by some in a systematic way, the great mass of fruit trees are not receiving any special attention as to feeding. Often the orchard has to produce crops in the farm rotation with only about as much plant food as the rest of the farm received. This is better than no feeding for the trees will appropriate to themselves at least a portion. Too often orchards get about the same attention as forest trees. Many state crop correspondents say that stable manure has proven the most satisfactory. This may be due to the fact that by the use of it, both humus and plant food are given to the soil. There may be soils so rich in plant food that fertilizing would be wasteful, but they are unquestionably rare. Heavy crops of fruit are a severe drain upon the fertility of the soil.

Full crops are the ones that make fruit growing profitable and unless the fertility is maintained exhaustion will follow, and the result will be unproductive and unprofitable orchards. Give to the soil such plant food as is required for the development of the tree, or fruit and the feeding question is solved. But a soil rich in all the elements of plant food, but deficient in humus or neglected as to cultivation, will not bring the desired results. To supply humus and fertility nothing excels the leguminous plants.

## MERITS OF DRY FEEDING.

The dry feeding system is meeting with increasing favor. Breeders who have tried one season of it, says the Poultry News, claim that the egg production is increased and they have more uniform growth with the young stock. The feed boxes are kept filled with a variety of grains, the grit box is full and also a box of charcoal. From these the fowls take their choice, balancing their own rations as they do in the summer time on free range.

It has not been very long since the farmer was censured for letting his poultry have the range of the feed yards, where was always a supply of corn, and of the barn, with its wheat and oat bins. It was a source of wonder to the town breeder that under such conditions the farmer's flock laid an egg, yet they continued to pay the grocer. Where there is a variety of grains it is not very different from the dry feed system if chickens are supplied with pure water, housed warmly in dry quarters and really have access to feed bins. If they are supplied with grit and charcoal they will doubtless lay as well as the fancier's fowls on dry feed and free range.

## FLOW FROM THE SEA.

Course of Two Streams That Feed An African Lake.

Lake Assal is a small body of very salt water lying seven or eight miles inland from the Bay of Tadjoura, one of the French possessions in East Africa. It comprises only about sixteen square miles.

It is surrounded by a wonderful confusion of jagged mountains, descending to the water's edge, so that it is almost impossible to travel around it. Its waters are salt to the point of saturation, and its lowest level there is seen upon its bank layer of nearly pure salt over a foot thick.

For years nobody knew whence it derived its water. The few men who visited it could not ascertain that any stream flows into it. It was thought that the lake probably had subterranean affluents, but this theory was not demonstrated.

The mystery of Lake Assal was solved in 1885 by the French explorer, Henry Audon. He carefully examined the shores, though he found it very difficult. His hard work was at last rewarded by the murmur of a waterfall.

Guided by the sound, he approached the spot, and the solution of the enigma was before him. He found a large brook of crystalline water foaming over the stones and throwing itself impetuously into the lake. He tasted the water and found it as salt as the ocean, of which indeed it had been a part.

Lake Assal lies considerably below the surface of the sea. It has been ascertained that the water that pours into it comes from three brooks which flow from the Gubbet el Karab, a little bay at the extreme western end of the Bay of Tadjoura.

The waters of the Indian Ocean are carried inland to fill this depression in the interior, and when they reach Lake Assal they are about 400 feet below the level of the sea.

## THE CLERK'S TESTIMONIAL.

The Learer, John James, has been in our employ for the past three months. During that short period he has had the most unfortunate experiences of anyone that we know, viz., he has buried no fewer than three grandmothers during his short stay here. If you are fortunate enough to secure his services we would strongly advise you to insert the grandmother clause in any agreement you may make with him. Also, singular to say, he was always the first to be attacked with any prevailing epidemic in his neighborhood. Another matter worthy of notice is that we could never get him to agree with our office clock. His watch was generally about ten minutes behind it, especially on resuming his work in the morning.

Indigestion was somewhat severe on him: as on Monday mornings he had occasion to stay away frequently; indeed, so bad was he one day when we sent down for him that he had been compelled to hurry away to the doctor himself, and our messenger did not get to see him.

We never know him to be absent on Saturday morning, our pay-day, which, of course, is another instance of his devotion to duty.

He writes shorthand, but he is so quick at the art that he often gets in advance of the dictator, and not wishing to waste his time we decided that he should take our correspondence in longhand.

Yours truly,

BLAND & CO.

People can be much more sweetly tempered after a fist-fight than an argument with their tongues.