

# The Gypsy's Sacrifice

## OR A SECRET REVEALED

### CHAPTER XXIV.

Madge, when she awoke the next morning, felt very much as Aladdin must have felt on the first morning in his Wonderful Palace.

If Monk Towers was imposing by candlelight, it was twice as impressive in the sunshine.

Long before the dressing-bell had rung, and Marion had knocked at the door, Madge was up and dressed, looking out of the window of her boudoir at the view which she had seen the night before in the moonlight.

As she gazed at it, drinking in its beauty, she remembered the vision of the countess stealing along the path, and again she asked herself whether she ought not to tell Royce; but she shrank from the disclosure for many obvious reasons; not the least being the possibility that she might have been mistaken.

She chose the simplest of her morning frocks, a pretty sateen which she had bought in London, and, all unconscious of the exquisite picture she made, stood by the window waiting for Royce, who was singing light-heartedly as he dressed in the adjoining room.

A knock came to the door, and opening it she found Marion outside. The girl looked surprised as seeing her mistress already dressed.

"Miss Tresillian's love, ma'am," she said, and "will you breakfast with her?"

"Miss Irene sometimes has breakfast in her own room, ma'am," explained Marion.

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Madge at once. "When shall I come?"

"Miss Tresillian is dressed, ma'am," said Marion. "Shall I show you the way?"

"Please," said Madge, "for I feel as if I should be lost in this great place."

Marion smiled, with demure respect and Madge, after opening the door of Royce's dressing-room, and calling to him, "I am going to breakfast with Irene!" followed the girl.

They went a little way down the corridor, and Marion opened a door and announced Madge.

Irene came to meet her.

"Dressed already, Madge!" she said. She herself was in a teagown, in which she looked like a lily enfolded by its leaves. "Come in," and she drew her into the room and kissed her.

Madge looked around. The room was smaller than her own, but decorated and furnished in perfect taste. There was a piano such as she had in her own room, and a well-filled bookcase. A stand of flowers stood in the window and a pair of Java sparrows twittered in a cage.

"You look like a June rose, dear. And yet that is not splendid enough for you; a Japanese lily would be better."

"I don't know what a Japanese lily is like," said Madge with a smile.

"It is tall and graceful, with a deep, rich, red blossom," said Irene. "And though you have so little crimson in your cheeks, you are like it."

"And you are like the white lily," said Madge, timidly, "and that is prettier than any red one."

"Sometimes I breakfast in my own room, and I thought that perhaps you would like to be quiet this morning. You must still be tired—"

"Tired! Why should I be? Because of the journey yesterday? Why, I sat comfortably in a first-class carriage all padded and cushioned. That does not tire me. You should have traveled as I have done, sitting on the shaft of a caravan—"

She stopped and flushed again. "As I lay awake last night—I don't sleep very well lately, Madge, dear—I was thinking of you and your life, and I was almost inclined to envy you."

"To envy me!" said Madge, with expanding eyes.

"Yes," continued Irene.

"It must be so delightful to live so near to nature; to be always moving on, on; to be always free."

"But we were not free. We had work to do."

"Work! What work did you do?" asked Irene with a smile.

"I made baskets," said Madge simply. "And I looked after some of the children; and sometimes we were at fairs, I told fortunes. A gypsy is never idle." Irene had been moving about the room, arranging flowers in a vase, and stirring the fire that burned brightly in the modern-antique fireplace. She turned with the poker still in her hand.

"You told fortunes! Can you tell mine, Madge?"

"Yes," replied Madge gravely.

"But not really?" said Irene, the smile on her face.

"Really?" said Madge. "I don't know. Some people think it is all guess work and nonsense; but it is not. There are rules and signs—"

She stopped, for Irene's maid had entered with the breakfast tray, and the two girls remained silent while she placed it on the table, Madge

noticing the service of exquisite china and oriental silver.

"You need not wait, Lucy," said Irene. "And there is really something in fortune telling?" she said when the maid had withdrawn.

"I—don't know. I suppose so," said Madge.

Irene poured out the coffee from the massive silver cafetiere, and helped Madge to some omelette.

"I always thought that it was all nonsense, and—forgive me!—deception."

"Perhaps it is," said Madge. "But we—I mean we gypsies—go by rule. We believe in it," she added as simply as before.

Irene looked at the fire dreamily.

"I wonder if it is wicked to want to know one's future!" she said.

"Wicked?" repeated Madge. "Is it wicked? I don't know. Almost every one wants to know. All sorts of people came to me to tell their fortune."

"Tell me mine."

"Oh, no, no," she said. Then she laughed. "But you do not believe in it? It is only for fun?"

"I won't promise to believe in it," said Irene. "Yes, it is only fun. Try those riddles, dear; the cook makes them very well." And she put one on Madge's plate. Then she held out her hand again.

"I suppose I must cross it with silver, mustn't I?" she said laughing.

"No, that is not necessary. We tell fortunes by the lines."

"What a beautiful hand!"

"It is no smaller than yours," retorted Irene.

"But how white it is! Let me see."

She knit her brows and studied the lines on the palm intently.

"Well?" said Irene smiling. "What do you say? Is it very bad or very good?"

Madge gazed at the small palm intently.

"It is bad at first," she said. "This line," she traced it with her forefinger, "is broken and runs askant. That means your happiness receives a check. But it joins again presently, higher up, and that means that after a time you will be happy again."

"Show me those lines."

"And do you mean to say that they are different to the lines on other people's hands?"

"Yes," said Madge. "No two hands are alike. Look at these lines," and she followed them out.

"This means that you are rich. Are you?"

"I—think so. Yes, I suppose I am rich," said Irene.

"Well, that is right, anyway," said Madge. "And this long one means that you will live to be old."

"Oh, come," said Irene laughing, "you can't tell that, Madge!"

"I only judge by the lines," said Madge meekly. "There it is, you see; a long, straight thread."

"Well, I see," said Irene; "but I don't know whether to be glad or sorry." And she stifled a sigh.

"You should be glad," said Madge, "for see, the line of happiness, though it is broken just here, joins higher up; and that means that you will be happy presently—if you are not now—and will remain happy."

"It seems so easy. I think I should make a decent gypsy if I had a lesson or two. Let me see your hand, Madge."

"You see, as I said, it is not so white as yours?"

"No," said Irene, "but it is not red, but the most delicious brown; and if I were a man I should be tired of white hands. We women are all alike; we dress alike, talk alike, smile alike! No wonder men weary of us and have to be forced to stop in a ball or drawing-room, rushing off the very first moment they can to their own 'dens' as they call it. Yes, we are all cast in one mold, and have to be wearisomely monotonous!"

"You mean ladies," said Madge, simply.

"My dear, try and forget that you have not always been what you are. And if you do, no one else will remember it."

"Ah, that I could forget!" she said. "Not that I am ashamed—"

and the blood rushed to her face. "But go on with my fortune, Irene."

"Let me see. Here is the first line you pointed out, how straight it is, and how broad at the commencement! That means that have been happy, Madge?"

"Yes," said Madge dreamily. "I have been very happy. But go on. What do you see now?"

"The line breaks; that means—but, what nonsense it is!"

"Yes," murmured Madge with half assent. "But what does it mean according to the rules I explained to you?"

"Why, according to them, it indicates that your happiness will have a break. How absurd! Besides, I don't think anyone could tell your fortune by your hand, Madge; mere lines, like mountain rills, running over it."

"But the larger ones, this the line of life, for instance," said Madge.

"Come, you are shirking your lesson, you lazy girl."

"The line of life," said Irene. "Hem—let me see." She looked at it and the color fluctuated in her face, then she shut the hand up and playfully flung it away from her.

"It is all nonsense and humbug!" she said with a levity which was rather forced. "I don't believe in a scrap of it, not one iota! You are a wicked little imposter!"

"That is what they all say when one tells them a bad fortune."

"Well, I won't have anything more to do with it!" exclaimed Irene brightly. "And now what do you say if we two—we two all alone, mind—go around the house on a kind of voyage of discovery? And we'll go into the stables and around the gardens, and—oh, I want to show you everything!"

"I'll run and get my hat," said Madge eagerly.

Irene touched an electric bell.

"There is no occasion, dear," she said; and to the maid:

"Bring Mrs. Landon's hat, please."

Madge noted the little incident. It seemed that in this grand place the great folk—and she was one of them—were not expected to do anything for themselves.

"We 'did' the state-rooms last night, all excepting the ball-room," said Irene; "so that we needn't go downstairs. Come along!"

They went out to the corridor, and Irene pointed out the old carvings and ancient tapestry.

"One of the maids of honor to Mary Queen of Scots, worked nearly all of it, poor thing!" she said.

"Here is the picture gallery."

Madge looked around. She would have been more impressed by its splendor than she was if Royce had not taken her to the Royal Gallery.

Irene pointed, in guide fashion, to some of the pictures.

"A Rubens, a Vandyke, a Leonardo da Vinci, a Botticelli—all fine examples. How much do you think that is worth, Madge?"

"It looks very old, and—I can't see what it is very plainly."

"No, and very few other persons. That picture is so valuable, I think. It is worth twenty thousand pounds and the nation would buy it at that if it could; but it can't. It goes with the title, you see. Family portraits, these."

Madge's interest increased, and she looked at them eagerly.

"Why, that is Jack—I mean Royce himself!" she exclaimed, standing before the portrait of a young man in armor.

"Yes," said Irene quietly; "it is very like him; there are several others whom he resembles; and some of the women have just his eyes, with that frank, fearless look in them. There, see! That is the earl, Lord Landon—Seymour, I mean, of course. It was painted when he came into the title."

Madge looked at the pale face and colorless eyes, with their expression of somewhat cunning cleverness, in silence for a moment or two; then she said:

"It is quite unlike the other faces."

"Yes," said Irene as she moved on. "I don't think Seymour resembles any of his great ancestors."

They viewed several of the pictures, commented on them, and then passed into the music room. Here they spent a few minutes, inspecting the various musical instruments and then started out into a beautiful and spacious arena filled with choice flowers most artistically arranged. It was called the Monk's Gardens. Here they contemplated the floral beauties for a time, and then, passing through a door in the wall, were soon in the larger gardens outside.

"Now come along," said Irene. "We will go to the stables now."

"Oh, will you," said a voice, and Royce came upon them from the shrubbery.

Madge blushed slightly, but Irene's face became scarlet and then paler than usual; and Madge, who happened to glance at her, felt alarmed.

"You startled us Royce," she said almost reproachfully.

"Oh, I'm very sorry," he said. "But haven't you done something in the way of startling yourself this morning? Where have you two been? I was just going to have the pond dragged!"

Irene laughed softly—she seemed to have recovered her composure instantly.

"I have been showing Madge around," she said, "and we have been enjoying ourselves all alone by ourselves, as the children say; and now we are going to the stables, and then—"

"Might one humbly crave permission to accompany you?" he said. "I'll promise to behave as well as I can; no one can do more."

"Shall we let him come, Madge," said Irene, brightly, but with averted eyes. "I thought we would go for a drive afterward, it is such a lovely morning. We could take the pony carriage—"

"Which only holds two," remonstrated Royce ruefully.

"And only two intend going," said Irene.

(To be Continued.)

### A BORN SCAPEGRACE.

A good mother naturally wishes to see her own traits reproduced in her children. Mrs. Babson, said to her son:

"Now, Tommy, I want you to be good while I am out."

"I'll be good for a nickel," was Tommy's modest offer.

"Tommy," said the mother, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."



### DUST SPRAYING.

The use of dust poisons to destroy insects and fungi in our orchards is as yet in an experimental stage, but those who have carried on the experiments in the largest and most thorough way, speak very highly in praise of the method. Like all other new methods of doing things, there are always some who do not do it right and then condemn the method because they do not succeed writes Mr. G. E. Rowe.

I have only used it one year, but obtained splendid results and I shall use it again this year. I use lime as a carrier and a whirlwind duster machine, weighing about 75 pounds, to scatter the dust. In this lime I put copper sulphate and arsenite, so as to have in one mixture a complete insecticide and fungicide, the same as I would in the water solution, or bordeaux. I take 100 pounds stone lime and place it in a tight mortar box 10 feet long and 5 feet wide, with boards 1 foot high on sides and ends. Over this I sprinkle eight gallons of water slowly so as not to puddle the lime or paste it. This will not slake all of the lime, but will start it, then work it thoroughly and quickly for 20 minutes or until the lime is all slaked into a very dry powder.

Over this 100 pounds dry, hot, well-slaked lime I sprinkle 16 pounds pulverized copper sulphate, for fungi, ten pounds powdered sulphur for scale and lice, one pound paris green for chewing insects, codling moth and curculio, then stir thoroughly with hoe for 20 minutes, or until the copper sulphate and sulphur are thoroughly dissolved with the lime. Then I take a tight barrel with one head out, make two cleats, 1 foot below the top on the inside, set on these a round sieve that will just fit in with 1/4-inch mesh. Put in the sieve two or three shovelfuls of the dust and put an old carpet over the top and then shake the barrel and repeat the process until all the dust is sifted in.

Now put barrel and duster on a stone boat or light wagon and you are ready for a half day work for a man and boy. This amount of dust will go over from five to eight acres of six-year orchard and do a thorough job, if dust is thoroughly prepared. The dust will travel over the orchard in such clouds that it will appear from a distance to be on fire, and every leaf and branch will absorb a portion of the poison. The trees are never too dry to hold enough of this dust to destroy the pests and if applied 24 hours before a rain it will not wash off, for it soon forms a paste with natural moisture on leaves and bark of trees. I apply the dust at the same seasons of the year and the same number of times as the liquid is applied.

### POTATO GROWING.

My experience during the past year in growing potatoes shows what can be done by slight deviation from the ordinary methods followed in this locality says Mr. Irving D. Cook. Instead of plowing the ground for potatoes after the spring crops are planted, as is usually practiced here, it was plowed nearly a month earlier and allowed so remain until the usual time of planting. The field was thoroughly and deeply worked with a four-horse spring-tooth lever harrow. This was delayed until conditions were most favorable, after preparing the ground as an ideal seedbed. It was moist, loose and friable. At the same time I discovered myriads of weeds that were just beginning to make their appearance. Potatoes were then planted about June 1, in drills with a planter. The Rural New Yorker was the variety used. With some misgivings I have continued planting this variety every year since it was first introduced, but during the last three years the price of seed was so high that I have used a good many culls or seconds from the market stock for seed purposes.

Owing to the heavy applications of barnyard manure which I plowed under, I had some fears that scab would appear. Early and frequent cultivation was given until the heavy growth of vines obstructed work. The few beetles that appeared were kept in check by the use of a hand sprayer. Only one application of bordeaux was given with a four-row sprayer during the season. The nine acres were dug just before the destructive freeze in September last. We used a four-horse digger. The yield was over 200 bushels per acre of large, uniform, smooth tubers, comparatively free from rot and scab. This was not considered a phenomenal yield by any means, but the theory that like begets like and that planting small potatoes continuously tends to the deterioration of the stock, or that heavy manuring fosters the development of scab and rot, does not seem to hold in this case. The results were the opposite of what is generally believed here. We are often puzzled to know just what is best to do, but in this case we believe that early spring plowing tended to retain the needed moisture that contributed to these favorable results. The value of a heavy application of manure and extra cultivation are factors that should not be overlooked.

### FEEDING YOUNG CHICKS.

Chickens do not require any food

the first 24 hours, but pure fresh water should be within their reach at all times, so arranged that they can drink without getting wet. The brooder floor can be covered with a thin layer of cut clover. A handful of bright chick grit or very stale bread slightly moistened with milk, can be given. The food of the chicks is practically the same as that furnished the adult stock, being prepared, of course, in a form suitable to their smaller size.

Chicks should be fed three or four times during the day, but care should be taken not to give them more than they will eat up quickly; in fact, food should not be before them more than five minutes at a time. Green food should be supplied regularly after they are a week or ten days old, and grit should be constantly before them. Granulated charcoal is a valuable corrective of digestive troubles, and should also be kept within easy access of the chicks until they are allowed free range. Brooders should be cleaned daily and a fresh litter or layer of cut clover with grit put on the floor after it is cleaned.

### THE MAKING OF PENCILS.

Interesting Description of Their Manufacture.

Lead pencils are not made of lead. The pencils were lead and had a right to the name. A stick of lead was originally used for making marks upon paper and wood. The name has been retained, though today all the pencils are filled with graphite or plumbago. This mineral is rather scarce, for it is found in but few places—Cumberland, England, along the Laurentian ranges in the province of Quebec, and at Ticonderoga, Vermont.

Now-a-days the mineral is taken from the mines in the lump and carried to the reducing mill, where it is pulverized in stamp mills under water. This dust is collected, packed in barrels and sent to the factories, where thousands of pencils are made every day. This pulverized graphite is so fine that it is really dust, dingy in color and smooth and oily to the touch. It is divided into various grades of fineness by floating it on water from one tank to another. The coarse dust sinks to the bottom of the first tank, the next finer to the bottom of the second tank, and so on down the line, the finest powder for the finest pencils settling in the last tank.

Different grades of pencils from very soft to extra hard are obtained by mixing the graphite with German pipe clay, which is floated in a series of tanks in the same way. The finest clay is mixed with the finest graphite, being ground together with stones and the hardness of the pencils is secured by increasing the proportion of clay in the mixture. After the graphite and clay are mixed together the mixture is put in canvas bags and the water is squeezed out by means of an hydraulic press, leaving a mass the consistency of putty. The plaster is then placed in a forming press, which is a small iron cylinder, in which a solid plunger or piston works up and down. A steel plate having a hole the size and shape of the "lead" is put under the open end of the cylinder, and the plunger pressing down forces the graphite through the hole, making a continuous thread or wire of graphite.

As long as this thread is moist it is pliable, but when dry it becomes brittle and must be handled rapidly. It is cut into three lead length and straightened in a crucible over a coal fire. When taken from the crucible the lead is ready for the wood, which is pine for cheap pencils and cedar for the more expensive ones. When the strips of wood are received at the factory they are run through a machine which cuts in each six grooves, round or square, and at the same time smooths the face of the wood.

The filling of the strips is done by girls. The first girl takes a grooved strip of wood in her left hand and a bunch of leads in her right. She spreads the leads out in fan shape and with one movement fills the six grooves with lead. The next girl takes the filled strips and quickly lays on another grooved strip which has been coated with hot glue by a third. The filled and grooved strips are piled one upon another and put in a press to dry. The ends of the strips are evened off under a sand-paper wheel and then the strips are fed into a machine which cuts them up into individual pencils, shapes and delivers them smooth and ready for the color and polish. The coloring is done with liquid dyes, after which the pencils are sent through the varnishing machine.

They were discussing the factors which make for success in the world, when the knowing young man said: "There's nothing like force of character, old man. Now, there's Jones! Sure to make his way in the world. He's a will of his own, you know." "But Brown has something better in his favor." "What's that?" "A will of his own's."

"I stand," said a Western orator, "on the broad principles of '93, and palsied be mine arm if I desert them." "You stand on nothing of the kind," interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd. "You stand in my boots that you never paid me for, and I want the money."