

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR
A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Madge lay in Martha Hooper's bedroom at the cottage on Gorse Common.

Beside the bed knelt Royce, his face hidden in his hand. At a little distance Irene and the countess. A solemn stillness brooded over the small room, broken only by the low, irregular breathing, and the long sigh which now and again rose from Madge's lip.

Monk Towers was still smoldering, but the three watchers had forgotten it. All their hopes and fears, their dread and longing, were centered in the slight figure lying so motionless and helpless.

She had been unconscious for hours, but not delirious, though now and again her mind seemed wandering as though in a dream—wandering back to her childhood's home, the camp, and to her childhood's friends, the gypsies; and Katie, Lottie, Tony. The old familiar names came from her parched lips. Once she murmured "Jack!" in a tone so melting in its tenderness of love and appeal that Royce groaned and shook from head to foot.

At intervals the doctor came in with noiseless step and held the limp hand, and then the three would gaze at his face anxiously, imploringly, as if the gift of life were in his keeping.

Outside, at a respectable distance, stood a small crowd of persons anxiously waiting for news. They talked in hushed and sympathetic whispers, and some of the women cried quietly; for, simple though they were, they realized that a heroine of the noblest type lay battling with death in that small chamber.

Now and again the noise of a falling wall or the hoarse roar of the crowd still gathered round the fire, reached the spot, but the prevailing atmosphere was that of the solemn stillness which accompanies intense suspense.

The flames had mercifully spared Madge's face, and she looked as lovely as ever, as she lay with closed eyes and parted lips; but the labored breath told of an injury which, though hidden from sight, was working more mischief than the fire had wrought. The heavy oak rails of the balustrade and corridor had struck her as they fell with a force which might well have prostrated a strong man.

The doctor had attempted to ascertain the extent of the injuries, but the weakness which had overtaken Madge the moment she knew Irene was safe had rendered a prolonged examination impossible. He would give no opinion as to her prospects of recovery, but he had telegraphed for a famous London surgeon; and his face had grown graver at each visit to the bedside.

The hours passed, and the day began to decline. In the twilight Royce, Irene, and the countess watched the beautiful face growing whiter and more ethereal with each hour. Not one of them had spoken for some time, and it was amid deep silence that Madge gradually opened her eyes.

"Katie!" she murmured. "He has gone! He has gone! I shall never see him any more! But it is best that I should not. Gone! Jack has gone! Ah, what shall I do?"

"The fire! The fire! she moaned. "Irene! Save her! I must save her!"

A moment later she saw and recognized Royce, and with a look of joy she breathed his name tenderly. "Jack!"

"My darling! Madge!" he murmured chokingly. "You know me? You are better! Oh, Madge!" and he kissed her, and laid his face against her's.

"Dear, dear Jack!" she murmured, her sweet voice so low that the countess and Irene scarcely could hear it. "Poor Jack! How long—" She shuddered faintly.

"Don't think of it, dearest," he said. "Irene is safe, we are all safe; and please God, you will be all right—" His voice broke.

She smiled up at him, and touched his face.

"Am I very much burnt, Jack?" she murmured.

"No, no!" he said. "Not at all. Very little, Madge. It was—"

"I remember. It was something that fell and struck me; but I did not drop her, Jack!"

"Are you in pain, dearest?" he asked.

"No," she said. "But there's a heavy weight pressing upon my side, here. I can scarcely breathe—"

"You will get better—"

"Jack, would you be very glad? I know that you would, dear! But I don't think I shall, Jack. Don't cry—ah, don't cry!" she felt the tears on her hand. "Don't fret about me, Jack. You have been very—very good to me. No one could have been kinder, sweeter. You have never once thought of all the trouble and misery I have caused you! Never once!"

"Oh, Madge, Madge!" he moaned.

"Through it all you have never reproached me, and most—"

one woman, dressed like the rest in black, was not likely to attract attention, and no one noticed Martha Hooper standing at a little distance from the grave and weeping quietly. She stood almost with the last of the mourners, and only turned away when the masons began to prepare for closing the vault; then, with her thick veil concealing her features, she moved away and was seen no more.

Large as was the concourse at Seymour's funeral a much larger gathered at that of Madge. She was buried in the churchyard, Royce judging rightly that God's acre, with its wild flowers and bright, green sward, was a more fitting resting-place for her than the gloomy vault.

No tear was shed—save by the lonely woman weeping in solitude for the son she had bartered away—at Seymour's funeral; but it may be safely said that there were no dry eyes at Madge's.

"Seymour, second Earl of London" is engraved, all too falsely, over his tomb; but the memory of Madge and her heroic love and self-sacrifice is cut deeply into the hearts of all who knew her, and were witnesses of the deed which she proved that a woman's love can be stronger even than the fear of death.

(To be Continued.)

ENGLISH FARMERS RUINED.

Prominent British Fruit-Growers Are Ready to Quit Business.

Whatever Englishmen generally may think of the alleged superiority of their railway systems for passenger service there is but one opinion on the part of the man who pays the freight. The farmers and fruit growers of the country have special cause for complaint. Some of the most prominent of the latter are likely to leave off cultivating fruit entirely because of the poor railway service. In fact, the railways are largely responsible for the gradual desertion of the land in England.

This freight question has become more than usually prominent at the height of the fruit marketing season and the statement made by one shipper is a fair reflection of the entire situation. This producer says: "For several years I have cultivated a 500 acre farm and would have extended fruit cultivation almost indefinitely, as London pays the highest price in the world for fruit, but the railway over which I have been compelled to ship will not make suitable arrangements for conveying produce to market, although I am prepared to ship in carload lots. This railway will, for days at a time, miss the market. Last year I lost \$500 per week for several weeks because of delayed shipments and this year the fruit is actually spoiling without being picked for want of transportation facilities. I have no remedy. I cannot fight a railway company with an income of \$60,000,000 per year, and there is no governmental department which exercises any real control over the railways. The only thing I can do is to leave off cultivating the land and find some other occupation."

The railway side of the case resolves itself into one of pure finance. There is more money in catering to passenger traffic than freight. If there were more land in England it would be worth while for the railways to encourage its greater development. The railways of Great Britain make whatever profit they get from their passenger service and usually show a loss on freight.

Organized effort is being made to secure legislation by Parliament to remedy the evil, but should any bill be passed designed to meet this trouble, the power of the railroad lobby is such that it would probably be rendered ineffective by its qualifications. Parliament and the board of trade have been investigating the matter, and every report made severely criticizes the railways. A government committee of importance has just completed an investigation. Upon every point considered recommendations are made against the railways. The committee calls for the institution of a fairer system of



PREVENTION OF MOTTLED BUTTER.

No logical explanation of butter mottling has hitherto been offered. Dr. L. L. Van Slyke says the phenomenon appears and disappears most strangely when conditions are seemingly unchanged and the degree of mottling is now accepted as due to unequal distribution of salt. Modern buttermakers therefore churn to fine granules so that the salt may readily reach all parts of the butter as uniformly as possible, and thus have almost wholly conquered the trouble. But though mottling is thus successfully controlled, the process is not based upon the true cause. Salt does not affect the color of butter fat, therefore, unequal distribution of salt will not cause mottles. Butter in which the salt is very uniformly distributed may be badly mottled, as recent experiments show.

Fresh, colored, unsalted butter, partly immersed in 20 per cent brine, did not show the slightest change in color. In another experiment, butter fat was stirred with salt and a variegated color, but no mottling produced, due to the undissolved grains of salt. The same effect could be produced by mixing any other white substance, like sugar, with the butterfat. A third test showed that the unequal distribution of the salt could not alone produce mottling, for well-washed butter in alternative layers with salt showed no mottles. Analysis of plugs of butter made under conditions producing marked mottling, showed the salt to be very uniformly distributed and similar plugs of unmottled butter showed wide variations, so that distribution of the salt cannot be the cause of the trouble. Yet salt must bear a relation to mottling; for unsalted butter, whether made experimentally at the station or commercially in dairies and creameries, never shows mottles. It is also found both by taste and analysis that in mottled butter the whitish mottles contain less salt than the darker portions.

The hitherto unconsidered factor is the casein compound left in the butter through imperfect removal of the buttermilk. In studies made in cheese-making attention was directed to casein compounds as a possible cause of the mottling of butter.

IN MAKING BUTTER.

therefore, unless the greatest care is used, more or less buttermilk will be left in the butter, and when the butter is worked this white substance is spread and drawn into the straks, clouds and spots known as mottles. The mottling does not show itself immediately, since the salt takes some time to produce its greatest effect. If, however, the buttermilk be thoroughly removed, from the butter fat, there will be no mottling, no matter how irregularly the salt be distributed, for there will then be nothing present for the salt to act upon. There are no mottles in well-washed butter.

On the other hand, mottling will not take place unless salt is added, for the substance does not harden and become localized unless salt is present, but remains in suspension in the buttermilk. The secret then in controlling mottles, is to get rid of the buttermilk by churning to fine granules and by thorough washing. The acidity of the buttermilk does not influence the trouble.

Churning at higher temperatures

rates and the report lays special stress upon the provision of better cars. A government department is also asked for especially to supervise the question of settling differences between the farmer and the railways.

favors the production of larger masses of butter and makes the removal of the buttermilk less easy. The temperature of the wash water is important, though it may vary somewhat according to the natural hardness of the butter, due to feed or breed. When butter is properly churned and washed free from buttermilk, no amount of working will produce mottles, but if the conditions have favored the production of mottles, working will not free the butter from them. If carried far enough to injure or destroy the grain of the butter, it may break or draw the mottles to pieces so that they become smaller and show less plainly.

The most effective method of preventing mottled butter is to free the butter granules as completely as practicable from the buttermilk adhering to them. The churning should be stopped when the granules are about the size of rice grains, preferably at a temperature of 50 to 55 degrees. After the buttermilk has been drawn off, the granules should be treated with an amount of water, at 35 to 45 degrees, about equal in quantity to the buttermilk removed and the churn rotated a few times to insure complete contact. Then this water should be drawn off and a second washing given. The final drainage water from the granules should be clear. Salting and working are carried out in the usual way.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

If eggs are desired for use in incubation it is better to select those from hens rather than from pullets. Eggs from hens are more reliable, for the reason that the hen is fully matured, and has completed her growth, while the pullet is itself an immature bird—a large chick—and not fully capable of imparting the hardness, vigor and stamina that come from the parent that is fully and completely matured in every respect. In experiments made with hens and pullets it was found that while the eggs of pullets hatched fully as well as those from hens, yet a larger proportion of chicks from pullets' eggs died. Another point is, be careful of buying. When one buys his hens or pullets he may have to procure them from various sources, and in so doing he also buys disease and lice. Raise your pullets, if possible, and then you will have them of some kind of breeding. Never bring a strange fowl on the place, and you will be safer from disease, lice and other difficulties. Use eggs for hatching from the best birds of the flock, and the flock will be improved every year.

WORKING HORSES.

The teams need and deserve special care when work is the hardest. Like the man, the horse is at his best only when he eats and sleeps well, and feels comfortable in general. A team at heavy work requires liberal feeding. Feed with good, mixed hay and at regular hours, three times a day. A little green food given after work is over will do no harm. Add a little salt. A full hour should be allowed for the noon meal. Card and brush daily and sponge shoulders after the day's work. Chafed places should be washed and rubbed with vasoline or tar ointment. A piece of strong gum plaster will protect a sore place from further wear. The cause of saddle galls may be removed by side padding and raising the saddle. Collars cause much strain when plowing and hauling heavy loads, and they should fit well and be fully padded. In case of sores under the collar, use instead a breast strap for awhile.

FARM NOTES.

The fertilizing value of coal ashes, whether from hard or soft coal, is always very low, for not only are the proportions of plant food exceedingly small, but the compounds present are very insoluble.

One of the greatest possibilities of the interurban road lies in the development of freight traffic. It is well fitted for the transfer of farm produce and supplies for farmers and for carrying package merchandise, and it can often give great convenience for delivery, especially in small cities.

In cutting wood take the bad trees and the trees of the kinds that you do not want reproduced. The composition of any piece of forest is necessarily determined by the seed trees. It is perfectly obvious that if you want white oaks in your woodlot, you must leave the white oaks and cut out the other trees.

It has been found at the Ontario experiment station that the smallest necessary loss in curing occurs when the corn is fairly well matured and well eared, and contains not less than 30 to 35 per cent. of dry matter. For clover the results indicate that 28 to 32 per cent. of dry matter is better than a lower or higher per cent. Corn well matured and just in the glazing stage with the leaves still green is in the proper condition for the silo, and clover in full bloom, or a trifle past, and in good condition for hay, but not too dry, is the proper stage for this.

Hazel—"Young Banker seemed to be greatly taken with me at the ball last night. He danced with me four times." Helen—"Oh! Well, that doesn't prove anything. It was a charity ball you must remember."



REVOLUTION LET LOOSE IN RUSSIA.