

# The Gypsy's Sacrifice

OR  
A SECRET REVEALED

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

He looked at her and understood that her object was to accustom Mudge to the place, and to keep her out of the way of the countess and Seymour for at least one morning.

"Oh, he may come as far as the stables, may he not?" said Irene. "And he need not throw his cigar away need he?"

"He would bestir himself, his hands thrust into the pockets of his shooting jacket, his handsome face full of happiness, and that happy-go-lucky cheeriness which went so far to win hearts for him; and the sight of a man and a woman, as if they were created a sensation in the stable."

"I wish you every happiness, ma'am, we all do."

"Yes, yes," the other men murmured eagerly.

Mudge's color grew still deeper, and they knew that he could not bear her, but that they remarked her timidity and were afraid of frightening her.

"The coachman led the way into the stables, and Mudge's first sensation was one of amazement and delight, her next of sadness, for as she looked at the splendid animals in their polished oak stalls, saw the costly apparatus for ventilation, the tiled floor, every bit of iron and steel bright and glittering, noticed the scrupulous cleanliness of the whole, she thought of the poor people who had to live in some of the towns, crowded together in small hovels, stifling for want of air, living in an atmosphere of disease and dirt, and the contrast smote her painfully."

"I've kept him as fit as I could, Master Royce."

"He is in splendid condition," said Royce, and he laid his hand gratefully upon the coachman's shoulder.

"I thought of that directly, I heard of your marriage, Master Royce, and I think I've got a loving welcome as his master put his arm over the arch neck and patted it."

"You haven't forgotten me, old fellow," he said, and the man—"Not if you were to be away five years, I've kept him as fit as I could, Master Royce."

"And where's Miss Irene?" "Ah, she remembers me too," and he went up to the man and fondled her.

"I've got a likely young thing in the paddock, sir," said John.

"That was a beautiful horse of yours, Irene," said Mudge.

"Yes," said Irene absently, "I am very fond of it; Royce broke it for me."

"I should think so, it's a pity," said Royce, "Miss Irene wants the ponies now."

"Let us see," said Mudge, and she opened the gate and went into the paddock.

"Take care, dear!" said Irene as Mudge slowly approached the horse.

"I will be careful," said Mudge, smiling to herself.

"There is no danger," she said, "I want to see if you think Royce really could manage to teach me."

"Irene brought the bridle, and with a gypsy's patience and tact Mudge got it on the colt.

"The next instant she was on its back."

"How do you do, Mrs. Hooper? I have brought Mrs. Landon, Mr. Royce's wife, to see you."

"Thank you, Miss. Will you come in, ladies?—I have a cup of tea."

"Irene always found it best to be quick and almost abrupt with her; it is the best way with most nervous people, whose nervousness is increased by any sign of it in others."

"How much more comfortable! We should have been beside the fire in the kitchen. But poor Mrs. Hooper would have had a fit if I had proposed such a thing."

"Why?—Yes, it is madam's pearl bracelet."

"Madam's—the countess?" said Mudge.

"Yes, how strange!"

"Mrs. Hooper entered at the moment with the tea-tray; and as she caught sight of the bracelet in Irene's hand the tea-tray banged down on the table with a thud, and her face turned as white as paper."

"Yes, Miss; her ladyship must have dropped it when she was here the other day. Perhaps you would kindly take it to her ladyship?"

"Now, Mudge would have thought as little of the incident as Irene evidently did, but for those words, 'the other day.' For in a flash she remembered seeing the bracelet on the countess' arm that night! Could it have been to this cottage that the countess was stealing in the darkness of the night; and if so, why should the woman try to conceal the visit?"

"(To be Continued.)"

## EARN FIELD GARDEN

### MAKING A CEMENT FLOOR.

Excavate to a depth of six or eight inches and make bottom level when cement floor is laid. Fill in with gravel or broken stone, or both, thoroughly wet and tamp down solid.

Place for gutter at from six feet-three inches to six feet eight inches, according to size of cow. Gutter should be dug three inches wider and deeper than wanted when finish end, it should be nearly level from end to end when finished eight inches deep.

Foundation posts are used, measure back from manger the proper distance and drive pieces of one-inch pipe eighteen inches long into the ground, leaving six inches above surface to set foundation posts on.

Mix thoroughly one part cement to nine parts gravel, then sprinkle under camper than freshly dug earth. Lay the 2x6-inch strip two feet from starting point and fill with concrete and tamp well even with top edge.

Place 1x2-inch strip on top of 2x6-inch and apply on top of the concrete a layer of cement and sifted sand free from dirt, in proportion to one part cement to three parts sand.

The instructions are plain and by them any farmer can lay such a floor himself. There is one thing to be kept in mind: The gravel used in mixing the concrete must be absolutely clean and free from sand, clay or loam.

Improvement in live stock and grain farming is the order of the day. It is the brain of the progressive farmer of the twentieth century.

Suppose a man raises 80 acres of small grain per year, and that he has gone to some expense in procuring good varieties. If he neglects to save the best seed each year, his grains at once begin to deteriorate.

Suppose we consider that this deterioration amounts on an average to 2.5 per cent. per year for the first six years. For 20 acres of wheat, 30 each of barley and oats, this would amount to an annual loss of 80 bushels of wheat, 45 bushels of oats and 30 of barley.

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The heart does not have to be paid to at peace.

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## WHICH WILL YOU TAKE

# "SALADA"

Artificially colored and adulterated teas of China and Japan or

TEA? Sold in native purity and deliciousness Black, Mixed or Green. By all Grocers.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

We have fed tons of skim milk to hogs with most excellent results, and have used several combinations.

Are you ashamed of his keeping? Can you not improve in your method? These are only questions.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAPAN. An Early Russian Estimate of That Country.

In 1819 Captain Golovnin, of the Russian navy, wrote and published his "Recollections of Japan."

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LIVE LIKE A HORSE. A Doctor's Advice to the Owner of a Stock Farm.

That sounds rather strange advice. The moral comes out in the following story:

CONSUMPTION. Right food-right medicine-right time—these three things are of the utmost importance to the consumptive.

Right food and right medicine—these are contained in Scott's Emulsion.

Right time is at first sign of disease. Right time is now.

Scott's Emulsion always helps, often cures. Ordinary food helps feed. Fresh air helps cure. Scott's Emulsion does both. Begin early.

THE CZAR'S DISCOURAGEMENT. "It's no use," said the Czar, dejectedly.

NATURE'S MINIATURES. On the shores of British Columbia, says Conroy MacMillan, grow some remarkable examples of dwarf trees.

## DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

### SOME FORGOTTEN REAL LOVE STORIES.

#### How Famous Fighters of Long Ago Won and Won Their Wives.

Caesar, Louis XIV., Frederick the Great, Marlborough, Hannibal, Nelson, Napoleon, Moltke, Skobeleff, we love heroes in such cases different. This man lawless in his loves, like some old Frank conqueror descending upon the peace of Italian cities; that man correct and proper, turning from the carnage of the battlefield to the quiet domesticity of the home with the calmness and propriety of a former traveller.

THE "TERMAGANT DUCHESS." He was a curious mixture of the infinitely great and the infinitely little. Marcellus declares of him that he was capable of any treachery. He was the means of his, yet upon the battlefields of Ramilles and Malplquet he sat on his horse the serene conqueror; and in his own love-story his conduct was altogether beautiful.

His wife was that famous Sarah Jennings, the favorite of Queen Anne, the "Termagant Duchess," whose scolding tongue and paroxysms of rage will go down to all time. But Marlborough bore with her furies and her sarcasms with a sublime love that outstripped the devotion of Nelson to his Emma (Lady Hamilton), or Napoleon to Josephine Beauharnais.

NAPOLION'S LOVE STORY. What a different love-life is that of his great adversary, Louis XVI. of France, a "grand monarch" in the sense that he was a "grand man" in the sense that he was a "grand conqueror." He was a general of artillery at the time of his marriage, and though her influence as the quondam widow of a good republican served him in good stead while he was winning victories in Italy, he spent many joyous days and nights away from her during this time of his conquest.

That horror was rendered necessary in his eyes because there was no other hope for him to found a dynasty. Yet it was carried through to the accompaniment of his tears rather than hers. The evening on which he made up his mind to this fatal step—fatal so far as his domestic happiness was concerned—was a rainy day, and he had almost before he had begun, and spent hours weeping in his chamber. Nor could he be comforted until Josephine, the wife whom he had now made up his mind to divorce, had put aside all her ballroom snery, and come to him. And for the remainder of that night, while their grief was dangerous, this unhappy emperor and empress mingled their tears.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH. His heart was a large one—he had many mistresses. The one he loved best was indubitably the Polish. What ensly, who remained faithful to him until the very end. Their relationship began when Napoleon, who entered that city as a conqueror, brutal as Napoleon always was upon these occasions, the woman had a soul that could recognize greatness. In his darkest hour, when his wife Louise had deserted him, this woman, whom, according to all our notions of right and wrong, he had wronged, came back to comfort him. With Josephine she shared his loving remembrance, till death closed his eyes. London Answers.

NATURE'S MINIATURES. On the shores of British Columbia, says Conroy MacMillan, grow some remarkable examples of dwarf trees. They are found among the rocks close to the seashore, but beyond the reach of the surf. Among the smallest are "one about a foot tall, which had a trunk one inch in diameter. The rings of growth showed it to be 98 years old. Another, less than a foot tall, was 86 years old, and the age of a third, which had attained a height of less than 24 inches, was 68 years."

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