

# KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)  
We moved away from the window of the staircase and went downstairs together.

"You don't mind my laughing, dear?" Meg questioned, still with gentleness. "I didn't mean it. In my heart I like John very much—all except—well, all except the speckled beard, if I laugh at him sometimes, you won't mind, will you? It's my way—I laugh at everything—when one doesn't laugh one's spirits get so low! Shall I tell you what mamma is doing in the drawing-room? She is secretly whispering the good news to every one. Every one has come, and every one is duly impressed by your good fortune, Kitty. Now for the congratulations! Oh, poor dear, I pity you for the next few hours!"

But the next few hours, had as they were, were over at length. The piano was silent again; the gas in the drawing-room was turned frugally low behind the last of the departing guests. Only John Mortimer remained behind. He drew me close to him where he stood, and looked at me with a questioning, very gentle glance.

"You do not regret what you promised me this evening?" he queried.

"Do you regret what you asked me?" I said.

Neither question was answered. But we were looking eagerly at one another, and presently our eyes smiled, and that seemed all the answer we required.

"Good night, Kitty," said John.

"Good night," I answered; and he bent and kissed me.

John was gone, Aunt Jane was looking round at the disorder of the drawing-room, smoothing away the creases in an antimacassar that had suffered in the revelry.

"So we're going to lose you, Kitty,"

which called him there; and, before September was a fortnight old, John and I were married. Aunt Jane had got rid of me forever—got rid of my hats and gowns and gloves and shoes from all future bills, got rid of the price of my appetite at breakfasts, lunches, teas, and dinners henceforth and for evermore.

We were married very quietly. I wore a little gray bonnet and gown of Aunt Jane's choosing, a bonnet and gown so mature that they seemed to reprove my 17 years. I had no cake, no cards, no wedding breakfast, no wedding favors, no rice, no satin slippers—"In every way," said the girls, "it was a hole-and-corner, mean, unromantic, perfectly dull and detestable sort of wedding!"

I never agreed with them. Except for Aunt Jane's presence, I would not have had one circumstance of my wedding different. Even the grimy, out-of-the-way little London church seemed lovely—the only fit church to be married in.

Our honeymoon was as prosaic, in the girls' eyes, as our wedding had been. We went away for two short weeks to a quiet little country place beside the sea—not a fashionable resort, but a little outlying seafaring hamlet where John and I were the only visitors.

Before September was over we were at home in London—at home for the first time in my life. The words had a sweet meaning for me. We had a small house near Hyde Park, near the larger, much finer house that John had taken for Madame Arnaud and his sister. It had a homelike look. As we drove up in the gray, misty September evening there was a bright ray of light falling across the pavement from the open door; gaslight shone through the



I KNELT BEFORE THE FIRE.

said Uncle Richard, putting his hands kindly upon my shoulders as I stood up to bid him good night.

"Kitty is very lucky," said Aunt Jane, raising her hand to turn the gas still lower. "A home of her own at her age is more than she could reasonably have hoped for!"

"I wish you were a little older," said Uncle Richard, regretfully. "I've been talking to John—he must be patient and wait. We can't let you run away just yet."

"Let the child go to bed, Richard," interposed Aunt Jane.

"John's a good fellow, Kitty," said Uncle Richard, in a hasty but kindly way. "I hope you'll be happy, dear."

"Thank you," I said hurriedly, and disappeared.

Meg had left a novel in the drawing-room, and sweetly brought me to return and fetch it. I descended, therefore, after a minute, to the drawing-room again.

Aunt Jane was speaking. She did not see me; she was too busy arranging the displaced furniture.

"Waiting is nonsense, Richard, and especially in this case. There shall be no waiting in the matter. If we wait until the winter, Madame Arnaud will be in London. If we wait till then we may wait forever."

I had stood for a minute in the doorway; now I quickly retraced my steps. Meg's novel unfound, my errand, indeed, forgotten. Aunt Jane's words were enigmatical; but they left me with a headache.

CHAPTER VIII.

Aunt Jane had her way. When, indeed, was Aunt Jane ever known to renounce a plan she had set her heart on? She had determined that John and I should be married without delay, and the weightiest reasons weighed an nothing against her resolute desire.

The plan for summer holidays is Cornwall was forthwith abandoned; John's visit to Brittany was given up—some one else undertook the business

can't bear to think of my old self. I'm so sorry for her. Poor old self, she was so miserable, so very miserable; but she didn't know."

"Don't speak of that old self as dead and gone, Kitty. I won't have it. I have a very tender feeling in my heart for that old self that I fell in love with."

"So have I, because you fell in love with her; I wonder why you fell in love with me—I'm glad you did."

I was sitting on the rug now beside his chair. I looked up at him with a happy little smile. He smoothed back my hair slowly with a caressing touch.

"Are you glad I fell in love with you?" I asked, still smiling softly.

"Do you want me to answer that question, Kitty?"

"No; I ask silly questions, don't I? I'm going to ask one more question. John, a serious question: Were you happy, really happy, before you knew me?"

"When I knew you first, Kitty, I'm afraid I didn't make much difference to my happiness," he replied, banteringly, and a little evasively.

"No, I know. You knew me first so many years ago! You knew me in my perambulator. You've seen me in a high chair eating soup. Oh, John, I can't bear to think that you knew me when I was such a silly little thing! I wonder when you first began to love me. I wonder when I first began to care for you. Were you happy before I loved you—ever—ever, John?"

I scarcely knew why I spoke so earnestly. I had been speaking lightly enough a minute ago; but some passing expression on his face, some momentary embarrassment caught my attention and gave my tone a sudden eagerness.

"I suppose you were often happy?" I added, after a moment, resignedly, yet regretfully. "But it was different. You were never quite as happy, John, as you are now?"

"No; not as happy as now, Kitty," he said; but his air was a little abstracted as he spoke, and somehow his assurance did not satisfy me.

It was perhaps an hour later. We had had our first meal in our new home—I installed in dignity at the head of my table, John facing me at the other end. We had come back into the dainty, pretty little drawing-room to find curtains drawn, the hearth well swept, and shaded lamps casting a soft-colored light around the room. I had brought John a newspaper, looking at him beseechingly even as I laid it down before him, and hoping that he would not read it. He did not see or did not rightly interpret my beseeching glance, and thanked me with a grateful smile. He was soon absorbed in the leading article, and I sat on the floor again beside him and made little efforts every now and then to distract his attention.

Suddenly, as we were so engaged, there came a smart tap at the drawing-room door and at the same moment the door was opened.

(To be continued.)

**BATTLE-SCARRED HEROINE.**  
Was Young and Pretty, but Lost Her Leg at Gettysburg.

There is a very handsome young woman in Washington, rather well known in art circles, who had the misfortune to fall down stairs a few years ago, so badly fracturing one of her knees that the limb had to be amputated. The young woman, of course, walks with the aid of crutches. She is not in the least sensitive about the matter, and doesn't mind informing properly introduced people of the nature of the accident which maimed her. She has set a little limit, however, and she was compelled to use it one afternoon last week. She got into an F street car, bound for the hill, and found herself in the same seat with a sharp-eyed woman who seemed to take a whole lot of interest in her and her crutches. She scrutinized the young woman's face carefully for a couple of minutes, then turned her attention to the workmanship of the crutches, which she took the liberty to handle curiously. Then she looked the young woman over again, and leaned over to her. "D'ye mind tellin' me how you lost your leg?" she asked, rasply.

"Not in the least," responded the young woman. "I lost it at the battle of Gettysburg."—Washington Post.

**Longest Asphalted Street in the World.**  
Philadelphia can boast of the longest asphalted street in the world. Broad street has that unique distinction. First, as already stated, it is the longest asphalted street in the world; secondly, it is the only street which is of even width for eleven miles, and this width is the greatest ever attained by any street for a course of eleven miles. It is also the straightest street, for from League Island to the county line it does not vary an inch, except where the great city building causes the street to turn around it. Seven miles of the street are asphalted, but the remainder is provided with a roadbed of fine macadam, which is continued by the old York road, which extends for about twenty miles farther on. A carriage can drive on this street and road and make only one turn in thirty-one miles. Broad street is 113 feet wide and measures sixty-nine feet from curb to curb, and thirty-five men can walk abreast of it.

**Consistent Christian Scientist.**  
Hicks—Is your wife any better since she went to Dr. Nihil, the Christian scientist? Wicks—No. The fact is, he is the most consistent scientist I ever encountered. He not only denies that there are such things as pain and disease, but he declares there are no such things as cures.—Boston Transcript.

Last but not least—the one used by a St. Louis shoemaker.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

**MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.**

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

**Horticultural Observations.**

The time of year is approaching when the horticultural conventions will be in session. We wish to exhort every reader of these columns to attend wherever it is possible. These associations are not for scientists exclusively, but any person that has an interest in growing fruits, flowers or vegetables will be welcomed. The cost of belonging to almost any of these societies is but \$1 per year, and the benefits received are far beyond the expense of attendance. Many a man would escape making some expensive mistakes if he would avail himself of these agencies that come almost to his door.

Preparations should be made this fall to cover all tender plants with straw or dirt as a protection against the winter. The men that covered their strawberries, raspberries and blackberries last winter got good harvests this year and it was due entirely to their covering of the plants. Some of the most advanced horticulturists in the West affirm that it is of little use to attempt to grow certain varieties of raspberries and blackberries, even as far south as Northern Illinois, without covering them with some kind of material that will keep out the sun on the warm days in winter. If we could depend on having a heavy blanket of snow to do the covering no artificial covering would be necessary. But the experience of last winter was that during the period of greatest cold the ground over a wide portion of the country was entirely bare.

As the end of the fruiting season in the orchard approaches is the time to look over the orchard and see what trees can be removed with advantage to the looks and health and future fruitfulness of the orchard. This should be done before the leaves fall, for it will be more difficult to do the work after the limbs are bare. It will then be difficult in many cases to tell the thrifty tree from the unthrifty one. Many an old tree is allowed to stand in the orchard till its usefulness has been passed by many years. It becomes a harbor for insects and fungus diseases, and a nest from which to spread the pests to other parts of the orchard. These old trees should be cut out and even the roots dug up. A new tree should not be put in place of the old one, as the old rotten roots in the ground may make it easier for diseases and insects to attack the roots of the new tree. The old dead limbs and limbs showing little of thrift on the other trees should likewise be cut out, but this need be done only after the tree has stopped activity in the fall. The limbs can, however, be marked at this time.

**Conditions for Successful Orcharding.**

The past winter, spring and summer have given us an object lesson as to cause and effect in the treatment of orchards. But if we were to shape our course in the light of the effects of the last winter on the trees we would be making a great mistake. The last winter was so severe that the very conditions that would have been favorable to the orchards in ordinary years proved the reverse this last season. For once the best-cultivated orchards suffered the most. Some believe that this was due to the fact that the ground above the roots of the trees, being in a loose condition, permitted the frost to go much deeper than in orchards where there was a firm sod. In many cases this was the cause of the loss of trees and vines. It is a well-known fact that frost goes deeper in land that is tilled than in land that is untilled. If we were to continue to have winters like the last we would perhaps be compelled to give up cultivating our orchards and vineyards or confine ourselves to a few exceptionally hardy varieties. But as we do not expect such winters, we are certainly justified in continuing to cultivate, knowing that cultivation not only gives us better crops and stronger trees, but that trees so taken care of are more likely than others to survive ordinary winters. It has also been noted that the older orchards in clover and grass give the best crops this year, while the younger orchards, even when in clover and grass, seem to have sustained great injury. A possible explanation is that the older trees are deeper rooted and were able to get down below the frost line wherever the land was in some kind of crop that had allowed the soil to remain undisturbed for a number of years. The last winter must not be made the standard by which to judge future possibilities of cold.

**In the Field.**

There will be a great temptation this fall to turn the stock into the meadows and graze them as long as the feed is good or until fall rains make the pastures so good that they will again bear cropping. If the meadows are cropped at all, care should be taken that the grass is not eaten down so smooth that the sod will not recover before next summer. Remember that for the field to start well in the spring the grass roots must have a good store of latent material from which to send up the young blade. If the grass blades have continually been eaten down close, then the roots will have little material from which to begin growth in the spring. The root does not of itself elaborate food, but this

work is done by the blades of grass. Thus it is that if the second growth of grass is left on the field until the next crop is stimulated thereby.

The hay farm is one that seldom receives encouragement from writers on agricultural topics, for the reason that the selling of hay is considered detrimental to the continued fertility of the farm. But we must have hay farms, just as we have farms devoted to the production of other special crops. The fertility of the hay farm can be kept up, but it must be by a considerable expenditure for manures and by a judicious rotation of crops. This rotation, however, can be easily made, for clover can be used after and before timothy and grasses of like constituents. It will pay to keep the fields in a strong, healthy condition, and when the grasses show signs of having at all exhausted the land, it may with advantage be put into some such crop as potatoes. Keeping the land rich not only gives a good hay crop, but it permits the grass to send down its roots to a depth where it may bid defiance to drought. Where the market for hay is good, and where the cost of delivery is not great, the hay farm may become very profitable.

**Plants for Our Arid Plains.**

Sooner or later science will bring our great semi-arid plains under the control of the farmer and stock-raiser. The system of reservoirs that is already being planned will do much to effect this, but we believe that still more will be accomplished by finding plants that will grow without the use of a great amount of water in the soil. Perhaps, too, valuable plants will be developed from useless plants we now have on the plains, such as the cactus. Already we are hearing of cactus that have no thorns, and that are very valuable for the feeding of stock. The government is searching the world for plants that will add to the service of those we already have. Among those that have been obtained abroad we might mention the Australian salt bush, which promises much. The one that is giving the best results is called *Atriplex Semibaccata*. It has great drought resisting power, and will grow on very alkaline soil. It is said that it will keep green all summer, grow rapidly, and that the root will remain in the ground to start the crop next year. It is said that stock of all kinds thrive on it. These claims are rather extravagant, and it is well to wait a little before we praise too highly. We remember that sacaline came into the country with about as great eclat, but had so many bad qualities that no one wants anything to do with it now. If the salt bush does half that is claimed for it, it will be a great boon to all settlers west of the Missouri river.

**One View of Hog Cholera.**

Nebraska Farmer says: Perhaps the chief safety valve to the hog-raising business, after all, is found in what is popularly known as hog cholera, by which we mean to include all hogs that die from any disease whatever. That men should have an ambition to overcome and wipe out of existence all diseases that hogs are heir to is surely a good thing to contemplate; but that we could wish them actually to succeed in so doing, while all other conditions remain substantially as now, is not quite so certain. One thing is perfectly obvious to all at this stage of our progress with diseases in swine, and that is, in no part of the country where hogs are raised in any numbers, and fed on grass and grain rations, are they free from raids of so-called hog cholera. The loss of a herd of hogs is certainly a severe one to the owner, but when these losses are legion and are distributed over a large area of country the effect can hardly be other than a salutary one upon pork-making in general. That we are growing hogs in adequate numbers to meet every demand of the day, and this, too, in the face of and in spite of the continued prevalence of the disease, makes us wonder what would be the result if we were deprived of a possibility of its presence.

**The Tripod of Agriculture.**—The presence of nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid is what gives commercial value to fertilizer or manure. The only manurial materials that a farmer can afford to buy at prices demanded for fertilizers are these three most necessary, most precious and most easily exhausted elements of plant growth—the tripod of agriculture, as Dr. Kedzie of the Michigan Agricultural College says. In the absence of any one of these three materials no plant can grow to perfection, and if the supply of them is below the needs of any given plant, that deficiency limits the crop proportionately. However abundant all the other elements of plant life, nothing will make up for the lack of any one of these three substances.

**Stock Killed by Nitrate of Soda.**—It should be remembered that nitrate of soda is not so beneficial for stock as it is for soil. Every little while some farmer, either through ignorance or carelessness, leaves nitrate of soda around, or sacks which have contained it accessible to cattle or other stock. These, not recognizing its difference from common salt, lick or eat it and as a result either die or get very sick. In case of poisoning from this chemical, the "administration of infusions of coffee and alcohol and irritant clysters" is recommended by government veterinarians.

**Soil Mulch.**—Nothing is more effective as a mulch than fine soil. Straw, spoiled hay, leaves, pine needles, etc., are used to a limited extent in the culture of fruits and vegetables. These materials check evaporation, keep the soil moist and loose, and help to restore fertility.

## BASE BALL TOPICS

**CURRENT NEWS AND NOTES OF THE GAME.**

**A Favorable Sign to Base Ball Is the Organization of Minor Leagues—The Salary Limit Is the Only Drawback—The American Association and Future**

**A Favorable Sign.**  
It is a safe prediction that there will be more minor leagues in the field next season than ever before in the history of the game. The Virginia State League has been organized, and, if the plans of its promoters are carried out, the Pennsylvania State League will be launched this week. All the minor leagues which finished the season will be reorganized and many more are projected with good chances of formation. The organization of State leagues is gratifying to those who have the best interests of the game at heart. The rivalry in a contest for the championship of a state stimulates interest in the race and enlists the support of business men, through civic pride. To insure success, the circuit should be compact and the salary limit small. Four good clubs, within a short distance of each other, and represented by well-matched teams, are preferable to twice that number if the railroad expenses are burdensome. A well-offered minor league conducted on the basis of a partnership, with a reasonable salary limit, can not be a financial failure if the playing strength of its club is well-balanced and up to the professional standard. The greatest danger to the smaller organizations is a disregard of the salary limit. When one or more of the clubs pay their players more than the patronage warrants, it is only a question of time when the collapse will come.

**The American Association.**  
The American association has effected a temporary organization and its promoters announce that a meeting will be held in New York city to complete its circuit and prepare for its initial season. Its prospects of success are problematical. From the start the powerful National league and the allied minor leagues will be arrayed against it. An immense amount of capital will be required to equip and maintain eight teams with players up to the standard of the National agreement clubs in the cities of its circuit. The reserve rule will not be respected and there will be strong competition for the best talent. A base ball war means a division of the patronage and no profit to those engaged in it. The status of the new association is not as yet well enough defined to warrant an opinion as to its future. Newspaper boosting will not make it succeed and printed predictions of failure will not bring disaster to it. When the circuit is selected the names of the capitalists behind the movement are divulged, and the engagement of players completed, an intelligent forecast can be made. The assertion that the National league players will remain loyal to their respective clubs is merely an expression of opinion. The American association must get a large percentage of its players from the league ranks to entitle it to a liberal share of the patronage.

**Pitcher Patten of Cincinnati.**  
Case Patten, the pitcher purchased by the Cincinnati club, was the crack pitcher of the Wilkesbarre club of the Atlantic league going to Kansas City, and since joining the Western league his work has been of the phenomenal



CASE PATTEN.

order. He has pitched nine full games, winning seven of them. He lost the first game, being slightly nervous. The other game he lost was due to his support, he holding the opposing team (Indianapolis) down to seven hits. He was again taken out of the box in the twelfth inning on account of another player being substituted for him at the bat. His team lost the game in this instance in the fourteenth inning to Indianapolis, but up to the time Patten was taken out he had the opposing batsmen at his mercy. The last two games Patten won were played the same day. Patten pitching eighteen innings of phenomenal ball against Buffalo.

**A Dangerous Side Issue.**  
The veteran Henry Chadwick writes: "Altogether too many base ball players are playing the horse races, either at the cost of their own financial welfare or the good repute and future security of the national game. This growing gambling mania among players should afford food for magnum reflection." The word "growing" is out of place. Playing the races has interfered with the good work of professional baseball players since the crooked days of the '70s, when all the crooks of the period were in it.