

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Well, John—home again? May I come in?" asked a quick, clear, decisive voice; and across the room came with a self-assured air a lady who I knew at once must be John's sister. She took no notice of me; but she put out her large, ungloved hand cordially to John, and looked at him with a straight, frank, friendly glance that somehow made me like her, and made me forgive her for her slighting thoughts of "girls."

"This is my wife, Carrie," said John, as I rose with a scorched face from my lowly seat. "Kitty, this is my sister." She did not kiss me. But she took my hand with a firm grasp that was not unfriendly, and she looked straight and keenly at me, with an interested, wondering, slightly humorous look. Her eyes were like John's, with the same capacity for sternness and gentleness, but they were more humorous eyes than John's—or people said so. She was a fine woman, tall, massively made, but well proportioned, and not without a certain stately dignity. Her hair, just turning gray, was brushed back from her face, leaving her wide brow bare.

She made a few remarks to me in a half-hindly, half-perfunctory tone, then took pity on my shyness, or felt that she had done her duty, and addressed herself to John. But every now and then, while she talked to him, her eyes fell upon me and I read her thoughts in them. "What could John have seen in her?" they said. "What could have induced him to marry her?"

"You have never asked me for Lucia, John," she said presently in a tone of accusation.

"I have been going to ask you. How is she?"

"I don't know how she is—I don't know what is the matter with her. She's in a pensive mood. She won't rouse herself. She is worried. She

music superficial, of literature superficial and school-girlish. I had never in my life felt myself so entirely unformed.

But, if my questioner gradually unveiled my ignorance, it struck me now and then than she looked at me more humorously than scornfully the while, and with more kindness.

She stayed for an hour; then she rose to go. John went slowly with her from the room.

I breathed more freely as the door closed. Left alone, I strolled slowly across the room to the window, parted the curtains and stood looking out.

The sky, which had been overcast, had grown clearer by now; it was starlit. I opened the window and knelt down, my arms on the sill. How quiet it was! Now and then a footstep passed—I heard it advance and heard it slowly die away; now and then the distant murmur of the streets seemed for a moment to grow more distinct, then seemed far away again.

As I knelt there, a door opened slowly; a clear voice struck my ear.

"She is such a child, John! I knew she was young—but so young! I don't approve of your marriage—I tell you frankly."

"You told me that before, in your letters. They did not surprise me. I knew you would not approve."

"I had hoped—no, don't interrupt me, let me say it, John—I had hoped, now that Lucia was free again, that you and she at last might both be happy."

"That subject is threadbare, Carrie. Why discuss it any more?"

"No"—with an impatient little sigh—"it is useless to discuss it now. But what induced you, John?"

"I wrote and told you what induced me."

"But was it a sudden thought?"

"Not very sudden. The thought first came to me, I own, a good many years

"Say it."

"I am not very fond, as you know, of girlish simplicity, but there was something in that little wife of yours that touched me. I asked you to come and see Lucia, but I ask you now not to come."

"Not come? Why not?"

"There are manifold reasons why not. You know them as well as I. Kitty is an unformed pretty girl—no more. Lucia is a woman—beautiful, cultured, clever, more than clever—and the woman, John, whom you passionately loved!"

I had knelt as one spellbound, had listened in a breathless, tremulous way, with no definite thought that I was listening, with only one eager, overmastering wish to hear John convince me once again that he loved me, that he loved me for love's sake, not for pity's sake, or Aunt Jane's sake, or anyone's sake, but just for his own sake, for pure, reasonable, passionate need of loving me. I had longed to hear this sweet assurance, and instead I had heard—what had I heard?

I rose from my knees hurriedly in a dazed and dizzy way.

"I say, don't come," continued the full, clear voice in a warning tone. "I say what I think is kindest, John. Put the question to yourself—can you trust yourself to come?"

I did not hear John's answer. I would not hear it, I dared not. I moved away from the window, and went back to my old place beside the hearth, and stood looking down into the fire.

Presently the house-door shut, and John's step came back through the tiny hall. In another minute he stood beside me.

"You are looking tired, Kitty," he said in a half-inquiring tone.

I turned my face toward him and tried to laugh cheerily. The laugh was a most mirthless one. I was conscious that his eyes were observing me in an anxious, questioning way. I must say something—I could not think of a thing to say.

"Do you think the girls will come?" I asked him with eagerness. "I wish the girls would come; don't you?"

"You want the girls?" he asked.

My voice had trembled; I felt that I must account for the tremor in it, and for the tears with which my eyes had suddenly grown dim.

"I want them dreadfully," I cried—"oh, dreadfully!"

(To be continued.)

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

Man Who Carries This Policy Into Marriage Deserves Worst Punishment.

Between a falling off in the marriage rate, an increase of divorces and other lamentable circumstances, anything affecting the wedded state becomes not only a matter of curious interest, but also of deep solicitude. Thus a new danger that has come to the surface in a recent Washington suit calls for due consideration. In this instance a young woman whose hand was sought for by quite a number of candidates, chose whom she thought the most acceptable, and in due time the twain were made one. Alighting at the station, the husband told his astonished bride that he did not want a wife, and had only married her because he could not endure the idea of anybody else possessing her. He then disappeared. Five weeks have since passed and she has neither heard of nor seen him. Consequently she wants a divorce on the ground of desertion. It is hard, of course, to always grade the punishment to fit the crime, but it would seem that an affair of this character calls for exceptional treatment. A groom who could thus carry the dog-in-the-manger principle into the institution of marriage is altogether so inconceivable a reprobate that no schedule of sinners in the criminal codes is likely to include him. Besides, as to afflicting an adequate penalty, it is not probable that he can be got at. In such a state of affairs the only thing that seems advisable is to grant the lady's application for divorce with a generous readiness that may tend to give her a better opinion of men in general in case she should think of venturing on giving any of them another chance.—Philadelphia Times.

Some singularly quaint records have just been discovered in the parochial registers at Footfield, near Marlborough, the name of the parish church of which place dates from the eleventh century. One of the earliest entries decipherable is as follows: "1582, the 2d of December, buried Robert Waterman, killed with a tree." In 1609, "a pore man whose name is unknown," is mentioned as having died in a "dogge kennel;" while in 1612 it is stated that "on Tuesday the one and twentieth of July, was here entombed the body of the Right Hon. Edward Lord Beauchamp, who deceased at week." This was a son of Lord Beauchamp, who secretly married the Lady Arabella Stuart in the reign of James I., and was imprisoned in the Tower for thus wedding a lady of royal descent without the king's consent. In 1675 a "poore travelling man" was buried; and in 1708 a note is appended to the registration of the marriage of John Perkins and Mary Overs, stating that they "made a rude disturbance and abused ye people coming out of the church!"

Use of Waste Products. The utilization of waste products is sure to increase every year. Almost all is to be made from peach and apricot pits. Whether this is to be used for flavoring purposes or in cosmetic is not yet stated.

If love weren't so catching a disease it would probably be a lot less curable

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.

Rattlebox. The Latin name of this weed is *Crotalaria sagittalis*. It is popularly known as Rattleweed and wild pea. A government bulletin has this to say of it: It is a hairy annual three to eighteen inches high, with simple undivided leaves one to two inches long and small yellow pea-like flowers appearing in July. The seed pods are about an inch long when mature and are nearly black. They are much in-



—Rattlebox (*Crotalaria sagittalis*). a, whole plant; b, cross section of seed pod—both one-third natural size.

fated, and, as the walls are stiff and thin and very resonant, they make excellent miniature rattles when the seeds have become detached from their fastenings inside the pod. The rattlebox is native in low sandy soils from the Atlantic westward to Minnesota and eastern Kansas. It is also found in New Mexico. It is common in Connecticut, New Jersey and North Carolina, and in some years is very abundant in bottom lands along the valley of the Missouri, in South Dakota and Iowa.

The poisonous constituent is unknown, but it resides both in the leaves and in the seeds. Horses, and sometimes cattle, are killed by eating grass mixed with the plant. They are not poisoned so often by eating the plant in the fields. Public attention was first called to the poisonous nature of the rattlebox by Dr. Stalker of Iowa, who, in 1884, while investigating the cause of "bottom disease," then prevalent among horses in Iowa, was led to believe that it was mostly if not altogether, attributable to this plant. Experiments were made that proved the supposition to be correct. The percentage of rattlebox in meadow hay will be much reduced if the fields are burned over when the seeds mature the preceding summer. The growth of perennial grasses will not be materially affected thereby.

Keeping Squashes in Winter.

From Farmers' Review: It is a common complaint of people who grow squashes for winter consumption that the fruits will not keep for any length of time after removal from the field to the vegetable cellar. Sometimes this trouble may be in the choice of varieties, but this seems to be seldom the case, since even the old reliable Hubbard is complained of as much as the rest. Generally the fault rests with the grower, who, busy with other details, allows his "hardy" vegetables to lie in the field long after they should be in the cellar; grumbling, when he does remove them, because these unwieldy things must be left "until it's most too cold to work outdoors." From our experience and observation we think it safe to say that a frost that will kill a melon, pumpkin or squash vine will also have some harmful effect upon the fruit it bears, particularly if the squashes or melons or pumpkins are not fully ripe. At any rate we find that these fruits when removed from the vine to the cellar before a vine-killing frost has touched them will keep better than those allowed to remain after the plants have been killed. In many cases immature specimens, if not too young, and if gathered before the frost, will keep better than ripe ones gathered afterward.

We have found that gathering all the fruits at one time and sorting them according to their stage of ripeness is the best plan. The fully ripe ones are stored at once; the immature ones laid together in a sunny place where they can be covered at night and exposed during the day. They are allowed to remain here until the approach of severe weather, when they are taken to the cellar. Here we put them in the warmest place, provided it be dry, and allow them to continue ripening. Our home supply, principally immature specimens, is stored around the furnace, a bricked-up affair that is not very warm at any time, but is warmer than the rest of the cellar. We use the ripest first and thus prolong the season. Of course there is such a thing as gathering these fruits too young. In such cases they will rot in spite of anything. If the rind be soft there will be no use trying to ripen the squash, but the grower will know at

just what point he may pick with reasonable prospects of success in ripening. This stage varies to some extent with the different varieties.

M. G. KAINS.

The Roadster.

An authority on horses thus describes the roadster:

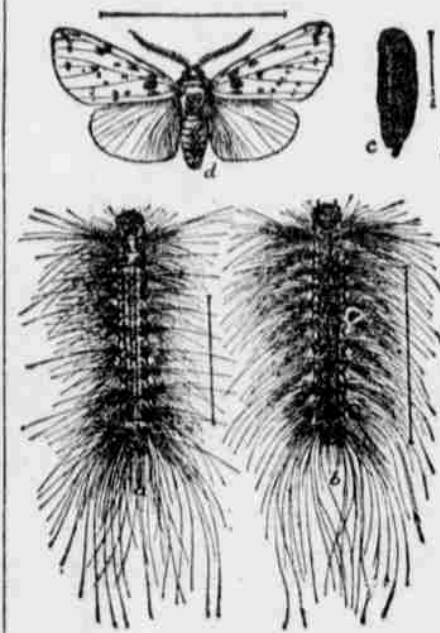
A typical roadster should stand from fifteen to sixteen hands high, weigh close about 1,100 pounds, be sound and straight in every way, have a good, solid color, a level head, bold and resolute, capable and willing to road twelve miles an hour or 100 miles in ten hours, and when put upon his speed will show a 2:30 gait or thereabouts. He should not only be able but willing to do whatever is asked of him, and this without resort to spur, boot or whip. Such an animal, mowing along without paddling or straddling, is in great demand, provided he has been properly educated and abounds in nervous energy. Form, size, color, symmetry and substance are essentials in the make-up of a typical roadster, but they do not always insure the road horse. To these must be added a certain individuality that is always the result of intelligent breeding. It manifests itself in what we term nervous energy, the inherited ability to get up and get there. It is true that no class of horses are so difficult to breed up to a high standard of excellence as the roadster. We cannot produce him from animals that have only individual merit to recommend them. They must be descendants of families noted for their extraordinary qualifications along this line. To breed the draft horse, size and soundness are the main points to be taken into consideration; in breeding the race horse everything is sacrificed for speed; but in producing the roadster we must look well to every point of excellence that is to be found in the make-up of all other classes of good horses.

The Fall Web-Worm.

The Latin name of this worm is *Hyphantria cunea*. The Colorado Experiment Station gives the following description of this insect: This is a yellowish or brownish caterpillar with a black head, that forms a large loose web or tent in a great variety of trees, beginning to appear about the first of July and continuing through the summer. The larvae are rather sparsely covered with long hairs that are whitish or yellowish in color, with occasional black ones for variety. This insect is readily distinguished from the Tent caterpillar in habits, as the larvae of the Fall web-worm form a very loose tent with which they inclose the leaves upon which they feed, and they do not appear until the Tent caterpillars have nearly or quite disappeared. In the illustration "a" and "b" are full-grown larvae showing light and dark forms; "c" is the chrysalis; "d" is the moth, showing dark spots. All are some enlarged. The lines show the actual length. Usually the moths are entirely white.

Remedies.—If the webs are noticed when small, they should be cut out and the larvae destroyed. If the web has become large, enclosing many branches of the tree, it may be better to burn out the web with a torch. Where there is no danger of poisoning fruit, Paris green may be sprayed

or dusted upon the foliage immediately surrounding the web. These leaves will soon be enclosed for food and the worms eating them will die.



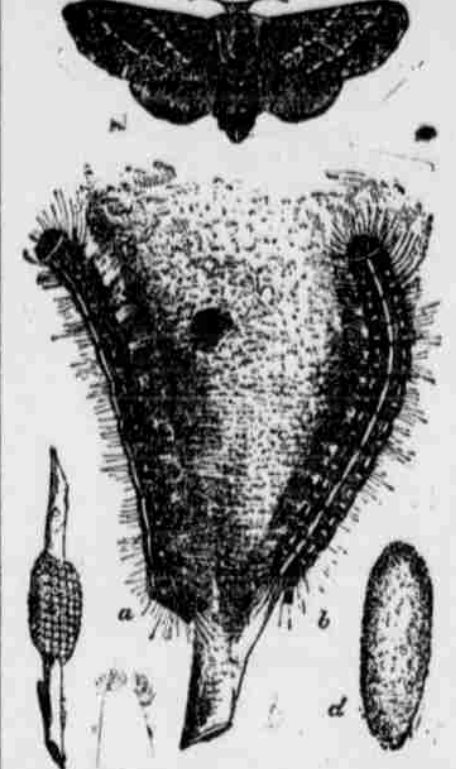
around the foliage immediately surrounding the web. These leaves will soon be enclosed for food and the worms eating them will die.

Arsenical Poisoning of Potato Leaves.—In many sections where Paris green in water is applied to potatoes injuries are produced which can not be distinguished from early blight by ordinary examination. It frequently happens, therefore, that farmers are led to believe that their potatoes are affected with early blight and other diseases when the trouble has been brought on by themselves through the improper use of Paris green. Injuries resulting from the use of this substance are very apt to occur where flea beetles have eaten the foliage. The arsenic attacks the tissues at such points, and as a result more or less circular brown spots are produced, having for their centers the holes eaten out by the flea beetles.

Green Bone and Animal Meal.—Experiments that have been made show very conclusively that the cheapest and best foods are those that induce the hen to lay, and that reduced bone and animal meal are more valuable considering the results therefrom than has been supposed, although such foods have ranked high as egg-producing materials. As less than one-third the quantity of animal meal is required compared with corn, the cost is even less than for corn, with the difference that corn is not sufficient, while animal meal is more complete.—Ex.

The Tent Caterpillar. In connection with this article we illustrate the Tent Caterpillar, so well known to many of our horticulturists. As every farmer that has a small orchard is likely to meet this insect in his orchard it is well to have his picture. At this time of year there is no likelihood of finding the worm in his tent, but the eggs may be found on the trees during fall and winter. These eggs should be cut off the branches and burned. The gathering of the eggs is an easy matter. Run a knife down through the bracelet of eggs and the whole can be taken intact from the twig. In the illustration "a" and "b" show two full-grown worms on the outside of the tent; "c" is an egg-mass with the gummy covering removed; "d" is a cocoon containing the moth. At the top of the cut is the moth.

The worms hatch out in the spring



and by June are covering the trees with their tents. The way to fight them at that time is to gather and burn the tents. Some fight them by having torches fastened on long poles which they place under the nests. Another way is to have a pair of shears rigged on a pole with a string running to one of the handles of the shears and through a ring on the pole. By this means the whole branch that holds the tent is cut off just below the tent. The tent is then burned or the insects drowned. This cutting or burning should be done in the early morning or in the evening when the worms are in their nests. The worms have disappeared by the first of July, having gone into the chrysalis state. The scientific name of this insect is *Climacampa fragilis*.

Planting Chestnut Trees.

Three years ago I came into possession of practically an abandoned farm, 150 acres in chestnut and pine and 100 in tillage, with many hillsides and places which could not be cultivated. I wished to get trees growing on these places; how to make them grow from the seed I did not know, nor could I find any one who did; so I went to work planting chestnuts in different ways, to see which would succeed, writes a contributor to Country Gentleman.

I first took a six-tined fork, forced it into the turf two inches deep and say four inches forward, threw a chestnut under and drew out my fork. I saw that one man was working at a disadvantage, so calling a man, I did the lifting of the turf and he threw the chestnuts. The result was that every chestnut grew, and they are now two feet high. I then plowed a half-acre, dropped a chestnut every two steps and stepped upon it. Not one of the chestnuts grew. I plowed a furrow on another piece, every four feet, dropped a chestnut every four feet on the edge of furrow, and back-furrowed against this. Not twenty trees started on the whole piece; those which did start were where they were covered lightly and nature's conditions were complied with. It is so simple and quick to plant a seed with man and fork, that I shall do more of it in the future.

Shoulder Lameness in Horses.—"How can I locate shoulder lameness?" writes a Nebraska reader. When a horse is really lame in his shoulder he will drag the foot on that side and will give it an outward fling as he steps, says Rural World. One of the most practical methods of locating shoulder lameness that the writer remembers of seeing practiced was that adopted by Wade Cary, former chief of police of Council Bluffs, Ia. That party put a horse over a bar twelve to fourteen inches high, and in every case of shoulder lameness it was nearly impossible for the horse to negotiate the step.

Consider This Sow.—Do not be in a hurry to condemn a sow that had a large litter and lost the larger portion of them. The fault may be with yourself. You may not have provided a proper nest with fenders and a shallow bed of short straw to keep the pigs from being crushed. You may have overfed your sow so that in her feverish delirium she destroyed her young. She may have been exposed to noise and excitement and injured her litter in her anxiety to protect them.—Ex.

A French naturalist asserts that if the world should become a birdless man would not inhabit it after nine years' time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The bugs and slugs would simply eat up our orchards and crops.—Philadelphia Record.



AS I KNELT THERE A DOOR OPENED.

says she must see you. You must come and see her, John."

"Yes, I want to see her," said John in a thoughtful tone.

"She sent half a dozen messages to you. But you had better come—she can deliver them in person."

CHAPTER IX.

John was looking before him, away from his sister, into the fire, with a somewhat abstracted glance.

"How did she bear leaving her old home?" he asked presently in a musing tone.

"Bear it? There was nothing to bear. It was never home to her. Brittany was always a foreign home to Lucia—she never got over her feeling of loneliness. There was not a day, I believe, but that she longed for London; she used to tell me that she dreamed at night of the lights and the roar of the London streets—she awoke to the silence of our country life, and the stillness oppressed her, weighed upon her spirits. She was homesick for ten years—if that is possible."

John was looking before him with a sorrowful, contemplative glance.

"She regretted her marriage?" he said after a moment.

"She could not regret it. It was inevitable."

"She thought so."

"It was so."

"There," said John, quietly, "we shall always differ."

There was a minute's silence; when conversation began again it drifted to other topics. John joined but little in it; his sister turned her attention once more to me and began to sound the shallows of my knowledge, the depths of my ignorance. In ten minutes she had discovered all that I had not read, all the fundamental subjects on which I had not thought; she had found out that my knowledge of art was nil, of

ago. Half a dozen years ago I began to consider whether I might not one day induce her to be my wife. I did not often think of it—but now and then the idea would recur to me."

"But half a dozen years ago, John, you could not have been in love with her."

"No."

A moment's pause. Then in a clear, regretful voice—

"The old story again! John, what a son you have been! Is there a single debt of our father's that you have not left uncleared? Your life has been one long act of reparation, and this is the last of all! He made that poor child a pauper—and you could not forget. Yes, I knew that that was it! I said it to Lucia, but she knew it too. Oh, it is hard, John—hard upon you!"

"But you mistake," said John's grave voice, even, quiet, deeply serious—the voice that thrilled me where I knelt. "My first thought—long ago, very long ago—was what you say, a thought of reparation. But I did what at that time I did not think of doing. I fell in love with Kitty—fell honestly in love with her."

"Because you wished."

"The wish may have had something to do with it—may not have had. I cannot say."

"Do you think such love is trustworthy, John? Will it wear, do you think, a lifetime?"

"I hope so."

"So do I—from my heart. Shall I give you my frank opinion?"

"Do."

"I think you ought to husband that love of yours with all your energy. Seventeen and thirty-five have not many common interests. If you have any common interests, cherish them. John—and shut all other interests out. Don't be vexed with me. There is one thing more I want to say."