KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"The secret is not my own," he continued earnestly after a minute; "you must be satisfied with half confidences."

I waited.

"What I want to tell you, Kitty, is this. I am bringing a visitor here to-night to sleep. I want no one to know that he is here. He is eluding justice. I am sorry to say that I am abetting him."

"John, what has he done?"

"Don't be frightened, Kitty. We can sleep in safety without fearing for our lives. He has forged a cheque—a cheque for a large amount. It is not his first offense. Many years ago he was guilty of a similar forgery; then the would-be prosecutor was bought off, the case was never brought into court. This time he has to deal with men who are made of sterner stuff. They will hear no compromise; they insist on prosecuting; for weeks past I have been trying to negotiate with them, to save him. I have failed."

"Is he worth it, John—worth all your work?"

"No, I think not."

"Why are you so anxious, then?"

"For old friendship's sake."

"Was he an old friend of yours? Oh, let him come here; we can hide him!"

"Kitty, you spoke then almost as your old self might have spoken. No, dear, he was never a dear friend of mine. As I said before, Kitty, you must be content with half confidences. A few weeks ago I hoped he had escaped. He could not be found. Then we discovered that he had returned to London and was here in hiding. To-day I find, what I feared yesterday, that his hiding place has been discovered; he dares not return there to-night. When it is much later and the way is clear, I shall bring him here. No one need see him, Kitty. I have a disguise prepared for him. Tomorrow, when he leaves here, he will, I hope, be unrecognizable. His birth has been taken for him in another name in a ship for South America. Once there, he will be beyond the law."

John stood talking to me for some time longer, arranging the details of our plot.

"Shall I see him, John?" I asked.

"I think not, Kitty."

I rose at last to go. John detained me a minute longer.

"Not a word to Meg," he warned me.

"No," I promised.

"One would not willingly trust state secrets to Meg," he added, with a slight smile. "Try to keep her with you all the evening, Kitty. As for the servants, I will tell them to build up the study fire and then not to disturb me again tonight. When dinner is over, take Meg back to the drawing-room and keep her there."

"You will not be at dinner, John?"

"No," he answered abstractedly, "I am going out now."

"Where?" I asked.

The question escaped me before I had time to think; it was not often that I questioned him about his goings. He looked a little vexed at the question now.

"To Madame Arnaud's," he answered simply.

I turned toward the door; he opened it for me, smiling at me as he did so.

"Thank you, Kitty," he said in a grateful tone. "You have helped me very much."

"A wifely duty!" I returned, with a bitter little smile. "Don't thank me. I was bound to help you;" and I turned away from him with the sound of my own bitter mocking voice ringing in my ears.

CHAPTER XV.

"Heigh-ho, what a long evening this is!" and Meg sighed. "Wind and rain, wind and rain; listen to it."

"Don't stand at the window, Meg," I urged.

But Meg did not heed me. She stood between the parted curtains, and looked out across the wet pavement shining in the gaslight.

"Madame Arnaud!" cried Meg suddenly.

"Madame Arnaud!" I repeated.

"She is coming in with John. She chooses strange hours for calling, Kitty; the clock is just striking nine. Well, I am glad that some one has come to enliven our dullness—even a dull caller is better than no one."

"But not tonight," I said absently.

Meg turned away from the window; we both waited for John to bring Madame Arnaud into the drawing-room. We waited in vain. There were steps in the hall, then John's study door closed, and all was silent in the house.

Meg and I were silent, too; the rain beat against the panes; I sat and listened to it absently. Presently Meg crossed the room and stood beside my chair, and kissed me caressingly.

"Madame Arnaud must have gone again," I said, almost defiantly, defying Meg's unspoken sympathy, turning and looking up at her.

Meg did not answer. Presently she drew a low chair just opposite to mine.

An hour dragged by. All through that hour, even while Meg talked, I was listening with a strained attention.

"Go to bed, Meg," I said at last, pleadingly.

"Why, Kitty?"

"Do go, Meg," I urged.

Meg glanced at me. Then for once, she rose and kissed me again and went.

The wind had risen; the rain beat deafeningly against the window. Sounds in the house were lost in the sounds of the storm outside. I crossed the room, took up my stand at the window, where Meg had been standing, and closed the curtains behind me to shut out the light of the room.

Minutes went by, minutes that seemed like hours. At last the house door opened, shut softly, and John and Madame Arnaud came out together, and passed the window where I stood.

I waited. Ten minutes passed. The clock struck eleven slowly, and John passed the window again—this time alone.

He let himself in silently; he went back to his study, and for an hour longer I waited.

The fire had gone out, the room had grown cold, but my head was hot and throbbing. I threw open the window and knelt beside it, welcoming the cold wind that swept in, even welcoming the rain that beat against my burning cheek. After a minute I shivered. But even then I did not move. Physical cold seemed to deaden for a minute all the passionate burning tumult of thoughts that were surging through my brain.

The wind caught the curtains and made them sway to and fro. Suddenly, as the door was opened, I turned to see John coming in with a firm quick step across the room. He drew down the window sharply before he spoke a word. Then he turned to me, with a quick glance of mingled severity and gentleness. He tried to speak patiently, but there was something of anger in his self-controlled tone.

"Do you try to make yourself ill, Kitty?" he asked.

I had risen from my knees, and I stood leaning against the shutter, my hands held down before me. I looked straight at him, all the agony, all the hopelessness of the past two hours shining in my eyes.

"I try to die," I said calmly, with the calmness of the deepest passion.

John's eyes expressed a passion as deep as mine. He was putting a curb upon his speech; his effort after self-restraint was evident.

"Why should I wish to live?" I asked. "Why? Tell me why."

John sighed and made no answer. I went on passionately—

"If the wind blows upon me a little, if the rain touches me, you are sorry. You are not sorry that my heart is breaking. It is breaking all day long—always. And you—you do not care."

"Kitty, I think you are mad when you talk like this."

I pushed back my hair, which was falling loosely about my forehead, and looked at him with an odd little smile—a heart-broken half-bitter smile.

"I should be happier if I died," I said. "And you—could marry Madame Arnaud, John."

John's gray eyes flashed a quick, startled, scrutinizing glance at my face.

"That is one of the things, Kitty, that I cannot allow even you to say." he returned at last severely.

There was a long silence. It was John who was the first to break it. He spoke slowly, and his tone was heavy as he spoke.

"You asked me the other day to let you leave me," he said. "I refused. I was wrong—and you were right. You may go, Kitty. I will not try to keep you with me."

I was silent. John turned away, with a tired and heavy sigh.

"We will talk of it tomorrow," he added. "It's too late—we are neither of us calm enough—to talk tonight. But you shall go. I promise."

I think I murmured a few incoherent words of thanks as I turned away. I might go! The privilege seemed an empty boon, indeed. I had no feeling of elation, no feeling of contentment in having won. Life stretched away blankly before me, bereft of every joy, every hope.

Even now I cannot recall the long hours of that night with an aching pity for that old self of mine who lay sleepless, tearless the whole night through, and heard the hours strike one by one, and waited in a dull, hopeless, inexpectant way for the dawn to break.

The dawn came at last. The sun rose slowly above the house tops—a red orb in a copper-colored sky. I dressed wearily, and turned with a heavy heart to go down stairs.

My hand was on the handle of my door when the door was opened from outside. Meg came in. At the first sight of her face I stepped forward quickly and put my arm around her. Her face was deathly white—white even to the lips. Her lips were tremulous, and yet they were trying in a pathetic way to laugh at herself and at me—at herself for her emotion, and at me for my solicitude.

"I ought to faint, Kitty," she said, looking at me with a queer, tremulous little smile. "It would be befitting—and—and romantic, dear."

She pushed away the eau de Cologne I had brought her, and gradually the color came back into her cheeks.

"You would have told me he was here," she said, after a minute, half lightly, half reproachfully.

"Did you see some one, Meg? Were you startled? A—a friend of John's came last night to stay. I didn't tell you."

"Do you know who he was?" she asked.

"No. I don't know—John didn't tell me. But he told me that he was coming. I wish you hadn't seen him, Meg. He startled you—naturally—when you didn't know that any one was staying here. Would you mind, Meg, not saying to any one that you have seen him?"

Meg laughed harshly.

"I am not likely to mention it, Kitty," she said drily. "It is not often, dear, that I boast of that early escapade of mine. When I am an old woman and very dull I may weave a romance out of those ices and love letters and jam puffs; but I am not old enough just yet. I shan't talk of it, dear; don't fear."

"Meg, what do you mean? Who was it you saw? Not Arthur St. John?"

(To be continued.)

I LOOKED STRAIGHT AT HIM.

CHRISTIANITY IN BUSINESS.

Its Principle Applied to Commercial Affairs Would Work a Glorious Revolution.

"There is not the least question that as the commercial world is organized and run today it is run at a fearful loss along the side of money," writes Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," in the November Ladies' Home Journal. "Even the rules of success that business men lay down do not insure success. Perhaps no age has equaled this for disturbance and unrest and warring interests in the business world. If the principles of Christianity were applied to the whole business world it would cause a shock that for the time being would result in what might indeed prove to be the greatest financial panic of the ages. But out of that result would emerge a new order of buying and selling that would result ultimately in more financial success on the part of more people than the world has ever witnessed. Ultimately love will pay in dollars and cents better than selfishness. On selfish principles the business world today does not succeed even in the matter of making money—that is, not for any length of time nor for the masses of the people. Love in business would lose less money, and actually distribute the real earnings of toil among a far greater number of human beings, than is possible now under the present system."

COLLIS' SECRETARY.

How a Raise Was Made to His Salary

The Chicago News of a late date gives currency to the following story: A few years ago Collis P. Huntington's private secretary, Mr. Miles, asked for an increase of salary. "Do you need any more money?" asked Mr. Huntington, thoughtfully. "No, sir, I don't exactly need it," replied Mr. Miles, "but still I'd be glad to be getting a little more." "Ah—hum-m-m," mused his employer, "can you get along without the advance for the present?" "Yes, yes," answered the secretary, "I guess so," and the matter was dropped. A couple of years later a new boy appeared at the Miles home and the secretary thought the time propitious to renew the application. "My boy, dear sir," said Mr. Huntington, when he heard him through, "I raised your salary when you asked me before." "I never heard anything about it," said the secretary, in amazement. "Probably not," returned Mr. Huntington; "in fact, I used that money to buy a piece of property for you. I'd just let it stand for a while if I were you." Mr. Miles thanked him warmly and retired, somewhat mystified. Recently Mr. Huntington called him into his private office. "By the way, Miles," he said, "I have sold that real estate of yours at a pretty good advance. Here is the check." The amount was $50,000. The property was part of a large section purchased by the railway king as an investment for his wife.

New Words for Old Things.

The young woman whose vocabulary is mostly adverbs and adjectives—we have all met her, or her sister—was with an excursion party on the Potomac river. The Washington Post treasures a fragment of her conversation: "This is Alexandria we're coming to now," said Margaret. "You must go over there before you go away." "What is there to see?" asked the young man. "Oh," said Margaret, "there's an old graveyard there—the funniest old place you ever saw, with just a lot of the cutest old gravestones in it. It's just perfectly grand!"

Going to the bad begins in short steps.

ROMANTIC STORY OF THE WAR

Incidents of Years Ago That Made Consul Hanna and Capt. Eulate Firm Friends.

Of the thousands of American citizens whose pity went out to the brave officers of Cervera's squadron in their hours of anguish and depression during the weeks of their captivity on Yankee soil, very few knew of the early incidents of a romantic story between Capt. Eulate and a loyal American citizen, which the war with Spain later brought to a close.

It was in 1892 that the story really begins. Venezuela was in a revolutionary tumult. A dictator, Mendoza, had seized the government a few months before and installed himself in power at Caracas, the inland capital. The war had grown very serious by September. His troops clamored for pay. That was a circumstance the dictator had not provided for. The treasury had been depleted long before, so there was no money to be had in that quarter. Gen. Escheverra was Mendoza's principal supporter. It occurred to him that the quickest way to get money was to take it by force from whomsoever had it. So he arrested eighty-five of the wealthiest people of La Guayra, the seaport and commercial metropolis of Venezuela. The prisoners were mostly merchants of foreign birth, but the really serious part of the affair was the fact that seventeen foreign consuls were included in the arrest—the consuls of Russia, France, Belgium, Hawaii and nearly every Latin country. A list was kept of the names of the prisoners and of the amount of money expected from each before he could be liberated.

There were two men in La Guayra, however, upon whom Escheverra had not reckoned. One was a tall, slender young American. He was Philip Hanna, an Iowa man, the American consul at the port. The other man who was destined to interfere was a lieutenant of the Spanish navy, a dark-visaged, taciturn man, who had taken a liking to the Iowa boy, and whose vessel was lying in the harbor. This vessel, the Jorge Juan, was about the size of the little Concord of the American navy. The two men had been acquainted about two months. Lieut. Eulate—for such was the Spaniard's name—visiting the bachelor quarters at the consulate for a smoke and a chat, and Consul Hanna going aboard the tiny warship whenever it came in from the coast survey duty. There was no war anywhere, except in Venezuela. Spain was friendly to the United States and indifferent to the revolutionary quarrels of Crespo and Mendoza.

One morning in September, the day of the wholesale arrests, Consul Hanna received a note from the prison telling him there was an American locked up, a man who had been naturalized. The consul was alone. He tried to telegraph Minister Scruggs at Caracas, for instructions, but the local authorities shut off the dispatch. Then he tried to get word to Washington, but the censor refused to send it.

"Phil" Hanna was fighting mad. Escheverra's troops were lounging in front of the fortress when the consul strode up and demanded the release of the prisoners. Escheverra replied that it was impossible unless the ransoms were paid.

"If you don't let them out," said Hanna, "I will land troops and take charge of them myself."

Escheverra only shrugged his shoulders. It was a bluff and he knew it. An inspiration came to Mr. Hanna as he turned away, enraged at his powerless condition. He would ask Eulate to land him some marines. The lieutenant looked at the consul a moment and exclaimed:

"You are my dear friend; I will low up the prison if you say so."

True to his word, he trained his guns on the fortress, and gave it a blank volley. The fort replied by running out one gun and firing it. The shot struck the bows and glanced off. It was Eulate's turn to get angry now. Putting on his full uniform and taking his staff and a detail of men he went ashore. Consul Hanna marched up to Escheverra once more and pulled out his watch.

"I'll give you just twenty minutes," he said, 'to let those people out. We'll stay here till you do it." The twenty minutes were just up as Gen. Escheverra turned sullenly and unlocked the door of the jail. The eighty-five prisoners lost no time in getting out.

"If it ever comes my turn, lieutenant," said Mr. Hanna, 'to do you a favor, you can count on me."

Little did either man think of the consequences of the affair. The Venezuelan dictator, balked of his prey by a despised American and a reckless neutral Spaniard, complained to Madrid and to Washington of the breach of international law. Washington only took trivial notice of the matter, writing to Hanna for an explanation and then to Mendoza, telling him he had only got what he deserved, or less. Madrid took a different view of it. Eulate was stripped of his rank and put in the guard house to await court-martial. Things would have gone hard with him if Madrid had not soon received the thanks of seventeen governments for the timely aid of Eulate.

Mr. Hanna, as in duty bound, had requested the consuls to write home about it, with the result that the mercurial Spanish government officials released their man and promoted him to the command of the Havana naval depot, with the rank of captain.

One fine day in April, 1898, when the two nations were on the verge of war, the harbor of San Juan de Porto Rico was entered by the Vizcaya and the Almirante Oquendo. The Vizcaya come to anchor, its great 12-inch guns trained on the American consulate. Amid the blare of trumpets and the shouts of the populace the fleet's commander came ashore. He paid the customary official visit to the Spanish military commander, and in the course of the conversation asked:

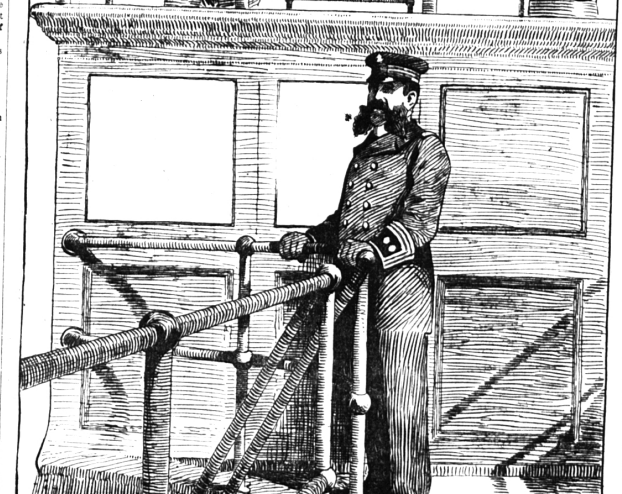
"Who represents the Yankees here?"

"Philip C. Hanna," was the reply.

"My friend!" Capt. Eulate turned pale. Hastening back to the fleet he changed the position of the Vizcaya. Then he penned a note of invitation requesting the pleasure of Consul Hanna's presence at dinner aboard the flagship. The consul, who had in the intervening time been married to a charming Iowa girl, responded on behalf of himself and wife. The meeting was a dramatic one, war being then a certainty, and, in fact, only a few days off, and great was the astonishment of the Spanish town and the Spanish fleet to witness the triumph of friendship over circumstances.

While the ships were yet in the bay the consul was ordered to leave San Juan and take refuge in the Danish island of St. Thomas, less than a hundred miles away.

Mrs. Eulate remained in San Juan when her husband sailed away to join Cervera. Then came a report that Capt. Eulate was killed. In the midst of excitement Consul Hanna did not forget. He telegraphed to Washington to ascertain whether the captain was dead or alive. He got word that the Vizcaya had gone down and that Eulate was a prisoner of war. He sent all the facts to Mrs. Eulate and she wrote him a charming letter of thanks. He also sent letters from Mrs. Eulate to her husband through the state department. Before leaving San Juan Mrs. Eulate commended several local friends and relatives to the American protection, saying that this was had given her an exalted idea of American manhood.



CAPT. EULATE OF THE VIZCAYA—BRAVE SPANISH OFFICER WHO DID THE UNITED STATES A GOOD TURN SEVEN YEARS AGO.

RELIED ON HER HAT PIN.

But She Forgot to Use It When the Emergency Occurred.

Two married ladies of the northern section of the city are regular attendants at the theater on certain nights each week. Their husbands, owing to the nature of their occupations, are unable to accompany them, so they go alone. One of the ladies resides three squares from the cars, and the other nearly two squares, both on the same street. The lady who lives farthest from the cars was asked by her husband if she was not afraid to walk the distance alone. "Afraid!" she answered, "do you see that?" producing a wicked-looking long hat pin. "If any man should attempt to me I would stab him." One dark night recently the two wives alighted from the car at their usual place and started homeward, cheerfully chatting about the play. They had gone half a square when a man suddenly appeared from an alley. His hat was slouched over his eyes. At a glance the ladies concluded he was a suspicious character. They slowed up to let him get past, but he slowed up also. Then they walked faster; he did the same. As they neared the home of one of the ladies the man was very close to them. The one who had boasted of what she would do when an opportunity occurred for the use of the hat pin broke in a dead run for the middle of the street, down which she hurried like a wild gazelle. After she had gone fifty or sixty feet a familiar voice rang out: "Say, Nan, where's your hat pin?" It was her husband. She still declares that it was the meanest act her husband ever did.—Baltimore Sun.

Meteor Falls.

Philadelphia Inquirer: The narrow escape of the Norwegian steamship George Dumois from being sunk at sea by a meteor which exploded in her course while she was bound from Philadelphia for Jamaica was related by members of the crew when the steamer tied up at the West India Fruit company's wharves. Capt. Jentoft states that on the night of Oct. 10, the vessel's position being about latitude 23 north and longitude 74.22 west, the meteor, which was only seen a few seconds before it came near, exploded within a few yards of the vessel, scattering its fragments in all directions. The explosion was due, he believes, to the hot substance suddenly coming in contact with the water. During the entire night the luminous trails of other meteors could be seen in their downward descent. The crew of the vessel were blinded by the trail of intense light which followed the meteor even after it had disappeared.

Birds Killed by Lightning.

Lightning killed 500 birds in County Monaghan, Ireland.

Father Time's scythe indicates that he is forever mower.

Soil Moisture.

The Kansas Experiment Station is studying the effect of various modes of soil treatment upon soil moisture. That the well-known effect of a mulch can be approached by proper tillage of soil is a fact not as widely acted upon as good farming dictates. One of the station fields which contained in round numbers 26 per cent of water in the first foot of soil, on July 7, 1898, had one portion plowed, another disk-harrowed and a portion left untreated. The ensuing dry weather in the course of four weeks, notwithstanding several light rains, reduced the moisture of the untreated part to 15 per cent and that of the disked land to 18 per cent, the plowed ground retaining 21 per cent. The last two were in excellent condition for seeding, while the first would plow up lumpy and unsatisfactory.

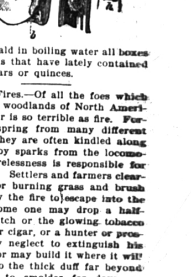
The weight of an acre of the dry soil to the depth of one foot may be taken as 1,600 tons. Each per cent of water in soil to that depth represents about 16 tons of water per acre, or one-seventh of an inch. The water apparently lost by the untreated soil was 176 tons per acre, equivalent to over one and a half inches of rain. This is about one half what the soil would hold after a soaking rain. The real loss was much more than this, since the water escaped from the upper foot, other would be drawn up from below by capillary attraction.

The Codling Moth.

The Latin name of this insect is carpocapsa pomonella. We are sure that all our readers are interested in this insect, as it is of all others the most persistent in injuring our apples. The illustration on this page shows the moth and worm about life size, the only figure that is enlarged is that one marked "b," which is the head of the larva. At "a" we see the apple burrow; at "b" the place where the worm entered the apple; at "d" the chrysalis or pupa; at "e" the larva or worm; at "f" the moth with wings closed; at "g" the moth with wings spread; at "h" head end of larva; at "i" the cocoon in which the larva changes to a chrysalis. The worm is so well known to every apple-eater that we need not describe him, more than to say that he is flesh-colored.

As to remedies, a bulletin of the Colorado station says: About one week after the blossoms have fallen, make a thorough application of Paris green or London purple in a coarse spray in the proportion of one pound to 160 gallons of water. At the end of one week repeat the treatment, using the poison a little weaker (one pound to 200 gallons of water), unless heavy rains have intervened to wash off the poison of the first application. The Kedzie arsenite of lime may be used in place of the above poisons if preferred.

In addition to one of the above mixtures use the following: Put burlap bandages on the trunks about June 15 and remove them every seven days to kill the larvae and pupae under them till the last of August. Then leave them until winter or till early the next spring, when they should be again removed and the worms beneath them killed. The prompt destruction of fallen fruit will kill some of the worms, but not a large proportion of them, probably 15 per cent. Keep screens on windows and doors of cellars and fruithouses where apples are stored, to prevent the moths that hatch in these places from flying to the orchard. Scald in boiling water all boxes and barrels that have lately contained apples, pears or quinces.



Forest Fires.—Of all the foes which attack the woodlands of North America no other is so terrible as fire. Forest fires spring from many different causes. They are often kindled along railroads by sparks from the locomotives. Carelessness is responsible for many fires. Settlers and farmers clearing land or burning grass and brush often allow the fire to escape into the woods. Some one may drop a half-burned match or the glowing tobacco of a pipe or cigar, or a hunter or prospector may neglect to extinguish his camp fire, or may build it where it will burrow into the thick duff far beyond his reach, to smolder for days, or weeks, and perhaps to break out as a destructive fire long after he is gone. Many fires are set for malice or revenge, and the forest is often burned over by huckleberry pickers to increase the next season's growth of berries, or by the owners of cattle or sheep, to make better pasture for their herds.

The Russian Thistle.—Of the passing of the Russian thistle, Prof. Bassey says: "In a recent journey of nearly a thousand miles in Nebraska, including a broad belt of counties, from those touching the Missouri river on the east, to the Wyoming line on the west, I found that everywhere the Russian thistle is of relatively much less importance than formerly. It is a weed, no doubt, but one which finds little opportunity for troublesome growth on ordinary farms. On fallow ground it still grows large and assumes a spherical form, but ordinarily it is low and slender. Many farmers and ranchmen esteem it highly as a fodder plant when fed early, and many cut it early and make it into nutritious hay. The day may yet come when the sheepgrowers of the plains will take pains to grow the Russian thistle as a fodder plant."

Angora Wool.—Many letters regarding Angora goats ask the price of wool. The clip from our Angoras at Clover Crest brought 34 cents for the best grades and 20 cents for two or three of the coarsest. The best price was received for the long and fine fleeces. In one fleece the mohair was eighteen inches long and weighed nine pounds. The coarsest fleeces are the lightest.