

KATHARINE REGINA

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XL
Continued.

"I know a man," said Dittmer, "who will lend me five, or even ten shillings on Monday. My friend will also pay me back two shillings out of my loan on the same day. Perhaps our landlady would take you into the house, but she makes rules and will admit no ladies at all to her lodgings. But it is impossible, Katharine—you cannot pass the whole night upon a bench. It is impossible."

"We must," said Lily. "If you have not any money, there is no help for it. If that were all, what matter?"

"In that case," said Dittmer, "I shall pass the night upon the bench with you. Himm! Could I go home and leave you here—by yourselves?" He turned and walked with them toward St. James's Park.

"Oh, Katharine!" said Lily, "what a difference—what a difference it makes to have a man with us! I feel somehow as if we should pull through our troubles. I don't know how it is to be done, or why we should think so. But he inspires confidence. Courage, dear, we have a man with us. Oh! why don't they keep a man at Harley House, only in order to inspire confidence?"

They began their night at about half past seven, when the place was full of people walking through, but the girls were tired. They tied their handkerchiefs round their necks and sat close together. Lily on the outside and Katharine between her and Dittmer, by which means she was a little protected from the cold.

A night in the open air in the month of October may be enjoyable under certain conditions, which must take the form of thick blankets to begin with. But it cannot by any stretch of imagination be considered warm. The revulsion of feeling, however, with the two girls at meeting with a protector, the change from despair to confidence which Dittmer inspired, made them suddenly gay. They laughed and prattled; they made little silly jokes which pleased them all three; they seemed to passers-by like a party of young people perfectly happy and without a care; just as if their limbs were not aching all over, and their feet were not getting as cold as a stone, and as if they were not desperately hungry.

"It is nine o'clock," said Lily. "Time for supper. Herr Dittmer, will you join us? We have a beautiful supper, made altogether of the finest wheatmeal, exquisitely prepared and most delicately baked till it is a beautiful rich brown. It consists partly of crust and partly of crumb. Pray which portion do you prefer, or shall I assist you to a little of both—without the stuffing?" and then these foolish girls laughed. They were safe. Dittmer had them in his charge. They were quite safe now.

Dittmer refused to share in their supper, because, he said, mendaciously, he had already made a copious meal of bread and sausage, which would serve him till the morning. Then the girls eat half the bread between them, and wrapped up the rest for their breakfast.

At about ten the number of passers greatly diminished. About the same time it grew much colder; a little wind sprang up, rattling among the sparse leaves of the trees. Katharine kept dropping off to sleep and waking again with a start. Lily seemed sleeping soundly, and Dittmer was smoking a cigar stolidly. At last Katharine dropped her head and fell into a sleep from which she did not awake till midnight, when she started into wakefulness. Dittmer took still sat with a cigar between his lips, patiently, as if nothing was the matter.

"You are cold," he said. "Take my hand and run a little, or jump, or just jump." Katharine tried just to jump, but she was too tired either to run or to jump. She was desperately cold. Lily, for her part, seemed to mind nothing. Also, Katharine longed with an intense yearning to lie down and stretch herself out.

Then Dittmer showed the ingenuity of man. He made her lie along the bench, her head in Lily's lap. He wrapped her skirts tightly round her feet. He found a pair of gloves in his pocket, he wore twelve. I think—and put them on Katharine's hands, over her own, so that she had a double pair. And then he produced his own handkerchief—a large colored silk handkerchief, of a patriarchal character—and tied it round her neck and over her head. Lastly, he sat down at her feet and laid the skirts of his great overcoat over them, so that she might be still more protected from the cold.

"Now," he said, "schlafen sie wohl, Katchen."

He lighted another cigar—remember that they were cigars of Hamburg, not of Havana—and Katharine dropped off to sleep again.

She did not wake up till five o'clock. The young German still sat patient and resolute, his hands in his pockets; he was nearly frozen with the cold; he had turned up the collar of his coat; and he had not slept for one single moment during the whole night.

"Dittmer," said the girl.

"Ja, I am awake. Sleep on, Katchen. It is only five o'clock."

"No, I have slept long enough. And the fog is very hard." She got up and looked about her. It was still night;

by the lamp light she saw that all the benches near them were similarly occupied with sleeping figures.

"Are these people all as poor as ourselves, Dittmer? And, oh! you have put your gloves on my hands and tied your handkerchief round my neck. Oh! it is good of you, Dittmer." She took his hand. "Yesterday I thought I had not a friend in the whole world except Lily. And I forgot you. Forgive me. I forgot that you promised to be my brother. And you have thrown your great coat over me and are sitting without it. Oh! it is a shame. Put it on directly."

"Katchen, you must not forget. It is true that at this moment I have no more than eightpence, and tomorrow is Sunday, yet I will find something. Listen to my plan. There is a man—he is from Hamburg; he used to work for my father's Delicatessen-Handlung; he came to London to make his fortune, and has already a large baker's shop of his own. I will go to him; I will ask him, because he knows me, to take you into his house for a week or two until you can find a better place. The baker has a good heart; he will weep when I tell him your misfortune. Katchen, it was very wrong to forget you had a brother."

"I will never forget it any more." Dittmer kissed her fingers.

"All that I have—it is not much—is yours. All my brains, all my knowledge, all my work is yours, Katchen. You are my sister, you are also the only woman in the world whom I shall ever love. Ja, my sister—I know. But for me there is not other women in the world."

Katharine made no reply. The tears rose to her eyes. Perhaps, had he pressed her at that moment, gratitude would have suffered him to change the title of sister. But he was too loyal to take advantage of her emotion.

All this time Lily made no sign at all of being awake, or of hearing anything. She sat motionless and apparently sleeping, just as she had sat all the night.

Presently the dawn appeared, and grew gradually and spread, until another day was born.

"On Sunday morning," said Dittmer, "bakers sleep late. I go to seek my friend at seven."

"I do not know," said Lily, starting up with animation, "that I have ever passed a more delightful night. I mean it, Katharine. It was cold, I dare say, but the past is now done with. We have broken with respectability; we have spent a whole night out, sleeping in the park. Whatever happens now, we can never be governesses any more. We have lost our character. Nobody would employ a girl for a governess who had slept out all night. I rejoice, we have got a man to advise us. Let us eat up all the rest of our bread, and then we will go to find the baker. We are already on a lower level; we can now do any kind of work. I feel as if I could marry the baker and take the money in the shop."

She divided the bread into three portions, but again Dittmer refused his share, and the girls finished it.

"And now," said Dittmer, "I will go to prepare the mind of the baker. Wait for me here. In one hour I return. Then you will find repose while you look about and consider what is to be done next. In one hour I come back. Remain here without moving and I return; in one little hour I return, Ja, I komm."

CHAPTER XLV IN THE FOG.

He strode away in the yellow light of the autumn morning.

"He is gone," said Lily. "I feel as if I was going to despair again."

"He will be back soon, let us wait about. But we will keep near this place for fear of missing him."

"Katharine"—no one ever anticipated, prophesied, and realized the future so clearly and so wholly as Lily—I understand exactly what is going to happen. We shall go to the baker. He will be, of course, a master baker, the Queen's chief baker, perhaps. He will be a friendly baker, and he will talk English much worse than Dittmer; we shall stay with him for a week or two, and then we shall go into the shop and keep accounts—or perhaps sell loaves and rolls and buns across the counter. I shall like selling the buns better than keeping accounts. But you will keep the accounts. Either occupation will be much better than teaching horrid children. And then, you know, when we have quite got used to the life and forgotten all about Harley street, and remember only the misery of starving gentility, there will come along a handsome young baker, of German origin, and we shall—that is, I shall—go off to church with him, and keep his shop for him ever after."

"It will be an honorable life. And oh! what does it matter to you and me now whether we call ourselves gentlewomen or not?"

"Nothing, my dear. But I wish Dittmer would come back."

Where the fog came from I know not. But it fell upon them swiftly and unexpectedly. First, it turned the sun into a copper disk about the size of a warming pan, and then it shut him out from view altogether. And first that fog blurred the branches of the trees, and then it clothed them, and covered

them up with white clouds, and then it became yellow, and caused the people who breathed it to cough and choke, and then it became suddenly black with the blackness of midnight.

"Katharine, let us stay quite still. Let us sit here and not move for fear of losing him. This will not last long."

It was a terrible fog; it was the well known and historical fog when the people could not attend the morning service, or, if they found their way thither, they found that the fog had filled the church so that nothing could be seen except the nearest lamps, and if any were in the streets they either stayed where they happened to be, or they rambled miserably about losing themselves.

It was not until 3 o'clock next morning that it cleared away, and people were able to look about again, and to see the clear sky set with stars, and the ghosts all flying away, and one more to hope.

By that time, as you will see, it was too late for Katharine and for Lily. They sat on their bench for an hour, hoping that Dittmer would grope his way back to them, with news from the baker.

He was on his way back to them, with the best of news. But the fog fell upon him, as upon all the rest of the town, and caused him to stop and consider. He who in a black fog stops to consider is lost, for he turns round and instantly forgets the direction in which he was walking. Dittmer took this, and instead of marching straight toward St. James's Park, which was not far from the baker's, and in a southwesterly direction, he turned north and walked off resolutely in the direction of Edinburgh. So that when the fog cleared he was already well on his way to York.

The girls waited in the Park while the hours crept on slowly.

"If we do not move," said Katharine, "the fog will lift and he will come back to us. Let us wait."

"I am hungry," said Lily, who had the day before been so brave to face starvation. "I must eat, whatever happens. Katharine, will you sit here while I go and buy something? I am certain that I can find my way back. We will spend all our money, and then trust to Dittmer."

"Oh, Lily, you must not leave me alone."

"Then come with me, Katharine; we shall not be gone five minutes. I can find my way blindfold. To be sure, it is blindfold. We keep quite straight along the railings, and we get to Buckingham Palace Road, where there are coffee houses."

They kept along the railings without much difficulty, then they came to the corner and had to cross the open place before the palace. And now the trouble began; after what seemed to Katharine half an hour they found themselves not in Buckingham Palace Road at all, but in front of more railings. The thick brown fog grew darker and thicker; then a terrible bewilderment fell upon them; they knew not which way was north, south, east or west; they knew not from what quarter they had come or where these railings might be; and there was nobody to ask. They were lost in the fog, like Dittmer himself, and like every human creature out on that terrible Sunday morning—when the wayfarers wandered in the fog like those poor lost creatures who wandered in the desert, round and round, only to come upon their own footsteps again, or those who are lost in a Canadian forest, and turn in a circle round and round, while they think they are marching in a straight line.

"What shall we do, Lily?"

"Let us walk along the railings; we shall find something."

They stood beside the railings, not somewhere; it must be into the park; but what part of the park?

"We are lost, Katharine," said Lily; "we must wait till the fog lifts."

"Where does Dittmer live, Katharine?"

"I do not know."

"Where is the office in the city?"

"I do not know."

"Then we are lost indeed, if we cannot find him."

They stood beside the railings, not daring to move. Nobody passed by; they were well off the pathway. The fog deadened sound as well as sight. It was cold and damp; the fog was in their throats and in their lungs.

Presently the fog got into their brains as well. Then one of them, the stronger, began to have visions, and to see spirits which marched past, a procession of devils who mocked, and of women who wrung their hands and wept, then more devils and more weeping women. She kept none of these visions to herself, but kindly communicated them to her companion, who had slipped down and was crouched, clinging to the rail, on the cold ground.

"They are the women who seek for work and find none, Katharine. Look at them; there is one as old as Miss Stidolph, and here are two like Miss Augusta and Miss Beatrice, but they haven't got their annuity, and there are two like ourselves. The devils mock them and drive them with whips. Oh! it is dreadful to see them. Do you hear what they are saying? 'This is what you were born for; nobody wants you; there is nothing that you can do; you will have to go on like this all your lives; you will live an immense time; every day you shall feel hunger and privation and disappointment. There is no love for you; there is not any hope for you of being cared for and carressed, with strong hands to work for you. No! no! These things are for other women not a bit better than you! Are you listening, Katharine?'"

Katharine moaned in reply.

(To be Continued.)

During a wedding at Grafenbaum, Austria, lightning struck the church and tore away the bridegroom's right foot.



Green Crop Fertilizers.

Every farm can be improved in fertility, even when manure is not used, by turning in green crops. The proper system is to use fertilizers when the manure is insufficient, but any farmer who will plow under a green crop every year, and use lime on the land, will gradually enrich the soil.

Poor Sheep Fences.

The sheep are good friends of the farmer, but if they are confined within poor fences they will be anything but friends, and will generally turn out to be a full-fledged nuisance. They will not only aggravate the neighbors but will aggravate their owner as well. A little time spent on a poor sheep fence can generally be put in at good profit.—The Witness.

The Fence Corners.

The farm on which the fence corners, and strips along the fence, are kept free and clear of weeds might not be possessed by an extremely prosperous farmer, but most certainly he is an intelligent one. The man who can see the value of such things as these is one who has the gift—oftentimes acquired—of looking a little way into the future. The old saying that "a stitch in time saves nine" hardly applies to this because of the fact that a weed that is killed before its seeds mature saves thousands, and in some cases millions, of the seeds which that plant would have produced from being distributed by the elements in all directions upon the farm as well as upon the farms of your neighbors.—New York Witness.

Straw for Fodder.

In the event of a short hay crop, horses may be made to fare well on either wheat or oat straw, or both. The straw should first be cut, the chaff then wet, and bran and middlings added to it. There is more value of nutriment in sixty pounds of bran than in a bushel of whole wheat. The reason of this is because the bran contains the larger part of the protein of the grain, and that is worth two and a half times as much as the starch of it, which is mostly contained in the grain and very little of it in the bran. As the same holds true of middlings, they are likewise about equal to bran in value. Accordingly, when these can be bought at reasonable prices, there is in many respects no more economical method of keeping horses than on cut straw.—Fred O. Sibley.

To Break a Stable Kicker.

The best means is to give him a sand bag to exercise upon. Fill a grain sack half full of sand and swing it up to the ceiling with a rope so the sack will hang just where the heels of the horse will have good play upon it. Tie the horse in the stall with a good strong rope and let him kick. At the first kick the bag will swing away and return giving the horse as good as he sent. For the next few minutes there will be a lively mixup between the horse and sack, but the sack will hold its own, returning all it receives with interest. The horse, in bucking against the real thing, will soon come to a realization of the fact, and will be thoroughly cowed. Leave the sack behind him for a week or so, and then remove it. If he even shows a tendency to get into his old habit of kicking, give him another punch bag to exercise with.—Joshua Humble.

Feeding Horses.

Farmers generally do not give the feeding of their horses the attention they should. The cow and sheep are carefully examined and discussed, but the feeding of the horse is usually all the hay he can eat and various quantities of oats and corn, according to the amount of work being done. If a horse is expected to do extra hard work, he should be liberally and frequently fed. The horse has a small stomach in proportion to his size, and frequent feeding when at hard work is necessary. Oats and hay are ideal horse food and I think the best, but because they are the best is no reason why they should be exclusively used; variety is often much relished by the horse. Good timothy hay, early cut and well cured, is the best hay for horses. Many farmers feed too much hay; a less amount of hay and more grain is much better. Opinions differ a great deal as to the watering of horses. I prefer watering only as the horse comes in from work or before feeding; horses should not be watered soon after meals as the stomach being small is liable to be partially emptied of the undigested food causing bowel trouble or loss of food.—Louis Campbell.

Sheep Notes.

As a lamb is perhaps the most difficult of all animals to recuperate after once stunted, it pays to keep thrifty. Wool is a product that does not take fertility from the soil for grain-growing.

It does not take such a large sum to buy a flock of good grade ewes, while

a thoroughbred mutton ram does not cost anything at all, as his lambs will bring about one dollar per head more in the market than the lambs from a common ram, while the similarity of all the lambs' fleeces both in staple and weight would cause the fleeces to bring a much larger sum of money in the wool market than you get of a common ram. Therefore, on lambs based from a pure-bred ram there is enough clear gain over and above those from a common ram to pay for a thoroughbred yearling ram, as the male is half the flock, how extremely unwise it is to use a poor male.

Mutton breeds of sheep do not depend on waste lands and hillsides to become profitable. Good sheep require good pastures, and pay well. Wool is simply a product of the sheep, and no farmer can make sheep pay who depends on wool only for his profit.

To make early lambs grow, provide a pen into which the lambs can go but which restrains the ewes from entering in the pen. Place a pan of ground oats and let the animals help themselves; the ewes should also be fed on ground oats.—The Epitomist.

Corn as a Feed for Hens.

On the average farm, the cheapest ration is usually corn, and I know of nothing the average hen will prefer for her mainstay in cold weather. Under ordinary farm conditions, the hen is cheaply wintered when she has just corn enough to keep her in good flesh—a little fat, but not overfat—and ready to hunt the barnyards over on mild days for any waste grains from other farm stock. In her corn supply should be included all the moldy and damaged ears, for several reasons. First, she takes it, a grain at a time, and so need not eat any that is totally unfit, as other animals may do. Second, some observers have thought that their hens actually did better on damaged corn than on sound grain, probably because of its softness, and since even the damaged grain should be put to some use, the hen which is on a maintenance ration should have a fair trial as to her ability to get more out of it than animals to which it is evidently distasteful. It may sometimes happen that some other grain, or even some nitrogenous substance like skim milk, may be available and even cheaper than corn, and in this case winter eggs may be laid whether or no, and if so, will be had at the greatest percentage of profit. The point is that the average farmer cannot afford to buy nitrogenous foods to stimulate egg laying under the conditions which normally surround him in winter. The hen which has had enough corn, but not too much, is usually in good shape to give a large and profitable egg yield as soon as nature gives the hint by sending up the first blades of grass, or even before.—Correspondent Country Gentleman.

Cost of Feeding Hens.

During the last week in January I weighed all the grain and other kinds of feed my flock of 205 chickens consumed, and estimated its value at what might have been outlined for it in the local market. Although the aggregate sum amounted to more than one who had never investigated the subject might have expected, yet for each individual it was surprisingly small. I selected this particular time because I was then feeding only mature stock, and because there was then nothing to be obtained from outside sources. For these reasons I expected to be able to make a fair estimate of what it cost me to keep my poultry during the winter. The results quite agreed with those obtained from former estimates based upon similar investigations, and I felt justified in computing the entire year's cost therefrom. Of rye I fed 30 cents per bushel; wheat 45 cents per bushel; of oats 76 pounds at 25 cents per bushel; wheat 20 pounds at 60 cents per bushel; soft corn 1 bushel worth 35 cents, and ground feed, 20 pounds at \$1 per 100 pounds. I also fed a generous quantity of ground bone and chopped vegetables, besides what skimmed milk they would drink every day, which I estimated at 10 cents per 100 pounds.

Altogether, the total cost for the week was about \$1.65 for the 205 chickens, or about 4.5 of one cent for each individual, or a little less than 4 cents a month, which, at the same rate, would amount to something near 48 cents for an entire year. This estimate seems incredibly small, but in reality it is still too large; for during the summer months the flock obtained enough from the range to materially lessen the cost of their maintenance; yet, as little as it cost for one, it must have cost me for the 205 at least \$86 for the salable grain they consumed.

Well, suppose it did cost you \$80 in cold cash to feed 205 chickens one year. That is only 39 cents each per year. Suppose it cost you 80 cents a year to feed a hen. If she lays only 150 eggs in the year, if half of them are laid between September 1 and March 1, as they should be, her eggs will bring you \$3.—Household Realm

Late News In Brief

MINOR MATTERS OF INTEREST

The convention of the Independence League, which is backing William Randolph Hearst, began nomination of a straight full ticket.

The election in Maine was productive of many surprises and the result is construed according to party affiliations.

William J. Bryan began his سخن tour with three impressive speeches at St. Louis.

Senator Dick is believed to be in control of the Republican State convention in Ohio.

H. Clay Pierce was again on witness stand in the Ouster at St. Louis and told of usurpation of authority by the Standard Oil Company.

Addresses showing rapid growth homopathically were delivered at Homeopathic Congress in Atlanta.

Another change has been made in the secretaryship of the international policy holders' committee.

The cruiser Des Moines is bound for Havana to protect American interests in Cuba.

Director Eustace B. Rogers is paymaster general of the army. Col. Culver C. Sniffen paymaster general of the navy.

Secretary Wilson explained number of railroad men the members of the new Meat-Insurgents law.

The names of Chinese cities are to be romanized according to a new scheme, in order to facilitate telegraph service.

A lion attacked Leah Amos, woman lion tamer, in a circus and badly injured her.

Mr. Robert Burns fell from road roller near Culpepper, Va. was crushed to death.

John Orr, accused of the murder of George Jones, is on trial in Iowa.

Dr. M. Smoot and his two sons charged with burning a store and at Dallison, W. Va.

Plans are on foot for a syndicate to acquire the famous White Sulphur Springs and greatly improve the resort.

Wm. J. Bryan arrived in London and was welcomed with address by Henry Watterson and Senator Mack. He also made an address at the Independence League, Hearst convention, in New York after a noisy session, recommended State ticket.

Vice-President Fairbanks delivered an address on the State Fair grounds in Concord, N. H.

The Connecticut Democratic Convention named a ticket, but so mention of Bryan in the platform.

The movement started by James Colgate in favor of the Matamoros administration ticket resulted in formation of an association which will work for the slate.

The United Fruit Company has been sued by the American Ice Company for \$6,000,000 under Sherman Anti-Trust law.

The run on the Hibernian Bank in San Francisco, slackened during a statement by the State examiner.

A Kansas City man was sentenced to four months as dead is said to be on his honeymoon.

President MacColl, of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers in his semi-annual address, urged the South be aided to maintain supremacy in the cotton world, made some valuable suggestions.

British War Minister Haldane issued an order formally constituting a general staff, according to recommendations of the Estuier commission.

Emperor William was particularly gracious to the American officers attending the German maneuvers.

General Moeller-Sakomski has been appointed commander of troops at Warsaw and will be the task of pacifying the city.

The girl who assassinated Min at Peterhoff on August 20th has been hanged.

The Humbers, whose aviator's relations netted them millions, are released from prison confinement.

Paul O. Stansland, former president of the wrecked Milwaukee Bank, in Chicago, started from Tangier in the custody of tooties.

The Duchess of Fife, daughter of King Edward, has been operating in Cuba.

Hope that peace will be restored to Cuba is now very faint, and the Spanish committee has abandoned efforts in that direction.

Troops have been searching in Siedlea for terrorists and scenes are described.

Plans have been made for defense of Havana in case of attack by insurgents.

At the session of the Polar Press it was announced that negotiations to the South Pole are planned.

At the German maneuvers infantry was marched 24 miles on cavalry and artillery.