

# Marian Mayfield

## Or, The Strange Disappearance

### CHAPTER IV.

Late in the spring Ensign Michael Shields received orders to join his regiment in Canada, and upon their reception he had an explanation with Edith, and with her permission, had requested her hand of her uncle, Commodore Waugh. This threw the veteran into a towering passion, and nearly drove him from his properties as host. The young ensign was unacceptable to him upon every account. First and foremost, he wasn't "Grim." Then he was an Israelite. And, lastly! horror of horrors! he was a British officer, and dared to aspire to the hand of Edith. It was in vain that his wife, the good Henrietta, tried to mollify him; the storm raged for several days—raged, till it had expended all its strength, and subsided from exhaustion. Then he called Edith and tried to talk the matter over calmly with her.

"Now all I have to say to you, Edith, is this," he concluded, "that if you will have the good sense to marry Mr. Grimshaw, these intentions shall be more than fulfilled—they shall be anticipated. Upon your marriage with Grimshaw, I will give you a conveyance of Luckenough—only reserving to myself and Old Hen a house, and a life-support in the place; but if you will persist in your foolish preference for that young scamp, I will give you—nothing. That is all, Edith."

During the speech Edith remained standing, with her eyes fixed upon the floor. Now, she spoke in a tremulous voice:

"That is all—is it not, uncle? You will not deprive me of any portion of your love; will you, uncle?"

"I do not know, Edith! I cannot tell; when you have deliberately chosen one of your own fancy, in preference to one of mine—the man I care most for in the world, and whom I chose especially for you; why, you've speared me right through a very tender part; however, as I said before, what you do, do quickly I cannot bear to be kept upon the tenter hooks!"

"I will talk with Michael, uncle," said Edith, meekly.

She went out, and found him pacing the lawn at the back of the house.

"Dearest Edith, where have you been so long?"

"With my uncle, Michael. I have my uncle's ultimatum, as he calls it."

"What is it, Edith?"

"Ah! how shall I tell you without offense? But, dearest Michael, you will not mind—you will forgive an old man's childish prejudices, especially when you know they are not personal—but circumstantial, national, bigoted."

"Well, Edith! well?"

"Michael, he says—he says that I may give you my hand—"

"Said he so! Bless that fair hand, and bless him who bestows it!" he exclaimed, clasping her fingers and pressing them to his lips.

"Yes, Michael, but—"

"But what! there is no but; he permits you to give me your hand; there is then no but—a jailer to bring forth some monstrous malefactor."

"Yet listen! You know I was to have been his heir!"

"No, indeed I do not know it! never heard it! never suspected it! never even thought of it! How did I know but that he had sons and daughters, or nephews away at school!"

"Well, I was to have been his heir. Now he disinherits me, unless I consent to be married to his friend and favorite, Dr. Grimshaw."

"You put the case gently and delicately, dear Edith, but the hard truth is this—is it not—that he will disinherit you, if you consent to be mine? You need not answer me, dearest Edith, if you do not wish to; but listen—I have nothing but my sword, and beyond my boundless love nothing to offer you but the wayward fate of a soldier's wife. Your eyes are full of tears. Speak, Edith! Can you share the soldier's wandering life? Speak, Edith, or lay your hand in mine. Yet, no! no! I am selfish and unjust. Take time, love, to think of all you abandon, all that you may encounter in joining your fate to mine. God knows what it has cost me to say it—but take time, Edith!" and he pressed and dropped her hand.

"I do not need to do so. My answer today, to-morrow, and forever, must be the same," she answered.

"Now take me in to uncle, and tell him, for he asked me not to keep him in suspense."

Michael led her into the hall, where the commodore strode up and down, making the old rafters tremble and quake with every tread—puffing—blowing over his fallen hopes, like a nor-wester over the dead leaves.

"Humph! So the precious business is concluded, is it?"

"Yes, sir," said Michael, with a bow.

"Well, I hope you may be as happy as you deserve! When is the proceeding to come off?"

"What, sir?"

"The marriage, young gentleman?"

"When shall I say, dearest Edith?" asked Michael.

"When uncle pleases," murmured the girl.

"Uncle pleases nothing, and will have nothing to do with it, except to advise as early a day as possible," he blurted out; "what says the bride?"

"Answer, dearest Edith," entreated Michael Shields.

"Then let it be at New Year," said Edith, falteringly.

"Whew!—six months ahead! Entirely too far off!" exclaimed the commodore.

"And so it really is, beloved," whispered Michael.

"Let it be next week," abruptly broke in the commodore. "What's the use of putting it off? Tuesdays and Thursdays are the marrying days, I believe; let it then be Tuesday or Thursday."

"Tuesday," pleaded Michael.

"Thursday," murmured Edith.

"The deuce!—if you can't decide, I must decide for you," growled Old Nick, storming down toward the extremity of the hall, and roaring—

"Old Hen! Old Hen! These fools are to be spliced on Sunday! Now bring me my pipe;" and the commodore withdrew to his sanctum.

Good Henrietta came in, took the hand of the young ensign, and pressed it warmly, saying that he would have a good wife, and wishing them both much happiness in their union. She drew Edith to her bosom, and kissed her fondly, but in silence.

The little interval between this and Sunday morning was passed by Edith and Shields in making arrangements for their future course.

Sunday came.

A young lady of the neighborhood officiated as bridesmaid, and Cloudesley Mornington as groomsman. The ceremony was to be performed at the Episcopal Church at Charlotte Hall. The bridal party set forward in two carriages. They were attended by the commodore and Mrs. Waugh. They reached the church at an early hour, and the marriage was solemnized before the morning service. When the entries had been made, and the usual congratulations passed, the party returned to the carriages. Before entering his own, Commodore Waugh approached that in which the bride and bridegroom were already seated, and into which the groomsman was about to hand the bridesmaid.

"Stay, you two, you need not enter just yet," said the old man, "I want to speak with Mr. Shields and his wife, Edith!"

Edith put her head forward, eagerly.

"I have nothing against you; but after what has occurred, I don't want to see you at Luckenough again. Good-by!" Then, turning to Shields, he said, "I will have your own and your wife's goods forwarded to the hotel, here," and nodding gruffly, he strode away.

Cloudesley stormed, Edith begged that the carriage might be delayed yet a little while. Vain Edith's hope, and vain Mrs. Waugh's expostulations, Old Nick was not to be mollified. He said that "those who pleased to remain with the new-married couple, might do so—he should go home! They did as they liked, and he should do as he liked." Mrs. Waugh, Cloudesley, and the bridesmaid determined to stay.

The commodore entered his carriage, and was driven toward home.

The party then adjourned to the hotel. Mrs. Waugh comforting Edith and declaring her intention to stay with her as long as she should remain in the neighborhood—for Henrietta always did as she pleased, notwithstanding the opposition of her stormy husband. The young bridesmaid and Cloudesley also expressed their determination to stand by their friends to the last.

Their patience was not put to a very long test. In a few days a packet was to sail from Benedict to Baltimore, and the young couple took advantage of the opportunity, and departed, with the good wishes of their few devoted friends.

Their destination was Toronto, in Canada, where the young ensign's regiment was quartered.

### CHAPTER V.

Several miles from the manor of Luckenough, upon a hill not far from the seacoast, stood the cottage of the Old Fields.

The property was an appendage to the Manor of Luckenough, and was at this time occupied by a poor relation of Commodore Waugh, his niece, Mary L'Oiseau, the widow of a Frenchman. Mrs. L'Oiseau had but one child, a little girl, Jacqueline, now about eight or nine years of age.

Commodore Waugh had given them the cottage to live in, permission to make a living, if they could, out of the poor land attached to it. This was all the help he had afforded his poor niece, and all, as she said, that she could reasonably expect from one who had so many dependents.

For several years past the little property had afforded her a bare subsistence.

And now this year the long drought had parched up her garden and corn-field, and her cows had failed in their yield of milk for the want of grass.

It was upon a dry and burning day, near the last of August, that Mary L'Oiseau and her daughter sat down to their frugal breakfast. And such a frugal breakfast! The cheapest tea, with brown sugar, and a corn cake baked upon the griddle, and a little butter—that was all! It was spread upon a plain pine table without a tablecloth.

The furniture of the room was in keeping—a sanded floor, a chest of drawers, with a small looking-glass, ornamented by a sprig of asparagus, a dresser of rough pine shelves on the right of the fireplace, and a cupboard on the left, a half-dozen chip-bottomed chairs, a spinning-wheel, and a reel and jack, completed the appointments.

Mrs. L'Oiseau was devouring the contents of a letter, which ran thus: "Mary, My Dear! I feel as if I had somewhat neglected you, but, the truth is, my arm is not long enough to stretch from Luckenough to Old Fields. That being the case, and myself and Old Hen being rather lonesome since Edith's ungrateful desertion, we beg you to take little Jacko, and come live with us as long as we may live—and of what may come after that we will talk at some time. If you will be ready I will send the carriage for you on Saturday. Your Uncle Jack."

Mrs. L'Oiseau read this letter with a changing cheek—when she finished it she folded and laid it aside in silence.

Then she called to her side her child—her Jacqueline—her Sans Souci—as for her gay, thoughtless temper she was called.

"Now, Jacqueline," said Mrs. L'Oiseau, "you must cure yourself of these hoydenish tricks of yours before you expose them to your uncle—remember how whimsical and eccentric he is."

"So am I! Just as whimsical! I'll do him dirt," said the young lady.

"Good heaven! Where did you ever pick up such a phrase, and what upon earth does doing any one 'dirt' mean?" asked the very much shocked lady.

"I mean I'll grind his nose on the ground, I'll hurry him and worry him, and upset him, and cross him, and make him run his head against the wall, and butt his blundering brains out. What did he turn Fair Edith away for? Oh! I'll pay him off! I'll settle with him! Fair Edith shan't be in his debt for her injuries very long."

From her pearly brow and pearly cheeks, "Fair Edith" was the name by which the child had heard her cousin once called, and she had called her thus ever since.

Mrs. L'Oiseau answered gravely.

"Your uncle gave Edith a fair choice between his own love and protection, and the great benefits he had in store for her, and the love of a stranger and foreigner, whom he disapproved and hated. Edith deliberately chose the latter. And your uncle had a perfect right to act upon her unwise decision."

"And for my part, I know he hadn't—all of my own thoughts. Oh! I'll go him—"

"Hush! Jacqueline. You shall not use such expressions. So much comes of my letting you have your own way, running down to the beach and watching the boats, and hearing the vulgar talk of the fishermen."

On Saturday, at the hour specified, the carriage came to Old Field Cottage, and conveyed Mrs. L'Oiseau and her child to Luckenough. They were very kindly received by the commodore, and affectionately embraced by Henrietta, who conducted them to a pleasant room, where they could lay off their bonnets, and which they were thenceforth to consider as their own apartment. This was not the one which had been occupied by Edith. Edith's chamber had been left undisturbed and locked up by Mrs. Waugh, and was kept ever after sacred to her memory.

The sojourn of Mrs. L'Oiseau and Jacqueline at Luckenough was an experiment on the part of the commodore. He did not mean to commit himself hastily, as in the case of his sudden choice of Edith as his heir. He intended to take a good long time for what he called "mature deliberation"—often one of the greatest enemies to upright, generous and disinterested action—to hope, faith, and charity, that I know of, by the way. Commodore Waugh also determined to have his own will in all things, this time at least. He had the vantage ground now, and was resolved to keep it. He had caught Sans Souci young, before she could possibly have formed even a childish predilection for one of the opposite sex, and he was determined to raise and educate a wife for his beloved Grim.

(To be Continued.)

### WHERE ELSE?

Hostess (to eastern traveler)—Is it true that you were bastinadoed when you were in China?

Eastern Traveler—Upon my sole I was, madam.

### DRIVEN TO CHURCH.

Jenks—Fancy Lucy Sweetlips marrying Mr. Hardman.

Jenks—She was driven to it, you know.

Jenks—I suppose so. Better to have walked to church with the other chap, I should have thought.

## Pleasant Dreams

Come to those who drink only PURE tea like

# Blue Ribbon

Avoid ordinary tea; if you care for SOUND, SWEET SLEEP, and ask for the SPECIALLY MANUFACTURED, CAREFULLY PACKED Blue Ribbon Tea. Red Label.

ONLY ONE BEST—BLUE RIBBON'S IT.



### MAKING GOOD CIDER:

Good cider can be made on the farm in small quantity, without much apparatus, but as a matter of fact it is seldom so made. The reason for this is lack of attention to details. Only good fruit will make good cider. It is not worth while to waste effort on poor, unripe fruit, or on early fruit with a thin acid juice, weak in sugar. The finished product will never be better than what one starts with. Unmerchantable grades of our very best table fruits should be used for home-made cider. Some of the crabs showing good sugar content, as Maiden Blush, and occasionally, a good seedling apple make the very best cider, because of the tannin found in those sorts.

The fruit should be clean and free from rot. To use unclean or rotten fruit simply invites bad fermentation. If one puts into the cider all sorts of germs found on soiled, dirty and decayed fruit, he should not expect good results. The fruit should be carefully pulped when it is cool, the juice expressed as quickly as convenient and put at once into clean barrels. Great care should be used in selecting a grinder. Proper machinery will recover four gallons of juice per bushel. German mills, made with stone rollers, will crush the fruit so that four gallons of juice can be recovered by hand. To my mind it is far better to pulp the fruit by hand with wooden mauls, in a wooden trough, than to use some of the modern hand mills. By this method one can extract the juice very effectually. Where only a couple of barrels of cider are wanted for home use, this is not a difficult job, and one secures a juice that will make good cider.

Having secured the juice, a proper barrel is all important. For drinking cider, use only perfectly clean alcohol or whisky barrels. Never use a barrel that has contained cider or any other liquors than those mentioned above. An old cider barrel cannot be properly cleaned. Barrels should be thoroughly scalded with boiling water and washing soda, then rinsed clean with cold water.

### FROM A PURE SOURCE.

Put the barrels, if possible, in a room where the temperature will be fairly constant at 65 to 75 degrees. Lay flat and fill with juice to within 8 inches of the bung hole. Cover the bung carefully with clean cotton, so as to exclude the entrance of germs and vermin. This cover readily permits the gases to escape. Never allow it to touch the liquor in the barrel. It is a great mistake to allow the barrels to foam over, as all sorts of germs enter, under such circumstances, and destroy the cider.

As soon as the juice is in the barrel, put into it a cup of good baker's yeast or, what is better, a pure culture of special cider yeast. This sets up alcoholic fermentation at once and largely cuts off the development of harmful organisms. Fermentation will be more rapid by this method. After three days raise the cotton and note the condition of "head" on the cider. It should become thick and turn dark as the first fermentation is completed, but one cannot predict with certainty what will happen in this regard. As soon as the liquor becomes comparatively quiet after this tumultuous fermentation, it will be found fairly bright and limpid. It should then be racked off into a perfectly clean barrel every care observed not to carry over any of the lees. If this barrel can be kept at a temperature of 55 to 65 degrees, the results will be better. The bung must be carefully guarded as before.

A second fermentation will now set in and as soon as it subsides, the barrel can be tightly bunged and if kept in a cool cellar, the cider will keep for several months. No liquor of such low alcoholic strength as cider will keep if exposed to the air, and air and vinegar germs will find entrance sooner or later. If one is not afraid of using chemicals, they can treat each barrel with about 2½ ounces benzoate of soda and keep the cider for a long time from further change. It is far preferable not to use chemicals, but to watch the cider as fermentation progresses, and when it shows specific gravity of 1.004, rack it free from lees into sound, clean, wine bottles, cork tightly and store in a cool cellar. It is always best to tie the corks down. The bottles should be laid flat. There will still be some slight fermentation, which will render the

cider sparkling and agreeably gaseous. Good cider, cleanly made and preserved in bottles is a most wholesome, refreshing drink and especially to be recommended for dyspeptic and gouty persons. I have drunk bottled cider 20 years old.

### THE HAND SEPARATOR.

I consider the hand separator problem one of the most important questions before our dairymen, writes Mr. Geo. R. Taylor. It is extremely important that the farmer should understand how to operate the separator and get the best results. He should also understand the processes in carrying for the cream. In my experience, some of the most potent factors and causes of poor cream are: 1, Improper care of cream after separating; 2, having the separator in an impure atmosphere; 3, careless in washing the separator or neglecting to wash it each time after being used; 4, skimming a cream too low in butter fat. The latter cause may be easily overcome with a little extra care on the part of the person operating the separator, and cream poor in butter fat or one containing a large amount of skim milk is objectionable for many reasons, both to the farmer and to the creamery men.

A separator agent, who advocates a thin cream and washing the separator once a day or only when convenient is not, in my opinion, working for the best interests of the dairy industry. Thin cream contains a large amount of skim milk, which is valuable to the farmer for feeding purposes. It requires more water and ice for cooling and in it the conditions are more favorable for the rapid development of lactic acid and bad flavors. The hand separator has many advantages over the shallow pan and deep setting methods of creaming milk.

Some of the advantages, as I saw them recently, from the use of a hand separator are: 1, The loss of fat in the cream is reduced to a minimum; 2, the saving in cost of utensils and space required for their accommodation; 3, it gives a better and more uniform quality of cream and butter; 4, the richness of the cream can be easily regulated; 5, it saves labor in washing utensils and the handling of ice for cooling purposes; 6, the skim milk is in the best possible condition for feeding stock.

### COST AND MANAGEMENT.

The usual cost of a hand separator ranges from \$50 to \$150 or more, according to the size and capacity. They will skim from 150 to 700 pounds of milk per hour. A separator having a capacity of 450 pounds per hour is of sufficient size where from eight to ten cows are kept. In choosing a separator, a farmer should select one with a capacity somewhat larger than that required for immediate use. The feed tap may be slightly closed and the skimming done with the separator running a little below its capacity.

Some of the points of merit which a hand separator should possess are: 1, Simplicity in method of construction; 2, cheapness and durability; 3, maximum capacity and minimum power required to run it; 4, closeness of separation; 5, desired richness of cream; 6, ease of cleaning.

A well-protected room should be selected, where the air can be kept perfectly pure and where ventilation is good. The frame of the separator should be fastened securely to a solid foundation. Before the separator is started, all parts should be thoroughly cleaned and all bearings well oiled. In some sections, it is considered a good practice to flush the oil holes with coal oil or kerosene once every week or ten days. This removes the thick oil and grit and adds greatly to the easy running of the machine.

Sufficient water at a temperature of 110 degrees should be added to fill the bowl to wet and warm the surface, thus preventing the cream from sticking. The milk should then be turned on full flow and the feed pan kept well filled with milk. The speed should be kept well up and as uniform as possible at all times. Three things should be constantly watched: 1, The speed of the bowl; 2, the temperature of the milk; and 3, the feed of the milk to the bowl.

A loss of fat must be expected when the separator is not running at the required speed, or when the milk is below a certain temperature, or when more than a certain amount of milk is run through in a given time. Milk separates best when fresh and at a temperature of 90 degrees. If the milk has been allowed to cool below 85 degrees, it should be heated again before separating, if close skimming is desired.