

Marian Mayfield

Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER VI.

In February the deepest snow storm fell that had fallen during the whole winter. The roads were considered quite impassable by carriages, and the family at Luckenough were blocked up in their old house. Yet one day, in the midst of this "tremendous state of affairs," as the commodore called it, a messenger from Benedict arrived at Luckenough, the bearer of a letter to Mrs. Waugh, which he refused to intrust to any other hands but that lady's own. He was, therefore, shown into the presence of the mistress, to whom he presented the note. Mrs. Waugh took it and looked at it with some curiosity—it was superscribed in a slight feminine hand—quite new to Henrietta, and she opened it, and turned immediately to the signature—Marian Mayfield—a strange name to her; she had never seen or heard it before. She lost no more time in perusing the letter, but as she read, her cheek flushed and paled—her agitation became excessive, she was obliged to ring for a glass of water, and as soon as she had swallowed it she crushed and thrust the letter into her bosom, ordered her mule to be saddled instantly, and her riding pelisse and hood to be brought. In two hours and a half Henrietta reached the village, and alighted at the little hotel. Of the landlord, who came forth respectfully to meet her, she demanded to be shown immediately to the presence of the young lady who had recently arrived from abroad. The host bowed, and inviting the lady to follow him, led the way to the little private parlor, the door of which he opened to let the visitor pass in, and then bowing again, he closed it and retired.

And Mrs. Waugh found herself in a small, half-darkened room, where, reclining in an easy chair, sat—Edith? Was it Edith? Could it be Edith? That fair phantom of a girl to whom the black ringlets and black dress alone seemed to give outline and personality? Yes, it was Edith! But oh! so changed! so wan and transparent, with such blue shadows in the hollows of her eyes and temples and cheeks—with such heavy, heavy eyelids, seemingly dragged down by the weight of their long, sleeping lashes—with such anguish in the gaze of the melting, dark eyes!

"Edith, my love! My dearest Edith!" said Mrs. Waugh, going to her.

She half arose, and sank speechless into the kind arms opened to receive her. Mrs. Waugh held her to her bosom a moment in silence, and then said:

"Edith, my dear, I got a note from your friend, Miss Mayfield, saying that you had returned, and wished to see me. But how is this, my child? You have evidently been ill—you are still. Where is your husband, Edith? Edith, where is your husband?"

A shiver that shook her whole frame—a choking, gasping sob, was all the answer she could make.

"Where is he, Edith? Ordered away somewhere, upon some distant service? That is hard, but never mind! Hope for the best! You will meet him again, dear? But where is he, then?"

She lifted up her poor head, and uttering—"Dead! dead!" dropped it heavily again upon the kind, supporting bosom.

"You do not mean it! My dear, you do not mean it! You do not know what you are saying! Dead! great trouble."

"Shot! shot!" whispered the poor thing, in a tone so hollow, it seemed reverberating through a vault. And then her stricken head sank heavily down—and Henrietta perceived that strength and consciousness had utterly departed. She placed her in the easy chair and turned around to look for restoratives, when a door leading into an adjoining bedroom opened, and a young girl entered, and came quietly and quickly forward to the side of the sufferer. She greeted Mrs. Waugh politely, and then gave her undivided attention to Edith, whose care she seemed fully competent to undertake.

This young girl was not over fourteen years of age, yet the most beautiful and blooming creature, Mrs. Waugh thought, that she had ever beheld.

Her presence in the room seemed at once to dispel the gloom and shadow.

She took Edith's hand, and settled her more at ease in the chair—but refused the cologne and the sal-amoniac that Mrs. Waugh produced, saying, cheerfully:

"She has not fainted, you perceive—she breathes—it is better to leave her to nature for a while—too much attention worries her—she is very weak."

Marian had now settled her comfortably back in the resting chair, and stood by her side, not near enough to incommode her in the least.

"I do not understand all this. She says that her husband is dead, poor child—how came it about? Tell me!" said Mrs. Waugh, in a low voice.

Marian's clear blue eyes filled with tears, but she dropped their white lids and long black lashes over them and would not let them fall; and her ripe lips quivered, but she firmly compressed them, and remained silent for a moment. Then she said, in a whisper:

"I will tell you by and by," and she glanced at Edith, to intimate that the story must not be rehearsed in her presence, however insensible she might appear to be.

"You are the young lady who wrote to me?"

"Yes, madam."

"You are a friend of my poor girl's?"

"Something more than that, madam—I will tell you by and by," said Marian, and her kind, dear eyes were again turned upon Edith, and observing the latter slightly move, she said in her pleasant voice:

"Edith, dear, shall I put you to bed—are you able to walk?"

"Yes, yes," murmured the sufferer, turning her head uneasily from side to side.

Marian gave her hand, and assisted the poor girl to rise, and tenderly supported her as she walked to the bedroom.

Mrs. Waugh arose to give her assistance, but Marian shook her head at her, with a kindly look, that seemed to say, "Do not startle her—she is used only to me lately," and bore her out of sight into the bedroom.

Presently she reappeared in the little parlor, opened the blinds, drew back the curtains, and let the sunlight into the dark room. Then she ordered more wood to the fire, and when it was replenished, and the servant had left the room, she invited Mrs. Waugh to draw her chair to the hearth, and then said:

"I am ready now, madam, to tell you anything you wish to know—indeed I had supposed that you were acquainted with everything relating to Edith's marriage, and its fatal results."

"I know absolutely nothing but what I have learned to-day. We never received a single letter, or message, or news of any kind, or in any shape, from Edith or her husband, from the day they left until now."

"You did not hear, then, that he was court-martialed, and sentenced to death?"

"No, no—good heaven, no!"

"He was tried for mutiny or rebellion—I know not which—but it was for raising arms against his superior officers while here in America—the occasion was—but you know the occasion better than I do."

"Yes, yes, it was when he rescued Edith from the violence of Thorg and his men. But oh! heaven, how horrible! that he should have been condemned to death for a noble act! It is incredible—impossible—how could it have happened? He never expected such a fate—none of us did, or we would never have consented to his return. There seemed no prospect of such a thing. How could it have been?"

"There was treachery, and perhaps perjury, too. He had an insidious and unscrupulous enemy, who assumed the guise of repentance, and candor, and friendship, the better to lure him into his toils—it was the infamous Colonel Thorg, who received the command of the regiment, in reward for his great services in America. And Michael's only powerful friend, who could and would have saved him—was dead. General Ross, you are aware, was killed in the battle of Baltimore."

"God have mercy on poor Edith! How long has it been since this happened, my dear girl?"

"When they reached Toronto, in Canada West, the regiment commanded by Thorg was about to sail for England. On its arrival at York, in England, a court-martial was formed, and Michael was brought to trial. There was a great deal of personal prejudice, distortion of facts and even perjury—in short, he was condemned and sentenced one day and led out and shot the next!"

There was silence between them then. Henrietta sat in pale and speechless horror.

"But how long is it since my poor Edith has been so awfully widowed?" at length inquired Mrs. Waugh.

"Nearly four months," replied Marian, in a tremulous voice. "For six weeks succeeding his death, she was not able to rise from her bed. I came from school to nurse her. I found her completely prostrated under the blow. I wonder she had not died. What power of living on some delicate frames seem to have. As soon as she was able to sit up, I began to think that it would be better to remove her from the strange country, the theatre of her dreadful sufferings, and to bring her to her own native land, among her own friends and relatives, where she might resume the life and habits of her girlhood, and where, with nothing to remind her of her loss, she might gradually come to look upon the few wretched months of her marriage, passed in England, as a dark stream. Therefore I have brought her back."

"And you, my dear child," she said, "you were Michael Shields' sister?"

"No, madam, no kin to him—and yet more than kin—for he loved me, and I loved him more than any one else in the world, as I now love his poor young widow. This was the way of it, Mrs. Waugh: Michael's father and my mother had both been married before, and we were children of the first marriages; when Michael was fourteen years old, and I was seven, our parents were united, and we grew up together. About two years ago, Michael's father died. My mother survived him only five months, and departed, leaving me in charge of her stepson. We had no friends but each other. Our parents, since their union, had been isolated beings, for this reason—his father was a Jew—my mother a Christian—therefore the friends and relatives on either side were everlastingly offended by their marriage. Therefore we had no one but each other. The little property that was left was sold, and the proceeds enabled Michael to purchase a commission in the regiment about to sail for America, and also to place me at a good boarding school, where I remained until his return, and the catastrophe that followed it.

"Lady, all passed so suddenly, that I knew no word of his return, much less of his trial or execution, until I received a visit from the chaplain who had attended his last moments, and who brought me his farewell letter, and his last informal will, in which the poor fellow consigned me to the care of his wife, soon to be a widow, and enjoined me to leave school and seek her at once, and inclosed a check for the little balance he had in bank. I went immediately found her insensible through grief, as I said—and, lady, I told you the rest."

Henrietta was weeping softly behind the handkerchief she held at her eyes. At last she repeated: "You say he left you in his widow's charge?"

"Yes, madam."

"Left his widow in yours, rather, you good and faithful sister."

"It was the same thing, lady; we were to live together, and to support each other."

"But what was your thought, my dear girl, in bringing her here?"

"I told you, lady, that in her own native land, among her own kinsfolk, she might be comforted, and might resume her girlhood's thoughts and habits, and learn to forget the strange, dark passages of her short married life, passed in a foreign country."

"But, my dear girl, did you not know, had you never heard that her uncle disowned her for marrying against his will?"

"Something of that I certainly heard from Edith, lady, when I first proposed to her to come home. But she was very weak, and her thoughts very rambling, poor thing—she could not stick to a point long, and I overruled and guided her—I could not believe but that her friends would take her poor widowed heart to their homes again. But if it should be otherwise, still—"

"Well?—still?"

"Why, I cannot regret having brought her to her native soil—for, if we find no friends in America, we have left none in England—a place besides full of the most harrowing recollections, from which this place is happily free. America also offers a wider field for labor than England does, and if her friends behave badly why I will work for her, and—for her child if it should live."

"Dear Marian, you must not think by what I said just now, that I am not a friend of Edith. I am, indeed. I love her almost as if she were my own daughter. I incurred my husband's anger by remaining with her after her marriage until she sailed. I will not fail her now, be sure. Personally, I will do my utmost for her. I will also try to influence her uncle in her favor. And now, my dear, it is getting very late, and there is a long ride, and a dreadful road before me. The commodore is already anxious for me, I know, and if I keep him waiting much longer, he will be in no mood to be persuaded by me. So I must go. To-morrow, my dear, a better home shall be found for you and Edith. That I promise upon my own responsibility. And, now, my dear, excellent girl, good-by. I will see you again in the morning."

And Mrs. Waugh took leave.

"No," thundered Commodore Waugh, thrusting his head forward and bringing his stick down heavily upon the floor. "No, I say! I will not be bothered with her or her troubles. Don't talk to me! I care nothing about them! What should her trials be to me? The precious affair has turned out just as I expected it would! Only what I did not expect was that we should have her back upon our hands! I wonder at Edith! I thought she had more pride than to come back to me for comfort after leaving as she did!"

This was all the satisfaction Mrs. Waugh got from Old Nick, when she had related to him the sorrowful story of Edith's widowhood and return, and had appealed to his generosity in her behalf. But he unbent so far as to allow Edith and Marian to be installed at Mrs. L'Oiseau's cottage, and even grudgingly permitted Henrietta to settle a pension upon her.

(To be Continued.)

Punctuality is the advance-guard of progress.

The way to make an opportunity is to take hold of it and use it.



THE DAIRY HERD.

I first became engaged in dairying in 1876, at which time I purchased a half-interest in a herd of grade Shorthorn and native cows writes Mr. S. H. Clark. After several years experience, I came to the conclusion that the income from this source was not what it should be. In 1888, after studying many different breeds of dairy cattle and visiting some of the most successful dairymen in my state I purchased a pair of thoroughbred Holsteins—Angelique No. 6848 and the bull General Hood No. 6428. Both were imported animals from good stock.

With this pair, I became more interested in the business and studied proper methods of caring for and feeding them, and the results were quite satisfactory from the start. I made one expensive mistake. I will mention it for the benefit of young breeders who are ambitious to succeed. The first calf from Angelique was a very fine heifer. I was very proud of this animal and always kept her very fat while growing. This was a serious mistake, as she later took on flesh instead of making milk, and I was obliged to sell her to the butcher when she was only four years old.

My first cross with a Holstein sire on the Durhams was a very great improvement, while the second and third crosses were somewhat more satisfactory. In comparing grades with thoroughbreds the balance nearly always favored the latter. In 1902 I disposed of all grades and now have thoroughbreds only. I became an early convert to the feeding value of corn silage and built the first silo in the town of Peru in 1894. Previous to this time, I utilized such feed as I happened to have on the farm, with the addition of wheat middlings and some cottonseed meal. I found this feed too expensive for proper milk production in winter. The silage filled a long-felt want by increasing the milk flow, as well as keeping my cattle in far better condition for less money. All ambitious people have certain difficulties to overcome in any line of business and this is certainly true of dairymen who breed Holsteins.

The low percentage of butter fat as compared with Jerseys was an argument always presented to me in balancing figures. The question was often asked me which is the most profitable cow, one that gives 70 pounds of milk testing 3 p.c. butter fat, or one that produces 30 pounds of milk of 4 p.c. butter fat in the same period with the same care and feed. At one time, I purchased two well-bred Jerseys for the sake of comparison. With the same care and feed, I found the figures given above practically true in this instance. I had some difficulty in disposing of these Jerseys to get my money back, after I was satisfied that the Holsteins were more profitable for me.

In feeding silage a good-sized cow needs about 40 pounds per day in two feeds, with from five to ten pounds of grain with a high percentage of protein. A cow should always have all the clover hay she will eat up clean. I deliver all my milk to a butter and cheese factory, and have received the past 12 years from 71 cents to \$1.10 per 100 for it.

I think the most satisfactory way to establish a dairy herd is to start in a small way and grow up with the business, becoming acquainted with every individual cow. Start right in the first place by securing as good as can be found for foundation stock, then improve by the introduction of new blood from high record cows and stick to certain lines with those having an upward tendency for greater milk production. The dairyman must understand his business and give personal attention to care and feed. He must look after the details every day and not trust too much to the hired man, be he ever so faithful.

In my opinion there never was a better time than the present for a young dairyman of good business ability and energy to embark in this business. There is no more profitable and popular breed of cattle than the "black and whites" of to-day. No young man should think he can succeed because someone else has. He should realize that personal effort and close application coupled with untiring energy and perseverance are required in the dairy business. There is plenty of room on top in the dairy business for the right sort of boys on the farm.

SILAGE AS AN APPETIZER.

Utilize a silo and provide for the long winter that is sure to come. Pickle your pasture so the stock can have succulent feed next winter when the frost has killed the pumpkins. There may be an abundance of pasture now, but the silo is the only thing that will give it to you next winter, or next August for that matter. Are you doing the best you can to provide suitable as well as cheap feed for your stock? Many are not.

Hay is good enough, is it? Good hay is good; poor hay is good for nothing, except as a monument to mark the spot where you lost a lot of money. Good hay is necessary, but it is not sufficient. How would you like to live on dry toast, pre-digested sawdust breakfast food

GIVE THE



1/2 A CHANCE

and it will make one pound of flesh on less food than any other farm animal because its digestive juices are stronger.

It is the ideal meat making machine. Hence every effort should be made to keep it "up" and growing from birth. No let up because it is too much effort to get it back.

It is less effort to draw a wagon on a given distance if constantly in motion than if stopped and started every once in a while.

Clydesdale Stock Food

will keep your hogs "up" and growing because it gives a better appetite, thereby increasing the digestive fluids, and these dissolve and assimilate more food and at a profit.

It keeps them in tip-top health enabling them better to resist disease, thereby making a firmer flesh. It gets them to market weight much sooner, saving feed bill. Nothing better for runts. Equally good for Horses Cattle and Sheep.

Nothing injurious in it and can stop feeding it without harmful effects.

If you are not satisfied after feeding it your money cheerfully refunded by the dealer. Same for all Clydesdale preparations. Clydesdale Carboline Antiseptic will keep your pens and pigs clean.

TRY HERCULES POULTRY FOOD
CLYDESDALE STOCK FOOD CO.,
LIMITED, TORONTO

without cream and water for six months? You would not stand for the kind of economy that cut out your supply of canned fruits, fresh fruits, pickles and vegetables.

The silo is as necessary as the Mason fruit jar, or the refrigerator fruit car. Silage is as much a necessity for stock as fresh meats and vegetables are for you. You cannot buy palatability in anything that is very cheap. Silage has it at \$2 per ton. There is a pungent aroma and a decided flavor to silage that makes everything hungry that gets a whiff of it. To get returns from cows or beef cattle, they must be induced to eat an abundance of feed. Silage does the business. It gives zest to the appetite and aids in digesting other feeds.

REARING THE DAIRY CALF.

To raise a good calf I believe he should be allowed to stay at its mother's side the first day, to consume the first milk, writes Mr. C. A. Lyon. The milk seems to be especially adapted to the calf. Take the calf away after it is one day old. For convenience in feeding use a shallow metal pail. For an average sized calf give three quarts of fresh milk soon as it is drawn. Be kind to your subject and place the milk under its nose. Gently place your fingers near the pail and the calf will take them in its mouth, then force the head down into the pail. A little patience will crown your efforts with success. Feed twice a day at regular hours and use whole milk at first. After fourth day add a little skim milk. Later add a little more at each feed and at the end of 15 days you will have your calf on a full feed of skim milk.

Watch closely and if any bad results come, lessen the amount of skim milk but gently increase again later. Always use sweet milk and give the calf a warm place to stay. After the calf is three months old sour milk can be used. Let calves have access to grass or feed and salt once every week. At five months old they can be weaned, by slacking on milk and increasing in other feed such as grass or sheep oats and hay. By this method the growth of the animal will be undisturbed.

JOKE ON BRONSON.

"Bronson tried to play a joke on his wife."
"What did he do?"
"Got home a little earlier than usual and told the servant to tell his wife that a gentleman was waiting to see her in the drawing-room."
"What happened?"
"She spent two hours primping before she came down, and he had to go to a restaurant for his dinner."

Magistrate—"How comes it that you dared to break into this gentleman's house in the dead of night?"
Prisoner—"Why, your worship, the other time you reproached me for stealing in broad daylight. Ain't I to be allowed to work at all?"