

Marian Mayfield

Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"I will explain. You have heard, dear Marian, that after my father's death my mother married a second time?"

"No—I never heard of it."
"She did, however—her second husband was a Scotchman. She lived with him seven years, and then died, leaving him one child, a boy six years of age. After my mother's death, my stepfather returned to Scotland, taking with him my half-brother, and leaving me with my grandfather. And all communication gradually ceased between us. Within this week, however, I have received letters from Edinburgh, informing me of the death of my stepfather, and the perfect destitution of my half-brother, now a lad of twelve years of age. He is at present staying with the clergyman who attended his father in his last illness, and who has written me the letters giving me the information that I now give you. Thus, you see, my dearest love, how urgent the duty is that takes me from your side. Yet—What! tears, my Marian! Ah, if I let my dearest one but say the word, and I will not leave her. I will send money over to the lad instead."

"No, no! Ah! no, never trust your mother's orphan boy to strangers, or to his own guidance. Go for the poor, desolate lad, and never leave him, or suffer him to leave you. I know what orphanage in childhood is, dear Thurston, and so must you. Bring the boy home. And if he lives with you, I will do all I can to supply his mother's place."

"Dear girl! dear, dear Marian, my heart so longs to press you to itself. A plague upon these horses that keep us so far apart! I wish we were on foot!"

"Do you?" smiled Marian, directing his attention to the stumpy path down which they were riding.

Thurston smiled ruefully, and then sighed.

"When do you set out on your long journey, dear Thurston?"

"I have not fixed the time, my Marian! I have not the courage to name the day that shall part us for so long."

He looked at her with a heavy sigh, and then added:

"I shrink from appointing the time of going, as a criminal might shrink from giving the signal for his own execution."

"Then let some other agent do it," said Marian, smiling at his earnestness. Then she added—"I shall go to Washington with Jacquelinia. Her party will set out on Wednesday next. And, dear Thurston, I shall not like to leave you here, at all. I shall go with more content, if I know that you set out the same day for your journey."

"But, fairest Marian, never believe but that if you go to Washington, I shall take that city in on my way. There is a vessel to sail on the first of February, from Baltimore, for Liverpool. I shall probably go by her. I shall pass through Washington City on my way to Baltimore. Nay, indeed! what should hinder me from joining your party and traveling with you, since we are friends and neighbors, and go at the same time, to the same neighborhood, by the same road, to the same place?" he asked, eagerly.

A smile of joy illumined Marian's face.

"Truly," she answered, after a short pause, "I see no objection to that plan. And, oh! Thurston," she said, holding out her hand, and looking at him with her face holy and beaming with affection, "do you know what fullness of life and comfort—what sweetness of rest and contentment I feel in your presence, when I can have that rightly?"

"My own dear Marian! Heaven hasten the day when we shall be forever united."

And he suddenly sprang from his horse—lifted her from her saddle, and holding her carefully above the stumpy path, folded her fondly to his bosom, pressed kisses on her lips, and then released her, saying:

"Dear Marian, forgive me! My heart was half breaking with its need to press you to itself! Now then, dearest, I shall consider it settled that I join your party to Washington. I shall call at Locust Hill and see Mrs. Waugh, inform her of my destination, and ask her permission to accompany her. By the way—when do you give your answer to that lady?"

"I shall ride over to the Hill tomorrow morning for that purpose."

"Very well, dearest. In that case I will also appoint the morning as my time of calling, so that I may have the joy of meeting you there."

They had by this time reached the verge of the forest and the cross-road where their paths divided. And here they bade a loving, lingering adieu to each other, and separated.

That evening Marian announced to Edith her decision to accompany Jacquelinia to Washington City.

Edith approved the plan.

The next morning Marian left the house to go to Locust Hill, where, besides the family, she found Thurston already awaiting her.

Thurston was seated by Jacquelinia, endeavoring, by his gay and brilliant sallies of wit and humor, to charm away the sullen sadness of the pale and petulant little beauty.

And, truth to tell, soon fifted, fleeting smiles broke over the little wan face—smiles that grew brighter and more frequent as she noticed the surlily anxiety they gave to Dr. Grimshaw, who sat, like the dog in the manger, watching Thurston sunning himself in the light of eyes that never, by any chance, shone upon him, their rightful proprietor!

Never! for though Jacquelinia had paled and waned, faded and faded, until she seemed more like a moonlight phantom than a form of flesh and blood—her spirit was unbowed, unbroken, and she had kept her oath of uncompromising enmity with fearful perseverance. Petitions, expostulations, prayers, threats, had been all in vain to procure one smile, one word, one glance of compliance or forgiveness. And the fate of Dr. Grimshaw, with his unwon bride, was like that of Tantalus. And now the inconceivable tortures of jealousy were about to be added to his other torments, for this man now sitting by his side, and basking in the sunshine of her smiles, was the admired Adonis who had won her maiden admiration months ago.

But Thurston soon put an end to his sufferings—not in consideration of his feelings, but because the young gentleman could not afford to lose or risk the chance of making one of the party which was to number Marian among its members. Therefore, with a light smile and careless bow he left the side of Jacquelinia and crossed over to Mrs. Waugh, with whom, also, he entered into a gay and bantering conversation, in the course of which Mrs. Waugh mentioned to him their purpose of going to Washington for a month or two.

It was then that, with an air of impromptu, Thurston informed her of his own contemplated journey and voyage, and of his intention to go to Baltimore by way of Washington.

"And when do you leave here?" asked Mrs. Waugh.

"I thought of starting on Wednesday morning."

"The very day that we shall set out—why can't we travel in company?" asked Henrietta, socially.

"I should be charmed, indeed—delighted! And nothing shall prevent me having that honor and pleasure, if Mrs. Waugh will permit my attendance."

"Why, my dear Thurston, to be sure I will—but don't waste fine speeches on your uncle's old wife. How do you travel?"

"As far as Washington I shall go on horseback, with a mounted groom to bring back the horses, when I proceed on my journey by stage to Baltimore."

"On horseback! Now that is excellent—that is really providential, as it falls out—for here is my Hebe, whom I have coaxed to be of the party, and who will have to perform the journey also on horseback, and you will make an admirable cavalier for her!"

Thurston turned and bowed to Marian, and expressed, in courtly terms, the honor she would confer, and the pleasure she would give, in permitting him to serve her. And no one, to have seen him, would have dreamed that the subject had ever before been mentioned between them.

Marian blushed and smiled, and expressing her thanks, accepted his offered escort.

These preliminaries being settled, Thurston soon after arose and took leave.

Marian remained some time longer to arrange some little preparatory matters with Mrs. Waugh, and then bade them good-bye, and hastened homeward.

But she saw Thurston walking his horse up and down the forest-path, and impatiently waiting for her.

"Dr. Grimshaw was very much dissatisfied, and no sooner had Marian left the house, and left him alone with Mrs. Waugh and Jacquelinia, than he turned to the elder lady, and said, with some asperity:

"I think it would have been well, Mrs. Waugh, if you had consulted the other members of your party before making so important an addition to it."

"And I think it would be better, Dr. Grimshaw, if you would occupy your valuable time and attention with affairs that fall more immediately within your own province," said Henrietta, loftily, as she would sometimes speak.

Dr. Grimshaw deigned no reply. He closed his mouth with a spasmodic snap, and sat ruminating—the very picture of wretchedness. He was, indeed, to be pitied! For no patience, no kindness, no wooing could win from his bride one smile. That very afternoon, under the combined goadings of exasperated self-love and poignant jealousy, Dr. Grimshaw sought an interview with Mrs. L'Oiseau, and urged her, in the most strenuous manner, to exert her maternal influence in bringing her daughter to terms.

And Mrs. L'Oiseau sent for Jacquelinia, to have a talk with her. But not all her arguments, entreaties, or even tears could prevail with the obstinate bride to relax one single degree of her unforgiving antagonism to her detested bridegroom.

"Mother," she said, with sorrowful bitterness, "you are well now; indeed, you were not so ill as I was led to believe; and you are independent. I parted with my only hope of happiness in life to render you so; I sold myself in a formal marriage to be the legal medium of endowing Dr. Grimshaw with a certain landed estate. Even into that measure I was deceived—no more of that! It crazes me! The conditions are all fulfilled; he will have the property, and you are independent. And now he has no further claim upon me, and no power over me!"

"He has, Jacquelinia; and it is only Dr. Grimshaw's forbearance that permits you to indulge in this wicked whim."

"His forbearance! Oh! hasn't he been forbearing, though!" she exclaimed, with a mocking laugh.

"Yes, he has, little as you are disposed to acknowledge it. You do not seem to know that he can compel your submission!"

"Can he!" she hissed, drawing her breath sharply through her clenched teeth, and clutching her fingers convulsively, while a white ring gleamed around the blue iris of her dilated eyes. "Let him try! let him drive me to desperation, and then learn how spirits dare to escape! But he will not do that, Mimmy! he reads me better than you do; he knows that he must not urge me beyond my powers of endurance. No, mother! Let him take my uncle into his counsels again, if he pleases; let them combine all their ingenuity, and wickedness, and power, and bring them all to bear on me at once; let them do their worst—they shall not gain one concession from me; not one smile, not one word, not one single look of tolerance—so help me heaven! And they know it, motha!—they know it! And why? You are secured from their malice; now they can turn no screws upon my heart-strings!—and I am free! They know it, mother—they know it, if you do not."

"But, Jacquelinia, this is a very, very wicked life to lead! You are living in a state of mortal sin while you persist in this shocking rebellion against the authority and just rights of your husband."

"He is not my husband! that I utterly deny! I have never made him such! There was nothing in our nominal marriage to give him that claim. It was a mere legal form, for a mercenary purpose. It was a wicked and shameful subterfuge; a sacrilegious desecration of God's holy altar! but in its wickedness heaven knows I had little will! I was deluded and disturbed; facts were misrepresented to me, threats were made that could never have been executed; my fears were excited for your life; my affections were wrought upon; I was driven out of my senses even before I did consent to be his nominal wife—the legal sumpter-mule to carry him an estate. I promised nothing more, and I have kept all my promises. It is over! it is over! it is done! and it cannot be undone! But I never—never will forgive that man for the part he played in the drama."

"Ave Maria, Mater Dolorosa! Was ever a mother so sorrowful as I! Holy saints and angels! how you shock me. Don't you know, wretched child, that you are committing deadly sin? Don't you know, alas! the holy church would refuse you its communion?"

"Let it! I will be excommunicated before I will give Dr. Grimshaw one tolerant glance! I will risk the eternal rather than fall into the nearer perdition!"

"Holy Mary save her! Don't you know, most miserable child! that such is your condition, that if you were to die now your soul would go to burning flames?"

"Ha! ha! Where do you think it is now, Mimmy?"

"You are mad! You don't know what you're talking about! And, alas! you are half an infidel, I know, for you don't believe in hell!"

"Yes, I do, Mimmy! Oh, yes, indeed I do! If ever my faith was shaken in that article of belief, it is firm enough now! It is more than re-established, for, look you, Mimmy! I believe in heaven, but I know of hell!"

"I'm very glad you do, my dear. And I hope you will meditate much upon it, and it may lead you to change your course in regard to Dr. Grimshaw."

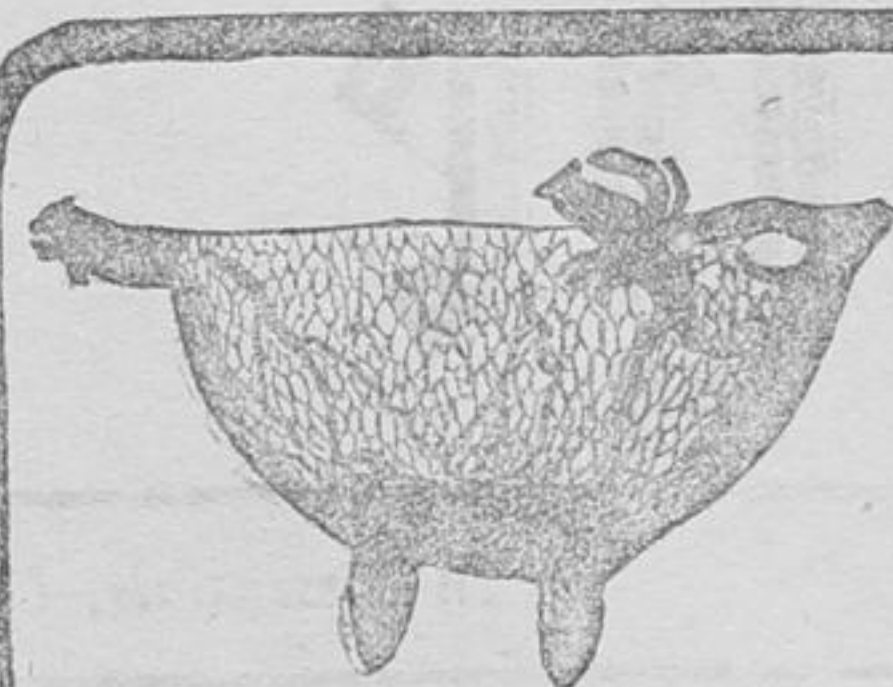
"Mimmy!" she said, with a wild laugh, "is there a deeper pit in perdition than that to which you urge me now?"

(To be Continued.)

AN ARTIFICIAL EYE

In order to increase the resolving power of the microscope, Doctor Kohler of Jena employs for illuminating the object to be examined the ultraviolet rays of the spectrum, which, although very effective in photography, are totally invisible to the human eye. For focusing and adjusting the image a kind of artificial eye is employed, which consists of an eye-lens of crystal glass and a "retina" of fluorescent glass. The image formed on this retina by the ultraviolet rays can be examined visually through an ordinary lens. The fluorescent light, however, is injurious to the eye, and this method of examination is sparingly used.

Celery is the cultivated variety of the English weed smallage



MILK

The interior of a cow's udder contains a marvellous collection of blood veins, milk tubes, etc.

As far as known the milk secretion is largely dependent on the amount of blood passing through the udder.

If the blood circulation, the digestion and assimilation of food are good she will show a higher milk secretion than otherwise; as in a boiler, the better the condition it is in the more steam can be generated.

Clydesdale Stock Food

will stimulate the organs of circulation and digestion, because it makes the food "tasty," increasing the digestive juices that dissolve the food, and this means more milk and a profit.

For cows at "Calving," there is nothing better as it tones and regulates the system, helping her to "clean" better, and lessening the usual danger.

Can stop feeding it without harmful effects as there is nothing injurious in it. Human beings can take it with benefit. We take it every day.

Your money cheerfully refunded by the dealer if not satisfied.

Try Hercules Poultry Food
Try Carbolize Antiseptic for clean stables
CLYDESDALE STOCK FOOD CO. Limited, Toronto

About the Farm

YOUNG CATTLE IN WINTER.

The care of young cattle during winter has much to do with the profits resulting from the business, says Mr. John Begg. There are several things necessary in this business any one of which if neglected will reduce the profits very materially and sometimes discourage the owner so much he will declare the business unprofitable and quit it entirely, when the real trouble was not in the business, but rather in a lack of understanding of its details. The first thing is an adaptability for cattle growing. Without this the business will be wearisome when it should be pleasure. The cattle business must be operated like anything else by one who has some liking for it. Without this, failure generally results. Another important feature in this business is to have the right kind of stock to begin with. Too little attention is given to this by many who try to make money by raising stockers and feeders for the trade.

The crossing of the milk and beef breeds has rendered the selection of stockers a good deal more difficult than in earlier years, when the intermingling of the breeds was not so common as now. There is scarcely a locality where we do not find a large portion of the young cattle possessing a certain per cent. of the blood of some of the milk breeds in their veins, and wherever this is true very little can be gained by feeding this class of stuff during the winter months. But in localities where any one of the beef breeds predominates or even a mixture of these with each other by crossing them, young cattle may be handled with profit by anyone whose tastes and circumstances are such as to justify him in carrying on the form of live stock farming.

After having secured the number of young cattle desired of the right kind, the next thing is to care for them. This requires judgment and industry if success is desired. The late fall months, October and November, is the time when a decided shrinkage is likely to take place if special care is not taken to prevent it. A little extra feed should be given at this season when the pastures begin to fall and lose their succulent character. I have practiced feeding a little grain while the animals are on grass at this time with some additional forage, either corn fodder or hay. Fodder is much better at this time, as it is fresher and is not bleached much and is very much relished by the young cattle. As the pastures decline and the weather becomes colder, this ration of forage should be increased so that when the time comes to yard the cattle they will experience very little, if any, change, either in diet or other conditions. When this process is followed, scarcely any shrinkage will take place. Otherwise they are likely to lose as much from shrinkage caused by change of feed and other conditions as they will gain during the first half of the winter. A very small grain ration will suffice to keep this class of young stock in good, thrifty condition during the winter months.

FEEDING FOR WINTER EGGS.

My method of feeding may not comply with poultry experts' rules, but it brings results, writes Annie Hoffarth. My small ordinary poultry house usually contains about 25 hens and one cock. As I have no scratching shed, the hens go to the barn close by for the necessary exercise. Two or three mornings each week they get a warm mash often in stormy weather. For the mash I cook and mash small potatoes or turnips, and add corn meal, chopped wheat or rye, or wheat bran, enough to make the mash crumbly. Doubt-

less it would be better if the mash were composed of the right constituents to form a balanced ration.

If the weather is too cold for outdoor strolling, I feed wheat at noon, scattered in loose straw in an empty box stall. At night, in cold weather, they have all the whole warmed corn they will eat up clean. Several times daily clean, warm water is given. When we butcher, every scrap of meat is carefully saved to feed the hens. All the ears, feet, noses and other waste material is cooked, stacked away and pounded up with a hammer to feed two or three times a week. The livers, lungs, kidneys, etc., are chopped finely and fed raw, care being used to not overfeed. In washing the meat for sausage, and in washing the vessels used in preparing it and the lard, the best of the water which contains blood and meat juice is saved and used to make a mash by thickening it with meal.

When I cook hog's heads to make scrapple, I never thicken the broth in which the meat is cooked, but set it back to let the fat rise, after the removal of which the broth is used to make a mash for my hens and fresh water employed for the scrapple. This makes a more palatable, easily digested scrapple and gives the hens the meat broth, for which they fill my egg basket. I always salt their mash, but never feed pepper, egg foods, condition powders or condiments of any kind. I give them an occasional drink of warm dish water, unless soapy, especially if I have washed greasy utensils.

Walnuts and hickory nuts are crushed and fed occasionally and the bones of all the meat we use are pounded fine with a hammer and fed. Wheat is usually fed in the litter as a morning feed, when the mash is not given. During January, February and March, my 25 hens laid 52 dozen eggs for my care and trouble.

FARM NOTES.

A nice, neat and thrifty-looking dooryard may not be the source of a great deal of money, but, nevertheless, it does bring a great deal of comfort, enjoyment and appreciation from others.

With ordinary use a carriage retains its freshness longer than if allowed to stand for long periods in the shed. If the latter is necessary the vehicle should be drawn out occasionally into some shady place and should also be washed occasionally.

Now-a-days every effort is made, from the time the milk leaves the udder of the cow until it is left at the home of the consumer, to observe two rules, viz., keep the milk clean, and keep it cold. It is the housewife's duty to see that these rules are still observed in the household. If she does not, the milk will lose its wholesomeness and palatability, and the fault will lie, not with the long suffering milkman, but with herself.

Cream which has been ripened at a high temperature usually gives butter which is soft when churned. It has a greater tendency to retain moisture, while that which has been slowly and thoroughly cooled before churning will give firmer butter, which drains more readily than when quickly cooled just before churning, even though the temperature of churning may be exactly the same. Butter churned at a high temperature retains much more moisture. In farmhouses where there is no deep well and ice is not procurable, a good deal of difficulty is experienced. In such cases, the cream should be thinner than usual when churned, so that the grains will not gather too quickly. The size of the grain, too, is an important factor. It should be sufficiently large to allow the buttermilk to drain quickly away.

His way of looking at it.

"My son, it is wicked to throw stones at cats."

"But father, it was a bad cat."

"How do you know?"

"Because it dodged, and the stone went through the drawing room window."