

Marian Mayfield

Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

Fortune certainly favored the lovers that day; for when Thurston reached home in the evening, his grandfather said to him:

"Well, Mr. Jackanapes, since you are to sail from the port of Baltimore, I think it altogether best that you should take a private conveyance and go by way of Washington."

"That will be a very lonesome manner of traveling, sir," answered the young man, demurely.

"It will be a very cheap one, you mean, and, therefore, will not befit you, Sir Millionaire! It will cost nothing, and, therefore, lose its only charm for you, my Lord Spendthrift," cried the miser, sharply.

"On the contrary, sir, I only object to the loneliness of the long journey."

"No one to chatter to, eh, Mr. Maggie! Well, it need not be so! There's Nace Grimshaw, and his set—extravagant fools—going up to the city to flaunt among the fashionables. You can go as they go, and chatter to the other monkey, Jacqueline—and make Old Nace mad with jealousy, so that he shall go and hang himself, and leave you the widow and her fortune! Come! is there mischief enough to amuse you? But I know you won't do it! I know it! I know it! I know it! just because I wish you to!"

"What, sir? drive Dr. Grimshaw to hang himself?"

"No, sir! I mean you won't join the party."

"You mistake, sir. I will certainly do so, if you wish it," said Thurston, gravely.

"Humph! Well, that is something better than I expected. You can take the new gig, you know, and take Melchisedek to drive you, and to bring it back."

"Just as you say, sir," said the young gentleman, with filial complacence.

"And mind, take care that you are not led into any waste of money."

"I shall take care, sir."

And here Thurston's heart was gladdened within him. He profoundly thanked his stars. The new gig! What an opportunity to save Marian the fatigue of an equestrian journey—offer her an easy seat, and have the blessing of her near companionship for the whole trip! While his servant, Melchisedek, could ride Marian's pony. And this arrangement would be so natural, so necessary, so inevitable, that not even the jealous, suspicious miser could make the least question of its perfect propriety. For, under the circumstances, what gentleman could leave a lady of his party to travel wearily on horseback, while himself and his servant rode cosily at ease in a gig? What gentleman would not rather give the lady his seat in the gig—take the reins himself and drive her, while his servant took her saddle-horse. So thought Thurston. Yet he did not hint the subject to his grandfather—the method of their traveling should seem the impromptu effect of chance. The next morning being Sunday, he threw himself in Marian's path, waited for her, and rode with her a part of the way to church. And while they were in company, he told her of the new arrangement in the manner of traveling that good fortune had enabled him to make—that if she would so honor and delight him, he should have her in the gig by his side for the whole journey. He was so happy, so very happy in the thought, he said.

"And so am I, dearest Thurston! very, very happy in the idea of being with you. Thank God!" said the warmhearted girl, offering her hand, which he took and covered with kisses.

Thurston's good fortune was not over. His star was still in the ascendant, for after the morning service, while the congregation were leaving the church, he saw Mrs. Waugh beckon him to her side. He quickly obeyed the summons. And then the lady said:

"I may not see you again soon, Thurston, and, therefore, I tell you now—that if you intend to join our party come to Washington, you must make all your arrangements to come over to Locust Hill on Tuesday evening, and spend the night with us; as we start at a very early hour on Wednesday morning, and should not like to be kept waiting. My Hebe is also coming on Tuesday evening, to stay all night. Now, not a word, Thurston. I know what dilatory folks young people are. And I know very well that if I don't make sure of you on Tuesday evening, you will keep us a full hour beyond our time on Wednesday morning—you know you will."

Thurston was secretly delighted. To spend the evening with Marian! to spend the night under the same roof with her—preparatory to their social journey in the morning, Thurston began to think that he was born under a lucky planet. He laughingly assured Mrs. Waugh that he had not the slightest intention or wish to dispute her commands, and that on Tuesday evening he should present himself punctually at the

supper-table at Locust Hill. He further informed her that as his grandfather had most arbitrarily forced upon him the use of his new gig, he should bring it, and offer Miss Mayfield a seat.

It was now Mrs. Waugh's turn to be delighted, and to declare that she was very glad—that it would be so much easier and pleasanter to her Hebe, than the cold, exposed, and fatiguing equestrian manner of traveling. "But mind, young gentleman, you are not to make love to my Hebe! for we all think her far too good for mortal man!" laughed Mrs. Waugh.

Thurston gravely promised that he would not—if he could help it. And so, with mutual good feeling, they shook hands and separated.

On Monday evening, at his farewell lecture, Thurston met Marian again, and joyfully announced to her the invitation that Mrs. Waugh had extended to him. And the maiden's delightful smile assured him of her full sympathy with his gladness.

And on Tuesday evening, the whole party for Washington was assembled around the tea-table at Locust Hill. The evening passed very cheerily. The commodore, Mrs. Waugh, Marian and Thurston, were all in excellent spirits. And Thurston, out of pure good nature, sought to cheer and enliven the pretty, peevish bride, Jacqueline, who, out of caprice, affected a pleasure in his attentions that she was very far from feeling. This gave so much umbrage to Dr. Grimshaw that Mrs. Waugh really feared some unpleasant demonstration from the grim bridegroom, and seized the first quiet opportunity of saying to the young gentleman:

"Do, Thurston, leave Lapwing alone! Don't you see that that maniac is as jealous as a Turk?"

"Oh! he is!" thought Thurston, benevolently. "Very well! in that case his jealousy shall not starve for want of ailment," and he devoted himself to the capricious bride with more impressement than before—consoling himself for his discreet neglect of Marian by reflecting on the blessed morrow that should place her at his side for the whole day.

And so the evening passed; and at an early hour the party separated to get a good long night's rest, preparatory to their early start in the morning.

But Thurston, for one, was too happy to sleep for some time; too happy in the novel blessedness of resting under the same roof with his own beautiful and dearest Marian.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a clear, cold, sharp, invigorating winter morning. The snow was crusted over with hoar frost, and the bare forest trees were hung with icicles. The cunning fox, the 'possum and the 'coon, crept shivering from their dens; but the shy, gray rabbit, and the tiny, rabbit, and the tiny, brown wood-mouse, still nestled in their holes. And none of nature's small children ventured from their nests, save the hardy and courageous little snow-birds that came to seek their food even at the very threshold of their natural enemy—man.

The approaching sun had scarcely as yet reddened the eastern horizon, or flushed the snow, when at Locust Hill our travelers assembled in the dining-room, to partake of their last meal previous to setting forth.

Commodore Waugh and Mrs. L'oiseau, who were fated to remain at home and keep house, were also there to see the travelers off.

The fine, vitalizing air of the winter morning, the cheerful bustle preparatory to their departure, the novelty of the breakfast eaten by candle-light, all combined to raise and exhilarate the spirits of the party.

After the merry, hasty meal was over, Mrs. Waugh, in her voluminous cloth cloak, fur tippet, muff and wadded hood; Jacqueline, enveloped in several fine, soft shawls, and wearing a warm, chinchilla bonnet; and Dr. Grimshaw, in his dreadnought overcoat and cloak, and longearred fur cap, all entered the large family carriage, where, with the additional provision of foot-stoves and hot bricks, they had every prospect of a comfortable mode of conveyance.

Old Oliver, in his many-caped drab overcoat, and foxskin cap and gloves, sat upon the coachman's box with the proud air of a king upon his throne. And why not? It was Oliver's very first visit to the city, and the suit of clothes he wore was brand new!

Thurston's new gig was furnished with two fine buffalo robes—one laid down on the seats and the floor as a carpet, and the other laid over as a coverlet. His fore-thought had also provided a foot-stove for Marian. And never was a happier man than he when he handed his smiling companion into the gig, settled her comfortably in her seat, placed the foot-stove under her feet, sprang in and seated himself beside her, tucked the buffalo robe carefully in, and took the reins, and waited the signal to move on.

Melchisedek, or as he was common-

ly called, Cheesy, mounted upon Marian's pony, rode on in advance, to open the gates for the party. Mrs. Waugh's carriage followed. And Thurston's gig brought up the rear. And thus the travelers set forth.

The sun had now risen in cloudless splendor, and was striking long lines of crimson light across the snow, and piercing through the forest aisles. Flocks of saucy little snow-birds alighted fearlessly in their path; but the cunning little gray rabbits just peeped with their round, bright eyes, and then quickly hopped away.

I need not describe their merry journey at length. My readers will readily imagine how delightful was the trip to at least two of the party. And those two were not Dr. Grimshaw and Jacqueline.

Thurston pleaded so hard for a private marriage when they got to Washington that at last Marian consented.

So one day they drove out to the Navy Yard Hill, and there, in the remotest and quietest suburb of the city, in a little Methodist chapel, without witnesses, Thurston and Marian were married.

Thurston and Marian found an opportunity to be alone in the drawing-room for the last moments preceding his departure. In those last moments she could not find it in her heart to withhold one word whose utterance would cheer his soul, and give him hope and joy and confidence in departing. Marian had naturally a fine, healthful, high-toned organization—a happy, hopeful, joyous temperament, an inclination always to look upon the sunny side of life and events. And so, when he drew her gently and tenderly to his bosom, and whispered:

"You have made me the happiest and most grateful man on earth, dear, lovely Marian! dear, lovely wife! but are you satisfied, beloved—oh! are you satisfied? Do I leave you at ease?"

She spoke the very truth when she confessed to him—her head being on his shoulder, and her low tones flowing softly to his listening ear:

"More than satisfied, Thurston—more than satisfied. I am inexpressibly happy now. Yes, though you are going away; for, see! the pain of parting for a few months, is lost in the joy of knowing that we are united, though separated—and in anticipating the time not long hence, when we shall meet again. God bless you, dearest Thurston."

"God forever bless and love you, sweet wife."

And so they parted.
(To be Continued).

About the Farm

DISEASE AMONG SWINE.

Some growers are complaining that disease is more prevalent among swine than it was years ago. They are asking why it should be so, and want to know if anything can be done to lessen the tendency to disease and the consequent loss to which it leads, writes Prof. Thomas Shaw.

That disease should increase with the increase in the number of swine kept is what is to be looked for. It comes from the greater opportunity to exposure to contagion which in increase in numbers always brings with it. Nevertheless, swine are not nearly so free from disease as they ought to be, or as they would be, if reared under suitable sanitary conditions. Swine suffer from troubles that arise from two sources, viz: ailments that come through inconsiderate treatment and those that come through diseases that are communicable. The former will be discussed in this paper.

The most frequent losses are those which arise from mistakes in feeding. These are of a character that are more or less indirect, and they are felt most in the injury which results in breeding properties. This is one of the gravest mistakes of swine husbandry. It centers in feeding an unbalanced ration. The greatest harm is done by feeding an excess of carbonaceous food, that is, food which produces heat and fat mainly.

Feed swine continuously for several generations almost exclusively on corn, barley or rye, and they will grow less in size, in vigor, and their breeding qualities will deteriorate. Nevertheless, all these foods may be fed with the greatest possible benefit for any number of generations, if fed along with other suitable food. The greatest loss from such feeding usually occurs in the young litters, which come into the world delicate and lacking in vigor.

MISTAKES IN BREEDING.

The tendency has been in much of the west and northwest to breed almost entirely from young sows. Such a tendency is fundamentally and radically wrong. There can be no question that animals are better equipped with the essentials for transmitting highest vigor when in the meridian of full maturity.

A sow that is growing while she is carrying her young, cannot in the very nature of things nourish the unborn progeny as she would, if fully mature, as she has then to do two things instead of one. The immature sow is about certain to lose something in development, or her litter will lose similarly, or both re-

\$1000. Reward

Recent investigations have disclosed the fact that unscrupulous handlers of flour are endeavoring to take advantage of the great popularity of Ogilvie's "Royal Household" Flour by refilling, with cheap inferior flour, the bags and barrels bearing the Ogilvie Brand, and selling it as the genuine article.

In order to bring the guilty parties to justice we offer the following reward.

REWARD.

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd., will pay One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00) for such evidence as will result in the conviction of any person, persons, firms or corporations who may be refilling their bags or barrels with flour of other manufacture and selling the same as flour manufactured by the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.

The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL.

FARM NOTES.

Where lime was applied directly to the wheat, sowing on the surface and harrowing in at the time of seeding, it did not increase the yield of wheat, but did improve the clover following.

Do not permit water to stand in the buggy body. If moisture goes into the sills and frame of the body, the box is liable to open at the corners, as they are bone dry, and if they swell nothing can keep the corners from opening. Wet carpet left in the bottom of the bed is likely to cause the same result.

The farmer should feel proud of his profession, as it is one of the most useful and necessary occupations. He does not sit on the ragged edge of doubt as to the permanency of his position. No master has a mortgage on his labor or his products. He studies the laws of Nature and derives maintenance from her bounteous stores. When times are hard, and laborers are clamoring for work, he has plenty of business to occupy his time.

The greater part of decaying vegetation is composed of leaves, and we often see great piles of them being burned during fall and spring, which should be spread over the garden. Some people use the leaves as a mulch during winter, but burn them in the spring. Instead of this they should be either forked into the soil around trees and plants where they will rapidly decay and be of use to the plants, or be piled in a heap, adding all kinds of refuse from the garden, wood ashes and a little soil, slops from the house, etc., and let them rot in readiness for use as potting soil or for gardening purposes. It is best not to make the piles too large, as during some seasons there is a tendency to excessive heating, which burns up much of the most valuable plant food. The mass should be forked over occasionally, so that all parts will be equally affected by sun, air and rain.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Why is all right for pigs, if you put enough of something else that is better with it. Fed alone it is about as good as moonshine.

Does the coat of the carriage horse look dusty and refuse to clean out and brighten up? Drive him enough to sweat him a little, some fine day and when cleaning him rub with moist straw. Also put in his feed a handful of oil meal or linseed meal each day.

When you begin to market your poultry select for size and color. Dressed poultry all of the same size color and condition sell for a much better price than will a promiscuous lot of sizes and colors, even though all may be equally desirable for the table. Shade, shelter and comfortable housing during the moult give partial assurance of an earlier egg yield than can be hoped for when the hens are neglected.

Experienced horsemen very generally hold that crushed oats are not nearly so suitable as whole oats for horses that are required to be in hard condition and worked at fast paces. Though it is difficult to give satisfactory reason why this should be the case, practical experience certainly proves that this opinion is correct. Crushed oats are not as conducive to hard condition and hard muscle in horses as are whole oats, which fact renders it advisable to feed oats in their natural state in preference to the crushed ones in all cases where hard condition is of importance. The expense incurred in crushing oats is a drawback to the plan of feeding crushed oats that should not be overlooked.