

Marian Mayfield

Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER XVII.

It was late in February before the party reached home. Thurston's business finished he also hastened back and sought out Marian. One memorable episode must be related. Thurston had met Marian not many yards down the lonely forest footpath, leading from the village school to Old Fields one evening.

After a walk of about a quarter of a mile through the bushes they descended by the natural staircase of moss-covered rocks, and sat down together upon a bed of violets at its foot.

Before them, through the canopy of over-arching trees, was seen, like a picture in its frame of foliage, a fine view of the open country and the bay now bathed in purple haze of evening.

But the fairest prospect that ever opened had no more attraction for Thurston than if it had been a view of chimney tops from a back attic window. He passed his right hand around Marian's shoulders, and drew her closer to his side, and with the other hand began to untie her bonnet strings.

"Lay off this little bonnet. Let me see your beautiful head uncovered. There!" he said, putting it aside and smoothing her bright locks. "Oh, Marian! my love! my queen! when I see only the top of your head, I think your rippling, sunny tresses your chief beauty; but soon my eyes fall to the blooming cheek—there never was such a cheek—so vivid, yet so delicate, so glowing, yet so cool and fresh—like the damask rose bathed in morning dew—so when I gaze on it I think the blushing cheek your sweetest charm—ah! but near by breathe the rich, ripe lips, fragrant as nectarines; and which I should swear to be the very buds of love, were not my gaze caught up to meet your eyes—stars!—and then I know that I have found the very soul of beauty! Oh! priceless pearl! By what rare fortune was it that I ever found you in these Maryland woods? Love! angel! Marian! for that means all!" he exclaimed, in a sort of ecstasy, straining her to his side.

And Marian dropped her blushing face upon his shoulder—she was blushing not from bashful love alone—with it mingled a feeling of shame, regret, and mistrust, because he praised so much her form and face; because he seemed to love her only for her superficial good looks. She would have spoken if she could have done so; she would have told what was on her heart as earnest as a prayer by saying:

"Oh, do not think so much of this perishable, outward beauty; accident may ruin it, sickness may injure it, time will certainly impair it. Do not love me for that which I have no power over, and which may be taken from me at any time—which I shall be sure to lose at last—love me for something better and more lasting than that. I have a heart in this bosom worth all the rest, a heart that in itself is an inner world—a kingdom worthy of your rule—a heart that neither time, fortune, nor casualty can ever change—a heart that loves you now, in your strong and beautiful youth, and will love you when you are old and gray, and when you are one of the redeemed of heaven. Love me for this heart."

But to have saved her own soul or his, Marian could not then have spoken those words.

So he continued to caress her—every moment growing more and more enchanted with her loveliness. There was more of passion than affection in his manner, and Marian felt and regretted this, though her feeling was not a very clearly defined one—it was rather an instinct than a thought, and it was latent, and quite subservient to her love for him.

"Love! angel! how enchanting you are," he exclaimed, catching her in his arms and pressing kisses on her cheek and lips and neck.

Glowing with color, Marian strove to release herself. "Let me go—let us leave this place, dear Thurston," she pleaded, attempting to rise.

"Why? Why are you in such a hurry? Why do you wish to leave me?" he asked, without releasing his hold.

"It is late! Dear Thurston, it is late," she said, in vague alarm.

"That does not matter—I am with you."

"They will be anxious about me, pray let us go! They will be so anxious!" she said, with increasing distress, trying to get away. "Thurston! Thurston! Your distress me beyond measure," she exclaimed in great trouble.

But he pressed her breath with kisses.

Marian suddenly ceased to struggle, and by a strong effort of will she became perfectly calm. And looking in his eyes, with her clear, steady gaze, she said:

"Thurston, I have ceased to strive. But if you are a man of honor, you will release me."

His arms dropped from around her as if he had been struck dead.

Glad to be free, Marian arose to

depart. Thurston sat still—his fine countenance overclouded with mortification and anger. Marian hesitated; she knew not how to proceed. He did not offer to rise and attend her. At length she spoke.

"Will you see me safely through the woods, Thurston?"

He did not answer.

"Thurston, it is nearly dark—there are several runaway negroes in the forest now, and the road will not be safe for me."

"Good-night, then," she said.

"Good-night, Marian."

She turned away and ascended the steps with her heart filled nearly to bursting with grief, indignation and fear. That he should let her take that long, dark, dangerous walk alone! it was incredible! she could scarcely realize it, or believe it! Her unusually excited feelings lent wings to her feet, and she walked swiftly for about a quarter of a mile, and then was forced to pause and take breath. And then every feeling of indignation and fear was lost in that of sorrow, that she had wounded his feelings, and left him in anger. And Marian dropped her face into her hands and wept. A step made through the brushwood made her start and tremble. She raised her head with the attitude of one prepared for a spring and flight. It was so dark she could scarcely see her hands before her, but as the step approached, a voice said:

"Fear nothing, Marian, I have not lost sight of you since you left me," and Thurston came up to her side.

With a glad smile of surprise Marian turned to greet him, holding out her hand, expecting him to draw it through his arm and lead her on. But no, he would not touch her hand. Lifting his hat slightly, he said:

"Go forward if you please to do so, Marian. I attend you."

Marian went on, and he followed closely. They proceeded in silence for some time. Now that she knew that he had not left her a moment alone in the woods, she felt more deeply grieved at having so mortified and offended him. At last she spoke:

"Pray, do not be angry with me, dear Thurston."

"I am not angry that I know of, fair one; and you do me too much honor to care about my mood. Understand me once for all. I am not a Dr. Grimshaw, in any phase of that gentleman's character. I am neither the tyrant who will persecute you to exact your attention, nor yet the slave who will coax and wheedle for your favor. In either character I should despise myself too much," he answered coolly.

"Thurston, you are deeply displeased, or you would not speak so, and I am very, very sorry," said Marian in a tremulous voice.

"Do not distress yourself about me, fair saint! I shall trouble you no more after this evening!"

What did he mean? What could Thurston mean? Trouble her no more after this evening! She did not understand the words, but they went through her bosom like a sword. She did not reply—she could not. She wished to say:

"Oh, Thurston, if you could read my heart—how singly it is devoted to you—how its thoughts by day, and dreams by night are filled with histories and images of what I would be, and do or suffer for you—of how faithfully I mean to love and serve you in all our coming years—you would not mistake me, and get angry because you would know my heart." But these words, Marian could not have uttered had her life depended on it.

"Go on, Marian, the moor is no safer than the forest; I shall attend you across it."

And they went on until the light from Old Field Cottage was visible. Then Marian said:

"You had better leave me now. They are sitting up and watching for me."

"No! go on, the night is very dark. I must see you to the gate."

They walked rapidly, and just as they approached the house Marian saw a little figure wandering about on the moor, and which suddenly sprang toward her with an articulate cry of joy! It was Miriam, who threw herself upon Marian with such earnestness of welcome that she did not notice Thurston, who now raised his hat slightly from his head, with a slight nod, and walked rapidly away.

"Here she is mother! Oh! here she is!" cried Miriam, pulling at Marian's dress, and drawing her in the house.

"Oh! Marian, how anxious you have made us! Where have you been?" asked Edith, in a tone of love, half of vexation.

"I have been detained," said Marian, in a low voice.

The cottage room was very inviting. The evening was just chilling enough to make the bright little wood fire agreeable. On the clean hearth before it sat the tea-pot and a covered plate of toast waiting for Marian. And old Jenny got up and

sat out a little stand, covered it with a white napkin, and put the tea and toast, with the addition of a piece of cold chicken and a saucer of preserves, upon it. And Marian laid off her straw bonnet and muslin scarf, and sat down and tried to eat, for affectionate eyes had already noticed the trouble of her countenance, and were watching her now with anxiety.

"You do not seem to have an appetite, dear; what is the matter?" asked Edith.

"I am not very well," said Marian, rising and leaving the table, and refraining with difficulty from bursting into tears.

"It's dat ar cussed infunnely party at Lockemup—last Toosday!" said Jenny, as she cleared away the tea service—"a-screwin' up tight in cussees an' ball-dresses! an' a-dancin' all night till broad daylight! sides heavin' of ever so much unwhole-some 'fectionery trash down her t'roat—de constitution ob de United States hisself couldn't stan' sich't much less a honey young gall! I 'vises ov you, honey, to go to bed."

"Indeed, Marian, it was too much for you to lose your rest all night, and then have to get up early to go to school. You should have had a good sleep this morning. And then to be detained so late this evening. Did you have to keep any of the girls in, or was it a visit from the trustees that detained you?"

"Neither," said Marian, nervously. "But I think I must take Jenny's advice and go to bed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

From that miserable night, Marian saw no more of Thurston, except occasionally at church, when he came at irregular intervals, and maintained the same coolness and distance of manner toward her, and with matchless self command, too, since often his heart yearned toward her with almost irresistible force.

Cold and calm as was his exterior, he was suffering not less than Marian; self-tossed with passion, the strong currents and counter-currents of his soul whirled as a moral maelstrom, in which both reason and conscience threatened to be engulfed.

And in these mental conflicts judgment and understanding were often observed and bewildered, and the very boundaries of right and wrong lost.

His appreciation of Marian waned with his moods.

When very angry he would prudently denounce her as a cold, prudent, calculating woman, who had entrapped him into a secret marriage, and having secured his hand, would now risk nothing for his love, and himself as a weak, fond fool, the tool of the beautiful, proud diplomat, whom it would be justifiable to circumvent, to defeat, and to humble in some way.

At such times he felt a desire, amounting to a strong temptation, to abduct her—to get her into his power, and make her feel that power. No law could protect her or punish him—for they were married.

But here was the extreme point at which reaction generally commenced, for Thurston could not contemplate himself in that character—playing such a part, for an instant.

And then when a furtive glance would show him Marian's angel face, fairer and paler and more pensive than ever before—a strong counter-current of love and admiration approaching to worship, would set in, and he would look upon her as a fair saint worthy of translation to heaven, and upon himself as a designing but foiled conspirator, scarcely one degree above the most atrocious villain. "Currents and counter-currents" of stormy passion, where is the pilot that shall guide the understanding safely through them? It is no wonder, that once in a while a mind is wrecked.

Marian, sitting in her pew, saw nothing in his face or manner to indicate that inward storm. She only saw the sullen, freezing exterior. Even in his softened moods of penitence, Thurston dared not seek her society.

For Marian had begun to recover from the first abject prostration of her sorrow, and her fair, resolute brow and sad, firm lips mutely assured him that she never would consent to be his own until their marriage could be proclaimed.

And he durst not trust himself in her tempting presence, lest there should be a renewal of those humiliating scenes he had endured.

Thus passing a greater portion of the summer; during which Thurston gradually dropped off from the church, and from all other haunts where he was likely to encounter Marian, and as gradually began to frequent the Catholic chapel, and to visit Luckenough, and to throw himself as much as possible into the distracting company of the pretty elf Jacquelinna. But this—while it threw Dr. Grimshaw almost into frenzy, did not help Thurston to forget the good and beautiful Marian. Indeed, by contrast, it seemed to make her more excellent and lovely.

(To be Continued.)

Fussy Old Gentleman (to chance travelling companion)—"Have you any children, sir?" "Yes, sir; a son." "Ah, indeed. Does he smoke?" "No, sir. He has never so much as touched a cigarette." "So much the better, sir; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent clubs?" "He has never put his foot in one." "Allow me to congratulate you. Does he never come home late?" "Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner." "A model young man, sir, a model young man. How old is he?" "Just six months."



FARROWING TIME

Is as critical a time as any in hog raising. The litter eating of many sows is largely due to bad feeding, causing a constipated and irritable condition. The sows digestive organs should be kept free and open to prevent this fevered and litter eating condition by feeding

Clydesdale Stock Food

Besides making a better flow of milk owing to the better blood circulation. This means more and better pigs, as a healthy apple tree gives more and better fruit than a diseased tree.

For young pigs it makes more bone and muscle on which to put flesh, and nothing better for starting and keeping Runts growing.

Its ingredients are absolutely harmless and pure, and if you are not satisfied with results your money cheerfully refunded by the dealer.

CARBOLINE ANTISEPTIC MAKES THE PIGS AND PENS CLEAN.

TRY HERCULES POULTRY FOOD.

CLYDESDALE STOCK FOOD COMPANY, LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

KENTUCKY'S GREATEST THOROUGHBRED SALE

WILL BE THE

Fasig-Tipton Co's Sixth Annual Sale,

TO BE HELD AT WILSON'S HORSEMEN'S HEADQUARTERS

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY,

DECEMBER 12-16, 1905.

Entire disposal sale of Maj. B. G. Thomas & Thos. R. Gardner; Dixiana Stud, Col. W. L. Simmons; Ashgrove Stud, Estate of E. W. Lee. R. S. Payne.

ALL THE PROMINENT BREEDERS have made entries, comprising Stallions, Brood Mares, Yearlings and horses to race.

Commencing Monday Morning, December 4

FASIG-TIPTON & CO. will sell at VANTASSELL and KEARNEY'S, New York City, the entire

Rancho del Paso Stud, of California

Comprising Stallions and Brood Mares of extreme quality.

FOR CATALOGUE OF
LEXINGTON SALE
ADDRESS
Thos. F. Kolly, Lexington, Ky.

FOR CATALOGUE OF
RANCHO DEL PASO SALE
ADDRESS
Fasig-Tipton Co., Madison Square
Gardens, N. Y.

About the Farm

EXPERIENCES WITH THE SILO.

I have three silos holding, when full, about 300 tons, writes Mr. F. Van Alstyne. It is seldom that we get in this amount, as they usually settle from 2 to 6 feet, depending on the rapidity with which they are filled. Two of these silos are constructed so that we can fill either without moving the cutter. Frequently we are able to get these filled quite solidly. This fall, we have put up 250 tons. This amount will feed 45 to 50 cows about seven months. We have no fixed date to begin feeding silage. This depends somewhat on how much silage we have as compared with other feeds and the condition of the late pasture. If our supply of silage is insufficient to last until the pasture is ready in the spring, we aim to supply a sufficiently succulent food of some other sort.

Sometimes we have pumpkins and feed them until well into November. In my experience the most difficult time to make milk is the latter part of the October and early November when the grass begins to suffer from frost and the cold winds chill the cows. Silage fills this gap admirably. If pasture is short, we sometimes feed right along from the time we fill the silos. This year we began feeding October 15. We had been feeding pumpkins to the cows when they came in at night. When these were gone, we substituted a feed of early cut hay. The shrinkage in the milk flow was very marked, being nearly a quart per animal. This happens, even with good pasture at our command. Our first severe frost did not come until October 25. We then opened the silo and began feeding a half bushel or about 15 silage lbs. per cow. In 48 hours the flow of milk was again increased to normal.

SILAGE FED AFTER MILKING.

The amount of silage to be given a cow, depends largely upon the animal. When silage is abundant and the cows are in the stable, I find my Guernseys will average, in the two herds, about 35 to 40 pounds silage per day with an additional grain ration of about six pounds which is supplemented with a small feed of five or six pounds of hay at noon. It is our custom to feed the grain just before milking. The silage is also given between the milking is done, while the hay is given them at noon. This is largely a matter of convenience. Cows will do just as well after they get accustomed to it without the noon feed, if they have all the roughage they want at night and morning. This

period is no longer than from six o'clock at night to five o'clock in the morning. I have never known of any one getting up at midnight to feed cows, nor that the cows suffered for lack of it.

Theoretically I believe it is better to feed the grain on the silage, but practically I have never been able to detect any difference. The important factor is to be regular and have the right sort of feed at the right time. I have no set rules as to the amount of feed necessary to balance the silage. When I use early cut hay, I can get along with one pound less grain per cow each day than when I feed hay that has been allowed to fully mature. In my experience I also find that there is about a pound of grain difference between clover and timothy. Oats and pea hay call for from one to two pounds less grain daily than clover. I have all the carbohydrates I need in the silage, but for protein, I depend on the purchased grain. I usually buy grain that will give me the most digestible protein.

FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

When the prices are right, I have never found anything better than 23 p.c. protein and 17 p.c. protein ships mixed half and half by weight. Last year these two materials were too high and I used malt sprouts, dried brewers' grain and cottonseed meal. Sometimes I substitute, and use linseed meal, if the price is right.

When there is sufficient corn in the valley, say about 50 bushels of ears to each ten tons of feed, I find about six pounds grain daily is about as much as can usually be fed with profit. More grain will usually produce more milk, but quite often not enough to pay the increased cost of production. This will depend on the cow, the price of feed and the amount obtained for the product. Milk at 3½ cents per quart will admit of more extensive feeding than when it is worth only 2½ cents. I have fed silage for nearly 18 years with most excellent results. My cows have always been in perfect health. My calves thrive on silage better than on clover hay. I have some cows in my herd 13 years old, that have always eaten silage. Their general health is good and their teeth are in most excellent condition. I do not think it wise to feed silage before milking and always guard against this.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

It will not hurt the brooding sow to squeal for her breakfast once in awhile. Better that than to have her too fat to get up and eat.

When you go to buy a new horse collar, take your horse along and fit him. You would not think of getting a new suit of clothes for yourself unless you could be there to try it on. Don't depend on letting out a strap here and another one there to make it set well.