

# Marian Mayfield

## Or, The Strange Disappearance

### CHAPTER XX.—(Continued).

"And now, I ask you, how you could prevent it?"

"I shall not be required to prevent such an act, Thurston, as such a one never can take place. You speak so only to try your Marian's faith or temper—both are proof against jests, I think. Hitherto you have tried with the young lady's affections, for mere ennu and thoughtlessness, I do believe! but, now that some of the evil consequences have been suggested to your mind, you will abandon such perilous pastime. You are going to France soon—that will be a favorable opportunity of breaking off the acquaintance."

"And breaking her heart—who knows? But suppose now that I should prefer to marry her and take her with me?"

"Nay, of course, I cannot for an instant suppose such a thing."

"But in spite of all your warnings were such an event about to take place?"

"In such an exigency I should divulge our marriage."

"You would?"

"Assuredly! How can you possibly doubt it? Such an event would abrogate my obligations to silence, and would impose upon me the opposite duty of speaking."

"I judged you would reason so," he said, bitterly.

"But, dear Thurston, of what are you talking? Of the event of your doing an unprincipled act! Impossible, dear Thurston! and forever impossible!"

"And equally impossible, fair saint, that you should divulge our marriage with any chance of proving it. Marian, the minister that married us has sailed as a missionary to Farther India. And I only have the certificate of our marriage. You cannot prove it."

"I shall not need to prove it, Thurston. Now that I have awakened your thoughts, I know that you will not further risk the peace of that confiding girl. Come! take my hand and let us return. We must hasten, too, for there is rain in that cloud."

Thurston—piqued that he could not trouble her more—for under her calm and unruffled face he could not see the bleeding heart—arose suddenly, drew her hand within his arm and led her forth.

And as they went the wind arose, and the storm clouds drove over the sky and lowered and darkened around them.

Marian urged him to walk fast on account of the approaching tempest, and the anxiety under her account, the cottage would feel upon her account.

They hurried the neighborhood, but just as they reached the neighborhood of Old Fields a terrible storm of hail and snow burst upon the earth.

It was as much as they could do to make any progress forward, or even to keep themselves upon their feet. While struggling and plunging blindly through the storm, amid the rushing of the wind and the rattling of the hail, and the crackling and creaking of the dry trees, and all the din of the tempest, Marian's ear caught the sound of a child wailing and sobbing. A pang shot through her heart. She listened breathlessly—and then in the pauses of the storm she heard a child crying, "Marian, Marian! Oh! where are you, Marian?"

It was Marian's voice! It was Marian wandering in night and storm in search of her beloved nurse.

Marian dropped Thurston's arm and plunged blindly forward through the snow, in the direction of the voice, crying, "Here I am, my darling, my treasure—here I am. What brought my baby out this bitter night?" she asked, as she found the child half perishing with cold and wet, and caught and strained her to her bosom.

"Oh, the hail and snow came down so fast, and the wind shook the house so hard, and I could not sleep in the warm bed while you were out in the storm. So I stole softly down to find you. Don't go again, Marian. I love you so—oh! I love you so!"

At this moment the child caught sight of Thurston standing with his face half muffled in his cloak. A figure to be strangely recognized under similar circumstances in after years. Then she did not know him, but inquired:

"Who is that, Marian?"

"A friend, dear, who came home with me. Good-night, sir."

And so dismissing Thurston, he walked rapidly away. She hurried with Marian to the house.

### CHAPTER XXI.

Sans Souci stood before the parlor mirror, gazing into it, seeing—not the reflected image of her own eldritch figure, or pretty, witching face, with its round, pelted forehead, its mocking eyes, its sunny, dancing curls, its piquant little nose, and pouting little lips—but contemplating, as though a magic glass, far down the vista of her childhood—childhood scarcely past, yet in its strong contrast to the present, seeming so distant, dim, and unreal, that her re-

miniscence of its days resembled more a vague dream of a pre-existence, than a rational recollection of a part of her actual life on earth. Poor Jacko was wondering "if I be I?"

Grim sat in a leather chair, at the farthest extremity of the room occupied with holding a book, but reading Jacqueline. Suddenly he broke into her brown study by exclaiming:

"I should like to know what you are doing and how long you intend to remain standing before that glass."

"Oh, indeed! should you?" mocked Jacko, startled out of her reverie yet instantly remembering to be provocative.

"What were you doing, and—"

"Looking at myself in the glass, to be sure."

"Don't cut off my question, if you please. I was going on to inquire of what you were thinking so profoundly. And madam, or miss—"

"Madam, if you please! the dear knows, I paid heavy enough for my new dignity, and don't intend to abate one degree of it. So if you call me miss again, I'll get some one who loves me to call you 'out!' Besides, I'd have you to know, I'm very proud of it. Ain't you, too? Say, Grim! ain't you a proud and happy man to be married?" asked Jacko, janglingly.

"You jumble! You do so with a purpose. But it shall not avail you. I demand to know the subject of your thoughts as you stood before that mirror."

"Now, none but a half madman like Grim would have gravely made such a demand, or exposed himself to such a rebuff as it deserved. Jacko looked at him quizzically.

"Hem!" she answered, demurely. "I'm sure I'm so awestricken, your worship, that I can scarcely find the use of my tongue to obey your reverence. I hope your excellency won't be offended with me. But I was wondering in general, whether the Lord really did make all the people upon earth, and in particular, whether He made you, and if so, for what inscrutable reason He did it."

"You are an impertinent minion. But, by the saints, I will have an answer to my question, and know what you were thinking of while gazing in that mirror."

"Sorry the first explanation didn't please your eminence. But now 'honor bright!' I'll tell you what I was thinking of. I was thinking—thinking how excessively, pretty I am. Now, tell the truth, and shame the old gentleman. Did you ever, in all your life, see such a beautiful, bewitching, tantalizing, ensnaring face as mine is?"

"I think I never saw such a fool!"

"Really? Then your holiness never looked at yourself in a mirror! never beheld 'your natural face in a glass!' never saw 'what manner of man' you are."

"By St. Peter! I will not be insulted, and dishonored, and defied in this outrageous manner. I swear I will have you thought, if I have to pluck them from your heart."

"Whe-ew! Well, if I didn't always think thought was free, may I never be an interesting young widow, and captive Thurston Willcoxon."

"You impudent, audacious, abandoned—"

"Ching a ring a ring chum choo! And a hio ring tum larky!" sang the elf, dancing about, seizing the bellows and flourishing it over her head like a tambourine, as she danced.

"Be still, you termagant. Be still, you lunatic, or I'll have you put in a strait-jacket!" cried the exasperated professor.

"Poor fellow!" said Jacko, dropping the bellows and sidling up to him in a wheedling, mock-sympathetic manner. "P-o-o-r r-e-l-l-o-w! don't get excited and go into the highstrides. You can't help it if you're ugly and repulsive as Time in the Primer, any more than Thurston Willcoxon can help being handsome and attractive as Magnus Apollo."

"It was of him, then you were thinking, minion? I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the professor, starting up, throwing down his book and pacing the floor.

"Bear it like a man!" said Jacko, with solemnity.

"You admit it, then. You—you—"

"Unprincipled female! There! I have helped you to the words. And now, if you will be halo-dramatic you should grip up your hair with both hands, and stride up and down the floor and vociferate, 'Confusion! distraction! perdition!' or any other awful words you can think of. That's the way they do it in the plays."

"Madam, your impertinence is growing beyond sufferance. I cannot endure it."

"That's a mighty great pity, now, for you can't cure it."

"St. Mary! I'll bear this no longer."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to emigrate!"

"I'll commit suicide."

"That's you! Do! I should like very well to wear bombazine this cold weather. Please do it at once too, if you're going to, for I should

rather be out of deep mourning b. midsummer!"

"By heaven, I will pay you for this."

"Any time at your convenience, Dr. Grimshaw! And I shall be ready to give you a receipt in full upon the spot!" said the elf, rising. "Anything else in my line this morning. Dr. Grimshaw! Give me a call when you come my way! I shall be much obliged for your patronage," she continued, curtsying and dancing off toward the door. "By the way, n. dear sir, there is a lecture to be delivered this evening by our young fellow-citizen, Mr. Thurston Willcoxon. Going to hear him? I am! Good-day!" she said, and kissed her hand and vanished.

Grim was going crazy! Everybody said it, and what everybody says has ever been universally received as indisputable testimony. Many people, indeed, averred that Grim never had been quite right—that he always had been queer, and that since his mad marriage with that flighty bit of a child, Jacqueline, he had been queerer than ever.

He would have been glad to prevent Jacqueline from going to the lecture upon the evening in question; but there was no reasonable excuse for doing so. Everybody went to the lectures, which were very popular. Mrs. Waugh made a point of being punctually present at every one. And she took charge of Jacqueline, whenever the whim of the latter induced her to go, which was as often as she secretly wished to "annoy Grim."

And, in fact, "to plague the Ogre" was her only motive in being present, for, truth to tell, the elf cared very little either for the lecturer or his subjects, and usually spent the whole evening in yawning behind her pocket handkerchief. Upon this evening, however, the lecture fixed even the saty upon the front seat between Mrs. Waugh and Dr. Grimshaw.

Jacqueline was magnetized, and scarcely took her eyes from the speaker during the whole of the discourse. Mrs. Waugh was also too much interested to notice her companions. Grim was agonized. The result of the whole of which was—that after they all got home, Dr. Grimshaw—to use a common but graphic phrase—"put his foot down" upon the resolution to prevent Jacqueline's future attendance at the lectures. Whether he would have succeeded in keeping her away is very doubtful, had not a remarkably inclement season of weather set in, and lasted a fortnight, leaving the road nearly impassable for two other weeks. And just as traveling was getting to be possible, Thurston Willcoxon was called to Baltimore, on his grandfather's business, and was absent a fortnight. So, altogether, six weeks had passed without Jacqueline's finding an opportunity to defy Dr. Grimshaw by attending the lectures against his consent.

At the end of that time, on Sunday morning, it was announced in the church that Mr. Willcoxon having returned to the county, would resume his lectures on the Wednesday evening following. Dr. Grimshaw looked at Jacqueline, to note how she would receive this news. Poor Jacko had been under Marian's good influences for the week previous, and was, in her fitful and uncertain way, "trying to be good."

"As an experiment to please you, Marian," she said, "and to see how it will an-

swer." Poor elf! So she called up no false, provoking smile of joy, to drive Grim frantic, but heard the news of Thurston's arrival with the outward calmness that was perfectly true to the perfect inward indifference."

"She has grown guarded—that is a very bad sign—I shall watch her closer," muttered Grim behind his closed teeth. And when the professor went home that day, his keen, pallid face was frightful to look upon. And many were the comments made by the dispersing congregation.

From that Sunday to the following Wednesday, not one word was spoken of Thurston Willcoxon or his lecture. But on Wednesday morning Dr. Grimshaw entered the parlor, where Jacqueline lingered alone, gazing out of the window, and going up to her side, astonished her beyond measure by speaking in a calm, kind tone, and saying:

"Jacqueline, you have been too much confined to the house lately. You are languid. You must go out more. Mr. Willcoxon lectures this evening. Perhaps you would like to hear him. If so, I withdraw my former prohibition, which was, perhaps too harsh, and I beg you will follow your own inclinations, if they lead you to go."

You should have seen Jacko's eyes and eyebrows! the former were dilated to their utmost capacity, while the latter were elevated to their highest altitude. The professor's eyebrows were knotted together, and his eyes sought the ground, as he continued:

"I myself have an engagement at Leonardtown this afternoon, which will detain me all night, and therefore shall not be able to escort you; but Mrs. Waugh, who is going, will doubtless take you under her charge. Would you like to go?"

"I had already intended to go," replied Jacqueline, without relaxing a muscle of her face.

The professor nodded and left the room.

Soon after, Jacqueline sought her aunty, whom she found in the pantry, mixing mince-meat.

"I say, aunty—"

"Well, Lapwing?"

"When Satan turns saint, suspicion is safe, is it not?"

"What do you mean, Lapwing?"

"Why, just now the professor came to me, politely apologized for his late rudeness, and proposed that I should go with you to hear Mr. Willcoxon's lecture, while he, the professor, goes to Leonardtown to fulfill an engagement. I say, aunty, sniff a plot, don't you?"

"I don't know what to make of it, Lapwing. Are you going?"

"Of course I am; I always intended to."

No more was said at the time. Immediately after dinner Dr. Grimshaw ordered his horse, and saying that he was going to Leonardtown and should not be back till the next day, set forth.

### A PURE DAILY LIFE.

Make your common daily work an instructor in divine things. Fill up the measure of your daily life with all that is pure and good and true, and these lowly temporal things shall be, by God's blessing, as the first rounds of a ladder reaching from earth to heaven.

## About the Farm

### SHIPPING LIVE POULTRY.

Shippers should see that the coops are in good condition before using, so that they are not liable to come apart while in transit, as they are roughly handled sometimes. The coops should also be high enough to allow whatever kind of poultry is shipped room enough to stand up. Low coops should not be used, if not alone being cruel, but a great deal of poultry is lost every year by suffocation.

Do not overcrowd the coops. Putting too much stock in a coop at any time is wrong, but in hot weather especially do not crowd too much stock into a coop. Coops often arrive with a good deal of dead stock. Do not blame the commission merchant for heavy shrinkage or poultry smothered in transit through carelessness in overcrowding coops.

In hot weather do not put more than 100 pounds of live old hens in a regular coop; in cold weather about 124 pounds in regular size coops. Of spring chickens, when small about 50 to 60 pounds and large 70 to 90 pounds.

Keep different stock separate as much as possible.

Spring chickens weighing less than one pound should not be shipped, as they become a drug on the market. Pound and one-half to two-pound chickens sell best, and later in the season over two-pound weights are preferred. In the early spring, when chickens first come in, some small chickens will sell, but as soon as chickens begin to be plentiful, then the small ones are not wanted.

Attention is also called to the fact that dark-feathered ducks are not as desirable as the white-feathered, chiefly for the reason that they do not dress out as white and clean as the white-feathered stock.

Poultry should be shipped so as to arrive on the market from Tuesday to Friday. Receipts generally increase toward the end of the week, and there is enough carried-over stock on hand Saturday to supply the demand. Merchants, rather than carry stock over Sunday, would sell at a sacrifice, as the stock, when in coops, loses considerably in weight by shrinkage, and does not appear fresh and bright. Besides, Monday is usually a poor day to sell poultry.

Tags with the name of the commission merchant and the shipper should be tacked on the end of the coops. Tack two tags, one on each end, so that if one gets destroyed the other is likely to remain all right. Never tack the tag on the tops of the coops. Be sure and write your name and address on the tag; otherwise, the commission merchant receiving your shipment could not tell to whom or where to send the pay for the stock.

### PITHY FARM COMMENTS.

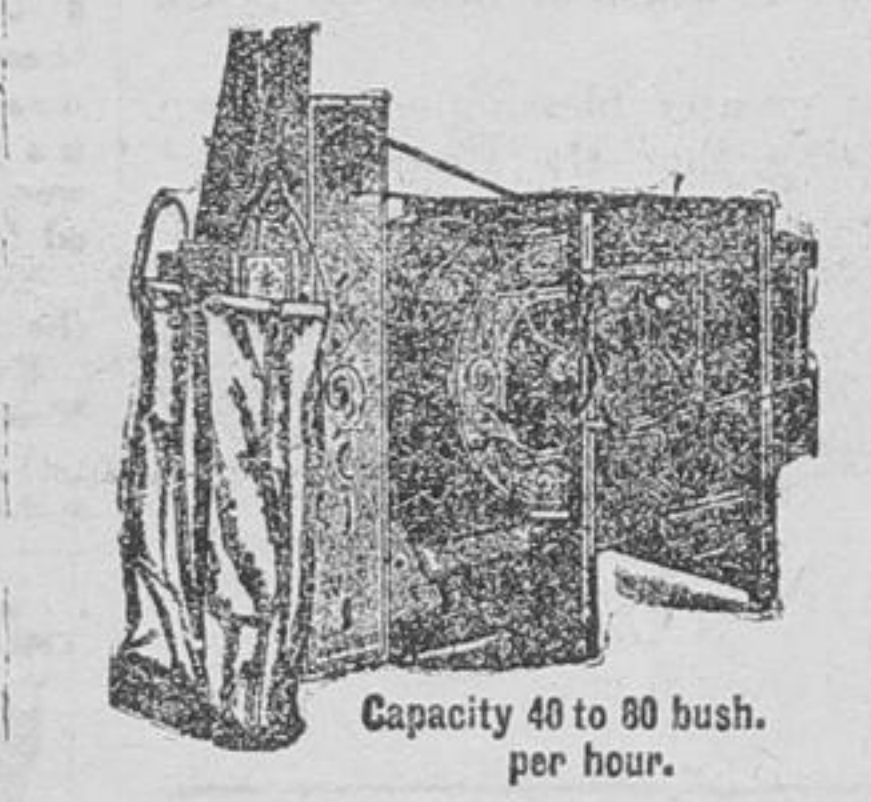
The farmer is the most independent of the working classes. The man liking his business is most likely to be successful.

Farm wages are likely to rise. Our young men go into town where they simply live on what they think a general job, or they go west to carve out a homestead and a fortune for themselves.

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The Chatham Farm Scale is made in three styles. The accuracy of every Chatham Farm Scale is guaranteed by the Canadian Government.

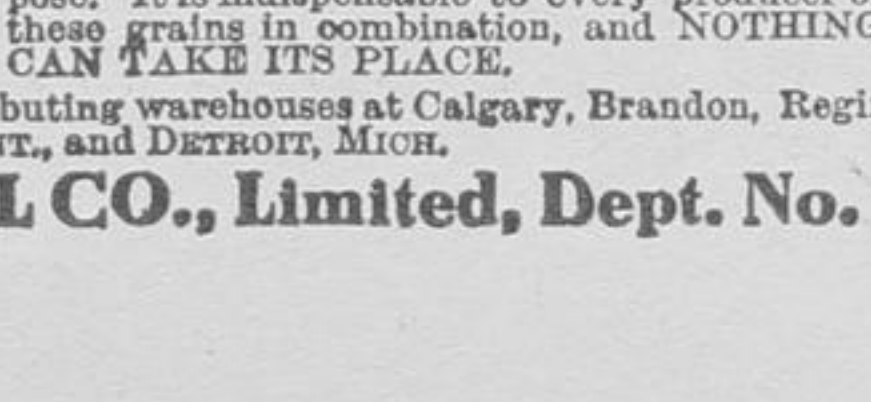
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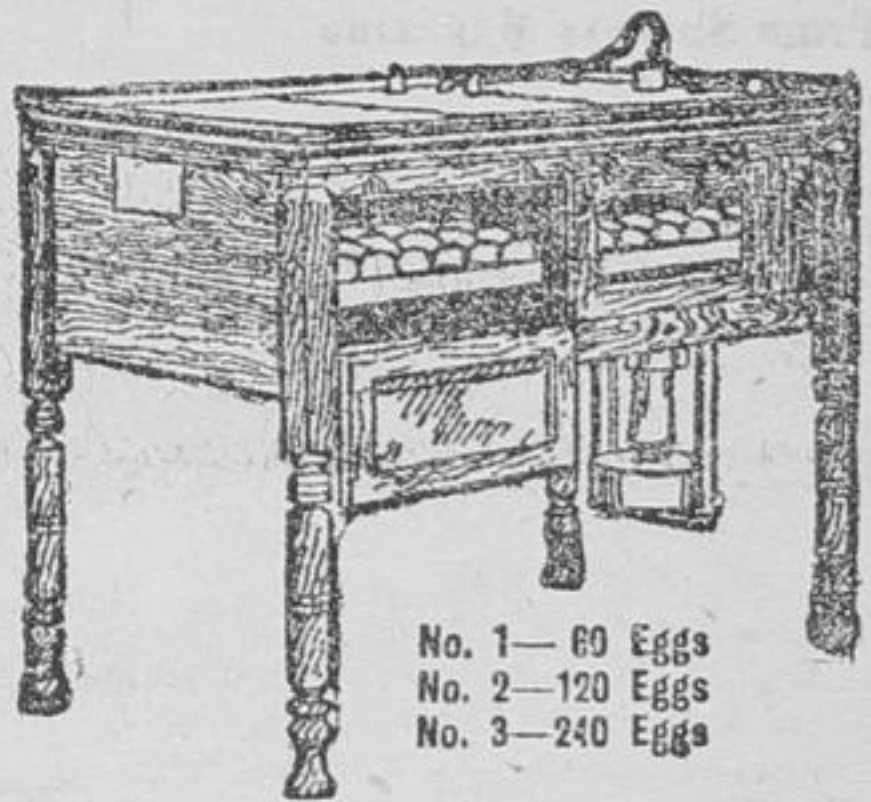
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