

Marian Mayfield

Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued).

Marian, attended by the maid Maria, sought the chamber assigned to herself. When she had changed her tight-fitting day-dress for a wrapper, she dismissed the girl, locked the door behind her, and then drew her chair up before the little fire, and fell into deep thought. Many causes of anxiety pressed heavily upon Marian. That Thurston had repented his hasty marriage with herself she had every reason to believe.

She had confidently hoped that her explanation with Thurston would have resulted in good—but, alas! it seemed to have had little effect. His attentions to Miss Le Roy were still unremitting—the young lady's partiality was too evident to all—and people already reported them to be engaged.

And now, as Marian sat by her little wood-fire in her chamber at Luckenough, bitter, sorrowful questions, arose in her mind. Would he persist in his present course? No, no, it could not be! This was probably done only to pique herself; but then it was carried too far; it was ruining the peace of a good, confiding girl. And Jacqueline—she had evidently mistaken Dr. Grimshaw for Thurston, and addressed to him words arguing a familiarity very improper, to say the least of it. Could he be trifling with poor Jacqueline, too? Jacko's words when believing herself addressing Thurston, certainly denoted some such "foregone conclusions." Marian resolved to see Thurston once more—once more to expostulate with him, if happily it might have some good effect. And having formed this resolution, she knelt and offered up her evening prayers, and retired to bed.

The next day being Holy Thursday, there was, by order of the trustees, a holiday at Miss Mayfield's school. And so Marian arose with the prospect of spending the day with Jacqueline. When she descended to the breakfast-room, what was her surprise to find Thurston Wilcoxen, at that early hour, the sole occupant of the room. He wore a green shooting jacket, belted around his waist. He stood upon the hearth with his back to the fire, his gun leaned against the corner of the mantle-piece, and his game-bag dropped at his feet. Marian's heart bounded, and her cheek and eye kindled when she saw him, and, for the instant, all her doubts vanished—she could not believe that guilt lurked behind a countenance so frank, noble and calm as his. He stepped forward to meet her, extending his hand. She placed her own in it, saying:

"I am very glad to see you this morning, dear Thurston, for I have something to say to you which I hope you will take kindly from your Marian, who has no dearer interest in the world than your welfare."

"Marian, if it is anything relating to our old subject of dispute—Miss Le Roy—let me warn you that I will hear nothing about it."

"Thurston, the subjects of a neighborhood's gossip are always the very last to hear it! You do not, perhaps, know that it is commonly reported that you and Miss Le Roy are engaged to be married!"

"And you give a ready ear and ready belief to such injurious slanders!"

"No! Heaven knows that I do not! I will not say that my heart has not been tortured—fully as much as your own would have been, dear Thurston, had the case been reversed, and had I stooped to receive from another such attentions as you have bestowed upon Miss Le Roy. But, upon calm reflection, I fully believe that you could never give that young lady my place in your heart, that having known and loved me—"

Marian paused, but the soul rose like a day-star behind her beautiful face, lighting serenely under her white eyelids, glowing softly on the parted lips and blooming cheeks.

"Ay! having known and loved me!" There again spoke the very enthusiasm of self-worship! But how know you, Marian, that I do not find such regnant superiority wearisome?—that I do not find it refreshing to sit down quietly beside a lower, humbler nature, whose greatest faculty is to love, whose greatest need to be loved!"

"How do I know it? By knowing that higher nature of yours, which you now ignore. Yet it is not of myself that I wish to speak, but of her. Thurston, you pursue that girl for mere pastime, I am sure—with no ulterior evil purpose, I am certain; yet, Thurston!" she said, involuntarily pressing her hand tightly upon her own bosom, "I know how a woman may love you, and that may be death or madness to Angelica, which is only whim and amusement to you. And, Thurston, you must go no further with this culpable trifling—you must promise me to see her no more!"

"Must! Upon my soul! you take state upon yourself, fair queen!"

"Thurston, a higher authority than mine speaks by my lips—it is the voice of Right! You will regard it, you will give me that promise!"

"And if I do not—"

"Oh! there is no time to argue with you longer—some one is coming—I must be quick. It is two weeks, Thurston, since I first urged this upon you; I have hesitated already too long, and now I tell you, though my heart bleeds to say it, that unless you promise to see Angelica no more, I will see and have an explanation with her to-morrow!"

"You will!"

"You can prevent it, dearest Thurston, by yourself doing what you know to be right."

"And if I do not?"

"I will see Miss Le Roy, to-morrow!"

"By heaven, then—"

His words were suddenly cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Waugh. In an instant his countenance changed, and taking up his bag of game, he went to meet the smiling, good-humored woman, saying with a gay laugh:

"Good-morning, Mrs. Waugh! You see I have been shooting in the woods of Luckenough this morning, and I could not leave the premises without offering this tribute to their honored mistress."

And Thurston gayly laid the trophy at her feet.

"Hebe! will you please to see that a cup of hot coffee is sent up to Mrs. L'Oiseau; she is unwell this morning, as I knew she would be, from her excitement last night; or go with it yourself, Hebe! The presence of the goddess of health at her bedside is surely needed."

Marian left the room, and then Mrs. Waugh, turning to the young gentleman, said:

"Thurston, I am glad to have this opportunity of speaking to you, for I have something very particular to say which you must hear without taking offense at your old aunt!"

"Humph! I am in for pot-coat discipline this morning, beyond a doubt," thought the young man; but he only bowed, and placed a chair for Mrs. Waugh.

"I shall speak very plainly, Thurston."

"Oh! by all means! As plainly as you please, Mrs. Waugh," said Thurston, with an odd grimace; "I am growing accustomed to have ladies speak very plainly to me."

"Well! it won't do you any harm, Thurston. And now to the point! I told you before, that you must not show any civility to Jacqueline. And now I repeat it! And I warn you that if you do, you will cause some frightful misfortune that you will have to repent all the days of your life—if it be not fatal first of all to yourself. I do assure you that old Grimshaw is mad with jealousy. He can no longer be held responsible for his actions. And in short, you must see Jacqueline no more!"

"Whe-ew! a second time this morning! Come! I'm getting up quite the reputation of a lady-killer!" thought the young man. Then with a light laugh, he looked up to Mrs. Waugh, and said:

"My dear madam, do you take me for a man who would willingly disturb the peace or honor of a family?"

"Pshaw! By no means, my dear Thurston. Of course I know it's all the most ridiculous nonsense!"

"Well! By the patience of Job, I do think—"

Again Thurston's words were suddenly cut short, by the entrance of the commodore, who planted his cane down with his usual emphatic force, and said:

"Oh, sir! You here! I am very glad of it! There is a little matter to be discussed between you and me! Old Hen! leave us! vanish! evaporate!"

Henrietta was well pleased to do so. And as she closed the door the commodore turned to Thurston, and with another emphatic thump of his cane, said:

"Well, sir! a small craft is soon rigged, and a short speech soon made. In two words, how dare you, sir! make love to Jacqueline?"

"My dear uncle—"

"By Neptune, sir; don't 'uncle' me. I ask you how you dared to make love to my niece?"

"You impudent, impertinent, unprincipled jackanape."

"Come," said Thurston to himself, "I have got into a hornet's nest this morning."

"I shall take very good care, sir, to have Major Le Roy informed what sort of a gentleman it is who is paying his addresses to his daughter."

"Miss Le Roy will be likely to form a high opinion of me before this week is out," said Thurston, laughing.

"You—you—you graceless villain, you," cried the commodore in a rage—"to think that I had such confidence in you, sir; defended you upon all occasions, sir; refused to believe in your villainy, sir; refused to believe my doors against you, sir. Yes, sir; and should have continued to do so, but for last night's affair."

"Last night's affair! I protest, sir, I do not in the least understand you!"

"Oh! you don't. You don't un-

derstand that after the lecture last evening, in leaving the place, Jacqueline thrust her arm through yours—no; I mean through Grim's, mistaking him for you, and said—what she never would have said, had there not been an understanding between you."

Thurston's face was now the picture of astonishment and perplexity. The commodore seemed to mistake it for a look of consternation and detected guilt, for he continued:

"And now, sir, I suppose you understand what is to follow. Do you see that door? It leads straight into the hall, which leads directly through the front portal out into the lawn, and on to the highway—that is your road, sir. Good-morning."

And the commodore thumped down his stick and left the room—the image of righteous indignation.

Thurston nodded—smiled, drew his tablets from his pocket, tore a leaf out, took his pencil, laid the paper upon the corner of the mantel-piece, wrote a few lines, folded the note, and concealed it in his hand as the door opened, and admitted Mrs. Waugh, Marian and Jacqueline. There was a telegraphic glance between the elder lady and the young man.

That of Mrs. Waugh said: "Do have pity on the fools, and go, Thurston."

That of Thurston said: "I am going Mrs. Waugh, and without laughing, if I can help it." Then he picked up his cap, bowed to Jacqueline, shook hands with Mrs. Waugh, and pressing Marian's palm, left within it the note that he had written, took up his game bag and gun, and departed.

(To be Continued.)

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

The Shah of Persia will not sit at a table on which either salmon or lobster are placed.

M. Rouvier, the head of the French Foreign Office, was at one time in the employ of a wholesale grocer in the capacity of book-keeper.

Amongst his many idiosyncrasies, the King of the Belgians acknowledges that of an utter detestation of smoking and music. He has one special hobby, and that concerns plants. If he hears of a new kind of plant, he will travel miles to inspect it.

Sir Douglas Powell is Physician Extraordinary to the King, a position similar to that which he held in relation to Queen Victoria. He is our greatest authority on all affections of the chest, and is a perpetual inspiration to the student from the fact that he has climbed to his present exalted station from the humblest start.

The oldest voter in London—so far as is known, in Great Britain—is Mr. John McPherson, whose claim to a vote was sustained at the Kensington Revision Court. He was born at Inverness on the 18th of November, 1800, so that he is nearly 105 years of age, yet he hopes to be spared to record his vote in support of the party which he believes will be returned to power at the General Election. Mr. McPherson, whose father lived to be a centenarian, is a staunch teetotaler and non-smoker.

The Emperor of Japan is entitled to be considered the most aristocratic ruler on earth. The Royal Family of Japan has a genealogical tree which reaches to Adam. There have been 121 Emperors of Japan, and they all belong to one family. The first one governed Japan just about 2,500 years ago. He was on the throne 300 years before Alexander the Great thought he had conquered the world. The Japanese have the history of all the Emperors from that time down to this, and they assure you that the Mikado is a lineal descendant of the first Emperor.

General Treppoff is a great favorite with the Czar. He is known among the troops as "Iron Heart," and his first notoriety was gained when a lieutenant by sabring his orderly for disobedience. When a captain he was employed in putting down riots in Moscow, and he shot five men with his own hand, by way of example to his troops. It was Treppoff who helped to crush the revolt in St. Petersburg last January, and the Czar subsequently extended the General's power to the command of the Imperial forces at all the Russian Royal residences.

Charlotte Brontë's husband, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, is now approaching his ninetieth year. Yet the famous novelist was advised not to marry him because he suffered from rheumatism. Mr. Nicholls was curate under her father in the parish of Haworth. The marriage was opposed by Mr. Brontë, but after an interval of eighteen months, in June, 1854, Charlotte Brontë married this "true Christian gentleman," as he is described in "Shirley." They lived together, singularly happy, but for a few months only, as Mrs. Nicholls's health gave way, and she died in the following March.

One of the best decorated men in Europe, or perhaps in the world, is Prince Von Buelow, the German Imperial Chancellor. If he is surpassed in this respect by any man, it is by the Kaiser's Chief Chamberlain, Prince von Buelow possesses 115 stars, orders, and ribbons, besides medals galore. A German mathematician the other day reckoned that if the Chancellor wore them all they would cover not only every inch of his breast, but his back as well, and overflow down his trousers to the knees. But the Prince is the least military-minded of men; he is well dressed and carefully groomed, but careless in bearing. He dislikes exercise of all kinds; he will not walk when he can ride; he hates the discomforts of life, and in domestic tastes is luxurious almost to the verge of epicureanism.

About the Farm

LAMBS OR WETHERS FOR FATTENING.

Men who have spent long years in fattening sheep are not agreed as to whether the fattening of sheep or lambs will prove the more profitable. This difference of view arises from the different results obtained from feeding under different conditions. The influences that affect the outcome should be well understood by those who engage in the work. Some of the more important of those influences will now be discussed, writes Prof. Thomas Shaw.

Quality as used here has reference to the capacity of the sheep to make good gains. It will be influenced by breed. Some breeds will make more gains in proportion to the food fed than others. The lower the quality of the animals purchased, therefore, the more costly will it be to purchase wethers, since they will cost more relatively to feed in proportion to the weight purchased. There is less risk, therefore, in purchasing low grade lambs than in purchasing low grade wethers.

The condition of the animals at the time of purchase is important if purchased by weight. It is more profitable relatively to purchase a lean lamb than to purchase a lean wether for feeding, other things being equal. The lamb will make flesh more readily on a given amount of food. This, however, presupposes that neither the lamb nor the wether has been checked in possible future development, because of its lean condition. It is usually more profitable to purchase both wethers and lambs by weight, when both are to be fed, as the chance is then present for making greater gains than would be possible if both were purchased when in a high condition of flesh.

Wethers not only take more food to maintain them than lambs, but they use more food in making a pound of gain. This is owing to that law of animal nutrition which calls for more food relatively in proportion to the gain made the older the animal is. This has been proved by numerous experiments, including one conducted by the writer at the Minnesota station. The difference is conceivable and always in favor of the lambs. But under some conditions it may be possible to feed coarser and cheaper food to wethers, and this will exercise some influence in the comparison in some instances. It is plain, therefore, that, viewed from the standpoint of possible gains from feeding, lambs are a safer venture than wethers. It follows that the younger the lambs are, providing they can reach the requisite weights when marketed, the more profitable relatively will the feeding be.

INFLUENCE OF MARGIN IN PRICES.

As everyone one knows, the margin on the selling price over the buying price exercises a far-reaching influence on profits. Now suppose a wether is bought at a certain rate which weighs 80 pounds, and a lamb is bought at a certain rate that weighs 50 pounds. The two animals are fed and sold at a price which is 1 cent per pound above the price paid. Now suppose the two animals had consumed the same amount of food and made the same increase in weight then the fattening of the wether would have been attended with the greater profit. The weight of the wether was 80 pounds and the lamb 50 pounds, consequently the original weight of the wether increased 80 cents during the period of feeding and that of the lamb 50 cents. The influence of the weight of the animals at the time of purchase on profits is thus shown, and this fact alone has made the feeding of wethers more profitable than the feeding of lambs.

Lamb meat sells more readily in the market than wether meat, and usually at a price considerably higher. Because of this the margin between the buying price and selling price of lambs is considerably more in the case of lambs than of wethers. When it is, the profits are greater from feeding lambs. But recently lambs command a better price when bought, and this change may go on until a point is reached when the feeding of wethers may become more profitable generally. It does happen sometimes that more profit comes from feeding old ewes. In such instances, however, the ewes have been purchased very cheaply.

A very great change has been made during recent years in the number of wethers and lambs relatively that have been fed. The fattening of lambs has proportionately increased, and there has been decrease in the fattening of wethers. This on the farm, at least, is as it ought to be, howsoever it may be on a range. The farmer can sell a good lamb reared on his farm at a greater relative profit at, say nine months old, than if he kept the same over and sold him at twenty-one months. It is also pretty certain that it pays the ranchman best also to sell his wethers as lambs.

He can pasture a ewe almost as cheaply as a wether. The ewe will give him a fleece of wool about equal to that of the wether and will also furnish him with a lamb.

FEEDING SILAGE TO MILCH COWS.

I have had a silo for the past 11 years, writes Mr. B. C. Otis. The first six years the corn was put in whole, but since then it has been cut. We prefer it in this form, as there is no waste. The silo will hold more, and besides, corn that has been badly frosted will make fairly good silage if cut. The

time we begin feeding in the fall depends largely on the amount of other green feeds that we may have. This year we began October 22, feeding the first two days one-half bushel to each cow twice a day. The cows were in the pasture during the day. Later we fed a bushel twice a day, always feeding after milking. We have had no complaint about a silage taste in the milk. Our winter ration for milch cows is as follows: Before milking in the morning the cows receive a grain ration and after milking one bushel of silage; before noon, hay, and at night another ration of grain before milking and hay after milking.

Silage is fed to the dry stock twice each week. We would feed more to them if we had it, but we want enough to feed cows in milk until grass comes in the spring, which is about May 15, as a rule. My silo will hold about 130 tons of cut silage. For the past three years there has been an excess of rain and not enough sunshine during the growing season, so the corn crop has not been a full yield. The kinds of grains fed varies with the prices and what we think best suited to the stock. Last year we used more corn meal than for several years, as there was very little corn in the silage. This year there is more corn in the silage, and we shall feed more protein. My stock have always done well on silage and are always ready for more of it.

WAR PREVENTS NATION'S DECAY.

The Changes in International Strategy Reviewed.

Major-General R. S. Baden-Powell, C.B., presided recently at the Royal United Service Institution, London, when Dr. T. Miller Maguire delivered an address on "The Developments of International Strategy Since 1871, and its Present Conditions." Among those present were Admiral the Hon. Sir E. Fremantle, Admiral Sir R. H. Harris, Colonel Sir T. H. Baillie Hamilton, Judge Rentoul, and Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Baylie, K.C.

Dr. Miller Maguire said that since 1871 the frontiers of the British Empire, which previously were practically continuous with no great States except the United States and a few unimportant spots in Africa, had become by "European expansion" continuous with Russia, France and Germany, as well as China, Afghanistan, Abyssinia, Italy and Portugal. The whole system of the European body politic had changed as a result of the victories of 1866 and 1870-71, and of the high standard of military excellence since maintained by Germany. After dealing with the expansion of Russia, Canada, and the United States, he passed on to Japan, and compared the Japanese in the east of Asia in 1905 with the British in the west of Europe in 1805.

OUR CIVILIZATION PALTRY.

Modern European civilization was paltry. The "souls of men" were ignored in the back streets and sweating dens of our large cities, but to the Asiatic soul and mind were all in all. If the people of great Britain were to maintain the strategic position they cry should be "cherish our bodies, cultivate our minds, and give us back our souls." War was not a disease, but a preventive of decay; nations had perished by cultivating the arts of peace, but no nation had ever decayed from cultivating the arts of war. The only true foundation of the "greatness of kingdoms and estates" was a race of well-trained military men, fit to fight by land and sea. These views were exemplified in two recent books, "The Risen Sun," by Baron Suezematsu, and "The War in the Far East," by the military correspondent of the Times, which latter book the lecturer described as most admirable. In conclusion the lecturer said that alliances were often the devices of decadent States. They certainly had never saved any State. The future of Britons to-day, as in the period of 1805 to 1815, depended on Britons.

LAZINESS MEANS LUNACY.

Startling Theory Propounded by a London Lecturer.

"Laziness is a great contributory cause of lunacy," incidentally observed Dr. T. Claye Shaw, who took part in a discussion at the Harveian Society, London, recently.

The grounds on which he based his assertion were explained by Dr. Claye Shaw, who is a specialist on mental diseases.

"The only way to preserve a healthy mind is to lead a busy life," said the doctor. "But modern conditions—the compulsory retirement from professional occupations of men who have reached the age of, say 55—condemn them to spend the rest of their existence in idleness. They become introspective and brood. They feel themselves 'side-tracked' from the main line of life, and almost unconsciously a state of rebellion is set up. From lack of mental exertion the brain loses the nutrition it has been accustomed to over a long period of years. Other conditions are set up which culminate in mental degeneration."

"Young men who inherit fortunes and devote their time to spending them fall ready victims to this undermining of the brain. Tragedies of the kind are constantly occurring in London."

"Many women and girls who belong to the leisured classes are saved from a like fate by their devotion to dress and bridge. The zealous pursuit of these pastimes requires at least some measure of mental exercise. Perhaps that is the best that can be said of them."

"It is dangerous for a man who has led a busy life to abandon brain exertion. Medical science has prolonged the span of human existence, and yet retirement is now forced upon men at a much earlier age than hitherto. The only hope for these men is to cultivate some engrossing hobby."