

Marian Mayfield

Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The inconceivable idiots" said Thurston, as he strode on through the park of Luckenough, "to fancy that any one with eyes, heart and brain, could possibly fall in love with the 'Will-o'-the-wisp' Jacqueline, or worse, that giglet, Angelica; when he sees Marian! Marian, whose least sunny tress is dearer to me than are all the living creatures in the world besides. Marian, for whose possession I am now about to risk everything, even her own esteem. Yet, she will forgive me; I will earn her forgiveness by such devoted love."

He hurried on until he reached an outer gate, through which old Oliver was driving a cart loaded with wood. As if to disconcert himself, he threw his game bag and valuable fowling piece to the old man, saying:

"There, uncle; there's a present to you," and without waiting to hear his thanks, hurried on, leaping hedges and ditches, until he came to the spot where he had left his horse tied since morning. Throwing himself into his saddle, he put spurs to his horse, and galloped away toward the village, nor drew rein until he reached a little tavern on the water side. He threw his bridle to an hostler in waiting, and hurrying in, demanded to be shown into a private room. The little parlor was placed at his disposal. Here, for form's sake, he called for the newspaper, cigars and a bottle of wine (none of which he discussed, however), dismissed the attendant, and sat waiting.

Presently the odor of tar, bilge water, tobacco and rum warned him that his expected visitor was approaching, and an instant after the door was opened, and a short, stout, dark man in a weather-proof jacket, duck trousers, cowhide shoes, and tarpaulin hat entered.

"Well, Miles, I've been waiting for you here more than an hour," said Thurston, impatiently.

"Ay, ay, sir—all right. I've been cruising round, reconnoitering the enemy's coast," replied the man, removing the quid of tobacco from his mouth, and reluctantly casing it into the fire.

"You are sure you know the spot?"

"Ay, ay, sir—the beach just below the Old Fields farmhouse."

"And south of the Pine Bluff."

"Ay, ay, sir. I know the port—that ain't the head wind!" said Jack Miles, pushing up the side of his hat, and scratching his head with a look of doubt and hesitation.

"What is, then, you blockhead?" asked Thurston, impatiently; "is your hire insufficient?"

"N-n-n—yes—I dunno! You see, cap'n, if I were cock sure, as that 'ere little craft you want carried off were yours."

"Hush! don't talk so loud. You're not at sea in a gale, you fool. Well, go on. Speak quickly and speak lower."

"I wer' gwine to say, if so be I wer' sure you wer' the cap'n of her, why then it should be plain sailing, with no fog around, and no breakers ahead."

"Well! I am, you fool. She is mine—my wife."

"Well but, cap'n," said the speaker, still hesitating, "if so be that's the case, why don't she strike her colors to her rightful owner? Why don't you take command in open daylight, with the drums a-beating, and the flags a-flying? What must you board her like a pirate in this way fur? I've been a-thinkin' on it, and I think it's dangerous steering along this coast. You see it's all in a fog; I can't make out the land nowhere, and I'm afraid I shall be on the rocks afore I knows it. You see, cap'n, I never wer' in such a thick mist since I first went to sea. No offense to you, cap'n!"

"Oh, none in the world! No skilful pilot will risk his vessel in a fog. But I have a certain golden telescope of magic powers. It enables you to see clearly through the thickest mist, the darkest night that ever fell. I will give it to you. In other words, I promised you five hundred dollars for this job. Come, accomplish it to-night, and you shall have a thousand. Is the mist lifting?"

"I think it is cap'n! I begin to see land."

"Very well! now is your memory as good as your sight? Do you recollect the plan?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Just let me hear you go over it."

"I'm to bring the vessel round, and lay to about a quarter of a mile off the coast. At dusk I'm to put off in a skiff and row to Pine Bluff, and lay under it's shadow till I hear your signal. Then I'm to put to shore and take in the—"

"The cargo."

"Ay, ay, sir, the cargo."

Leaving the two conspirators to improve and perfect their plot, we must return to the breakfast parlor at Luckenough. The family were assembled around the table. Dr. Grimshaw's dark, sombre and lowering looks, enough to have spread a gloom over any circle, effectually banished cheerfulness from the board. Marian had had no opportunity of reading her note—she had slipped it into her pocket. But as soon as breakfast was over, amid the bustle of rising from the table, Marian withdrew to a window and glanced over the lines.

"My own dearest one, forgive my haste this morning. I regret the necessity of leaving so abruptly. I earnestly implore you to see me once more—upon the bench, near the Pine Bluffs, this

evening at dusk. I have something of the utmost importance to say to you."

She hastily crumpled the note, and thrust it into her pocket just as Jacqueline's quizzical face looked over her shoulder.

"You're going to stay all day with me, Marian?"

"Yes, love—that is, till after dinner. Then I shall have to beg of Mrs. Waugh the use of the carriage to go home."

"Well, then, I will ride with you, Marian, and return in the carriage."

All the company, with the exception of Mrs. Waugh, Marian and Jacqueline, had left the breakfast-room.

Mrs. Waugh was locking her china closet, and when she had done, she took her bunch of keys, and turning to Marian, said:

"Hebe, dear, I want you to go with me and see poor old Cracked Nell. She is staying in one of our quarters. I think she has not long to live, and I want you to talk to her."

"Now?"

"Yes, dear, I am going to carry her some breakfast. So, come along, and get your mantle," said the good woman, passing out through the door.

Marian followed, drawing out her pocket handkerchief to tie over her head; and as she did so, the note, unperceived by her, fluttered out, and fell upon the carpet.

Jacqueline impulsively darted upon it, picked it up, opened and read it. Had Jacqueline first paused to reflect, she would never have done so. But when did the elf ever stop to think? As she read, her eyes began to twinkle, and her feet to patter up and down, and her head to sway from side to side, as if she could scarcely keep from singing and dancing for glee.

"Well, now, who'd a thought it! Thurston making love to Marian! And keeping the courtship close, too, for fear of the old miser. Lord, but look here! This was not right of me! Am I a pocket edition of Miss Nancy Scamp! Forbid it, Titania, Queen of the Fairies! But I didn't steal it—I found it! And I must, oh! must plague Grim a little with this! Forgive me, Marian, but for the life and soul of me, I can't help keeping this to plague Grim! You see, I promised to pay him when he charged me with swallowing an assignation, and now if I don't pay him, if I don't make him perspire till he faints, my name is not Mrs. Professor Grimshaw! Let's see! What shall I do! Oh! Why can't I pretend to lose it, just as Marian lost it, and drop it where he'll find it? I have it! Eureka!" soliloquized the dancing elf, as she placed her handkerchief in the bottom of her pocket, and the note on top of it, and passed on to the drawing-room to "bide her time."

That soon came. She found the professor and the commodore standing in the middle of the room, in an earnest conversation, which, however, seemed near its close, for as she took her seat, the commodore said:

"Very well—I'll attend to it, Nace," and clapped his hat upon his head, and went out, while the professor dropped himself into a chair, and took up a book.

"Oh, stop, I want to speak to you a minute, uncle," cried Jacqueline, starting up and flying after him, and as she flew, pulling out her handkerchief and letting the note drop upon the floor. A swift, sly, backward glance showed that Grim had pounced upon it like a panther on its prey.

"What in the d—!s name are you running after me for?" burst forth the old man as Jacko overtook him.

"Why, uncle, I want to know if you'll please to give orders in the stable to have the carriage wheels washed off nicely? They neglect it. And I and Marian want to use it this afternoon."

"Go to the deuce! Is that my business?"

Jacqueline laughed; and, quivering through every fibre of her frame with mischief, went back into the drawing-room to see the state of Grim.

To Jacqueline's surprise she found the note lying upon the same spot where she had dropped it. Dr. Grimshaw was standing with his back toward her, looking out of the window. She could not see the expression of his countenance. She stooped and picked up the note, but had scarcely replaced it in her pocket, before Dr. Grimshaw abruptly turned walked up and stood before her and looked in her face. Jacqueline could scarcely suppress a scream; it was as if a ghost had come before her, so blanched was his color, so ghastly his features. An instant he gazed into her eyes, and then passed out and went upstairs. Jacqueline turned slowly around, looking after him like one magnetized. Then recovering herself, with a deep breath she said:

"Now I ask of all the 'powers that be' generally, what's the meaning of that? He picked up the note and he read it; that's certain. And he dropped it there again to make me believe he had never seen it; that's certain, too. I wonder what he means to do! There'll be fun of some sort, anyway! Stop! Here comes Marian from the quarters. I shouldn't wonder if she has missed her note, and hurried back in search of it. Come! I'll take a hint from Grim, and drop it where I found it, and say nothing."

And so soliloquizing the fairy glided back into the breakfast-room, let the note fall and turned away just in time to allow Marian to enter, glance around, and pick up her lost treasure. Then joining Marian, she invited her up-

stairs to look at some new finery just come from the city.

The forenoon passed heavily at Luckenough. When the dinner hour approached, and the family collected in the dining-room, Dr. Grimshaw was missing; and when a messenger was sent to call him to dinner, an answer was returned that the professor was unwell, and preferred to keep his room.

Jacqueline was quivering between fun and fear—vague, unaccountable fear, that hung over her like a cloud, darkening her bright frolic spirit with a woful presentiment.

After dinner Marian asked for the carriage, and Mrs. Waugh gave orders that it should be brought around for her use. Jacqueline prepared to accompany Marian home, and in an hour they were ready, and set forth.

"You may tell Grim, if he asks after me, that I am gone home with Marian to Old Fields, and that I am not certain whether I shall return to-night or not," said Jacqueline, as she took leave of Mrs. Waugh.

"My dear Lapwing, if you love your old aunty, come immediately back in the carriage. And, by the way, my dear, I wish you would, either in going or coming, take the postoffice and get the letters and papers," said Mrs. Waugh.

"Let it be in going, then, Mrs. Waugh, for I have not been to the postoffice for two days, and there may be something there for us also," said Marian.

"Very well, bright Hebe; as you please, of course," replied good Henrietta.

And so they parted. Did either dream how many suns would rise and set, how many seasons come and go, how many years roll by, before the two should meet again?

The carriage was driven rapidly on to the village, and drawn up at the post-office. Old Oliver jumped down, and went in to make the necessary inquiries. They waited impatiently until he reappeared, bringing one large letter. There was nothing for Luckenough.

The great double letter was for Marian. She took it, and as the carriage was started again, and drawn toward Old Fields, she examined the postmark and superscription. It was a foreign letter, mailed from London, and superscribed in the handwriting of her oldest living friend, the pastor who had attended her brother in his prison and at the scene of his death.

Marian, with fearful eyes and eager hands, broke the seal and read, while Jacqueline watched her. For more than half an hour Jacko watched her, and then impatience overcame discretion in the bosom of the fairy, and she suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, Marian! I do wonder what can ail you? You grow pale, and then you grow red; your bosom heaves, the tears come in your eyes, you clasp your hands tightly together as in prayer, then you smile and raise your eyes as if in thanksgiving! Now, I do wonder what it all means?"

"It means, dear Jacqueline, that I am the most grateful creature upon the face of the earth, just now; and to-morrow I will tell you why I am so," said Marian, with a rosy smile. And well she might be most grateful and happy, for that letter had brought her assurance of fortune beyond her greatest desires. On reading the news, her very first thought had been of Thurston. Now the great objection of the miser to their marriage would be removed—the great obstacle to their immediate union overcome. Thurston would be delivered from temptation; she would be saved anxiety and suspense. "Yes; I will meet him this evening; I cannot keep this blessed news from him a day longer than necessary, for this fortune that has come to me will be all his own! Oh, how rejoiced I am to be the means of enriching him! How much good we can both do!"

These were the tumultuous, generous thoughts that sent the flush to Marian's cheeks, the smiles to her lips, and the tears to her eyes; that caused those white fingers to clasp, and those clear eyes to rise to Heaven in thankfulness, as she folded up her treasured letter and placed it in her bosom.

An hour's ride brought them to Old Field Cottage. The sun had not yet set, but the sky was dark with clouds that threatened rain or snow; and therefore Jacqueline only took time to jump out and speak to Edith, shake hands with old Jenny, kiss Miriam, and bid adieu to Marian; and then, saying that she believed she would hurry back on her aunty's account, and that she was afraid she would not get to Luckenough before ten o'clock, anyhow, she jumped into the carriage and drove off.

And Marian, guarding her happy secret, entered the cottage to make preparations for keeping her appointment with Thurston.

Meanwhile, at Luckenough, Dr. Grimshaw kept his room until late in the afternoon. Then, descending the stairs, and meeting the maid Maria, who almost shrieked aloud at the ghastly face that confronted her, he asked:

"Where is Mrs. Grimshaw?"

"Lord, sir!" exclaimed the girl, half paralyzed by the sound of his sepulchral voice. "She's done gone home long 'o Miss Marian."

"When will she be back, do you know?"

"Lord, sir!" cried Maria, shuddering. "I heard her tell old Mis', how she didn't think she'd be back to-night."

"Ah!" said the unhappy man, in a hollow tone, that seemed to come from a tomb, as he passed down.

And Maria, glad to escape him, fled upstairs, and never paused until she had found refuge in Mrs. L'Oiseau's room.

One hour after that, Professor Grimshaw, closely enveloped in an ample cloak, left Luckenough, and took the road to the beach.

(To be continued.)

A blunt man usually has a sharp tongue.

About the Farm

FEEDING RYE FOR BEST RESULTS.

That the best results may be obtained from the use of rye as a green forage crop, harvesting should begin as soon as the plant begins to head. At this period, the forage is very succulent, palatable and highly digestible, and in the first feedings smaller amounts should be used than are sufficient to supply the entire needs of the animal. If the plant is left until it is fully headed out before beginning to cut, at which period perhaps the largest total amount of food would be obtained, the time during which the crop may be used would be very much shortened, and the usefulness of the crop, either as a source of all of the succulent food or for the purpose of supplementing pastures, would be very materially reduced, says Dr. E. B. Voorkees.

Under average conditions, when the practice outlined here is followed, rye may serve to supply the herd with a palatable food for from 10 to 20 days, the period depending upon the method of seeding and the character of the season. If it is desirable to have a long period of feeding, then the crop should be seeded at different times. The first seeding should be made in the middle states in August, and the second seeding may be made as late as the middle of September, or October. This later seeding will make a much less vigorous growth in the fall, will start later in spring, and will be ready for feeding from a week to ten days after that from the first seeding is ready, and which has been stimulated as outlined. When seeded primarily for forage, the amount of seed used should be relatively greater than when used for grain, usually two bushels per acre.

COMPOSITION AND AMOUNT TO FEED.

If used when in best condition for forage, rye contains a high content of water, or an average of only about 18 per cent. dry matter. In this stage of growth, the content of nitrogenous matter is relatively large, though it is not entirely organized into albuminoids. As it increases in maturity, the dry matter increases and the crude fibre and nitrogen-free extract increases much more rapidly relatively than the nitrogenous compounds and the nutritive ratio is widened.

A yield of seven tons, would, therefore, furnish about 1½ tons dry matter, which would contain about three hundred pounds protein, and nearly one ton carbohydrates, including fibre, total protein practically equivalent to that contained in one ton wheat bran and carbohydrates equivalent to that contained in nearly two tons, though with a rate of digestibility much higher than for the bran. The relatively large yield of nutrients together with the fact that it may be obtained without large expense, and without interfering with the growing of other crops the same season, make rye a crop worthy of consideration.

It is desirable in the beginning, and when the plant is in such an immature state, to feed about one-half the quantity that the animals usually require, 30 pounds per day, and by the third day increase it to 50 to 60 pounds for a 1000-pound cow; 60 pounds will supply about ten pounds of dry matter, or nearly one-half of the total required in a dairy ration for a cow in full flow of milk. Larger amounts are often fed, though not usually to good advantage. Dairy animals are very fond of green rye, and its feeding will always result in an increase in the flow of milk, due both to its succulence and to the fact that at the right stage of growth for soiling, it is very well balanced in its proportions of nutrients.

THE YIELD PER ACRE,

even under good methods of management, will vary widely according to character of soil and season. The range has been shown to be from four to twelve tons per acre. In the experiments at the New Jersey station, the average yield for seven years has been seven tons per acre, at a cost for seeding and fertilizing of about \$5.50, making the crop one of the cheapest of those used for soiling.

Where the conditions are not favorable for soiling, rye makes an excellent pasture, and while but from one-third to one-half as much food is obtained as from soiling, it can be used through a longer period, provided it is not pastured too closely in its early growth. This is a favorite method of utilizing rye in many dairy districts, and the crop serves a most excellent purpose as a source of food, as well as to protect the regular pastures from injury from too early use. If weather conditions are favorable later, a light, early pasturing will not seriously interfere with the maturing of a grain crop. Another advantage of the use of rye, which should not be lost sight of, is its usefulness as a cover crop, not only absorbing and holding plant food, but preventing the waste of soil by washing or blowing. It can be seeded later in the fall than almost any other crop, and starts earlier in the spring than most others. It will usually pay well to seed rye on raw ground for this purpose alone.

We have made silage on one or two occasions, but it has not proven entirely satisfactory owing to the fact that it is difficult to pack it sufficiently tight to prevent rapid fermentation, though when made into silage, it should be cut just as the rye is in full head, and preferably cut into lengths 1 or 1½ inches long, and care taken to pack it as tightly as possible in the silo. Its feeding

value is good, and it is relished by stock—there may be many instances where it would serve an excellent purpose in this form.

FEATHERED PHILOSOPHY.

Coddling is as pernicious in the poultry yard as in the family. A coddled bird is as prone to disease as a neglected one, perhaps even more so, because the latter may develop a certain degree of self-reliance which the former does not. Common sense and coddling are sworn enemies.

Whether the egg or the hen is first is of small consequence provided the stock is pure and the strain good. It is a matter of opportunity or preference whether a poultry raiser shall hug birds or eggs for hatching. The main point is to get one or the other so as to supplant poor stock or improve the present flock.

Cement afterthoughts with fresh forethought when laying the foundation for a new poultry venture. Both can be secured from experience either personal or borrowed and both are always in demand. Nothing pays better fore and aft than good thoughts.

No poultry raiser need know anything about poultry ailments if he will secure comfort, ventilation and strict sanitation.

The old method is safe when followed properly; so is the new. It is the mixture of the two that plays havoc in the poultry yard.

Hardiness is natural to fowls and contagion is unnatural. This is proved by good poultrymen; a sick fowl with them is about as scarce as hen's teeth. If one does appear they look for and destroy the cause, which is generally filth, lack of sun or ventilation, or bad breeding.

Remove the cause of any poultry ailment that appears. Look beyond contagion, microbes, bacteria, and their like. When the cause is not bad judgment in breeding it is in the management. Most likely filth or lack of sun or ventilation. When they are corrected the ailment will disappear.

SHARK HUNTERS.

Descendants of Vikings Make Up Crew for the Work.

This strictly commercial business of shark hunting is done in small sloops, whose headquarters are in the more northerly Norwegian ports. The crews are for the most part made up of pure-blooded descendants of the Vikings, who are still to be found in any number among the codfishers of Hammerfest and Tromsø. And a magnificent race of men they are! Accustomed from boyhood to a life of hardship, they have a way of treating Father Neptune with a slightly contemptuous toleration, like an old friend of somewhat uncertain temper, whose rapid changes from smiling benevolence to wild, blustering anger are on the whole rather amusing than otherwise.

They care nothing for danger and little for suffering—in themselves or in others. Why, then, should they stop to think that perhaps a maimed but still living shark can feel?

The fishing is done off the coast of Iceland in about eighty fathoms of water. Three or four gallowlike structures are rigged up around the sides of the sloop, and from each of these hang a pulley block, over which runs a strong rope; and to the end of this the baited hook is fastened. A plentiful supply of ground bait is thrown out to attract the quarry, and such is the eagerness with which the sharks take the bait that sometimes each one of these gallowlike fishing rods will have its fish hooked and fighting for life all at the same time.

There is no "playing" the fish; it is not necessary or possible, and the powerful tackle is hardly likely to break, no matter how fiercely the hooked shark may struggle. But the shark is not, for his size, a game fish; and except when he is actually being hoisted up out of the water, there is no very serious strain on the tackle. If he does now and then get away it is not because he ever manages to break the line, but because a lightly fixed hook easily tears through the soft cartilaginous skeleton of his head, and so sets him free.

As soon as a shark has taken one of the baits the hauling tackle attached to his particular gallow is manned, and without any superfluous fuss or ceremony he is hauled up to the sloop and hoisted just clear of the water.

He is not brought on board at all, but with a few bold slashes his liver is cut out as he hangs, and is thrown into a tub, to be further dealt with later. Then his eyes are put out and he is cut adrift—to go and complete the tardy process of dying where and how he pleases.

All this sounds very horrible, but there is one curious fact which goes far to make us believe that his death cannot, after all, be such a cruel one as at first appears. It is this, the fishermen say, that unless they put out the shark's eyes he will afterward cause them a lot of trouble by coming and taking the bait a second time.

It sounds incredible, but the statement is thoroughly well authenticated by eye witnesses who have seen a liverless shark do just this very thing. Scientists, doubtless, are right in saying that the shark (which by anatomical classification is one of the lowest of the fishes) does not feel pain in the way more highly organized animals feel it. We will cling to that belief, for it is comforting—to us, if not to the shark, who is thus sacrificed that his liver may supply us with—what?

It is a secret not to be spoken aloud. Norway is one of the great centres of cod trade, and from cod is made cod liver oil, and—shark's liver tastes and looks exactly like it.—Pearson's Week-ly.