

# Marian Mayfield

## Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Some hours later in that day Colonel Thornton was sitting, in his capacity of police magistrate, in his office at C—. The room was occupied by about a dozen persons, men and women, black and white. He had just got through with one or two petty cases of debt or theft, and had up before him a poor, half-starved "White Herring," charged with sheep-stealing, when the door opened and a young girl, closely veiled, entered and took a seat in the farthest corner from the crowd. The case of the poor man was soon disposed of—the evidence was not positive—the compassionate magistrate leaned to the side of mercy, and the man was discharged, and went home most probably to dine upon mutton. This being the last case, the magistrate arose and ordered the room to be cleared of all who had no further business with him.

When the loungers had left the police office, the young girl came forward, stood before the magistrate, and raised her veil, revealing the features of Miriam.

"Good morning, Miss Shields," said Colonel Thornton; and neither the countenance nor manner of this suave and stately gentleman of the old school revealed the astonishment he really felt on seeing the young lady in such a place. He arose and courteously placed her a chair, reseating himself, and turned toward her and respectfully awaited her communication.

"Colonel Thornton, you remember Miss Mayfield, and the manner of her death, that made some stir here about seven years ago?"

The face of the old gentleman suddenly grew darkened and slightly convulsed, as the face of the sea when clouds and wind pass over it.

"Yes, young lady, I remember."

"I have come to denounce her murderer."

Colonel Thornton took up his pen, and drew toward him a blank form of a writ, and sat looking toward her and awaiting for her further words.

Her bosom heaved, her face worked, her voice was choked and unnatural, as she said:

"You will please to issue a warrant for the arrest of Thurston Wilcoxen."

Colonel Thornton laid down his pen, arose from his seat, and took her hand and gazed upon her with an expression of blended surprise and compassion.

"My dear young lady, you are not very well. May I inquire—are your friends in town, or are you here alone?"

"I am here alone. Nay, I am not mad, Colonel Thornton, although your looks betray that you think me so."

"No, no, not mad, only indisposed," said the colonel, in no degree modifying his opinion.

"Colonel Thornton, if there is anything strange and eccentric in my looks and manner, you must set it down to the strangeness of the position in which I am placed."

"My dear young lady, Miss Thornton is at the hotel to-day. Will you permit me to take you to her?"

"You will do as you please, Colonel Thornton, after you shall have heard my testimony and examined the proofs I have to lay before you. Then I shall permit you to judge of my soundness of mind as you will, promising, however, that my sanity or insanity can have no possible effect upon the proofs that I submit," she said, laying a packet upon the table between them.

Something in her manner now compelled the magistrate to give her words an attention for which he blamed himself, as for a gross wrong, toward his favorite clergyman.

"Do I understand you to charge Mr. Wilcoxen with the death of Miss Mayfield?"

"Yes," said Miriam, bowing her head.

"What cause, young lady, can you possibly have for making such a monstrous and astounding accusation?"

"I came here for the purpose of telling you, if you will permit me. Nor do I, since you doubt my reason, ask you to believe my statement, unsupported by proof."

"Go on, young lady; I am all attention."

"Will you administer the usual oath?"

"No, Miss Shields; I will hear your story first in the capacity of a friend."

"And you think that the only capacity in which you will be called upon to act? Well, may Heaven grant it!" said Miriam, and she began and told him all the facts that had recently come to her knowledge, ending by placing the packet of letters in his hands.

While she spoke, Colonel Thornton's pen was busy making minutes of her statements; when she had concluded, he laid down the pen, and turning to her, asked:

"You believe, then, that Mr. Wilcoxen committed this murder?"

"I know not—I act only upon the evidence."

"Circumstantial evidence, often as delusive as it is fatal! Do you think it possible that Mr. Wilcoxen could have meditated such a crime?"

"No, no, no, no! never meditated it! If he committed it, it was unpremeditated, unintentional; the accident of some lover's quarrel, some frenzy of passion, jealousy—I know not what!"

"Let me ask you, then, why you volunteer to prosecute?"

"Because I must do so. But, tell me,

do you think what I have advanced trivial and unimportant?" asked Miriam, in a hopeful tone, for little she thought of herself, if only her obligation were discharged, and her brother still unharmed.

"On the contrary, I think it so important as to constrain my instant attention, and oblige me to issue a warrant for the apprehension of Mr. Thurston Wilcoxen," said Colonel Thornton, as he wrote rapidly, filling out several blank documents. Then he rang a bell, that was answered by the entrance of several police officers. To the first he gave a warrant, saying:

"You will serve this immediately upon Mr. Wilcoxen." And to another he gave some half dozen subpoenas, saying: "You will serve all these between this time and twelve to-morrow."

When these functionaries were all discharged, Miriam arose and went to the magistrate.

"What do you think of the testimony?"

"It is more than sufficient to commit Mr. Wilcoxen for trial; it may cost him his life."

A sudden paleness passed over her face; she turned to leave the office, but the hand of death seemed to clutch her heart, arresting its pulsation, stopping the current of her blood, smothering her breath, and she fell to the floor.

Wearily passed the day at Delt-Delight. Thurston, as usual, sitting reading or writing at his library table; Paul rambling uneasily about the house, now taking up a book and attempting to read, now throwing it down in disgust; sometimes almost irresistibly impelled to spring upon his horse and gallop to Charlotte Hall, then restraining his strong impulse lest something important should transpire at home during his absence. So passed the day until the middle of the afternoon.

Paul was walking up and down the long piazza, indifferent for the first time in his life to the loveliness of the soft April atmosphere, that seemed to blend, raise and idealize the features of the landscape until earth, water and sky were harmonized into celestial beauty. Paul was growing very anxious for the reappearance of Miriam, or for some news of her or her errand, yet dreading every moment an arrival of another sort. "Where could the distracted girl be? Would her report be received and acted upon by the magistrate? If so, what would be done? How would it all end? Would Thurston sleep in his own house or in a prison that night? When would Miriam return? Would she ever return, after having assumed such a task as she had taken upon herself?"

These and other questions presented themselves every moment, as he walked up and down the piazza, keeping an eye upon the distant road.

Presently a cloud of dust in the distance arrested both his attention and his romenade, and brought his anxiety to a crisis. He soon perceived a single horseman galloping rapidly down the road, and never removed his eyes until the horseman turned into the gate and galloped swiftly to the house.

Then with joy Paul recognized the rider, and ran eagerly down the stairs to give him welcome, and reached the paved walk just as Cloudy dry rein and threw himself from the saddle.

The meeting was a cordial, joyous one—with Cloudy it was sincere, unmingled joy; with Paul it was only a pleasant surprise and a transient forgetfulness. Rapid questions were asked and answered, as they hurried into the house.

Cloudy's ship had been ordered home sooner than had been expected; he had reached Norfolk a week before, and that afternoon, and had immediately procured a horse and hurried home. Hence his unlooked-for arrival.

"How is Thurston? How is Miriam? How are they all at Luckenough?"

"All are well; the family at Luckenough are absent in the South, but are expected home every week."

"And where is Miriam?"

"At the village."

"And Thurston?"

"In his library, as usual," said Paul, and touched the bell to summon a messenger to send to Mr. Wilcoxen.

"Have you dined, Cloudy?"

"Yes, no—I ate some bread and cheese at the village; don't fuss; I'd rather wait till supper-time."

The door opened, and Mr. Wilcoxen entered.

Whatever secret anxiety might have weighed upon the minister's heart, no sign of it was suffered to appear upon his countenance, as, smiling cordially, he came in holding out his hand to welcome his cousin and early playmate, expressing equal surprise and pleasure at seeing him.

Cloudy had to go over the ground of explanation of his sudden arrival, and by the time he had finished, old Jenny came in, laughing and wriggling with joy to see him. But Jenny did not remain long in the parlor; she hurried out into the kitchen to express her feelings professionally by preparing a welcome feast.

"And you are not married yet, Thurston, as great a favorite as you are with the ladies! How is that? Every time I come home I expect to be presented to a Mrs. Wilcoxen, and never am gratified; why is that?"

"Perhaps I believe in the celibacy of the clergy."

### KITCHEN AMENITIES.



The New Maid—"In my last place I always took things easy."

The Old Cook—"Well, your mistress ought to have had sense enough to keep 'em locked up."

"Perhaps you have never recovered the disappointment of losing Miss Le Roy?"

"Ah! Cloudy, people who live in glass houses should not throw stones; I suspect you judge me by yourself. How is it with you, Cloudy? Has no fair maiden been able to teach you to forget your boy-love for Jacquelinia?"

Cloudy winced, but tried to cover his embarrassment with a laugh.

"Oh! I have been in love forty dozen times. I'm always in love; my heart is continually going through a circle from one fit to another, like the sun through the signs of the zodiac; only it never comes to anything."

"Well, at least little Jacko is forgotten, which is one congratulatory circumstance."

"No, she is not forgotten; I will not wrong her by saying that she is, or could be! All other loves are merely the foreign ports which my heart visits transiently now and then. Lina is its native home. I don't know how it is. With most cases of disappointment, such as yours with Miss Le Roy, I suppose the regret may be short-lived enough; but when an affection has been part and parcel of one's being from infancy up;

why, it is in one's soul and heart and blood, so to speak—is identical with one's consciousness, and inseparable from one's life."

"Do you ever see her?"

"See her! yes; but how?—at each return from a voyage. I may see her once, with an iron grating between us; she disguised with her black shrouding robe and veil, and thinking that she must suffer here to expiate the fate of Dr. Grimshaw, who, scorpion-like, stung himself to death with the venom of his own bad passions. She is a Sister of Mercy, devoted to good works, and leaves her convent only in times of war, plague, pestilence or famine, to minister to the suffering. She nursed me through the yellow fever, when I lay in the hospital at New Orleans, but when I got well enough to recognize her she vanished—evaporated—made herself 'thin air,' and another Sister served in her place."

"Have you ever seen her since?"

"Yes, once; I sought out her convent, and went with the fixed determination to reason with her, and to persuade her not to renew her vows for another year—you know, the Sisters only take vows for a year at a time."

"Did you make any impression on her mind?" inquired Thurston, with more interest than he had yet shown in any part of the story.

(To be continued.)

### FARMING FROGS FOR FOOD.

The Yankees Are Almost as Fond of Frogs as the French.

By the side of the Mississippi, a little distance below St. Louis, is a large tract of country exclusively devoted to the cultivation of frogs.

Some years ago an ingenious American conceived the idea of cleaning out several acres of swamp-land, inclosing it in a strong wire fence, and preserving the frogs which abounded there. This he did, and he was soon in possession of a huge quantity of these little animals.

But his stock was by no means a refined quality. They were small, and excessively coarse to the palate. So he journeyed to Paris, and arranged for a supply of French frogs to be sent over. These he turned loose in his froggery,

and after a few months the newcomers had almost completely driven the native breed from the grounds. The frogs are fed twice a day, and it is a most ludicrous sight to see thousands of these frogs, of all sizes, hopping to their accustomed places at feeding-time.

They are caught in nets, and then thrown into barrels, the large ones being retained and the under-grown returned to the water. After they are killed, they are strung on strings, a dozen of them going to the bunch, and every morning several thousands of them are shipped to their destination.

The price fetched by these frogs averages \$1.25 a dozen in the season, but they are getting cheaper every year. When they were first introduced, \$2.50 and \$3 was by no means an unusual price to pay for a dozen of them.

### LIFE SIZE.

Mr. Gladstone is so invariably presented heroic size that it is refreshing to meet him in more human proportions in a recent book of impressions of celebrities, "In the Sixties and Seventies."

The author was trying to get out of the crush at a fashionable wedding which she had attended, when she heard a voice saying:

"It's four o'clock! It's four o'clock! We shall be late for the House. Harcourt, we must get out."

The speaker was just back of her, and pushing dreadfully; but she, grasping her companion's arm, stood her ground. Then she turned her head and saw Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt.

"What do you mean by this ungentlemanly behavior?" she demanded, indignant at a push which threatened to force her off the sidewalk and into the street.

"We are late for the House, madam," explained Mr. Gladstone, rather impatiently.

"Is that any reason why we should be killed by these horses?" the lady asked. "If you were men you would keep the crowd back."

"She is right," whispered Harcourt. "We must keep the crowd back. I beg your pardon, madam."

Mr. Gladstone scowled and looked cross, but muttered something which the lady took for an apology, and, with Sir William, held the crowd back.

# DON'T THROW MONEY AWAY



THE SETTING HEN—Her failures have discouraged many a poultry raiser.

You can make money raising chicks in the right way—lots of it.

No one doubts that there is money in raising chickens with a good incubator and brooder.

Users of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder have all made money. If you still cling to the old idea that you can successfully run a poultry business using the hen as a hatcher, you would like to reason with you.

In the first place, we can prove to you that your actual cash loss in eggs, which the 20 hens should lay during the time you keep them hatching and brooding, will be equal to pay for a Chatham Incubator and Brooder in five or six batches, to say nothing whatever of the larger and better results attained by the use of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

If you allow a hen to set, you lose at least eight weeks of laying (three weeks hatching and five weeks caring for the chicks), or say in the eight weeks she would lay at least three dozen eggs. Let the Chatham Incubator on the hatching, while the hen goes on laying eggs.

Our No. 3 Incubator will hatch as many eggs as twenty setting hens, and do it better. Now, here is a question in arithmetic:—

If you keep 20 hens from laying for 8 weeks, how much cash do you lose if each hen would have laid 3 dozen eggs, and eggs are worth 15 cents per dozen? Ans.—\$9.00.

Therefore, when the Chatham Incubator is hatching the number of eggs that twenty hens would hatch, it is really earning in cash for you \$9.00, besides producing for your profit chicks by the wholesale, and being ready to do the same thing over again the moment each hatch is off.

Don't you think, therefore, that it pays to keep the hens laying and let the Chatham Incubator do the hatching?

There are many other reasons why the Chatham Incubator and Brooder outclasses the setting hen.

The hen sets when she is ready. The Chatham Incubator is always ready. By planning to take off a hatch at the right time, you may have plenty of broilers to sell when broilers are scarce and prices at the top notch. If you depend on the hen, your chicks will grow to broilers just when every other hen's chicks are being marketed, and when the price is not so stiff.

The hen is a careless mother, often leading her chicks amongst wet grass, bushes, and in places where rats can contact her young.

The Chatham Brooder behaves itself, is a perfect mother and very rarely loses a chick, and is not infested with lice.

Altogether, there is absolutely no reasonable reason for continuing the use of a hen as a hatcher and every reason why you should have a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We are making a very special offer, which it will pay you to investigate.

Small Premises Sufficient For Poultry Raising.

Of course, if you have lots of room, so much the better, but many a man and woman are carrying on a successful and profitable poultry business in a small city or town lot. Any one with a fair sized stable or shed and a small yard can raise poultry profitably.

But to make money quickly, you must get away from the old idea of trying to do business with setting hens as hatchers. You must get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

To enable everybody to get a fair start in the right way in the poultry business, we make a very special offer which it is worth your while to investigate.

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Halifax, Chatham. Factories at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT, MICH.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder has created a New Era in Poultry Raising.

The setting Hen as a Hatcher has been proven a Commercial Failure.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder has always proved a Money Maker.

A Light, Pleasant and Profitable Business for Women

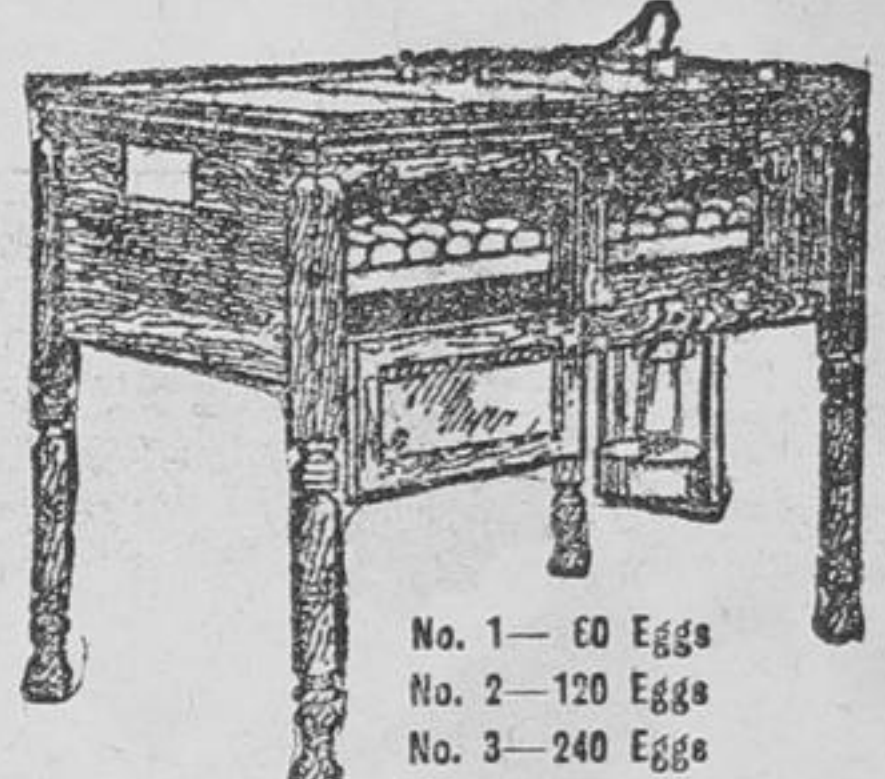
Many women are to-day making an independent living and putting by money every month raising poultry with a Chatham Incubator.

Any woman with a little leisure time at her disposal can, without any previous experience or without a cent of cash, begin the poultry business and make money right from the start.

Perhaps you have a friend who is doing so. If not, we can give you the names of many who started with much misgiving only to be surprised by the ease and rapidity with which the profits came to them.

Of course, success depends on getting a right start. You must begin right. You can never make any considerable money as a poultry raiser with hens as hatchers. You must have a good incubator and brooder, but this means in the ordinary way an investment which, perhaps you are not prepared to make just now, and this is just where our special offer comes in.

If you are in earnest, we will set you up in the poultry business without a cent of cash down. If we were not sure that the Chatham Incubator and Brooder is the best and that with it and a reasonable amount of effort on your part you are sure to make money, we would not make the special offer below.



THE CHATHAM INCUBATOR—It's success has encouraged many to make more money than they ever thought possible out of chicks.

Every Farmer Should Raise Poultry

Almost every farmer "keeps hens," but, wallo he knows that there is a certain amount of profit in the business, even when letting it take care of itself, few farmers are aware of how much they are losing every year by not getting into the poultry business in such a way as to make more money out of it.

The setting hen as a hatcher will never be a commercial success. Her business is to lay eggs and she should be kept at it. The only way to raise chicks for profit is to begin right, by installing a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. With such a machine you can begin hatching on a large scale at any time.

You can only get one crop off your fields in a year, but with a Chatham Incubator and Brooder and ordinary attention, you can raise chickens from early Spring until Winter and have a crop every month. Think of it!

Quite a few farmers have discovered that there is money in the poultry business and have found this branch of farming so profitable that they have installed several Chatham Incubators and Brooders after trying the first.

Perhaps you think that it requires a great deal of time or a great deal of technical knowledge to raise chickens with a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. If so, you are greatly mistaken. Your wife or daughter can attend to the machine and look after the chickens without interfering with their regular household duties.

The market is always good and prices are never low. The demand is always in excess of the supply and at certain times of the year you can practically get any price you care to ask for good broilers. With a Chatham Incubator and Brooder you can start hatching at the right time to bring the chickens to marketable broilers when the supply is very low and the prices accordingly high. This you could never do with hens as hatchers.

We know that there is money in the poultry business for every farmer who will go about it right. All you have to do is to get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder and start it. But perhaps you are not prepared just now to spend the money. This is why we make the special offer.

IS THIS FAIR?

We know there is money in raising chickens. We know the Chatham Incubator and Brooder has no equal.

We know that with any reasonable effort on your part, you cannot but make money out of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We know that we made a similar offer last year and that in every case the payments were met cheerfully and promptly, and that in many cases money was accompanied by letters expressing satisfaction.

Therefore, we have no hesitation in making this proposition to every honest, earnest man or woman who may wish to add to their yearly profits with a small expenditure of time and money.

This really means that we will set you up in the poultry business so that you can make money right from the start, without asking for a single cent from you until after 1906 harvest.

If we knew of a fairer offer, we would make it. Write us a post card with your name and address, and we will send you full particulars, as well as our beautifully illustrated book, "How to make money out of chicks." Write to-day to Chatham.

WE WILL SHIP NOW

TO YOUR STATION

FREIGHT PREPAID

## A CHATHAM INCUBATOR and BROODER

You Pay us no Cash Till After 1906 Harvest

"Gentlemen,—Your No. 1 Incubator is all right. I am perfectly satisfied with it. Will get a larger one from you next year. H. M. Lookwood, Lindsay, Ont."

"Gentlemen,—I think both Incubator and Brooder is all right. I got 75 per cent. out of three hatches. R. S. FLEMING, Plattsville, Ont."

"Gentlemen,—I had never seen an incubator until I received yours. I was pleased and surprised to get over 80 per cent., and the chickens are all strong and healthy. A child could operate machine successfully. Jas. Day, Rathwell, Man."

The MANSON CAMPBELL CO., Limited, Dept. No. 35, CHATHAM, CANADA

Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.