Marian Mayfield

Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued).

I have no space nor time to give a fair idea of the logic and eloquence with which Mr. Romford met the charges of the State's Attorney, nor the astute skill with which he tried to break down the force of the evidence for the prosecution. Then he called the witnesses for the defence. They were all warm friends of Mr. Willcoxen, all had known him from boyhood, none would believe that under any possible circumstances he could commit the crime for which he stood indicted. They testified to his well-known kindness, gentleness and benevolence—his habitual forebearance and command of temper, even under the most exasperating provocations—they swore to his generosity, fidelity and truthfulness in all the relations to life. In a word they did the very best they could to save his life and honor—but the most they could do was very little before the force of such evidence as stood arrayed against him. And all men saw that unless an alibi could be proved, Thurston Willcoxen was lost! Oh! for that alibi. Paul Douglass was again undergoing an awful temptation. Why, he asked himself, why should he not perjure his soul, and lose it, too, to save his brother's life and honor from fatal wrong? And if there had not been in Paul's heart a love of truth greater than his fear of hell, his affection for Thurston would have triumphed, he would have perjured himself.

The defense here closed. The State's Attorney did not even deem it necessary to speak again, and the judge proceeded to charge the jury. They must not, he said, be blinded by the social position, clerical character, youth, talents, accomplishments or celebrity of the prisoner—with however dazzling a halo these might surround him. They must deliberate cooly upon the evidence that had been laid before them, and after due consideration of the case, if there was a doubt upon their minds, they were to let the prisoner have the full benefit of it—wherever there was the least uncertainty it was right to lean to the side of mercy.

The case was then given to the jury. The jury did not leave their box, but counselled together in a low voice for half an hour, during which a death-like silence, a suffocating atmosphere filled the court-room.

Thurston alone was calm, his soul had collected all its force to meet the shock of whatever fate might come—honor or dishonor, life or death!

Presently the foreman of the jury arose, followed by the others.

Every heart stood still.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" demanded the judge.

"Yes, your honor," responded the foreman, on the part of his colleagues.

"How say you—is the prisoner at the bar 'Guilty or not guilty?'"

"Not guilty!" cried the shrill tones of a girl near the outer door, toward which all eyes, in astonishment and inquiry, were now turned, to see a slight female figure, in the garb of a Sister of Mercy, clinging to the arm of Cloudesley Mornington, who was now pushing and elbowing his way through the crowd toward the bench.

All gave way—many that were seated arose to their feet, and spoke in eager whispers, or looked over each others' heads.

"Order! silence in the court!" shouted the marshall.

"Your honor—this lady is a vitally important witness for the defense," said Cloudy, pushing his way into the presence of the judge, leaving his female companion standing before the bench and then hurrying to the dock, where he grasped the hand of the prisoner, exclaiming, breathlessly: "Saved—Thurston! Saved!"

"Order! Silence!" called out the marshal, by way of making himself agreeable—for there was silence in the court, where all the audience at least were more anxious to hear than to speak.

"Your honor, I move that the new witness be heard," said Mr. Romford.

"The defense is closed—the charge given to the jury, who have decided upon their verdict," answered the State's Attorney.

"The verdict has not been rendered, the jury have the privilege of hearing this new witness," said the judge.

The jury were unanimous in the resolution to withhold their verdict until they had heard.

This being decided, the Sister of Mercy took the stand, threw aside her long, black veil, and revealed the features of Jacquelina; but so pale, weary, anxious and terrified, as to be scarcely recognizable.

The usual oath was administered.

And while Cloudy stood triumphantly by the side of Mr. Willcoxen, Jacquelina prepared to give her evidence.

She was interrupted by a slight disturbance near the door, and the rather noisy entrance of several persons, whom the crowd, on beholding, recognized as Commodore Waugh, his wife, his niece, and his servant. Some among them seemed to insist upon being brought directly into the presence of the judge and jury—but the officer near the door pointed out to them the witness on the stand, waiting to give testimony; and on seeing her they subsided into quietness, and suffered themselves to be set aside for awhile.

When this was over—a lady, plainly dressed, and close-veiled, entered, and addressed a few words to the same janitor. But the latter replied as he had to others, by pointing to the witness on the stand. The veiled lady seemed to acquiesce, and sat down where the officer directed her.

"Order! silence in the court!" cried the marshall, not to be behindhand.

And order and silence reigned when the Sister gave in her evidence as follows:

"My name is Jacquelina L'Oiseau—not Grimshaw—for I never was the wife of Dr. Grimshaw. I do not like to speak further of myself, yet it is necessary, to make my testimony clear. While yet a child I was contracted to Dr. Grimshaw in a civil marriage, which was never ratified. I was full of mischief in those days, and my greatest pleasure was to torment and provoke my would-be bridegroom; alas! alas! it was to that wanton spirit that all the disaster is owing. Thurston Willcoxen and Marian Mayfield were my intimate friends. On the morning of the 8th of April, 182—, they were both at Luckenough. Thurston left early. After he was gone Marian chanced to drop a note, which I picked up and read. It was in the handwriting of Thurston Willcoxen, and it appointed a meeting with Marian upon the beach, near Pine Bluff, for that evening.

Here Mr. Romford placed in her hands the scrap of paper that had already formed such an important part of the evidence against the prisoner.

"Is that the note of which you speak?"

"Yes—that is the note. And when I picked it up the wanton spirit of mischief inspired me with the wish to use it for the torment of Dr. Grimshaw, who was easily provoked to jealousy! Oh! I never thought it would end so fatally! I affected to lose the note, and left it in his way. I saw him pick it up and read it. I felt sure he thought—as I intended he should think—it was for me. There were other circumstances also to lead him to the same conclusion. He dropped the note where he had picked it up and pretended not to have seen it; afterwards I in the same way restored it to Marian. To carry on my fatal jest, I went home in the carriage with Marian, to Old Field Cottage, which stands near the coast. I left Marian there and set out to return to Luckenough—laughing all the time, alas! to think that Dr. Grimshaw had gone to the coast to intercept what he supposed to be my meeting with Thurston! Oh, God. I never thought such jests could be so dangerous! Alas! alas! he met Marian Mayfield in the dark, and between the storm without and the storm within—the blindness of night and the blindness of rage—he stabbed her before he found out his mistake, and he rushed home with her innocent blood on his hands and clothing—rushed home and into my presence, to reproach me as the cause of his crime, to fill my bosom with undying remorse, and then to die! He had in the crisis of his passion, ruptured an artery and fell—so that the blood found upon his hands and clothing was supposed to be his own. No one knew the secret of his blood guiltiness but myself. In my illness and delirium that followed I believe I dropped some words that made my aunt, Mrs. Waugh, and Mr. Cloudesley Mornington, suspect something; but I never betrayed my knowledge of the dead man's unintentional crime, and would not do so now, but to save the innocent. May I now sit down?"

No! the State's Attorney wanted to take her in hand, and cross-examine her, which he began to do severely, unsparingly. But as she had told the exact truth, though not in the clearest style, the more the lawyer sifted her testimony, the clearer and more evident its truthfulness and point became; until there seemed at length nothing to do but acquit the prisoner. But courts of law are proverbially fussy, and now the State's Attorney was doing his best to invalidate the testimony of the latest witness.

Turn we from them to the veiled lady, where she sat in her obscure corner of the room, hearing all this.

Oh! who can conceive, far less portray the joy, the unspeakable joy that filled her heart nearly to breaking! He was guiltless! Thurston, her beloved, was guiltless in intention, as he was in deed! the thought of crime had not been near his heart! his long remorse had been occasioned by what he had unintentionally made her suffer. He was all that he had lately appeared to the world! all that he had at first appeared to her!—faithful, truthful, constant, noble, generous—her heart was vindicated! her love was not the madness, the folly, the weakness that her intellectual nature had often stamped it to be! Her love was vindicated, for he deserved it all! Oh! joy unspeakable—oh! joy insupportable!

She was a strong, calm, self-governing woman—not wont to be overcome by any event or any emotion—yet now her head, her whole form, drooped forward, and she sank upon the low balustrade in front of her seat—weighed down by excess of happiness—happiness so absorbing that for a time she forgot everything else; but soon she remembered that her presence was required near the bench, to put a stop between the debate between the lawyers, and she strove to quell the tumultuous excitement of her feelings, and to recover self-command before going among them.

In the meantime, near the bench, the counsel for the prisoner had succeeded in establishing the validity of the challenged testimony, and the case was once more about to be recommitted to the jury, when the lady, who had been quietly making her way through the crowd toward the bench, stood immediately in front of the judge, raised her veil, and Marian Mayfield stood revealed.

With a loud cry the prisoner sprang upon his feet; but was immediately captured by two officers, who fancied he was about to escape.

Marian did not speak one word, she could not do so, nor was it necessary—there she stood alive among them—they all knew her—the judge, the officers, the lawyers, the audience—there she stood alive among them—it was enough!

The audience arose in a mass, and "Marian!" "Marian Mayfield!" was the general exclamation, as all pressed toward the newcomer.

Jacquelina, stunned with the too sudden joy, swooned in the arms of Cloudy, who, between surprise and delight, had nearly lost his own senses.

The people pressed around Marian, with exclamations and inquiries.

The marshal forgot to be disorderly with vociferations of "Order!" and stood among the rest, agape for news.

Marian recovered her voice and spoke: "I am not here to give any information; what explanation I have to make is due first of all to Mr. Willcoxen, who has the right to claim it of me when he pleases," and turning around she moved toward the dock, raising her eyes to Thurston's face, and offering her hand.

How he met that look—how he clasped that hand—need not be said—their hearts were too full for speech.

The tumult in the court-room was at length subdued by the rising of the judge to make a speech—a very brief one:

"Mr. Willcoxen is discharged, and the court adjourned," and then the judge came down from his seat, and the officers cried, "make way for the court to pass." And the way was made. The judge came up to the group, and shook hands first with Mr. Willcoxen, whom he earnestly congratulated, and then with Marian, who was an old an esteemed acquaintance, and so bowing gravely, he passed out.

Still the crowd pressed on, and among them came Commodore Waugh and his family, for whom way was immediately made.

Mrs. Waugh wept and smiled, and exclaimed: "Oh! Hebe! Oh! Lapwing!"

The commodore growled out certain inarticulate anathemas, which he intended should be taken as congratulations, since the people seemed to expect it of him.

And Mary L'Oiseau pulled down her mouth, cast up her eyes and crossed herself when she saw the consecrated hand of Sister Theresa clasped in that of Cloudy!

But Thurston's high spirit could note brook this scene an instant longer. And love as well as pride required its speedy close. Marian was resting on his arm—he felt the clasp of her dear hand—he saw her living face—the angel brow—the clear eyes—the rich auburn tresses, rippling around the blooming cheek—he heard her dulcet tones—yet—it seemed too like a dream!—he needed to realize this happiness.

"Friends," he said, "I thank you for the interest you show in us. For those whose faith in me remained unshaken in my darkest hour, I find no words good enough to express what I shall ever feel. But you must all know how exhausting this day has been, and how needful repose is"—his eyes here fell fondly and proudly upon Marian—"to this lady on my arm. After to-morrow we shall be happy to see any of our friends at Dell-Delight." And bowing slightly from right to left, he led his Marian through the opening crowd.

(To be continued).

ODDITIES OF ENGLISH.

Words in the Language That Have Changed Meaning.

"Bribery" is a word with a curious history. In the old Geneva Bible it is said of the scribes and pharisees that they "make clean the outer side of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of bribery." The authorized version has "extortion," and there is no doubt that by "bribery" the Geneva Bible meant robbery. "Bribery" probably meant originally a morsel, a broken-off piece, but it occurs first in old French "bribeur," a beggar or greedy devourer. "Bribery" developed in two directions—in the senses of robbery and of a present. When Falstaff speaks of a "bribed buck," he means not one that has been corrupted, but one that has been stolen.

A writer in the London Chronicle says: "Our language's trick of decapitating words, as in 'bus,' 'phone,' and 'wig,' is not at all a modern failing. Take the common words 'spend' and 'sport.' Our very early ancestors had the verb 'spendan,' and yet 'spend' is really a disguising abbreviation of the Latin 'dis-pendre,' to pay out. 'Sport' is another very old English word, yet it is really 'disport'—'disport,' to carry apart, which acquired the metaphorical sense of pleasure or amusement precisely as 'divert' and 'transport.'"

Faith is well enough in its way, but don't put too much of it in canned goods and cold storage eggs.

About the Farm

TREATMENT OF GRASS LANDS.

It may be of interest to readers to know the results of experiments from my own observation on grass land, writes Mr. W. R. Gilbert. Unmanured plots yielded on the average some 22 cwt. of hay, of which 63 per cent. was grass, 10 per cent. clover, and the rest weeds. On a neighboring plot only superphosphate was put on every year, and the crop was about the average of the unmanured crops, half consisting of weeds. In the earlier years the superphosphate gave greatly increased returns. There was plenty of potash in the soil. But while one thing was being put in three were being taken out and the result was that the land became probably more impoverished than if nothing had been put on. The same thing happened through the rather reckless use of basic slag, which supplied only phosphoric acid and lime. On peaty land slag unlocks the nitrogen in the soil, and greatly improves the character of the herbage but if it is continued and nothing put on to take the place of the potash and nitrogen removed in the crops the land will go back.

Sulphate of ammonia used by itself differed in its effect from nitrate of soda. Even when twice as much nitrogen was supplied in the former salt than in the nitrate it turned out much less effective. When nitrate of soda was put on it was mostly strong rooted, deep tufted grass which grew, a good deal of it being fall oat grass. But when ammonia was put on the chief grass was sheep's fescue, which formed 60 per cent. of the herbage. The reason is a curious one. Sulphate of ammonia was held close to the surface by the humus in the soil and therefore shallow rooting to make use of it. The nitrate washed down into the soil and the plant root followed it 4 feet deep whereas not more than 27 inches was the depth of the roots on plots which received ammonia salts.

On plots getting mineral manure, everything plants want, except nitrogen, there is a great development of clover and yellow vetchling, until it became nearly half the herbage of which there was nearly two tons to the acre. The reason was that the clover plants could get the nitrogen they wanted out of the atmosphere, and if the other things were supplied they got practically a complete manure. But the grasses were dependent on nitrogen in the soil and could not flourish under this treatment, so that the clover drove them out.

LARGER CROPS FROM NITROGEN.

When the plots received nitrogen they began to grow much bigger crops. One which got a complete dressing grew nearly three tons of hay per acre and 96 per cent was grass with a little weed; but no perceptible amount of clover. By increasing the nitrogen bigger crops were not with grass up to 96 per cent, and everything else crowded out, but the grasses were restricted to about our different kinds, and among these there were no bottom grasses. That was the effect of grass overfeeding with nitrogen. When potash was left out there was a difference of half a ton and a great difference in appearance. The feeding value was much less.

The change of manures affects clovers. When ammonia was stopped on one plot there was 75 per cent of grass and 20 per cent of weeds. Minerals were substituted and there was a great increase of clover year by year until it was more than half the herbage. In another plot potash was dropped out, and the clover fell from 20 per cent to 2 per cent. Lime greatly increased the crop of clover, where potash had been used before the lime liberated the stored up potash, setting it to work, and stimulating the clovers. One practical question is whether it is wise to lay down land for hay every year; cutting it, and giving sulphate manure; or hay land one year and graze it the next. From experience I think it is better to stick to one thing. Give certain fields suitable manure, and hay them every year. When we grow a crop of hay we encourage certain tall grasses, which make up the bulk of the crop, but if the next year we grazed it, the tall grasses would be kept under by the cattle, and the dwarf grasses encouraged.

If it is decided to hay land every year what sort of manure should be used? Farmyard manure no doubt makes the soil more resistant to drought, and even chopped straw, by sheltering the grass in the early spring growths, starts the growth. But if we are going to mow every year we must manure every year. The poorer the land the less can we afford to spend on manures. An expensive manure on poor land is wasted. Unless the grasses are there to take advantage of the manures, the latter are not likely to bring a profitable return. The character of the herbage must be reformed.

If we are going to sell the hay we should naturally use more nitrogen, than if it is to be consumed at home, because nitrogen means more growth; and mineral manures do not always show themselves in the growth so much as in the superior feeding value. We can grow a clover which is nearly half clover, but not a profitable amount of it, but with a large quantity of nitrogen we can crop 3½ tons to the acre of stemmy grasses.

On pastures we use lime, basic slag, and sometimes kainit, but not nitrogenous manures, because we assume that the animals will return as much as they consume. This is not always correct. In conclusion, we should remember the dependence of the clovers on phosphorus and potash, and of the grass on nitrogen, and the importance of watching the classes of herbage before money is spent on manures.

DIPPING SHEEP FOR SCAB.

The dipping of sheep is practised to free them from ticks and also from the presence of the scab mite. The proprietary dips are used for the purpose as a rule, although the bureau of animal industry still favors the use of the lime and sulphur dip, although much evidence has been brought forward to show that it injures the wool, if applied just after shearing the sheep, this result would not follow. Prominent among the proprietary dips are chloronaptholeum, zenoleum and certain preparations with tobacco as the principal element in their potency, says Prof. Thomas Shaw.

The following is the formula for making the lime and sulphur dip: Take eight to eleven pounds of unslaked lime and add enough water to slake the lime, sift into this three times as many pounds of flowers of sulphur as there were pounds of lime at the outset. Boil the mixture from two to three hours, adding water when necessary. Pour the mixture into a tub, vat or barrel that it may be drawn off through a spigot without sediment. When using this dip, it is greatly important to keep the sediment out of the mixture.

The common form of the infection known as sheep scab causes greater loss to the sheep industry in the United States than any of the external parasites which prey upon them. It is produced by minute insects, many of which are too small to be seen without the aid of a microscope. Usually, however, if a tuft of wool is pulled out near the edge of the infected part little moving objects may be noticed by the naked eye near the base of the wool fibres, or among the scales adhering to them. They irritate the skin by biting, this causing an inflammation which produces an itching and gives the sheep no rest. The inflammation is accompanied by scab formation, under which the mites live. The rubbing of the sheep carries the scab to new centres, and thus the work of torment is frequently carried on simultaneously on different parts of the body. The wool soon becomes taggy and finally drops off at various places.

The remedy, as intimated, is dipping. The sheep should be dipped twice with an interval of eight to ten days between the dippings. The second dipping is given to destroy any mites that may have hatched out subsequent to the first dipping. As soon as dipped the sheep should be removed from their old surroundings and pasture grounds for a period of at least 20 days. The eggs hatch in two or three days after they have been laid. When the flocks are small, the dipping may be done in a water-tight box made for the purpose, into which the sheep are lifted. They may also be dipped in galvanized vats made for the purpose. When large lots are to be dipped, however, tanks made for the purpose are necessary, through which the sheep are made to swim, and from which they are made to emerge at the farther end. The construction of these cannot be given in this article. Sheep bought at the stock yards may usually be dipped there, but it ought to be remembered that for scab one dipping is not enough. The preparation of the proprietary dips is outlined in the directions that accompany them.

FUN WITH A DOG.

One Made of Stone Was a Terror to Tramps.

"Did I ever tell you about my stone dog?" asked Biggs.

They all declared he never did.

"Well, I had more fun out of that dog than any man ever got out of a dozen live dogs. I bought this dog cheap, and had it planted near the far end of the front walk, so that he could be seen from the front gate, and where he looked for all the world just like a dog of flesh and blood taking a quiet nap. I didn't think much of him at first, except to flatter myself that his presence gave a sort of tone to my establishment, suggesting to the passer-by that a man who could afford a stone dog must have a spare pound or two, you know.

"But one evening I was sitting at the front window enjoying my pipe when a beggar stopped at my gate. He opened it half-way, gave a little start, shut it again very carefully, tiptoed for a rod or two, and then ran off as fast as his legs would carry him. I couldn't understand this for a minute or two; finally I thought of that old stone dog, then it came to me what a treasure I possessed. That was only the beginning of the fun. That week I saw no fewer than a dozen fellows go through the same pantomime. I expect it got noised about among the fraternity that Biggs kept a dog with a ravenous appetite for tramps and beggars. At all events, there wasn't one came near the house after that dog had been there two or three weeks.

"The last one I saw was an old lady. From her persistency, I fancy she was after subscriptions, or something of that kind. She opened the gate, and then waited to see if that dog meant business. As the dog didn't spring at her, she opened her umbrella with a rush, thinking to frighten him away. But the dog didn't budge. Then she tried the coaxing dodge. 'Doggy,' she called, in persuasive tones; 'Poor doggy, nice doggy. Carlo, Rover, Lion!' But that stone dog wasn't to be wheedled into friendship. He lay there as dogged as ever. The old lady tried every means she could think of to coax or frighten him, but there he lay. Finally she had to give him up, but she held the fort longer than any one of the rest of them."

Even a cheap skate may disfigure much good ice.