

Marian Mayfield

Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

And after an early tea, Mrs. Waugh and Jacqueline set out in the family sleigh. A swift run over the hard, frozen snow brought them to Old Fields, where they stopped a moment to pick up Marian, and then shooting forward at the same rate of speed, they reached the lecture-room in full time.

Jacqueline was perhaps the very least enchanted of all his hearers—she was, in fact, an exception, and found the discourse so entirely uninteresting that it was with difficulty she could refrain from yawning in the face of the orator. Mrs. Waugh also, perhaps, was but half mesmerized, for her eyes would cautiously wander from the lecturer's pulpit to the side window on her right hand. At length she stooped and whispered to Jacqueline:

"Child, be cautious; Dr. Grimshaw is on the ground—I have seen his face rise up to that lower pane of glass at the corner of that window, several times. He must be crouched down on the outside."

Jacqueline gave a little start of surprise—her face underwent many phases of expression; she glanced furtively at the indicated window, and there she saw a pale, wild face gleam for an instant against the glass, and then drop. She nodded her head quickly, muttering:

"Oh, I'll pay him!"

"Don't child! don't do anything imprudent, for gracious' sake! That man is crazy—any one can see he is!"

"Oh, aunty, I'll be sure to pay him! He shan't be in my debt much longer. Soft, aunty! Don't look toward the window again! Don't let him perceive that we see him or suspect him—and then, you'll see what you'll see. I have a counter plot."

This last sentence was muttered to herself by Jacqueline, who thereupon straightened herself up—looked the lecturer in the eyes—and gave her undivided attention to him during the rest of the evening. There was not a more appreciating and admiring hearer in the room than Jacqueline affected to be. Her face was radiant, her eyes starry, her cheeks flushed, her pretty lips glowing breathlessly apart—her whole form instinct with enthusiasm. Any one might have thought the little creature bewitched. But the fascinating orator need not have flattered him self—had he but known it—Jacqueline neither saw his face nor heard his words; she was seeing pictures of Grim's bitter jealousy, mortification and rage, as he beheld her from his covert; she was rehearsing scenes of what she meant to do to him. And when at last she forgot herself, and clapped her hand enthusiastically, it was not at the glorious peroration of the orator—but at the perfection of her own little plot!

When the lecturer had finished, and as usual announced the subject and the time of the next lecture, Jacqueline, instead of rising with the mass of the audience, showed a disposition to retain her seat.

"Come, my dear, I am going," said Mrs. Waugh.

"Wait, aunty, I don't like to go in a crowd."

Mrs. Waugh waited while the people pressed toward the outer doors.

"I wonder whether the professor will wait and join us when we return home?" said Mrs. Waugh.

"We shall see," said Jacqueline. "I wish he may. I believe he will. I am prepared for such an emergency."

In the meantime, Thurston Willcoxen had descended from the platform, and was shaking hands right and left with the few people who had lingered to speak to him. Then he approached Mrs. Waugh's party, bowed, and afterward shook hands with each member of it, only retaining Marian's hand the fraction of a minute longest, and giving it an earnest pressure in relinquishing it. Then he inquired after the health of the family at Luckenough, commented upon the weather, the state of the crops, etc., and with a valedictory bow withdrew, and followed the retreating crowd.

"I think we can also go now," said Mrs. Waugh.

"Yes," said Jacqueline, rising. Upon reaching the outside, they found old Oliver, with the sleigh drawn up to receive them. Jacqueline looked all around, to see if she could discover Thurston Willcoxen on the grounds; and not seeing him anywhere, she persuaded herself that he must have hastened home. But she saw Dr. Grimshaw, recognized him, and at the same time could but notice the strong resemblance in form and manner that he bore to Thurston Willcoxen, when it was too dark to notice the striking difference, in complexion and expression. Dr. Grimshaw approached her, keeping his cloak partially lifted to his face, as if to defend it from the wind, but probably to conceal it. Then the evil spirit entered Jacqueline, and tempted her to slide cautiously up to the professor, slip her arm through his arm, and whisper:

"Thurston! Come! Jump in the sleigh and go home with us. We

shall have such a nice time! Old Grim has gone to Leonardtown, and won't be home till to-morrow!"

"Has he, minion? By St. Judas! you are discovered now! I have now full evidence of your turpitude. By all the saints! you shall answer for it fearfully," said the professor, between his clenched teeth, as he closed his arm upon Jacqueline's arm and dragged her toward the sleigh.

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh! well, I don't care! If I mistook you for Thurston, it is not the first mistake I ever made about you. I mistook you once before for a man!" said Jacko, defiantly.

He thrust her into the sleigh already occupied by Mrs. Waugh and Marian, jumped in after her, and took the seat by her side.

"Why, I thought that you set out for Leonardtown this afternoon, Dr. Grimshaw!" said Mrs. Waugh, coldly.

"You may have jumped to other conclusions equally false and dangerous, madam!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, madam, that in conniving at the perfidy of this unprincipled girl, your niece, you imagined that you were safe. It was an error. You are both discovered!" said the professor, doggedly.

Henrietta was almost enraged.

"Dr. Grimshaw," she said, "nothing but self-respect prevents me from ordering you from this sleigh!"

"I advise you to let self-respect, or any other motive you please, still restrain you, madam. I remain here as the warden of this pretty creature's person, until she is safely secured."

"You will at least be kind enough to explain to us the causes of your present words and actions, sir!" said Mrs. Waugh, severely.

"Undoubtedly, madam! Having, as I judged, just reasons for doubting the integrity of your niece, and more than suspecting her attachment to Mr. Willcoxen, I was determined to test both. Therefore, instead of going to Leonardtown, to be absent till to-morrow, I came here, posted myself at a favorable point of observation, and took notes. While here, I saw enough to convince me of Jacqueline's indiscretions. Afterward leaving the spot with lacerated feelings I drew near her. She mistook me for her lover, and thrust her arm through mine, and said, 'Dear Thurston, come home with me—'

"Oh! you shocking old fye-for-shame! I said no such thing! I said, 'Thurston! Come! Jump in the sleigh and go home with us.'"

"It makes little difference, madam! The meaning was the same. I will not be responsible for a literal report. You are discovered."

"What does that mean? If it means you have discovered that I mistook you for Thurston Willcoxen, you ought to 'walk on thrones' the rest of your life! You never got such a compliment before, and never will again!"

"Aye! go on, madam! You and your conniving aunt—"

"Dr. Grimshaw, if you dare to say or hint such impertinence to me again, you shall leave your seat much more quickly than you took it," said Mrs. Waugh.

"We shall see, madam!" said the professor, and he lapsed into sullenness for the remainder of the drive.

But, oh! there was one in that sleigh upon whose heart the words of wild Jacko had fallen with cruel weight—Marian!

CHAPTER XXII.

When the sulky sleighing party reached Luckenough they found Commodore Waugh not only up and waiting, but in the highest state of self-satisfaction, a blessing of which they received their full share of benefit, for the old man, in the overflowing of his joy, had ordered an oyster supper, which was now all ready to be served smoking hot to the chilled and hungry sleigh-riders.

"I wonder what's out now?" said Jacqueline, as she threw off her wrappings, scattering them heedlessly on the chairs and floor of the hall.

"Some awful calamity has overtaken some of Uncle Nick's enemies. Nothing on earth but that ever puts him into such a jolly humor. Now we'll see! I wonder if it is a 'crownner's' quest' case? Wish it was Grim."

Mrs. Henrietta blessed her stars for the good weather, without inquiring very closely where it came from, as she conducted Marian to a bedroom to lay off her bonnet and mantle.

It was only at the foot of his own table, after lading out and serving around the stewed oysters "hot and hot," that the commodore, rubbing his hands, and smiling until his great face was as grotesque as a nut-cracker's, announced that Miss Nancy Skamp was turned out of office—yea, discredited, unseated, dethroned, and that Harry Barnwell reigned in her stead. The news had come in that evening's mail! All present breathed more freely—all felt an inexpressible relief in knowing that the postoffice would henceforth be above suspicion, and their letters

and papers safe from desecration. Only Marian said:

"What will become of the poor old creature?"

"By St. Judas Iscariot, that's her business."

"No, indeed, I think it is ours; some provision should be made for her, Commodore Waugh."

"I'll recommend her to the trustees of the almshouse, Miss Mayfield."

Marian thought it best not to pursue the subject then, but resolved to embrace the first opportunity of appealing to the commodore's smothered chivalry in behalf of a woman, old, poor, feeble, and friendless.

During the supper Dr. Grimshaw sat up as stiff and solemn—Jacqueline said—"as if he'd swallowed the poker and couldn't digest it." When they rose from the table, and were about leaving the dining-room, Dr. Grimshaw glided in a funeral manner to the side of the commodore, and demanded a private interview with him.

"Not to-night, Nace! Not to-night! I knew by your looks what it is! It is some new deviltry of Jacqueline's. That can wait! I'm as sleepy as a whole cargo of opium! I would not stop to talk now to Paul Jones, if he was to rise from the dead and visit me!"

And the professor had to be content with that, for almost immediately the family separated for the night.

(To be Continued.)

About the Farm

GRADING AND PACKING FRUITS.

Care in picking and handling fruit is of vital importance, writes Geo. T. Powell. Baskets should be used but never bags. The apples after picking should be turned carefully from the baskets into crates holding a bushel. These should be drawn to the packing building and carefully assorted, graded and packed. From the crates on one side, as seen in the illustration, the apples are assorted and graded into the pockets. The packers on the other side of the table wrap and pack into 40 or 50-pound standard boxes. In packing, corrugated pasteboard caps are used in the boxes and on both ends of the barrels. The illustration of a 50-pound box of Baldwins handsomely displays the fruit. We pack three grades. The A grade is the finest and every specimen is perfect; the B grade is of the same quality, but smaller. The C grade, which is good but not so perfect, is packed in barrels. The balance is evaporated. Even the skins and cores are saved and exported.

Five women and three men will work up 100 bushels apples a day. A bushel of apples will make from 5½ to 7 pounds of evaporated fruit, according to the variety. There should be fewer apples put into barrels and boxes, and more sent to the evaporator. The apple market for eastern fruit is unsatisfactory much of the time, for the reason of bad packing. So much inferior fruit is put into the barrels, and especially in the middle with the ends topped off with good looking apples, that buyers have no confidence in the packing. They cannot guarantee the fruits, and fix the price upon the poorest grade in the barrel. This does not pay the grower.

Apple growing in the future will be done more by specialists. Larger orchards will be planted so that all of the modern improved facilities may be employed in culture and the employment of expert labor. Desirable varieties are wanted in car lots. Such fruit will command higher value than small lots of mixed kinds. But few varieties should be grown in commercial orchards, and those only of

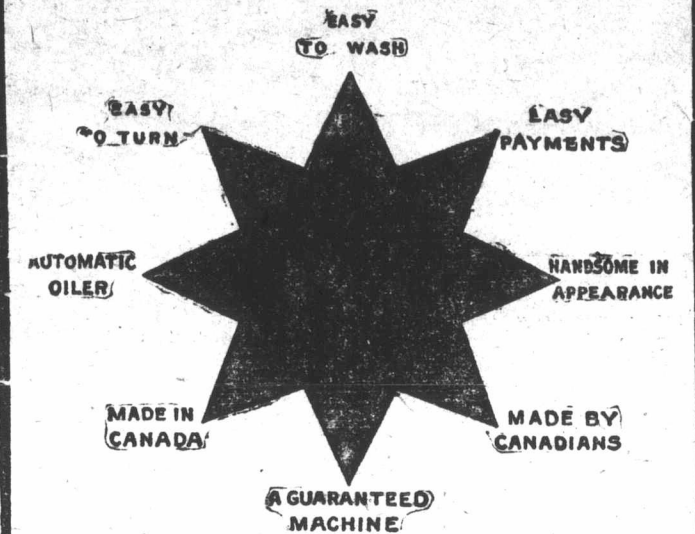
THE HIGHEST QUALITY.

Where the locality is suitable, the following may be planted as standard varieties: For early Astrachan, Williams, Yellow Transparent, Sweet Bough, Autumn, Dutchess, Gravenstein, Fall Strawberry, Fall Pippin and McIntosh. For winter, Baldwin, Sutton Beauty, King, Rhode Island Greening, Spy, Newtown, Esopus Spitzenburg and Pound Sweet.

The Ben Davis and apples of its class, are grown by those whose standard is one of pure commercialism. To grow these is an imposition upon the consumer, for the only quality the Ben Davis possesses is one to catch the buyer by its attractive color. It is always disappointing, wherever grown or by whom used. There is no sound reason for growing a variety of a low grade quality when the juicy Jonathan and Grimes Golden may be grown equally well in the south or southwest. In the north the high-flavored Greening, Spy and King, which will bear as many apples, command better value, and the trees live longer.

To increase the consumption of an article it must appeal to the consumer, upon whom the grower is entirely dependent. Only apples of excellent flavor, and there are a plenty of such, should be grown and sent to the market, honestly packed, and the consumption of this standard and best of all fruits, would greatly increase. Evidence of this is found in the fact that the highest quality apples do not change in value in seasons of plenty or of scarcity. The

UNEEDA CREAM SEPARATOR



apples from Orchard farm are shipped to foreign markets, excepting a liberal portion which we put in cold storage for our home markets. One of the great advantages to a community of an extensive apple industry is that of the interest which is awakened in women and the young people, who find congenial and profitable employment. Boys of 16 are frequently as useful in many phases of the work as men. Young women soon become experts in grading and packing the fruit. It gives them healthful employment while the earnings are satisfactory. The cost of wrapping a 40-pound box of apples at first will be 5 cents. With experience this may be reduced to 3 cents. To wrap a barrel of apples will cost from 15 to 20 cents. We find fruit that is wrapped keeps much longer and with much less loss. With the change to low-headed and dwarf trees, thinning of the fruit will be done in the future. This will reduce the quantity of the lower grades and improve the standard of the first.

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BIRDS FROM ARCTIC REGIONS.

Many of These Winter Visitors Arrive Very Tame.

It is surprising that there are birds which come to us only to spend the winter, leaving us again at the beginning of spring for northern lands and snowbanked hillsides, where the long day and pale twilight nights of the Arctic reign.

Birds that raise their broods in the far treeless northland, where heather, grasses and stunted alders grow on a shallow, soaking soil underlaid by a great depth of eternal ice, at the approach of winter gather into great roving flocks to surge southward to the gentler climate of our blizzardy "temperate" winters! Yet all young country folks have seen these restless wandering flocks of winter lovers, and occasionally even in the towns and cities there arrive unfamiliar companies of fat, fluffy birds, busily opening the cones of the firs and spruces, or devouring the buds of the maples.

Many of these much travelled little fellows are wonderfully tame, and seem not to experience fear of man so universal with animals that rear their young in his neighborhood. Pine grosbeaks and crossbills, whose real homes are in the silent, moss filled spruce forests of the great north, will almost allow themselves to be caught in your hand.

With the field roving kinds, like the snow buntings, horned larks and longspurs, this fearlessness is not found, probably from the constant lookout they are forced to keep against the cunning and hungry white foxes and the daring trap jawed little ermine that persistently hunt them in their northland home. But the rosy little red polls, the creepers, kinglets, "little friend chickadee," as the northern Indians call him, and all the other deep forest dwellers are as unafraid of us as they are of the gentle porcupines and deer of their home woods.

THE ARAB STEED.

An Arab horse of pure breed would probably be outpaced in a race by an English thoroughbred, but in other respects it outshines its Western rival. It is so docile that it is treated by its owner as one of the family, and it has an iron constitution, for it sleeps out at night without covering or shelter. Nature protects the Arab horse with a thick, furry coat, which is never touched by brush or comb, and which falls off at the approach of spring, when the body and legs, which had been shaggy as those of a bear, again resume their graceful beauty, and glisten in the sun like polished marble.

CARE OF THE FARM HORSE.

It frequently happens that farm horses are kept too long at work without being fed, and after a fast they are gorged. Heavy feeding after a long fast is very apt to bring on indigestion colic, or inflammation of the bowels. Many people appear to imagine that it is unnecessary to groom farm horses regularly and thoroughly. This is a very great mistake.

Grooming is conducive to the health of the horse as well as to its outward appearance. Attention to this fact will tend to prevent many diseases, such as colic, and the polished marble.