

Mail Order Brides

*Angel
Bride*



SUSANNAH
CALLOWAY



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PERSONAL WORD FROM THE
AUTHOR



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Much love,

Susannah Calloway

SUSANNAH CALLOWAY

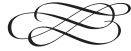


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CHAPTER 1



A hardworking, strong woman needed as a wife to help on a corn farm in Kansas. The woman can be up to 35 years old with or without children. No other specifications. If interested, contact Daniel Jacobs.

Angel Smith picked up the newspaper and read the advertisement for the fourth time. Would it be appropriate? Or was this some kind of a trick? What if she answered and got into trouble? Ever since she'd decided to accept the risk of becoming a Mail Order Bride, her mind looped with all sorts of dangerous possibilities.

She was already twenty-two years old with no prospects of marrying any other way. What else could she do? Most of the girls her age were married and had children, but not Angel. Fact was, she'd been unsuccessful in keeping the only man

who'd ever shown any interest in her. She cringed as the thought of her old beau burned through her heart.

Becoming a Mail Order Bride had given her renewed hope. Finding out about it had been a true blessing. One morning, she'd been preparing breakfast in the servant's kitchen when she'd heard some of the other girls talking about Mail Order Brides.

"There ain't hardly any women out West," one girl said with a giggle.

"We got plenty of 'em to go around here," said another.

"I'm thinking about becoming one of them Mail Order Brides. Get my own man and my own house. Would be a sight better than working my aching bones around here."

Their voices faded as they ran up the stairs. But Angel had heard enough. She was hankering for her own house, too. And the thought of having children had always warmed her heart.

Musing over her situation for some time, she decided that it wouldn't hurt to respond to Daniel Jacobs. Whether it worked or not was out of her control.

Mr. Jacobs,

I am writing this letter because I saw the advert you put in the newspaper of 20th May 1882. I am twenty-two years old, and I

will work hard and be the kind of wife you need me to be. I've never been married before. If you find me agreeable, please respond to this letter with the address given on the back. I'm eager to hear from you.

Yours truly,

Angel Smith

Satisfied that there was nothing more she could've written, Angel sealed the letter. She picked up her bonnet, and since her employer was otherwise detained, she slipped out of the house and walked to the post office.

The next week passed with the usual rounds of chores, and however much Angel tried to dismiss the nervous tension that fluttered in her belly, she couldn't. Even though she didn't hold out much hope, she couldn't help but wait for a response to her letter.

When the response finally did arrive, she nearly gasped. Gripping her dust cloth, she squirreled the envelope away in her apron pocket. It wouldn't do for her mistress to see it. Later that evening, in her attic quarters, she pulled it out and trembling, read it. She nearly wept at Daniel Jacob's affirmative words.



Thursday morning saw Angel on a coach to Kansas. She had packed every belonging she had, determined to settle there even if the marriage plan didn't work.

The coach ride was long and tiring, and Angel slept a good deal of the time. She found sleeping to be the only way to gain relief from the nervous rumblings in her stomach. When she was awake, her attention stayed on the scenery outside the window. With each day that passed, the scenery became more and more unfamiliar. She stared out at the lush green and yellow fields. It was stuffy inside the coach, and the increased heat caused sweat to appear on her brow.

The folks she saw ambling through the towns they passed through dressed differently than Angel was used to. Their clothing was of a rougher hue, and their shoes seemed sturdier, and quite frankly, unattractive. Such a contrast to the people of Boston who were always in a hurry and dressed impeccably with regards to the latest fashion.

Angel's stomach lurched as the coach started to bounce on the jugged and uneven stretch of road. She sighed and settled securely into her seat again. She kept her eye out for any vast fields of corn as they would symbolize her new life.



Finally reaching Angel's destination, the coach juddered to a halt. She and her two fellow passengers, all looking a bit worse for the wear, shuffled out. Angel stepped down onto

the dusty road and paused, unsure of her next move. She looked about trying to discern from the crowd who might be Daniel Jacobs. As she was contemplating what to do, a wagon stopped beside her, a cloud of dirt billowing behind it. It blew all over her, and on impulse, she was just about to complain when she thought better of it. Instead, Angel placed a polite smile on her face and putting a hand up to shield herself from the sun, spoke to the driver.

“Mister, can you be so kind as to direct me to a gentlemen named Daniel Jacobs?”

The driver’s face held an expression of hesitant excitement. “I am Daniel Jacobs, and you are Angel Smith, yes?”

He had a rough voice like he was not accustomed to speaking much. His appearance made her stand back and stare. He looked to be really tall and broad in stature. His body was muscular with his shirt straining over the muscles outlining his chest. His hair was a unique inky black in color, while his skin was bronzed, probably from working out in the field. The main feature that drew her was his eyes. He had striking dove gray eyes that seemed to penetrate her. They were framed in thick, curling lashes. Never in her wildest dreams had Angel imagined Daniel Jacobs would have such a fine appearance.

He motioned for her to climb into the wagon and she did, though not without difficulty. He extended his hand to help her up, which bolstered her courage. Once she was on board,

they took off at a brisk pace. She sat precariously and continually shifted, trying to find some semblance of comfort on the hard bench. After already sitting for days, her bones ached.

They soon reached their destination, though it was not where she had expected it to be. She'd thought Daniel would take her to inspect his home and farm. Instead, he stopped before a small square building nestled beside the church. She recognized it to be the preacher's place.

"I thought it best if we got married before going to the farm," he told her.

Angel was puzzled at his urgency. She had hoped they would spend some time getting acquainted first. Yet, she was hardly an expert on how the whole Mail Order Bride arrangement was supposed to unfold.

"Can't we wait for a few days?" she asked hesitantly.

"The people at the farm and the workers might not like you living under the same roof without us being married. So, it's best if we get it out of the way," he reasoned.

Not knowing any arguments to stop the wedding from taking place, she nodded, trying to ignore the roaring doubt that filled her mind.

Without uttering a word, they entered the preacher's quarters and repeated their vows. The simplicity of the ceremony felt like a pang in Angel's chest. She had always

assumed she would get married like other women did—with a nice wedding and a man who couldn't stop smiling at her. But her groom was utterly serious, and the wedding had felt like a chore to be done with as quickly as possible.

Once the deed was done, Angel's mind was in such a blur, she hardly remembered what the preacher had said or looked like. Panic gripped her as she and Daniel got back into the wagon. Before slapping the reins to get going, Daniel turned to her as if he'd just remembered something.

"You look real nice," he told her. With that, he turned his attention back to his horse, and they started down the road. Angel knew his compliment was perfunctory and forced, as she had a very plain appearance with light brown hair and pale blue eyes. She wasn't shapely like the fashionable women back home. She had a generously curvy body and was a bit on the shorter side.

Daniel took her home, and she was so tired she could barely focus on the details of her new house, and besides, it had gotten too dark to see much of anything. She didn't remember trudging up the ladder to the loft or settling into the comfortable bed, but she mumbled her thanks anyway, and being bone tired and confused out of her mind, she went to sleep.

Such was her first day in Kansas.

CHAPTER 2



Angel woke to the sunlight filtering through a small window and splashing across her face. She rose from the bed and took in her surroundings. She realized she was in a loft so she got dressed and headed downstairs. Once there, she called out to inquire if there was anybody in the house. Only silence met her words, and a worried frown creased her forehead.

She decided to explore the house, but it wasn't large and didn't take long. She returned again to the front of the house just in time to see her husband walk in with a small boy. She estimated his age to be around six. Daniel was covered in sweat, and his trousers were rolled up revealing mud-encrusted boots. He said nothing as he walked past her. He pulled the muddy boy with him and muttered something about washing off the dirt.

Confused as to the boy's presence, Angel hurried after her husband. She paused and kept silent as she watched him work the pump until a stream of clear water burst forth. He filled a basin and began washing the dirt from both the boy and himself.

Studying the boy disarmed Angel. It was clear to see that the lad had the same inky black hair as her husband with eyes that were only a shade darker than Daniel's gray ones.

Is he Daniel's son? She repeated the question again and again in her mind, not sure if she dared inquire aloud.

Daniel and the boy were soon done with the washing. Angel stepped forward and blurted out the question that burned on the tip of her tongue.

"That's *your son?*"

A panicked look came over Daniel's face, and for a brief moment, his eyes were shrouded with guilt. He recovered quickly and put on a calm and collected appearance.

"No, this is Alex. He's the son of a very close friend of mine who died recently in an accident, along with his wife. I took him in so he lives here with me now." Daniel gave her a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

Angel suspected he was lying from the way he so carefully controlled his expression, but she had no idea why he would lie in the first place. *Perhaps it's only sadness due to his friend's death*, she decided.



Angel did her best to fit into the running of the farm. Daniel introduced her to his one farm hand, who was a shy lad. Angel guessed him to be about seventeen. But after their introduction, she and the boy never spoke much. He worked alongside Daniel and had little to do with either the house or her. Angel had never had many friends, but the kind of isolation she experienced on the farm was new to her.

Her workload was great. Supplies were hard to come by, and she learned to make do without much. She hadn't expected an extravagant life, and she surely didn't get it. But Daniel worked as hard as she did, so she accepted her lot in life.

What was harder to accept was her marriage. She and Daniel were more like two people who happened to live in the same house. Or fellow laborers, perhaps. They shared no real relationship. More than once, she wondered if all Daniel really wanted was someone to look after the child and manage the household.

Every day, she went to bed completely battered and tired and woke up early the next day to repeat it all over again. She did find Alex to be a joy. After she recovered from her shock of seeing him, he became a blessing to her. Recently, he'd started calling her *Ma*. She played with him for a bit every day, and both of them enjoyed the time immensely.

Daniel, however, remained quite aloof, and she had no idea how to reach him. After a few botched attempts at getting to know him better, she retreated into herself, going about her tasks with a quiet dignity. On occasion, she knew he watched her, and she felt a moment of hope. But afraid to be disappointed yet again, she kept to herself.

When harvest time came and the next season's seeds were stored, Angel was overjoyed. Perhaps now, she and Daniel could spend more time together and things would change.

"There's a dance," Daniel said to her one evening.

Her eyes lit up. "Really? Where? When?"

"Since the harvest is over, some of us plan to get together at the Miller's barn, and Johnny will bring out his fiddle."

"Can we go?" she asked. In truth, she had never been to a dance, but it sounded like a heavenly break from her daily round of chores.

"I usually go," Daniel said. He looked at her then, and she saw him smile. His smiles were so rare, she felt like he'd just given her a gift.

"I'm goin', too!" Alex said, stomping and clapping his hands like he was already at a dance. "You gonna dance with me, Ma?"

She saw Daniel tense at Alex's use of the word *ma*. But yet, the boy called Daniel *pa* with no seeming repercussions. She

sighed and wished once again that she knew her husband better, that he *liked* her better. The pervasive sadness that always followed such thoughts dampened her enthusiasm. Suddenly, the dance didn't seem so exciting after all.

"Maybe it's not such a good idea," she said after a pause.

"Ma! Dance with me. I ain't dancing with no other girls."

She smiled at Alex and tousled his hair. "We'll talk about it later. Now, go on to bed."

With a loud groan, he shuffled off to his bed. Daniel stood still in the middle of the room and stared at her. "Why'd you change your mind? You don't want to go?"

She blew out her breath. "I won't know anyone there." Which was true. Even after the last months, she hardly knew a soul. Daniel and Alex and occasionally the farmhand were the only people with whom she had regular contact. Daniel's farm was quite a piece from town, and he was always the one who fetched their supplies. Now that she thought of it, she hadn't left the farm since she'd arrived.

Daniel was watching her with a concerned look on his face. "Angel?" he questioned her.

She gave a start and then quickly got busy tidying up. She was upset, and when she went to the sink, she absently began washing utensils that were already clean. Daniel strode across the room and took the washrag from her hand.

“I think we should go to the dance,” he said, his voice low and quiet.

She swallowed, not daring to look into his eyes. She feared what she might see. In truth, she feared what she might *not* see—any affection for her. “All right,” she murmured, keeping her eyes cast downward.

Daniel sighed and handed back the washrag. Without another word, he climbed the ladder to their loft. They shared the bedroom, but they didn’t share themselves. Angel had given up on any intimacy long ago. Now she sighed, snuffed out the lantern, and in the dark, she crawled up the ladder to go to bed on her side of the straw mattress.

She’d gotten quite adept at sleeping with little or no movement.



The next day, Angel was determined to go into town by herself. It was time. Well beyond time, actually. “I’m going into town this morning,” she announced.

Daniel visibly stiffened.

“I’m going to fetch some baking supplies. Should I put them on your tab?” she asked.

“Can I go, too?” Alex asked, looking at Daniel. “Can I, Pa?”

“I will get you whatever you need,” Daniel told her. “Just make me a list.”

Angel scooted back from the table and began gathering up the breakfast dishes. “No. I’m going today.”

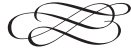
She held her breath. Never before had she crossed one of Daniel’s wishes. She had no idea how he was going to react. There was a long silence. She refused to look at him; instead, she continued cleaning up.

Finally, he spoke. “All right. Put everything on my tab. You can use the cart. Do you know how to drive it?”

“I know how to hitch a horse *and* drive a cart,” she said, marveling that he didn’t even know that about her. But why would he? He knew almost nothing about her at all.

Daniel left the table abruptly, and Alex followed him outside. Angel didn’t really have a need for baking supplies. But after the evening before, she’d decided it was far past time for her to be making some friends in the area. The quickest way she knew how was by going into town.

CHAPTER 3



An hour after breakfast saw Angel taking the cart down the road into town. The settlement was a small one with only a few shops. The biggest shop was the mercantile, where a person could buy nearly everything she needed. Inside, Angel looked around in wonder. Everything was surprisingly neat and orderly, and there was a sweet smell of cinnamon filling the air.

The clerk was a middle-aged, round and sturdy-looking woman who complimented Angel on the color of her dress and then asked where she was from. Angel answered her, and at the mention of Daniel's name, the clerk stopped short. Her eyes went wide.

“You’re Daniel’s new wife? So then, he remarried? How’s his son, Alex?” were the exact words that came out of the woman’s mouth.

Angel was shocked to her core and felt betrayed in the most literal sense. At first, she was sure the clerk was talking about a different Daniel, but she had mentioned Alex by name. And the more Angel thought about it, the more sense it made. She muttered something to the clerk, which she could no longer recall, nor did she care to recall. She just had to say something to get herself out of the shop. Once outside, she fell against the wagon, her mind whirling.

It didn’t take long for her shock to turn into anger. How dare Daniel mislead her. And Alex, too. He’d never ever mentioned his mother to her. No wonder the boy called Daniel *pa*.

Seething now, Angel climbed into the wagon and slapped the reins on the back of the horse. The trip home was infinitely shorter than the trip there. All Angel could think about was getting to Daniel and forcing him tell her the truth.

Was this why he never touched her? Never kissed her? Never held her?

She drove into their yard and jumped from the wagon. She tossed the reins to the ground, hoping the horse would stay put.

“Daniel!” she called, running toward the field. She saw him then, standing amidst the corn. His head came up, and he stared at her. She saw his shoulders drop and even from such a distance, she saw his expression of alarm.

He tossed his hoe down and started across the rows to her. She kept running, but with each footstep, her anger turned into a deeper dread. This was it. The moment of truth. And she feared it was a truth she didn’t want to know. Tears welled in her eyes, and she came to a halt.

He kept walking, and now she saw his face clearly. *He is afraid*, she realized.

“I’m sorry,” was all he said. Instantly, she realized that he knew she’d discovered the truth.

“You were married?” she blubbered, mortified that she was crying freely. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

He hung his head.

“*Why?*” she repeated.

He looked at her, and his eyes had welled with tears, too. “I didn’t think you’d come.”

“Why wouldn’t I?”

“Because I’d just lost my wife. I loved her. I didn’t think...” He paused and ran his hand over his face. “I thought most women wouldn’t want a man who was grieving.”

The pain on his face was enough to make her take a step back. His eyes held hers, and she couldn't have looked away if she'd wanted to. A surge of compassion for the lonely man in front of her roared through her heart. Her legs felt weak.

"But—" she tried to speak, but tears choked her voice.

"It got better. The pain," he said, his voice quiet. "But by then, it was too late to tell you the truth."

She blinked, and the tears continued streaming down her face.

"I should have told you from the start," he said, his voice thick with guilt. "I had a plan." He pressed his fingers to his forehead. "A stupid plan. I thought that after a while, after we got used to each other, well..." He shook his head. "But then, I... well, you..."

Frustration filled her. What was he trying to say? She wanted to know what in the world he'd been thinking.

"Truth is, I started fallin' for you."

Her eyes went dry, and she gaped at him. "*What?*"

"And then, I got afraid. I didn't reckon you'd be inclined to love a liar."

She shook her head in disbelief. What a complete disaster. He *loved* her? How could that even be possible when he paid no attention to her? She faltered, shaking, as she tried to wrap her mind around what he was saying.

“You think you could ever care for me?” he asked. The raw hope in his eyes pierced her heart.

Her tears started anew, running down her face and dripping onto her dress.

He swallowed. “It’s all right,” he said. “I don’t blame you for hating me. I been a fool.”

She shook her head and reached toward him. “I don’t hate you,” she whispered. “I don’t.”

His eyes widened and a look of disbelief came over his face. “Ah, Angel,” he muttered. “Angel.” He grabbed her to him in a crushing embrace. He pressed his cheek against hers, and his tears mingled with her own. And then, he kissed her, a kiss as tender and light as a summer breeze.

He raised his lips from hers and gazed into her eyes. “I’m so sorry,” he said.

His closeness sent shivers of awe through her. She broke into a smile as waves of both relief and love filled her heart. “Can we start over?” she asked him in a whisper.

“Ah, Angel. Yes, we can start over,” he answered. He pressed her to his chest and kissed the top of her head.

She closed her eyes and breathed him in. *Finally*, she thought. *Finally*.

The End

CONTINUE READING ...



Thank you for reading *Angel Bride!* Are you wondering **what to read next?** Why not read *Oliver's Bride?* Here's a **peek for you:**

In the warmth of the late afternoon sunlight, reaching out to add a touch of gold to every scarlet leaf and yellowed blade of grass, Jane Merrell drew her shawl a little closer around her shoulders and allowed herself a small shiver. She couldn't help it; despite the beauty of the acreage upon which she had spent her early years, the sight of the burn-out hulk of her childhood home never failed to send a trace of cold up and down her spine.

It wasn't all on her own account, of course. Oh, she regretted the loss of the old ranch house, the cozy kitchen in which she had spent so many long winter evenings, the creaking

floors kept to a high polish by the strenuous efforts of her mother. Mary Dougall was gone now – and so was Tom, Jane’s father, the Dougall patriarch. Neither of them had lived long enough to see the fateful, terrible, tragic night that had brought such an abrupt and haunting end to the family home.

If she closed her eyes, she could imagine it just as it had been. She could walk through those low-ceilinged hallways; she could hear children’s laughter echoing from the sitting room...

She swallowed hard and kept her eyes open.

The lone figure in the distance was familiar. He was the one she was looking for.

“Oliver.”

He was splitting wood in preparation for the long winter ahead. Arms crossed and tucked around herself, holding her shawl in place, she half-ran toward him. He gave a few final mighty swings of his axe as she approached, then stopped and turned to her, leaning an elbow on the shaft. The pile to his left was impressive, but he hadn’t even broken a sweat.

There was something different about Oliver Dougall. There always had been. With the fond, if somewhat exasperated, eyes of an older sister, she had always known that among his peers, he had stood out as stronger, handsomer, and more level-headed. Like her, he had inherited from their mother a

head of thick black hair and brown eyes so dark as to be almost black. Where Jane knew herself to be on the short, almost plump side, Oliver was tall and broad-shouldered, his frame dwarfing that of most men in Mountain Pass. Including, she thought with a fleeting smile, that of Joe, his brother-in-law. Joe Merrell was forty years old, balding, and five foot six on a good day. He and Jane had been married for nearly twenty years, and she adored him.

But the difference in Oliver was more marked now than it ever had been before. These last few years had been devastating – oh, for all of them – but where most men might have dealt with the tragedy by spending more time with their families, Oliver had chosen instead to withdraw into himself – and out into the great outdoors. The ranch showed the signs of his capable hand, his dedicated attention; it was more productive than it ever had been under the handling of Tom Dougall himself. Oliver seemed somehow taller, his shoulders even broader, his frame taut and trim. He didn't eat enough, Jane thought critically; he never had a full meal unless it was at her table.

“You're getting too skinny,” she said, frowning at him. Oliver sighed and shifted the handle of the axe into his hand.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Susannah has always been intrigued with the Western movement - prairie days, mail-order brides, the gold rush, frontier life! As a writer, she's excited to combine her love of story with her love of all that is Western. Presently, Susannah lives in Wyoming with her hubby and their three amazing children.

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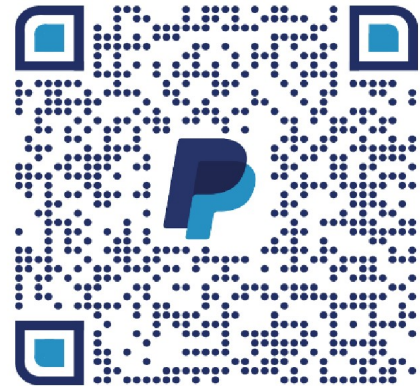


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