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Or, The Strange Disappearance

CHAPTER I.

Deep in the primeval forest of St. Mary's, lying between the Patuxent and the Wicomico Rivers, stands the ancient manor house of Luckenough.

The traditions of the neighborhood assert the origin of the manor and its quaint, happy and not unmusical name to have been—briefly this:

That the founder of Luckenough was Alexander Kalouga, a Polish soldier of fortune, some time in the service of Cecilius Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, first Lord Proprietary of Maryland. This man had, previous to his final emigration to the New World, passed through a life of the most wonderful vicissitudes—wonderful even for those days of romance and adventure. It was said that he was born in one quarter of the globe, educated in another, initiated into warfare in the third and buried in the fourth. In his boyhood he was the friend and pupil of Guy Fawkes, he engaged in the Gunpowder Plot, and after witnessing the terrible fate of his master, he escaped to Spanish America, where he led for years a sort of buccaneer life. He afterwards returned to Europe, and then followed years of military service wherever his hireling sword was needed. But the soldier of fortune was ill-paid by his mistress. His misfortunes were as proverbial as his bravery, or as his energetic complaints of "ill luck" could make them. He had drawn his sword in almost every quarrel of his time, on every battlefield in Europe, to find himself at the end of his military career, no richer than he was at its beginning—save in wounds and scars, honor and glory, and a wife and son. It was at this point of his life that he met with Leonard Calvert, and embarked with him for Maryland, where he afterwards received from the Lord Proprietary the grant of the manor "aforesaid." It is stated that when the old soldier went with some companions to take a look at his new possessions, he was so pleased with the beauty, grandeur, richness and promise of the place that a glad smile broke over his dark, storm-beaten, battle-scarred face, and he remained still "smiling as in delighted visions," until one of his friends spoke and said:

"Well, comrade! Is this luck enough?"

"Yaw, mine frient!" answered the new lord of the manor in his broken English, cordially grasping the hand of his companion, "dish ish loke enough!"

Different constructions have been put upon this simple answer—first, that, Lukkinnuf was the original Indian name of the tract; secondly, that Alexander Kalouga christened his manor in honor of Loekenoff, the native village of his campaigns and voyages, and the first lady of his manor; thirdly, that the grateful and happy soldier had only meant to express his perfect satisfaction with his fortune, and to say:

"Yes, this is luck enough! Luck enough to repay me for all the past!"

Be it as it may, from time immemorial the place has been "Luckenough."

The owner in 1814 was Commodore Nickolas Waugh, who inherited the property in right of his mother, the only child and heiress of Peter Kalouga.

This man had the constitution and character, not of his mother's, but of his father's family—a hardy, rigorous, energetic Montgomery race, full of fire, spirit and enterprise. At the age of twelve Nicholas lost his father.

At fifteen he began to weary of the tedium of Luckenough, varied only by the restraint of the academy during term. And at sixteen he rebelled against the rule of his indolent lymphatic mamma, broke through the reins of domestic government, escaped to Baltimore and shipped as cabin boy in a merchantman.

Nickolas Waugh went through many adventures, served on board merchantmen, privateers and haply pirates, too, sailed to every part of the known world, and led a wild, reckless and sinful life, until the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, when he took service with Paul Jones, the American Sea King, and turned the brighter part of his character up to the light. He performed miracles of valor—achieved for himself a name and a post-captain's rank in the infant navy and finally was permitted to retire with a bullet lodged under his shoulder blade, a piece of silver trepanned in the top of his skull a deep sword-cut across his face from the right temple over his nose to the left cheek—and with the honorary title of commodore.

He was a perfect beauty about this time, no doubt, but that did not prevent him from receiving the hand of his cousin Henrietta Kalouga, who had waited for him many a weary year.

No children blessed his late marriage, and as year after year passed, until himself and his wife were well stricken in years, people, who never lost interest in the great estate, began to wonder to which among his tribe of impoverished relations Nick-

olas Waugh would bequeath the manor of Luckenough.

His choice fell at length upon his orphan grandniece, the beautiful Edith Lance, whom he took from the Catholic Orphan Asylum, where she had found refuge since the death of her parents and placed in one of the best convent schools in the South.

At the age of seventeen Edith was brought home from school and established at Luckenough as the adopted daughter and acknowledged heiress of her uncle.

Delicate, dreamy and retiring, and tinged with a certain pensiveness, the effect of too much early sorrow and seclusion upon a very sensitive temperament, Edith better loved the solitude of the grand old forest of St. Mary's or the loneliness of her own shaded rooms at Luckenough than any society the humdrum neighborhood could offer her. And when at the call of social duty she did go into company, she exercised a refining and subduing influence, involuntary as it was potent.

Yet in that lovely, fragile form, in that dreaming, poetical soul, lay undeveloped a latent power of heroism soon to be aroused into action. "Darling of all hearts and eyes," Edith had been at home a year when the War of 1812 broke out.

Maryland, as usual contributed her large proportion of volunteers to the defense of the country. All men capable of bearing arms rapidly mustered into companies and hastened to put themselves at the disposal of the government.

The lower counties of Maryland were left comparatively unprotected. Old men, women, children and negroes were all that remained in charge of the farms and plantations. Yet remote from the scenes of conflict and hitherto undisturbed by the convulsions of the great world, they reposed in fancied safety and never thought of such unprecedented misfortunes as the evils of the war penetrating to their quiet homes.

But their rest of security was broken by a tremendous shock. The British fleet under Admiral Sir A. Cockburn suddenly entered the Chesapeake. And the quiet, lonely shores of the bay became the scene of a warfare scarcely paralleled in atrocity in ancient or modern times.

If among the marauding band of licensed pirates and assassins there was one name more dreaded, more loathed and accursed than the rest, it was that of the brutal and ferocious Thorg—the frequent leader of foraging parties, the unsparring destroyer of womanhood, infancy and age, the jackal and purveyor of Admiral Cockburn. If anywhere there was a beautiful woman unprotected, or a rich plantation house ill-defended, this jackal was sure to scent out "the game" for his master, the lion. And many were the comely maidens and youthful wives seized and carried off by this monster.

The Patuxent and the Wicomico, with the coast between them, offered no strong temptation to a rapacious foe, and the inhabitants reposed in the fancied security of their isolation and unimportance. The business of life went on, faintly and sorrowfully, to be sure, but still went on. The village shops at B— and C— were kept open, though tended chiefly by women and boys. The academicians at the little college pursued their studies or played at forming juvenile military companies. The farms and plantations were cultivated chiefly under the direction of ladies whose husbands, sons and brothers were absent with the army. No one thought of danger to St. Mary's.

(To be Continued.)

The Gypsy's Sacrifice

CHAPTER XL.—(Continued.)

"Do you think I could stay if you went?" he said in a low voice that thrilled her. "Do you know why I decided to come back all in a minute? Shall I tell you? Because I could not keep away from you any longer; because the vision of your face that came to me every night grew at last into a torture of hugging. Irene!" He stopped and looked at her. The firelight cast a warm glow on the lovely face, the long lashes swept her cheek, the beautiful lips were temulous. The vision had changed into reality, and a great longing to take her in his arms welled up in his heart. "Irene—dearest! Have you forgotten? Ah, she knew whether my heart would turn! Irene, I love you, dearest! I have come back to ask you to be my wife."

She stood for a moment, then she raised her eyes, and he took her in his arms.

As her head fell on his breast her cheek rested on a white flower. She touched it as his lips met hers.

"Yes," he said simply, as if answering her question. "I went there as I came home, and I found your flowers lying there. It was like a message from you—from her. I brought one away to remind you, lest you had forgotten. For you are doubly mine, dearest, by your own gift and—hers!"

It was a solemn betrothal. The spirit of Madge seemed to be hovering over them, and to consecrate their love; but there was no sadness in their joy, and no shadow of doubt, for as he took her hands and looked into her eyes there flashed upon him the memory of that day he had come from Cumberland Fair, and he had held her hands as he held them now.

The next morning the hall bore a strong likeness to an old curiosity shop.

Huge boxes covered with buffalo hide yawned open, and their contents were spread and littered about on floor and stairs and every available chair.

He had brought presents for everybody. Lion and tiger skins, elephants' tusks, little nuggets of virgin gold, old Dutch pottery bought of the Boers, ostrich feathers assegais, and Zulu shields of rawhide, trinkets that had adorned dusty Kaffir beauties; and laughingly, admiringly, wonderingly, the two women got surrounded and beamed in by the miscellaneous collection, listening to the story which Royce had to tell respecting each.

At last the countess declared that she could not have the litter any longer, and two footmen staggered up to Royce's rooms with it.

When they had gone, and Royce and Irene were alone, he looked round cautiously, drew a skin aside, and revealed a plain wooden box.

"Here's something I want to show you alone," he said. "Kneel down so that if mother comes I can cover it up again."

Irene laughingly knelt down, and he meantly took advantage to kiss her.

"What is it?" she asked. "Something very awful and horrible?"

"You shall see," he said. "But wait," and he paused in unlocking it. "On board the steamer coming home was a most entertaining man. He was—as an American fellow-passenger remarked—a truly amosin' cuss."

"Royce!"

"Full of anecdotes and jokes. Been everywhere, knew everybody, yet nobody seemed to know him. We used to try and guess who and what he was every evening after he had left the smoke saloon—he used to trot off early—but none of us could hit it satisfactorily. Well, the day before we reached England he solved the riddle. He was telling us a story. He said that a man had sent for him the day before he sailed. The man was dying of fever, and wanted Mr. Bird—that was the passenger's name—to take charge of a box for him. Bird consented, and after the man was dead opened the box. There was nothing among the contents to guide him toward the owners, and he was bringing it to England to get it identified. He was a detective, and the man who gave him the box confessed that he had stolen it from a mate who had died in the bush."

"But—but why did he—this Mr. Bird—give it to you?" asked Irene, with wide-open eyes.

"Because—well, there's the answer," said Royce, and he opened the box.

"The Landon jewels! Oh, Royce!" "Exactly," he said coolly, although enjoying her amazement and delight. "The man who died in the bush was—Jake. Who the other man was we shall never know. But here they are, dearest—"

"And here they must remain, Royce," she whispered. "If she saw them they would recall—"

He took her face in both his hands and kissed her on the lips.

Then he locked the box and gave her the key.

"They will be yours some day, dearest," he said.

"Oh, not for a very, very long day, Royce," she murmured piteously. "No jewels could ever be so precious to me as she is! And while our mother lives they shall lie in their dark little box as if they were still lost."

And that is why, when Irene became Countess of Landon, she did not wear the famous Landon diamonds till many years after the old countess had passed to rest.

One day, some six years later, Lord Rochester arrived at Monk Towers on a visit to his old friend Royce and the Countess Irene. As he got out of the carriage a boy and girl ran down the steps to meet him.

"Well, little ones," he said, as he shook hands with the boy and took the girl up in his arms and kissed her. "So you know who I am, eh?"

"Yes, 'oo's 'ord 'ocheater!" she lipsed.

"Right," he said, stroking the golden curls with his white hand.

"And what is your name?"

"Madge," she replied.

His hand stopped, and his handsome face became suddenly grave.

"Don't 'oo like it?" she asked, knitting her brows at him with surprise. "I think it's a pooty name. I'm called after Auntie Madge, who died ever so long ago. We put flowers on her grave ev'ry Sunday morning. I'll show it to 'oo, if 'oo like, and 'oo can put some flowers too."

He nodded, his lips tightly compressed.

"I'm 'tying to grow up like her,"



SKIM MILK CALF.

The question is often asked as to how large a skim milk calf should be and what weight it should attain at different ages. In order to give a satisfactory answer to this question we have averaged up the weights of a large number of skim milk calves that we have raised at this station. We see that at six months of age the average calf weighs 349 pounds. We see that the average skim milk calf consumes 858.2 pounds of skim milk, 124.1 pounds of grain and 387.2 pounds of hay to produce 100 lbs. of gain. The feed cost of this 100 lbs. of gain is \$2.68, the labor 91 cents, making a total of \$3.59. This 858.2 pounds of skim milk represents 853.5 pounds of whole milk, which, with an average test of 4.08 per cent., makes a butter fat yield of 38.9 pounds.

The average price of butter fat at the college creamery during the past year was 21.08. Deduct from this the cost of a skim milk calf, \$3.56 and we have left \$4.61 to pay for the expenses of milking and hauling 953 pounds of milk to the creamery.

These figures do not tell the whole story as to the profit. Cows that are milked produce larger yields than when sucking a calf. For instance, the college herd has averaged 6,273.6 pounds of milk per cow during the year 1902. The amount of skim milk consumed by the skim milk calf represents 1,978 pounds of whole milk. Subtract this from the average products of the average cow in the college herd and we have 4,295.6 pounds to be credited to raising calves on skim milk.

According to the average test of the herd, this milk would contain 175.26 pounds of butter fat, which, at 21.08 cents per pound, would amount to \$36.95. This 4,295.6 pound of extra whole milk produced by the cow that is milked would yield 3,866.1 pounds of skim milk, which at 15 cents per 100, would be worth \$5.80, or a total of \$42.75 additional income per cow. Add to this the \$17.01, the income from the butter fat secured from the milk furnishing the skim milk for the calf, and we have a total of \$59.76. Deduct from this the cost of raising a calf, \$7.43, and we have left \$52.33 to pay for the expenses of milking and the hauling of 6,273.6 lbs. of milk to the creamery.

According to statement received from successful Kansas dairymen it takes thirteen minutes to milk a cow. Assuming that an average cow will milk 300 days, we have a total of sixty-five hours to be charged to each cow. At 12½ cents per hour this costs \$8.12. It will probably cost 12½ cents per 100 pounds to haul the milk, making an expense of \$7.84 per cow, making the total expense for milking and hauling \$15.96. Subtract this from \$52.33, and we have left \$36.37 per head to pay interest on the money invested in a common cow, besides paying for the labor of the men and boys on the farm.

The figures just given represent average. No enterprising dairymen will be satisfied with averages. The experience in raising calves outlined above indicates clearly that unless the cow gives considerably more milk than is needed for the calf it will not pay to milk her.

CARE OF PASTURE LANDS.

In the management of our grass lands we do well to remember that to pasture them off closely is poor policy. And this holds true whether they are in meadow or kept simply for pasture. We make no mistake greater than this in the management of our grass lands; and the drier the climate the greater the evils that arise from the practice. The reasons are apparent to any reflective mind. First, when pastures are eaten bare in the spring, they do not stand the drought of summer nearly so well as if they had not been so eaten. When cropped right down to the ground the rays of the sun easily drink up the moisture out of the soil. But if not eaten closely, the grass uncut acts as a mulch; hence, much more moisture is retained in the soil. The difference in the growth in the two instances will be very marked, and in dry seasons it will be much greater than in those which are moist. It is evident therefore that much care should be exercised with reference to the closeness of the pasturing or the opposite that may be considered proper.

Second, when pastures are not eaten closely in the autumn they spring up more quickly in the spring. This is only what we should expect. Protect the roots of plants that are

said the mite, with a serious nod. "Mamma says that if I'm like Auntie Madge ev'rybody will love me. Will 'oo love me?"

He nodded again; he could not speak.

"Ev'rybody loved Auntie Madge; papa, mamma, ev'rybody. There was never anybody so dood as she was. Did 'oo love her, 'ord 'ocheater?"

"Yes," he said, so huskily that the child was almost frightened.

"Mamma!" she called, "ere's 'ord 'ocheater. I like him! But why does he look as if he was going to 'y when I tell him about Auntie Madge?"

The End.

valuable by mulching them in the autumn, and the growth will be more vigorous than if they had not been so protected.

RURAL SANITATION.

Sanitation about the home should interest people living in rural districts. Too often it is found that little heed is paid to even the most simple means of prevention against disease and frequently a long illness of some members of the family may be attributed to this carelessness, which, had the proper measures of prevention been adopted might have been avoided.

Sanitation should be made a point of study by those who desire to guard against illness. Disease germs lurk within the heaps of old rubbish which are often allowed to accumulate about the yards. The removal of such accumulations from the premises is conducive to the health of the residents, and adds to the beauty and attractiveness of the home. All articles that are no longer of use can be thrown into trenches and covered with earth, and all garbage can be disposed of in the same way, or it can be burned; anything that produces a bad odor should not be allowed to accumulate. The removal of kitchen slops require strict attention.

They should not be constantly thrown in one place for the earth will soon become rank and foul from the continual soaking, thus giving rise to unwholesome odor.

A good way to dispose of it is to pour it alternately about the fruit trees and lawn plants; in the way the soil is not allowed to become sour, and the waste matter acts as a fertilizer to that upon which it is thrown.

BEST BUTTER PACKAGES.

The package to use is the one which your trade demands. Some families want stone or earthen jars. In this case provide them, but they get quickly out of condition and must be watched. Wooden packages should never be used a second time. Brick butter is very popular and is usually wrapped in parchment paper, which is in turn surrounded by a cheap wooden package.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

The world is such a cheery place
If we but see it so;
There's beauty everywhere we step
To set the heart aglow.
The air is full of rhythmic joy,
The blue sky throbs with love,
And every leaf and flower and bird
By pure delight in life is stirred
Its ecstasy to prove.

The world is such a sorry place
If we but see it so;
There's sadness in the skies above
And on the earth below.
The children weep, the birds are
mute,
The flowers droop and die;
All sounds are tuned in minor key,
All sights but picture misery;
We wonder, wonder why.

How can we solve the problem—
Who fain the truth would know?
How can earth be so beautiful,
And how so full of woe?
O human heart give answer, for
In thee that answer lies;
'Tis not for birds, or flowers, or air
To make life either dull or fair
Or prove its mysteries.

Life's radiance from within must
shine,
Its harmony express
The aspirations of the soul,
The power to cheer and bless.
'Tis love, love only, in the air,
The sky, the birds, the flowers,
That glorified the common life,
That triumphs over care and strife.
In this sweet world of ours,
—Emily Hartley in Sunset Magazine
for August.

THE MANLY APOLOGY.

It is a brave man who can apologize. It is one of the highest attributes of a gentleman.

There is an authentic story of a London merchant who spoke harshly to a confidential clerk. He accused him of having mislaid or lost a certain important letter, and as he could not be persuaded that he was mistaken, the clerk handed in his resignation. The following day he called at his employer's house for the office letters, and among the number found the one which had been mislaid. The merchant had placed it, with a few others, in his overcoat pocket to read carefully at home in the evening. He said: "I did not know I had done that. You must withdraw your resignation. I will increase your salary." But never a word of manly apology.

The incident left its sting behind. The confidence and trust the clerk had in his employer were lost. So, a year later, when the clerk came into a big sum of money, he refused the partnership that was offered him. He joined an opposition firm, and the profits of this merchant have fallen in four years from \$75,000 a year to \$15,000.

Half a ton of coal to each inhabitant is the average the world over. "I suppose, madam," said the architect, "you will want an electric trolley put in the drawing-room?" "Sure," answered Mrs. Neurich. "I don't know how to play one, but I'll begin taking lessons at once, regardless of cost."