## The LAPSE of ENOCH WENTWORTA

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons" ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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CHAPTER XXIV-Continued.

"Why," she cried suddenly, "the date was May 29, last year; that was two days after I came home from the convent." Her forehead knitted into a pussled frown. "It must have been that night - that morning - when Enoch had a stag party, and I came in, after you had all gone. It was

waiting for a 'bus." "Yes," he whispered. "Then afterwards," she raised her

you about it-when you sat out there,

head with a quick gesture, "we went to Juniper Point. There you told me about your play—and you went away to write it?"

She paused, waiting for Merry to answer. She did not raise her eyes. Her head was bent as if she took the shame of her brother upon her own shoulders.

"Yes." The man spoke in a slow whisper.

Then you came back with the play finished, and read it to Enoch, and he -he claimed it-because he held this against you?" She laid a trembling finger upon the sheet of paper.

Dorcas sat perfectly still with her arms lying on the desk. Merry bent over and gently touched her cheek.

"Oh!" she shrank away from him with a shuddering cry. "Oh, how could you let him do such a thing! It was so cruel, so inconceivably cruel, so shameful, and so unjust! It was such a mistake! Why did you let my brother do such a thing?"

"I don't know." Merry spoke abruptly. "Tell me why you let him do it,"

persisted the girl. "I don't believe I can explain—to you." There was a hopeless tone in the man's voice. "For a while it seemed to me like a poker debt. Women cannot understand a poker

"No, I cannot understand," confessed Dorcas. Then she went on hurriedly: "Was that your only reason?" "No, I felt that way at first. Thenit seemed foolish. One night I determined for a minute to set myself free, to get the play back, and to make you understand. It was the night-that night-when you took me home-when you found me in the-when you gave me new courage and a fresh outlook on life-when you made a man of

Dorcas rose and stood facing him with her eyes searching him. "Why

"Because," said Merry unsteadily, "do you remember you-no I-Iasked you-when a man had fallen as low as I had if he had anything left that would pull him to his feet. You said, 'Yes, so long as he has honor, there is no end of a chance for

"Oh!" cried Dorcas aghast. "Oh, to think that I should have put that in your way!"

"Put what in my way? Dearest, that night I came around the corner-I had been wandering in the desert. Suddenly I found sunshine, I found love and hope, I found you. That night-when you went away-I began to understand that it was the most wonderful chance God ever put in a man's way."

An instant later his arms were about her and she felt his kiss upon her

"Don't," cried Dorcas. "Don't!" She freed herself from his clasp and held him away from her. "Can't you understand, don't you see, Andrew, after what Enoch did to you, that I cannot be your wife?" You cannot-be-my-" He stared

at her in bewildered dismay.

"Yes, that is what I mean," she whispered tremuously. "Don't you understand? How could I marry you with the thought of this horrible wrong constantly between us? I could never forget it. Remember it was Enoch, my brother-don't you understand?-my brother-who did this! How could you go on loving me and-"

"Remember-it was your brother who saved my life," said Merry passionately. "How could I go on loving you, dearest? How could I stop loving you? I could go through hell for you, and yet I confess I would rather be with you in heaven." He flushed and his face grew grave. "You are mine-all mine-and I am yours, so wholly and truly yours that I have grown to think of this world as merely one spot-one little spot-where we can make a home and I can have you beside me-for the rest of my life."

CHAPTER XXV.

in the Daylight,

Wentworth's chamber was dim as twilight when Merry entered. The outer world lay white and breathless under a dazzling sun, and the sudden change to a darkened sickroom for a moment made Andrew grope vaguely on the threshhold. As his eyes became accustomed to the dusk he saw a white-gowned nurse standing beside the bed. Under the sheet lay the motionless outline of the man's long body, the head wound with snowy Merry's grip. bandages. Merry's hands gripped to-

gether convulsively. The nails cut into his palms and an ache which hurt tugged at his heart. Wentworth's chamber held memories for him: he thought of nights when he had lain helpless upon that same bed and Enoch had taken care of him in a lumbering fashion. During these days he had seen the rugged face grow wan from want of sleep; still for him a the first time I saw you. I have told

smile always lit the stern features. Suddenly, as the last remnant of an old scab sloughs off, every fragment of hatred, of resentment at injustice, of pain and rebellion which for ten months had been warping his nature and clouding his life fell away from Merry's heart. The love, the implicit confidence, even the boyish dependence upon the older man, came flooding back into his soul like a high tide. All that had stood between him and Wentworth seemed unimportant compared with the vital fact that they had been and still were friends.

When the nurse beckoned he stole noiselessly across the floor. She pointed to a chair by the bedside. "He has dozed off," she explained in a low whisper. "He asked for you just before he went to sleep. I told him you were coming. Sit here so that he

can see you when he wakes up." Merry dropped into the chair. He began to see perfectly through the gloom. Wentworth's grim, gaunt face had startled him for a minute. The eyelids were closed, with depths of shadow below them. The man's dominating nose stood out like a silhouette against the white pillow. The mustache had been shaved away and lines. chiseled by days and nights of pain, wrinkled about the quiet mouth. Merry sat staring at the haggard face with a dull, tugging hope in his soul, which he could not voice even to Dorcas. He wanted time-time enough to tell Enoch that the old enmity was dead, that the old love was alive, strengthened by new ties. A spasm of pain ran through the sick man's face, wrinkling the pallid forehead and twitching the lips. Merry looked up at the nurse. She read the question in his eyes.

"No," she whispered, "he is going to live. His brain is clear now. He has a great constitution. That was the only thing that saved him."

The woman had a strong, intelligent face and her manner was full of calm conviction. She was not young and must have watched over many a battle between life and death. She knew! Merry sighed with relief and peace of mind, even with a mad throb of joy. The thought of Dorcas and the future came with the conviction that there was still time to take up the old bonds of love and to begin life

The face upon the pillow moved and Enoch's eyes opened slowly. Recognition flashed into them, then a smile crept about the lined mouth.

"Enoch!" The young man dropped on his knees beside the bed, his fingers stole under the sheet and caught in a strong grasp the hand which he



Dropped on His Knees Beside the Bed. had thought was slipping from his

Wentworth's eyes held a breathless question. "You were not hurt?" he whispered.

"No, old man; no. I didn't have a scratch. You took it all. You saved pany now for 'The House.' my life, as you have done more than once, and, Enoch, you understandwe are back where we stood in the old days, with everything forgotten, everything buried, buried so deep that neither of us will ever give it another thought."

The thrill of warmth over that strongest of all things human-a broken friendship made warm and secure again-ran like the vigor of transfused blood through the veins of the sick man. Happiness flushed into the wan face and his feeble strength returned

Andrew laughed aloud. "You under-

long as life lasts."

The wistfulness of gratitude dimmed the eyes of the sick man. "As long as life lasts! That won't be a great where. The city is hot." while, Boy," he whispered huskily: only now-it is all right-and it seems different. I felt like a coward a little while ago. You remember that girl's face. writing chap who died lately? He said something just before he went. I thought of it this morning-'I'm afraid to go home in the dark'-wasn't that her eyes. what he said? I felt lonely-and I know-

"Listen, Enoch." Merry spoke with a tone of passionate conviction. "Look here, old man, you're not going home in the dark, not yet. You've got thirty or forty years before that homegoing." He turned imperatively to the nurse. 'Push back the curtains, won't you? Push them away back. There's a glorious sun shining-let it in."

The woman understood. She ran up a curtain and flung back the shutters. The room grew suddenly white and radiant.

"There!" cried Merry. "Talk of going home in the dark? See how the sun is shining! Go home in the dark, the idea!

A pathetic eagerness flushed into the eyes of the man on the bed. The glare of the sunshine showed clearly the wanness and ghastly shadows in the bandaged face. "She says," the actor pointed over

his shoulder at the white-gowned nurse, "she says you are out on the highroad-coming back to stay with us — indefinitely, you understand, Enoch? She knows. Don't you?" He looked into the woman's face with ardent pleading in his eyes.

She smiled and nodded. She was the embodiment of health and vigor. Her stalwart body and her wholesome rosy face were pleasant for sick eyes to look upon. "Yes, you've come back," she said emphatically. "When the doctor left an hour ago he said we had pulled you safely around the corner. Now all the job I have cut out for me is to see you are kept quiet and patient and happy."

"Yes, happy—that's the biggest part of the prescription," repeated Merry with a laugh.

The sick man looked up. The confession in his eyes was pathetic. "It seems ages since I was happy, Boy." "Well, you're not going to be al-

lowed to think, even to think of past ages. You've only to lie there and get well. It is our business-a sort of job cut out for Dorcas and me-to keep you happy. See?"
"I see," whispered Enoch. The flick-

er of a smile stole into his face. It brought peace and a pale, eager hopefulness, as if a thought of restitution and atonement was dawning in the man's soul. The nurse lowered the curtain and blotted out the radiance which flooded the room.

"The doctor has ordered quiet," she whispered, "and sleep—as much sleep as possible."

Merry rose and laid his hand on Wentworth's forehead. "You hear her orders, old man?" He laughed gaily. "It's no use running full tilt against do you think you are strong enough the nursing profession. Each one of to visit much? them thinks she knows it all! But I'm to hang around here from dawn to less I got excited. Andrew isn't an dark and drop in every time I can sneak past her-or the doctor!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Moral Lesion. Occasionally during Enoch's convalescence Dorcas found him listening to common noises about the house with a feverish anxiety which was half-ter-

"I don't know what he wants," said the nurse one day. "I wish I could find out. The doctor orders me not to bring up any subject that might disturb him. There's something on his mind, something that harasses him. Yesterday I stood on the stair speaking to Mrs. Volk and I left him asleep. When I went back he was leaning on his elbow and his eyes were fixed on the door as if he dreaded seeing some one come in. He asked who the woman was I had been talking to. His temperature had gone up. 1 wish I knew what he is worrying about." "I think I understand," said Dor-

She returned to the sickroom carrying a bit of needlework. An eager smile came into her brother's eyes when she opened the door. He lay propped up with pillows. She sat down beside his bed. "Shall I read?" she asked.

"No; go on with your sewing. I like to see your hands fly with that bright silk between your fingers. Men have an idea that women are onesided creatures. They are mistaken. You sew beautifully, and yet, while you stitch, I think of your 'Cordelia.'"

'You haven't cared to hear about business, Enoch. There are some things you may want to know, since you are strong again. Mr. Oswald sailed for England a fortnight ago. He hated to go, leaving you before the critical point was passed, but the Strand Theater offered open time for August and it had to be attended to. He is rehearsing an English com-

"Didn't he want you for it?" asked

Wentworth. "Yes; but I should not have gone even if you had been well. He has given 'Cordelia' to Miss Embury, an English girl. He says she will play it beautifully. We are to open here on the twentieth of October. The whole company has been re-engaged. Mr. Oswald said he did not believe you would care to make any changes. There is only one new member-Helen Capron will play 'Mrs. Esterbrook.' Miss Paget went to London three weeks ago."

Dorcas did not raise her eyes while

stand, Enoch, we are friends-friends | she spoke. The silk thread had knotted that nothing can separate again as and she sat disentangling it with her

> "As soon as you are able to travel we are going to take you away some-

Enoch stared out at the window. Who is 'we'?" he questioned, A wave of scarlet crept across the

"Andrew Merry has offered to help care for you until you are quite strong again." again," she answered without raising

There still were gray shadows in his face and wan hollows and wrinkles about his mouth. His hair had whitened at the temples. Physically the man had changed, but a new tranquility had begun to smooth away



When Andrew Comes, I Want to See Him Alone."

lines of worry and care in the color-"And begin life over again?" he asked.

"Yes," said the girl gently. A pathetic eagerness came into his face; then it grew still with the gravity of a man who had almost touched hands with death. Into the wrinkles about his mouth crept the old dogged determination, tempered by a humility which Dorcas had never seen before.

her knees, and drew her brother's face close against her own. "Dorry," he said after a long silence, when Andrew comes I want to see

She flung her work aside, dropped on

him alona." "He is downstairs now," she an-

"Send him up, won't you-and do you mind if he comes alone? Afterwards I want you." The girl hesitated. "Of course. But

"I spoke to the doctor this morning not going to say 'Good-by.' I mean and he said talking would not hurt un-

exciting fellow." "You're looking uncommonly well for a sick man," said Merry when he entered the room a few moments later. "So do you, Boy!" Enoch's eyes

crinkled with a smile. "You look happy-tremendously happy." "Of course, I am tremendously happy. Why shouldn't I be tremendously happy? I never saw a more glorious day; I have you back, well and strong,

the same stanch old friend you always were; I've signed a contract for next season in figures which would have given me dizzy spells five years ago, and-"And-" A pathetic eagerness came

into Enoch's face. "Why, bless my soul, isn't that enough to set the average human on

transcendental stilts?" "Andrew, you're half angel!" cried Wentworth. There was a quaver in his voice.

"Half angel, you ridiculous old muddle head!" Merry smiled in his engaging way. "There's no surplus of angel fiber in any man-angels are feminine." The comedian's eyes became grave for a moment. "Still, I might have been gadding about on wings today if it hadn't been for you.

Your courage-"
"Courage!" Wentworth started as use that word about me again! It wasn't courage that made me snatch you from death. Oftentimes men who in cold blood are utter cowards leap forward and rescue some one from death. That isn't courage!" paused, as if a word had escaped him. "It is blind, instinctive impulse—the natural impulse you find even in a savage."

"You're too weak yet to argue." Merry's voice was conclusive. "Only -one thing is certain," he turned his thumb toward the floor; "I am here and snapped his fingers. "Curious, instead of-there."

"Andrew." the sick man's face flushed, "take these." He pulled a Merry. bunch of small keys, threaded upon a steel ring, from under his pillow. Won't you unlock the little drawer at the left of my desk and bring it to me?"

"Don't go in for any sort of work now, Enoch. Your duty at present is to lie there and get well."

"I want that drawer, now." Merry stared at him for a moment, then he obeyed, and returned to the room with the drawer in his hand. "Do you think," the actor paused again and asked anxiously, "do you think that you are strong enough yet to attend to business?"

"This isn't business." Enoch's race grew peremptory. "I'm strong enough for this. I'm not a praying man, Andrew, but I lay in the dark last night thanking God that he had let me live long enough to-make restitution. I can't make full restitution. It seems to me as if I had been living on the brink of hell for half a lifetime. Let me come back," he pleaded, "back-so I can look decent people in the face

Merry did not speak. He sat watching Enoch's wasted fingers search through a mass of papers in the little drawer. He lifted out a bankbook and a yellow envelope, then he set the drawer aside and laid the leather covered booklet upon Merry's knee.

"That is yours," he explained. "You will find there every cent of royalties from 'The House.' It was banked apart from my private account. It grew amazingly during the spring. You are a wealthy man."

Andrew opened it and glanced through the pages. He looked bewildered for a moment.

"Jehu! What can I do with so much money? I swear, Enoch, I don't care a picayune for being a wealthy man excent-

Wentworth did not answer. He was staring at a slip of paper he had drawn from the yellow envelope. "You re-member this, Andrew?" he asked abruptly.

Merry nodded. He caught a glimpse of Wentworth's name and his own upon the filmsy thing they had called the bond. Enoch leaned back against the pillow and began to destroy the paper with slow deliberation, tearing it across and across until it was reduced to a heap of flakes which fluttered down into the hollow of his gaunt palm. He shook them into the envelope and handed it to Merry, who took it without a word and slipped it between the leaves of the bank-

"If you can trust me, Boy, until the right time comes and I reach the right place. I will make full restitution before the world."

"Don't, old man, let us bury this now and forever. Good God! isn't it restitution enough to have saved my

"No," Enoch spoke with swift passion, "no, it isn't restitution. Don't stand in my way. You have to humor sick men, you know. Besides, I want to lay my soul bare to you now, Andrew. Had I been a Catholic I should have done it to a priest long ago, I suppose."

"Go, ahead, Enoch, I'll listen," he said gently.

Wentworth turned in bed and clasped his hands around one bent knee. "Years ago," he began brusquely, "I was wandering about in the Tennessee mountains on an assignment when I fell in with a chap who taught psychology in Yale. He was nothing wonderful, but his science was fascinating. Time and again, since those days, I have planned, if I could find the leisure, to go into psychology and study the thing out. Still, any man who knocks about the world as I have done learns to puzzle things out for himself. There must be something alluring, though, to be able to reduce the promptings of one's own soul to a science and then to work out problem in yourself. Don't you

"I should imagine so. Still, it's an unopened book to me," Merry admit-

"We used to sit and talk every night around the campfire. I remember once this young MacGregor explained to me why a man we had both known committed murder. He killed his wife first, then, horror-stricken, shot himself. It's a common enough story, you read it in the papers every day of the week, but it came close to us because we had both known the fellow well. He was a decent, quiet, cheerful citizen, with a genial, kindly way about him. His taking off seemed a mystery. None of us had even seen him angry. Suddenly he turned into a flaming flend, a murderer, and a suicide. Nothing but insanity or the

Yale man's theory explained it." "What was his theory?" Wentworth paused for a minute with a haunted look in his eyes. "He claims that the morals of every human being are molded during the first twenty years of his life. Into a fairly decent career there comes occasionally-for the life of me I can't remember his

technical name for it-I should call it a moral lesion. Some sin which a man has committed, and you might say if he had been struck, "Andrew, never lived down, before he was twenty, crops out again years after and it conquers him. Each time he may repent and turn over a new leaf. The world looks on him not as an Admirable Crichton perhaps, but as a tolerably good fellow. Then suddenly, without the ghost of a warning, even after he imagines he has outgrown the tendency to that particular sin, there comes a temptation, and he goes under as if his backbone was gristle. He falls as quick as that!"

Wentworth paused for a moment isn't it?" he added.

"It certainly is curious," agreed "When the career of this murderer

was brought to the light of day, they found that once when he was a schoolboy, and again, when a friend stole his sweetheart, he might have committed murder if a weapon had been at hand. The third time a gun lay close to his elbow."

Andrew Merry did not speak, but sat watching Enoch with bewilderment in his eyes.

"I am going to tell you about two lesions which occurred in my own life, There was a third-you know about

that one yourself." (TO BE CONTINUED) "I'm open for conviction," said one lady. She liked her regular soap and washing powder. She tried RUB-NO-MORE just to see. Now you ought to see how easily she keeps house dirt-free with this "workless' dirt remover.



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NOT A PROMISING MARKET

Seasickness Probably Responsible for Actor's Disposition of Cargo of Potatoes.

The late William H. Smith of managerial fame and Charley Backus of minstrel fame many years ago embarked from San Francisco for Aus-

tralia on a business venture. The captain of the boat, who was an intimate friend of each, suggested that the voyagers lay in a cargo of potatoes to dispose of on their arrival, there being a big demand for them there. The "Murphys" were accord-

ingly purchased and placed on board. Now, Mr. Backus was always recognized as a great comedian, but with the deck of a ship instead of a stage as his rostrum he wasn't so funny. In short, Mr. Backus was seasick. Mr. Smith proved an excellent sailor, and while Backus was stretched out on a chair Smith said, "Charley, in case you die, what shall I do with those potatoes?"

And poor Backus, who thought he was dying, said: "Go to hades with

Three Woods in One Tree

Civil Engineer F. T. Moore, prestdent of a scientific society of Winsted, Conn., reports an unusual find in the woods of Barkhamsted, where he felled a tree containing three specie in one. The butt of the tree was oak, the middle chestnut, and the top hemlock. Mr. Moore is also a church member.—Boston Herald.

The Dear Girls.

"He seems determined to kiss me," remarked the girl who was fishing for a compliment. "I wonder why?" "Hard to tell." said the other girl "This is the season for freak bets."

A young man may fool a girl as ta what wages he gets, but he can't fool her father.

> NEW IDEA Helped Wisconsin Couple.

It doesn't pay to stick too closely to old notions of things. New ideas often lead to better health, success

and happiness. A Wis. couple examined an idea new to them and stepped up several rounds on the health ladder. The husband writes:

"Several years ago we suffered from coffee drinking, were sleepless, nervous, sallow, weak and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee and thought it was a bracer." (Delusion.) "Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow

we should give some attention to new ideas, we decided to test Postum. "When we made it right we liked it and were free of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change-fresher skin, sturdier nerves,

better temper, etc. "These changes were not sudden, but increased as we continued to drink and enjoy Postum, and we lost

the desire for coffee. "Many of our friends did not like Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they made Postum according to directions on pkg., they liked it better than coffee and were benefited by the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle

Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum-must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. Made in the cup with hot water

-no boiling. 80c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is

about the same. "There's a Reason" for Postum. -sold by Grocers,