

DONKEY IN LONESOME MOOD

Somewhat Peculiar Appeal Made by Small Maid, Touched by Sadness of Her "Dumb" Pet.

This summer, Mr. Oakes, an eminent lawyer, sent his wife and young daughter to a farmhouse in the White mountains for a vacation.

The donkey arrived and the child had many rides around the vicinity. She enjoyed it all hugely except the animal's strange noises, which inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress.

FACE ITCHED AND BURNED

383 No. Union St., Aurora, Ill.—"My allment started with a little pimple and it always itched and burned terribly. I scratched it and in a few days my face was all covered with sores.

"I was given two jars of salve but it kept getting worse. It was something like a running sore because every time I used some of the salve I had to wrap bandages around my neck to keep the water and pus from running down my body.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 25¢ Skin Book. Address postpaid "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Many artists have employed the butterfly in decoration but neither brush nor crayon is as effective as nature itself. No imitation, however good, can do justice to the gorgeous colors of the tropical butterfly.

George, who lives in London, happened to meet the vicar of his native parish the other day, and eagerly asked for some of his old acquaintances.

"Will that hold good in law?" "Just so long as the loser is a man of honor—no longer. Are you going to weaken?"

"I'll be damned if I am. I'll put this bit of paper in my scrapbook." "The man who wins, keeps that bit of paper," Wentworth answered with a whimsical smile.

"Who'll deal?" asked Wentworth. "Well, out," Merry spoke quietly. "Low deals, ace low."

"Six years ago I was in a very bad condition," writes a Tenn. lady. "I suffered from indigestion, nervousness and insomnia."

"I was then an inveterate coffee drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it off a few days and find out the truth."

"The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the place of coffee." (The headache was caused by the reaction of the coffee drug—caffeine.)

"Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package and tried it. I did not like it at first but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for anything."

"When I began to use Postum I weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh 170 and as I have not taken any tonic in that time I can only attribute my present good health to the use of Postum in place of coffee."

"My husband says I am a living advertisement for Postum."

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. Instant Postum—a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 80c and 50c tins.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. Sold by Grocers.

The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Author of "The Woman From Vermont," "The Congress Woman," Etc.

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Into a fairly decent career there comes occasionally a moral lesion. Temptation comes, and the man, heretofore honorable and honest, falls as though his backbone were of gristle.

CHAPTER I.

The game ended with a consolation pot. Merry and Wentworth, each with his last chip in the middle of the table, called for a showdown. All but Singleton dropped out, and he, the big winner of the evening, took the pot. Wentworth and Merry were broke.

The game had been played in Wentworth's library. Before its close the gray light of the morning began to steal past the curtains and the glow of each electric lamp took on a murky haze. Enoch Wentworth, acting as banker, cashed in the chips of the winners. Three of the men put on their hats, said "Good morning," and went out. Andrew Merry sat beside the baize-covered table with its litter of chips, pulling slowly at a cigar and staring into vacancy.

"Do you mind if I open this window?" asked Wentworth. "There's a chill in the air outdoors that will feel good. I've swallowed so much smoke my throat feels raw."

"Open every window in the room if you like, old man. I'm going home."

"Hold on a minute," cried Wentworth unexpectedly. "I'll go you just one more hand. Let's play one more stake and then swear off forever."

"I tell you, Enoch, I haven't a cent. Heaven knows how I can tide over these months until the season opens. It's a good thing I'm not a married man." Merry laughed mirthlessly.

"One last hand!" pleaded Wentworth. "What do you want to play for?" Merry turned up a coat sleeve and stared at his cuff buttons thoughtfully.

"I have nothing left but this. I don't think I'll put them up."

"We've thrown away enough money and collateral tonight," Wentworth replied. "Let's make this stake something unique—sentimental, not financial. Why not make it your future against mine?"

"That's a great stake! Sha'n't I throw in my past?"

"No, let each of us play for the other's future. It is a mere fancy of mine, but it appeals to me."

"Are you serious? What in God's name would you do with my future if you won it—what should I do with yours?"

"I tell you, it's a mere fancy of mine."

"All right. Carry out your fancy, if it amuses you. I ought to be willing to stake my life against yours on any hand, if you say so."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes, if you want to call me."

Andrew Merry smiled and blew a flurry of smoke rings into the marble face of the Shakespeare, while he watched Wentworth's pen hurry across a sheet of paper. The newspaper man handed it to him with the ink still wet.

"There," he said, "we'll play for that document, the winner's name to be written at the top, the loser to write his name at the bottom."

Andrew Merry read it aloud: "I hereby pledge myself until death—to do your every bidding—to obey your every demand—to the extent of my physical and mental ability—to you to furnish me with support."

"He's an old friend of mine. It's Andrew Merry, the comedian. Gazing into his sister's beautiful face. She was a child in spite of her eighteen years. He felt like an ancient, stammered, soiled, city-worn hulk of humanity as he returned the straightforward gaze of her gray eyes."

"I ran across him when I was doing dramatics on the Pittsburgh Union. He was a genial lad, but there wasn't much for him to tell an interviewer. He had been born and raised in a western town and then apprenticed to a country bank. He hated figures and loved the stage. He stuck to the ledger for a while because he was all his mother had. I guess she worshiped him."

"How did he happen to go on the stage?"

"Come on to New York, as they all do sooner or later, and began with a turn in a vaudeville house. He had reached a salary of fifty a week. He was perfectly happy except for one thing—he couldn't get the mother's loneliness out of his mind. They wrote to each other every day."

"I think I should like him," suggested Dorcas.

"I gave Merry all the space next morning instead of the dancer, and he wrote me a grateful letter. I didn't see him again until two years later, when I came to New York. I found his name in the cast of a light opera company on Broadway. He was pretty far down the list, but before the thing had run two weeks he was moved up to second place. His work was unusual. He's the funniest Merry Andrew I ever saw, yet once in a while there's a touch of whimsical, fearful pathos in his antics that makes a man—wink."

"Take me to see him," cried the girl eagerly.

"We'll go tomorrow. It's his closing night in 'The King at Large.' He's a bigger favorite than several of the big stars, yet—it's the queerest thing—in all these years he's never taken the step that would bring him to the top."

younger man lifted a pen, dipped it in the ink, and scrawled Enoch Wentworth across the slip of paper. At the bottom he wrote with grave deliberation, Andrew Merry, and handed the paper to Wentworth. The newspaper man stared at it for a moment, then dropped it on the table, laid his cheek on the palm of his hand, and, looking straight in the face of the actor, asked: "Merry, do you realize what this means?"

"Not yet, perhaps; still I wish you more luck of my life than I've had. Now, since I'm to look to you for support, could you spare up a nickel? I've got to ride home, you know."

Before Wentworth could reply, the curtains parted, and a girl's figure showed itself for a brief moment.

"I beg your pardon, Enoch, I thought you were alone," she said, and the figure vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

"Who's that?" Merry demanded. Wentworth's only answer was to pull out the lining of his pockets. From one he produced a quarter and

handed it to the actor. Merry pocketed it without further questioning, and pulled on his gloves.

"Good night," he said, "or good morning, whichever you choose."

"Say, old man," Wentworth held the door for a moment half closed while he spoke. "Say, if you don't mind, let's keep this transaction to ourselves."

"I'm willing," Merry paused to strike a light for his last cigar, then he laid his hands solemnly across his breast. "Cross my heart," he added in a sepulchral tone.

Wentworth started at the sound of an opening door. A girl entered. "For heaven's sake, Dorry! What are you doing up at this unearthly hour?"

"I've had my sleep, you haven't," she answered with a laugh.

"Dorcas, sit down," said her brother. "Do you see that fellow on the bench under a tree?"

The girl leaned a hand on Wentworth's shoulder while she turned her eyes in the direction his finger pointed.

"Yes! What's the matter with him? Is he anybody you know? Is he in trouble?"

"He's an old friend of mine. It's Andrew Merry, the comedian. Gazing into his sister's beautiful face. She was a child in spite of her eighteen years. He felt like an ancient, stammered, soiled, city-worn hulk of humanity as he returned the straightforward gaze of her gray eyes."

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"The Lord knows. One manager died, another was under. It's the uncertainty of stage life."

"And his mother?" asked Dorcas. "She died suddenly last season. A fool usher gave Merry the telegram in the middle of a performance, when he went off the stage. He dropped as if he'd been shot. They ran down the curtain until the understudy could get into his toga. He didn't act for two months. I thought he would never brace up. I had him here half the winter."

ter trying to cheer him. He gave me the dumps."

"Poor fellow," cried Dorcas. "I roused him through his pride. He hadn't a cent to his name, so I shamed him into going back to work. He earns lots of money, but it gets away from him."

Wentworth's gaze turned to the litter of chips on the table. His sister's eyes followed.

"Is it that?" she asked. "Partly."

The girl rose to her feet. She put her hands on her brother's shoulders and gazed down into his face.

"Enoch," she said hesitatingly, "I wish you wouldn't. You could help your friend if you would turn over a new leaf yourself."

"We both swore off tonight for good and all, little girl." Wentworth took her hands between his own and looked into her eyes with a resolute look. "I want you to help both of us—Merry and me. The evil of the world was never whispered inside convent walls. You've left a quiet, simple life—for a very different world. There's more mission work waiting you right here than if you had taken the veil."

"Enoch," the girl's face was grave and earnest, "Enoch, nothing would ever make me take the veil. I have only one ambition—I want to go on the stage."

"Good Lord!" cried Wentworth, "I never dreamed of such a future—for you."

"You don't know stage life as I do," he continued seriously. "There are women—and men for that matter—who go into the profession clean skinned, clean souled. They spend their lives in it and come out clear; but there are experiences they never forget."

"Is life as bad as that?" the girl asked simply.

"Life is as bad," her brother answered slowly, "and yet I would as willingly see you go on the stage as into society—I mean fashionable society, as I know it here in New York. A newspaper man sees the under side of life."

"It would not hurt me." The girl tossed back a heavy braid of hair which fell over her shoulder, and knelt at Wentworth's knee.

"I have you always to turn to, my brother," she whispered. She laid her cheek fondly against his hand. "Don't you remember that used to be the only name I had for you? You were so big, so strong, so wise and so—old. I used to sit on the gatepost, waiting for you to come home. Don't you remember our Saturday tramps, how we used to play 'spy' in the orchard, and went bird-nesting, picnicking and fishing, or playing Indian camp on the island?"

"Enoch clasped her hands tightly. "I remember, little Dorry. They were the happiest days in my life."

"Let us get out of the city," cried the girl. Their eyes turned to the sunlit square below. The morning rush of New York life had begun, with its clang of bells and thunder of vehicles.

"Dorcas, I'm off to bed. I haven't shut an eye for 24 hours."

CHAPTER II.

The Measure of a Man. A week later Wentworth and his sister left town for a vacation. They had discovered an old-fashioned farmhouse on a quiet stretch of shore, and settled down contentedly to a simple, outdoor life. One morning a telegram broke their solitude.

"I have half an hour to catch a train to the city," said Enoch, as he tumbled out of a hammock. "You may drive me to the depot if you wish, Dorcas."

"You're not called back to that hot office," she cried wistfully, "after a vacation of only three days?"

"It isn't the paper, Dorcas; it's Merry. Get into the buggy; I'll tell you about it on our way to the station."

"Some greedy fish had a square meal off your bait and never got the hook in his gullet. He'll come back for more, then get caught. It's the same way with human beings."

"Philosopher!" laughed Dorcas. She dropped her line again into deep water and waited for her brother's prediction to come true.

Merry had breakfasted before their return. He sat upon the vine-grown piazza, gazing at the sparkle of the ocean, when the two agile figures stepped across his vision.

"Well, Sir Laxy, so you're up!" cried the girl. "You should have been with us to find an appetite. See our fish! Here's a dinner for you!"

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf," said Merry. His eyes were fixed on the girl's glowing face, and for a moment he shared her intense enjoyment of life.

"Will you turn it over tomorrow morning at sunrise?" she demanded. "Even so soon, most gracious, lady?" He swept her a stage bow, his soft hat trailing the ground as if it had been a cavalier's cap loaded with plumes.

Matching his grace, the girl turned to him, laughing, with the mock dignity of a queen.

"I command that at early dawn, when the tide goes out, ye his three to your flats and dig claims for our savory meal."

"I shall obey, most royal highness," answered Merry solemnly.

"I believe he is waking up," thought Dorcas as she ran upstairs to dress for the noon dinner. "If he does that, I'll believe he has some backbone."

When Dorcas and her brother came down next morning for breakfast, Merry had disappeared.

"I'm glad I'm not your victim," said Wentworth, with a note of sympathy in his voice.

"Enoch," the girl turned to him gravely, "I told you he needed waking up, and this is a good start. It won't hurt him a bit."

"Poor Merry! What a sight!" They watched him come tramping over the beach. He wore Farmer Hutchings' overalls rolled up to his knees and a flapping cow-breakfast hat. He carried a clam fork and occasionally shifted a heavy basket of clams from one arm to the other.

CHAPTER III. Casloepa's Chair. Dorcas went up to the crest of a cliff and looked down. A few feet below her, on a ledge like a wide shelf, Merry lay watching the waves as they broke against the jagged walls of a narrow cove.

what train. You'll meet me, won't you?"

"Of course," she promised. Next morning the two men stood on the platform of the smoker on a shore accommodation train, which sauntered from one small station to the next, skirting the water for miles.

Andrew Merry tossed a half-smoked cigar into a swamp beside the track where the thin, green blades of cattails were whipped by the breeze.

"I don't believe I want to mix odors this morning," he said.

"It's a great ome." Wentworth lifted his hat to let the wind cool his head. "There's the little in Dorcas!"

"How queer that I've never met your sister," Merry suggested. "Is she grown up?"

Wentworth laughed. "Almost," he admitted. "You did see her once."

Merry followed Wentworth as the train stopped. In a half-dozed fashion he shook hands with a tall young woman in a white linen gown. Was this the child—long limbed, gawky and shy—he had imagined he might meet?

Somewhere back in his mind lay an impression that Enoch had referred to his sister as a young colt. The thought was so absurd that he smiled; and yet, as he looked at her, he was struck by a certain awkwardness that he had never felt the mildest curiosity about.

Wentworth's sister. He became conscious that he was making a mental analysis; she had black-fringed gray eyes; warmth and dancing blood glowed in her face, for she had the coloring of a Jack rose; a mass of auburn hair was coiled in a loose knot at the back of her head; she wore no hat; a band of dull-blue velvet was tied about her head and fell in a loose bow over her ear, but strands of hair, which glowed like copper in the sunshine, had escaped and blew about her face; she had the tender mouth of a child. In the straightforward eyes was sweet womanliness, gentle determination, and a lack of feminine vanity which Merry had seldom seen in the face of a beautiful woman. He even forgot to drop her hand while he gazed into her face, half admiringly, half perplexedly.

"I've brought Mr. Merry down to stay with us till we go home," Wentworth announced.

"I'm delighted," cried Dorcas cordially. Next morning after breakfast Enoch and his sister rowed out to deep water with their fishing outfit. Merry still was in bed; he was tired, he pleaded, and could not immediately acquire the habit of early rising.

"What do you think of Andrew?" asked Wentworth abruptly. He lifted his head after the task of baiting a hook and looked into his sister's face. "I think he ought to be waked up."

"To join our fishing trip?"

"I mean waked in his ambitions. He seems to me like a man who has no goal in sight. He needs something to work for. He spoke last night of one ambition he—"

"Sort of moonlight confidences?" queried her brother.

"No—not that. He's determined to jump straight into a part that will wring the heart out of his listeners."

"That's foolish. The public wants just so much versatility. You can't kill off a beloved comedian to resurrect a new emotional actor, no matter how good he may be. People won't stand for it."

"He isn't satisfied." The girl pulled up her line and tossed away a morsel of nibbled bait, covering the hook with a fresh clam.

"Some greedy fish had a square meal off your bait and never got the hook in his gullet. He'll come back for more, then get caught. It's the same way with human beings."

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"Poor Merry! What a sight!" They watched him come tramping over the beach. He wore Farmer Hutchings' overalls rolled up to his knees and a flapping cow-breakfast hat. He carried a clam fork and occasionally shifted a heavy basket of clams from one arm to the other.

"Day-dreaming, Mr. Merry?" cried the girl.

He sprang to his feet. "Why, I never heard you. Do you wear velvet shoes? Let me help you down." He began to climb the uneven steps.

"The idea of helping me down, after I have made my way alone over these chasms!" She pointed to the wall behind her. Then resting one hand on his shoulder, she leaped past him lightly.

"What a heavenly retreat!"

"Yes," answered Merry, dreamily. "I found it several days ago. I've called it Casloepa's Chair."

"Who was Casloepa?"

"I've forgotten. Some satellite creature, I believe. Her name has a restful sound, and this place is restful and lonely."

The girl laughed. "Were you day-dreaming?"

"I suppose so. I was watching these waves. Most of them break without a splash; then once in a while, away out as far as your eyes can reach, you see one roll up, gathering force from you can't imagine where, and it comes on tempestuously through a calm sea, to crash against the cliffs. Sometimes it throws its spray up here."

He pointed to a wet line on the rock just below them. "Then again, one which promises to be a ripper amounts to nothing when it breaks."

"Yes it is fascinating," she agreed. "Yesterday I spent an hour watching them. It makes me think of people."

"What people?" he demanded, not understanding.

"All sorts. People who never do anything, who saunter through life and are the failures, and the few who live after their work is done."

"Merry," in her intensity the girl addressed him as her brother. "Did you make me think of you. You could make a towering big wave of your life. You don't!"

The man turned quickly and looked into her eyes with flushed face. He did not speak.

"I wish—oh, I do wish—Dorcas' voice was like that of an ardent child."

Merry stared down into the girl's face.

"I wish I could rouse you to make the best of yourself. There is so much you could do!"

"Do you really think so?"

"No, I don't think it. I know it. You are two people; one is lazy and indifferent, with just ambition enough to do the work you have to do. You can't help doing it well—you could not do it badly. Then there is the other—a man with vivid imagination, feeling, emotion, and ability; but it is so hard to wake him up!"

Merry jumped to his feet and stared down into the girl's face. "How did you learn this—about me? Has Enoch laid his soul bare to you?"

"Enoch told me something of your career, that was all. I know you better than he does."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEAT, EVEN FOR FRENCHMAN

Typically Parisian Was the Witty, If Ironic, Rebuke Administered Mean House Mistress.

The Parisian is proverbially polite, although he may and often does impart a flavor of ironical mischief to his courtesy. The following incident is typically Parisian.

It is the custom in the French capital for the cook to do all the marketing. This adds considerably to the cook's income, for every dealer allows her about 1 cent on every 20 cents that she spends. So French cooks insist on their marketing prerogative, and the mistress who denies it to them is held to be a very mean person.

Well, a person of this sort, an elderly woman, was in the habit of doing her own marketing in a long duster. The duster hid her purchases. While she was usurping her cook's rights, it kept her from being detected in the act.

As this woman, one hot morning, was walking homeward in her duster from the St. Honore market, she stumbled and a leg of mutton fell and rolled across the sidewalk.

A passing stranger, sizing up the situation, picked up the leg of mutton and, with a bow and smile, returned it with this salutation: "Permit me, Madame—your fan."

Only One. She (gazing at the view)—What a magnificent scene! He (an auto fiend)—You mean that limousine?

Vast Continent of Asia. Asia, which is the largest of the continents, has an estimated area of 17,067,686 square miles.

Suitable Match. "That girl has shocking ways." "Maybe that's the reason she married an electrician."

WESTERN CANADA'S PROSPECTS FOR 1914