

The LAPSE of ENOCH WENTWORTH

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SYNOPSIS.

Enoch Wentworth, newspaper man, and Andrew Merry, actor, after the guests at a poker party depart, play a hand, the stakes to be absolute control of the future of the loser. Wentworth wins and they decide to keep the matter secret. Dorcas, Enoch's sister, becomes interested in Merry. Knowing of his secret, Dorcas, Enoch's sister, becomes interested in Merry. Knowing of his secret, Dorcas, Enoch's sister, becomes interested in Merry. Knowing of his secret, Dorcas, Enoch's sister, becomes interested in Merry.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Dorcas glanced at the handful of men covering in a shadowed corner. A sudden fear seized her, the feminine terror of midnight streets.

"You don't imagine," she whispered, "that I shall have any trouble? It is possible I am making a mistake in the man. Are there dangerous characters among them?"

"Not exactly dangerous," said the officer slowly. "If they're dangerous it's from hunger. It ain't one year you find a crook in the bread line. It's too easy to spot them, waiting as they do for an hour or two in that light."

"Thank you," said the girl. She crouched behind a half-drawn curtain in the shadow of the carriage, watching eagerly the gathering of homeless, hungry men. They began to creep toward the bakery from every direction, most of them with a shambling step that told of ill-hod feet or shamed reluctance to beg for food. The skies had been lowering for hours, and just before midnight the first storm of the winter came down. It began with keen, fine needles of ice, but they stung and froze, for the wind drove them in merciless, piercing flurries. The loitering men crowded together and turned their faces sullenly from each furious cloud of sleet. Hunger was sifter enough without the storm. Dorcas watched through misty eyes. She wondered at the still patience of the throng. Below her in a basement a warm red light burned, and through an open door the wind blew the fragrance of boiling coffee across the street. She saw a man thrust a slim white-faced boy into a shelter between the wall and himself.

"If I were starving I couldn't be patient and courteous," she thought. "The smell of food would madden me. I would batter a scoundrel then for a moment and scarcely breathe. Down Tenth street slouched a tall, stooping figure. The man wore a shabby overcoat which covered his body almost to the feet; his collar was turned high about his neck and an old slouch hat shadowed his face. Dorcas could see little between but a bristling beard. The keenest detective searching for Andrew Merry would not have glanced twice at the figure; Dorcas' eyes followed it with grave perplexity. She had been startled into recognition the night before when the man pulled the shabby hat down over his face. She caught a glimpse of Merry's long, white, slender fingers and noted an impatient, peculiarly graceful gesture which was characteristic of him. Dorcas had seen it frequently, sometimes when he was on the stage, sometimes while he had talked with her.

He paused before facing the glare of Broadway and pulled the hat brim carefully about his face; it might have been for shelter from the stinging blasts of sleet or for better concealment. Then he seemed to gather himself together with energy born of despair. He stepped quickly forward and took his place at the end of the bread line. A hundred men stood between him and the beneficence of food. Others were closing in behind him. Here and there one man turned to speak to another; the man Dorcas was watching stood immovable. He thrust his hands deep in his overcoat pockets, his eyes were fixed on the whitening sidewalk beside him. Dorcas turned to the opposite window and nodded with an eager gesture to the officer. His hand went up. He spoke to the cabman in a low voice.

"Drive round through University place to Tenth—then up toward Broadway. Pull up half-way down the block."

The man turned his horse and moved down the street.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"What do you want, Miss Dorcas?" he asked quietly.

"I want to talk with you," answered the girl. "Do get in, please—out of the storm."

Merry handed her in, then followed and shut the door. "I cannot go home with you," he announced stubbornly. "Enoch is away. He's in Montreal, and there is nobody at home except Jason and me. I have so much to say

to you," she cried appealingly. "We can't talk driving through the streets on such a night as this."

Merry stared at her for a minute with dogged obstinacy in his gaze. "Won't you come?" urged the girl impudently. Her color deepened and an eager light shone in her eyes. "There is so much I want to say. We shall be quite alone. You can trust Jason. Afterwards you may go away—if you wish—and I will promise never to attempt to find you. I will try to forget you."

Merry stretched out his hand and touched her arm, leaning forward until his face was close to hers. "Miss Dorcas, don't say that. Since I left you that night on Juniper Point I have lived a lifetime of happiness and horror and remorse. One thing alone has saved me from going over the brink of the precipice, simply one thing. He lifted his eyes to hers. "The one thing," he repeated, "that I could not fling away was the memory that you trusted me, that you believed in me, and were waiting for me to make good."

"I trust you now," cried the girl, her voice breaking into a sob. "I am still waiting for you to make good. Won't you come home with me?"

The cab stopped in front of the Waverly Place house. Merry followed her reluctantly up the steps. She paused for a moment while she adjusted the key in the lock.

"Would you mind seeing Jason?" she asked hesitatingly. "He can help you with dry clothes. He will be as glad to see you as I am."

"Ring for him," answered Merry quietly. "Jason and I are old pals."

"Don't bring in whys—now. We are so comfortable. I don't ask for an explanation—I don't want to give any. Can't you see I'm in Happy Valley for a little while? I am so glad to have you here again."

Merry smiled into her eyes. "I'll obey you, bless your gentle heart!" The girl rose and reached to a shelf behind her for a box of cigars. Merry lit one, lounged back in a cushioned chair, and puffed rings of smoke towards the red fire. They sat in silence after Jason had carried away the dishes. Their quiet was broken when the clock struck one. The man started.

"Miss Dorcas, you wanted me here to talk. I cannot rob you of a night's sleep."

"I am as wide awake as a cricket. I slept all the afternoon."

"First of all," Merry asked gravely, "how did you find me? Scores of men and women passed me day after day, people I have known for years. Not one of them recognized me."

"You were not searching for you?" Dorcas nodded.

"How did you find me?" he persisted. "Last night on my way home from the theater with Mr. Oswald our cab stopped in a block, and it was opposite where—that line of men stood. I was looking at them when I saw you pull down your hat. When Mr. Oswald left me I drove back to Tenth street, but the line had dispersed. I went again tonight—just hoping."

"Who is Mr. Oswald?" asked Merry abruptly.

"Don't you know? Haven't you been reading the papers? Mr. Oswald is the man who is putting on your play."

"My play?" Dorcas inquired in a quiet tone. "They have been searching everywhere for you to play 'John Esterbrook.' Enoch is in Montreal now, looking for you."

"I cannot understand." The man did not attempt an explanation.

"Andrew Merry," she hesitated as if searching for words which would not wrong her brother, "did Enoch do you any—any injustice?"

"No. As I look back on it now, I went into it with my eyes open. I simply learned that there is no way to gauge human nature."

Again there was a silence. Dorcas was trying to understand, trying to be loyal to her brother, even while her heart, aching with unspoken sympathy, turned to Merry.

"Why don't you want to play 'John Esterbrook'?" she asked quietly.

"I don't suppose I have a decent reason, except that when I—gave up the play I lost all interest in it. 'John Esterbrook' is no more to me today than 'Silas Bagg'."

"Oh!" cried the girl aghast. "How you have altered!"

"I have," Merry spoke in a hoarse whisper. He returned to his chair by the fire and bent to warm his fingers by the blaze. There was another long silence. Dorcas was the first to break it.

"Even if it were against your inclinations, would you do something to make some one very happy, some one who believes in you—who cares a great deal for you and about your future?"

Merry spoke gently. "Miss Dorcas, I'm afraid you are mistaken. There is nobody in the world to care."

makes life worth while, if he has gone down into the depths and still has the desire come to take up life again, is there any quality left that will help him?"

"Yes, everything. Oh! if you had come back only two or three days ago things would have been different."

He rose abruptly and crossed to the window.

"Miss Dorcas," he did not turn to look at her, "what was the worst thing you had me do when Enoch thought you—what happened?"

The girl paused for a minute before she answered. "I thought you were—weak."

"Weak!" The man repeated the word as if trying to comprehend its meaning.

"You should not have allowed Enoch to stand as the author of your play, no matter what the circumstances were. He is not happy over it today. His nature seems to have changed. He is not easy to live with even. Oh, I wish it had never happened!"

Merry waited in silence.

"Things must come right, even if this life has been told." She pointed at the paper which lay at her feet.

"There is one way. You can play the convict so wonderfully that people must realize that you yourself created the part."

EXTENSIVE EPIDEMIC OF HOG CHOLERA



A Healthy Bunch of Hogs.

A billion pounds live weight produce nearly 800,000,000 pounds of dressed meat and lard. This amount would be sufficient to furnish every family of the United States (average four and a half persons) about 40 pounds. If there had been no such loss, probably increasing scarcity of meat would have been largely prevented.

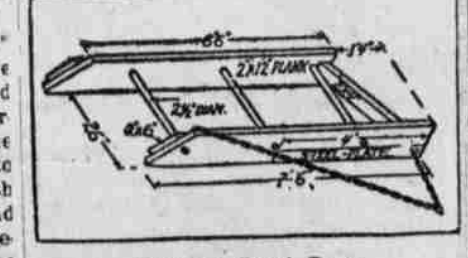
The losses of swine from disease are usually heaviest in southern states and lightest in northern states. Estimates of losses have been kept for 30 years. The states showing the heaviest average yearly loss in these 30 years are, in their order, Arkansas, 119 per 1,000; Louisiana, 110; Florida, 109; the states showing the lightest losses are Maine, 19; Wyoming, 19; New Hampshire, 22. In Georgia the average is 94, in Alabama and Mississippi, each 92; in Texas, 66; whereas, in New York the average is 26, in Michigan, 34; in Minnesota, 46; in North Dakota, 31, and in Washington and Oregon, 26.

The epidemic has abated somewhat in the past year, as compared with the preceding year, in most southern states, but has increased greatly in the northern states. Thus, in Florida the loss has decreased from 170 per 1,000 in 1912 to 150 in 1913; in Georgia, from 165 to 90; in Alabama, from 110 to 100; in Mississippi, from 154 to 104; in Kentucky, from 95 to 90; in Missouri, from 175 to 90; whereas in Iowa the loss has increased from 160 per 1,000 in 1912 to 255 per 1,000 in 1913; in Minnesota, from 55 to 214; in Nebraska, from 110 to 175; in South Dakota, from 38 to 230, and in North Dakota, from 29 to 75. The tendency of the three epidemics appears to have been, in a general way, to move as a wave from South and East to North and West.

CONSTRUCTION OF ROAD DRAG

Detailed Instructions and Illustration Given for Making Implements to Improve Highways.

Select a good yellow pine, ash, or oak plank 2 inches thick, 12 inches wide, and 14 feet long. Cut this in two at an angle so that one edge of each piece is 7 feet and 6 inches long and the other edge is 6 feet and 6 inches long. Spike to the back and along the center of each of these planks a 2 by 6-inch piece, which reinforces the plank. Bore the holes for the cross stakes about 26 inches apart and 4 inches from each end with a



Plan of Road Drag.

2½-inch auger, using care to keep the auger perpendicular to the plank. The 2 by 4-inch brace at the front end should start from the middle of the rear plank and drop to the bottom cross stake of the front plank. The blade, which is generally made of stock cutting strip between it and the plank. One end of the chain is fastened to a cross stake and the other passes through a hole in the plank and is held in position by a pin.

EYESORE ON ORCHARD TREES

Silken Webs Filled With Caterpillars Should Be Cut Out and Burned With Kerosene.

There is no greater eyesore in country surroundings than the silken webs filled with dark-colored, white-haired caterpillars which abound on the trees of orchard and lawn.

The moths emerge in May or June from pupae which have passed the winter under loose soil and rubbish at the foot of the tree. The eggs are placed in clusters near the tips of the branches. On hatching, the process of web-building and eating begins, and soon a large cluster may be formed.

OBSTIPATION IN THE HORSE

Many Thousands of Dollars Lost to Farmers From Cause That Might Be Easily Prevented.

Judging by the number of cases of fatal obstruction to the bowels in horses that come to the notice of the veterinarians of the Colorado Agricultural college, there must be many thousands of dollars lost to farmers every year from this cause. And this is a condition that might easily be prevented.

In the winter time the roughage is dry and succulence must be provided. A horse with good teeth and fed alfalfa, timothy, bluestem, or other well-cured hays, combined with grain and plenty of water, will seldom be affected with impacted intestines, but a stems picked up in the fields, combined with a low vitality, cold, poor teeth, and only snow or otherwise a limited amount of water, will furnish conditions which make fatal obstruction of the bowels possible.

The poorer the feed the more an animal must eat, and a ration of straw or poor quality of hay, does not furnish sufficient nutriment to make it possible for a horse to eat enough to support life. He eats indigestible quantities of this highly indigestible food which produces distention, atony and finally paralysis of the bowels.

SPRAY TO PREVENT DISEASE

Rot of Tomatoes May Be Avoided If Bordeaux Is Used—Disorder Encouraged by Weather.

This disease often attacks plants that are not sprayed. It is first noticeable as small, black or brown spots on the leaves and stems of the plants, occurring first on the lower and older leaves; but with favorable weather it spreads rapidly till the plant is defoliated, and the spots on the stems have coalesced into irregular, blackish patches.

If a piece of bark with these spots be examined under a high-power microscope, innumerable, small, crescent-shaped bodies may be seen. These are the fruiting spores of the fungus. Spray with bordeaux.

CHAPTER X.

Zilla Page.

"Do you mind if I am atrociously frank with you?"

"I am not at all," answered Dorcas, watching a rehearsal.

"I promise to stand by you," she whispered.

NOVEL THAT PLEASSED DUMAS

Great Romancer Had Given His Name to Book That He Was Unable to Recognize.

When the younger Dumas read the manuscript of "Camille" to his father, that great romancer was much moved by this evidence of the genius of his son. "Alexandre," he is reported to have said, with tears in his eyes, and great solemnity in his voice, "you have composed a work that will live as long as my own."



She Pointed to the Bold Headlines.

proaching prodigally. Merry read it through to the last sentence, then the paper fell to the floor and he buried his face in his hands.

"I pleaded with Enoch. I told him it was all wrong, terribly wrong, for him as well as for you; that when you returned he must set things straight. I told him it was not even collaboration; it was wholly and distinctly your play, yours alone."