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THE LAPSE OF ENOCH WENTWORTH

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS,

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

"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 clean; but there are experiences they never forget."

"Is lif 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, big 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 'I spy' in the orchard, and went bird's-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 of 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 en eye for 24 hours."

CHAPTER II.

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. You may drive." He leaned back comfortably in the wide seat. "You like driving I don't."

"What's the matter with Mr. Merry?" Dorcas asked. "Is he ill?"

"Not that, but he's in danger of killing his career. He's going up the state to a little one-horse town to play leading roles in a ten, twenty, thirty stock company."

"Why does he do that?"

"I guess he's broke. I can't tell until I see him, I'll be back to-night, or to-morrow at the latest. I'll wire you what train. You'll meet me, won't you?"

"Of course," she promised.

Next morning tre two men stood on the platform of the smoker on a shore accommodation train, which sauntered from one small sation 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 is great ozone." Wenteworth lifted his hat to let the wind cool his head. "There's the little station now! I'll bet that speck of white is 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 sbsurd that he smiled; any coltish awkwardness must have disappeared with short frocks. Merry stared at the girl with bewildered admiration, wondering now why 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 suburn 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 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 has—"

"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."

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

Merry had breakfast 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 Lazy, 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 gdowlng face, and for a moment he shared her intense enjoyment of life.

"Will you turn it over to-morrow 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 hie three to yon flats and dig clams for our savory meal."

"Ishallobey, 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 Hutchins' 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.

Dorcas Wentworth stopped on 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.

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

CHAPTER III.

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 Cassiopea's Chair."

"Who was Cassiopea?"

"I've forgotten. Some satellite creature, I believe. Her name has a restful sound, and this plac is destful 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 eye 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 sprays 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 lives after their work is done.

"Merry," in her intensity the girl adressed him as her brother did, "they 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 "I wish I could rouse you to make the best of yourself. There is so much you could do!"

"Do you deally 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 my soul bare to you?"

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

Andrew pulled the soft hat over his eyes and sprawled out on the rock ledge.

Dorcas began with a nervous laugh. "It sounds like—presumption, I know so little of the world, only I have beenstudying you—"

(To be continued.)

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It costs a great deal less to raise a calf on skimmed milk than on whole milk. By this plan the cream can be sold and made into butter and the proceeds added to the farm income.

Calves do well on skimmed milk whether it is skimmed by hand or with cream separator but skimmed milk from the separator has the advantage of being fresh and warm and sweet when fed. Where as many as three or four cows are milked regularly, a separator will prove a paying proposition. It saves a great deal of time and labor in setting the milk away for the cream to rise and in cleaning milk vessels.

Feeding skimmed milk develops a large stomach in the calf. This is exceedingly desirable because, after a big udder, the most valuable point in a cow is a large, capacious paunch in which she may store her feed. Every great milk cow, without exception, has a large barrel.

Wean Early.

The calf may be allowed to remain with its mother for five or six days, at which time the milk is usually fit to be saved. It should then be taken away from the cow and if possiple out of her sight and hearing.

During the first week after removal from its mother, it should receive about 9 lbs. of milk a day, divided into two or three feeds, preferably into three. After this, skimmed milk should begin gradually to replace the whole milk, so that by the time the calf is three weeks old, it is getting getting skimmed milk only, the quantity varying from 12 to 18 lbs. a day according to th esize and thriftiness of the calf. A teaspoonful of blood flour added to each feed of skimmed milk adds to its feeding value and prevents scours. The skimmed milk should always be fed warm, 98 to 100 degrees or blood heat, being about right.

The bucket from which the calf is fed should be washed and scalded after each feeding. The use of filthy slop buckets and unclean and sour milk will surely result in unthrifty calves and in a great deal of trouble with scours.

Get On Feed.

Within three or four weeks the calf will begin to eat bran and shelled corn, and will nibble at hay. A small amount of these materials should, therefore, be provided. Good clean clover or alfalfa hay gives the best results. Care should be taken not to give too much grain. A safe rule is to give a little less than the calf wil clean up.

At the age of ten to twelve weeks, if a good pasture is available, the calf will be able to get a living from grass. When this is the case, the skimmed milk only, the quant- Care should be taken at this time to avoid stunting the calf, and enough grain should be given to keep it in a thrifty growing condition ,but not fat.

Teaching the calf to drink out of a bucket requires a little patience. Gently back the calf into a corner of the stall, stand astride the youngester, wet the fingers in the milk and let the calf get a taste of the milk. Then gently lower the head into the pail.—Canadian Farm.

The Farm Office.

Farming is a business and the manager of one is, or should be, a business man. Every city business man has an office because it has proven an asset to his business. A few farmers have also tried it and proven its efficiency.

A few reasons why every farmer should have a business office, even if it is no more than a space partitioned off in the tool house, are as follows:

1. Bulletins adapted to every phase of the farming business are now available, and unless these are filed away, they are never to be found when wanted.

2. He often has business callers who feel averse to walking into the house and talking freely before the women members of the family, but who are at ease when alone with the farmer. An office fitted up cozily with a stove and chairs is a fitting place to take them, especially in cold weather.

3. The time is fast approaching when the successful farmer will know something of science, and an office or den is a good place to make his experiments on soils or other materials, or to keep his samples of fencing, soils or seeds.

4. There is no farmer but keeps some accounts, more or less correct according to the business ability of the man. He should have a place to keep these account books. Neatly printed farm stationery, and a typewriter in his office will help the farmer to find a better market for his products.

The cost of fitting a farm office can depend upon the inclinations of the man. It should contain a desk, preferably roll top on account of its many drawers and pigeon holes, an extension of the 'phone from the house; shelves or cabinet for filing his books, pamphlets and samples; a stove and a table for his experiments. Other equipment may be added as is needed. —G. D. Fuller, in Farm and Dairy.

The Horse Collar.

The horse collar should fit snugly. It should not pinch at the crest of the neck and there should be room enough between the collar and lower part of the neck to admit the hand freely when not pulling. The contact surface o fthe collar should be smooth and plastic and distributed over as much bearing surface as possible. The incrustations that form on a collor should be removed daily to prevent increased friction. Sweat pads or false collars should not be used except in cases where the animal has been galled or has a collar boil, and in this case a window should be cut in the pad so as to prevent the bearing surface of the collar coming in contact with the injured part.—S. O'Toole, North Dakota Experiment Station.

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