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2

THE LAPSE OF ENOCH WENTWORTH

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS,

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

"Am I worth the trouble?" he interrupted.

"Worth the trouble! I don't believe you know yourself yet. You have a wonderful imagination and such knowledge of human nature. You could write a great play, many of them possibly. You know men and women. You have laid bare the souls of some of them when you talked with me. After you bring a being into life, think how you could make him live again on the stage!"

Dorcas jumped to her feet. "Andrew Merry, go to work! Show them what you can do, if for nothing else than to please me and prove that I haven't made a mistake."

Miss Dorcas, sit down."

The girl looked at her companion curiously.

"Let me shake hands on a bargain," he laughed. "That's a foolish little ceremony I used to go through with mother when I was a boy. If I promised faithfully I would do anything, I shook hands on it."

Dorcas held out her hand cordially. Her clasp was magnetic.

"Sit down again and listen," he begged. "For years and years and years I've had a play crystallizing in my mind. It's all blocked out. Let me tell you about it."

"My hero is cashier in a bank, a young fellow, of good family jovial, happy-go-lucky, generous, democratic, He has married the bank president's daughter, who is exactly his opposite—cold blooded, haughty, selfish and fond of luxury. There is a sweet, tender little daughter. The love between the father and the child is beautiful. The man, trusting to luck to see him through, steals for years, covering his defalcations in the cleverest way. He had to get money, for his wife denies herself nothing. The father-in-law discovers the crime, exposes it to his daughter, then drops dead. She gives her husband up to public justice. His trial comes off and he is sentenced to twenty years. The child is told that she is fatherless. The wife takes her father's fortune and goes West. When the second act opens she has divorced the husband and married again. The child is a lovely, true-hearted woman. She is engaged to the young mayor of the city, and preparations are afoot for the wedding, when she receives a letter from the one man who remained loyal to hr father—an old janitor at the bank. He tells her the story which had been hidden from her. The father, penniless, broken down, hopeless, is to leave prison in a few weeks. She confronts her mother, who denies the story, but later confesses. The girl breaks her engagement, leaves home, and goes East. The old janitor takes her to live near the prison until her father is released. Every day sh watches the convicts at thier lockstep tramp and sees her father. The closing of that act, when she meets him leaving prison, can be tremendous in human interest."

He turned to look at Dorcas.

"Go on," she said.

"The last act is laid in a New England village, among simple country people. The girl and her father are living on a little farm. Her lover comes, having searched for her everywhere. She tells him the story. He marries her and takes the father home with them."

Merry paused. The sun had dropped below the horizon and the western sky glowed in red, gold and purple.

"When," cried Dorcas in a flush of enthusiasm, "when will you begin to write?"

"At once, to-morrow. I'll go away somewhere; I can't do it here."

"Go to Enoch," she said. "He will be delighted. He has such faith in you and he loves you. Besides, you'll have his sympathy. Poor Enoch, the one ambition of his life is to be a famous dramatist."

"No?" said Merry incredulously.

"Don't tell him you know it. I discovered it by accident. I was tidying his desk one day. I came on a pile of manuscript. There were dramas, comedies, tragedies, even comic operas. He has been writing that sort of thing for years and years."

"Queer he never told me! What were they like?"

"Don't think me disloyal, but they are awful! Some day, when he gets a great plot, he things he will succeed. He won't. It was cruel to tell him so. He's nothing but an expert newspaper man."

"Dear, good, generous old Enoch."

"You will never tell him—never?"

"I won't," said Merry.

They sat for a few minutes in silence. The flush of the sunset began to fade from the sky, Seagulls wheeled above their heads.

"We must go home," said Andrew. "Crossing these rocks in the dusk would be perilous."

Dorcas rose and followed him, clasping his outstretched hand. When they leaped down from the sea wall to the beach, the girl asked: "This is our last evening here?"

"I imagine so. You go to New Haven next week, don't you?"

Dorcas nodded.

"Think of me working with all the courage and energy you have awakened. When the play is written I will bring it straight to you."

There was eager anticipation in her eyes. "When you come I will ask a favor. May I play the daughter of the convict?"

"You" Andrew stopped and looked down at her intently, "You—you—dear child, you sweet, gracious woman!"

Dorcas lifter her cool hands to her blazing cheeks.

"Listen! You don't think I could do it. I could. I have loved Shakespeare since I was a little girl. I know Juliet and Desdemona and Rosalind, but I've lived with Cordelia, I've loved her I've seen into her soul. Your girl is Cordelia. I could play the part even if I have never been on the stage. Besides I can work; oh, you ought to see how I can work when I have to!"

"It is not that," Andrew protested. "You could play Cordelia—we'll call the girl 'Cordelia' now—as no one I know. It is not that. It is such a hard life—the one you would choose, and it is so different from anything you know."

Dorcas spoke impatiently "Enoch said that. If I should go on the stage I would be no different from what I am to-day."

"Let us go home. There's Mrs. Hutchins' supper horn."

They walked on in silence. That evening Merry sat for half an hour with an idle pen in his hand. At last he pulled a sheet of paper toward him and wrote in feverish haste:

Dear old Enoch—Send me $100 to the Broadway to-day, please. Don't ask questions, don't try to find me; I'll turn up when I've finished some work.

Your slave,
Merry.

CHAPTER IV.

Enoch Wentworth sat before a table littered with sheets of manuscript, when a knock sounded on the library door.

"In a second!" he cried. Then he tried to gather the pages together in numerical order.

"All right," cried a cheerful voice.

"Lord, it's Merry!" whispered Enoch. He swept the sheets of paper into the drawer of his desk, then he rose and opened the door. Merry stepped into the room with a dancing light-hearted gaiety that Enoch had seen him don with his stage garb. Still it was accomponied by a dignity of manner odd to the comedian, a dignity which had self-respect behind it. Wentworth put an arm about him affectionately.

"Have you come into a fortune, boy?" he asked with a laugh.

"Better than that—I'm on the verge of making a fortunt."

"Good!" Enoch pushed him into a comfortable chair and stood looking down at him. "Let's have the news, boy."

"I will," answered Merry slowly. "I've got to—I want your advice and help. I need it as I never needed it in my life before. Only—I'm not going to trot out a word of it until we are sure of a couple of hours clear. I can't stand a solitary interruption—to-day."

Wentworth shut and locked the door, then he opened a small cupboard.

"What'll you have?" he asked, lifting down a couple of glasses.

"Nothing.' Andrew pulled a large encelope from his pocket and sat down beside the fire. Wentworth faced him with an expectant look upon his face.

"You never guessed, I suppose, that I'm an incipient playwright?"

"Never!" Enoch's tone was emphatic.

"Well," Merry laughed hilariously, "well, I am, I'm the coming dramatist."

"I take off my hat to you, boy," Enoch swept him a pantomime bow.

"Wait a minute." The comedian's face grew unusually resolute. "Wait, old man, you've got to take this seriously, or I won't tell you a blessed word about it."

Merry rose and laid his hand on Enoch's shoulder with an imploring gesture. "Dear old man, I want your help and guidance. I'm such a blamed unbusiness-like chump. If you hadn't been head and right hand and mother, father and brother to me for years, as well as the truest friend a man ever had, I'd have been in the gutter. Enoch," Merry's face flushed, "if I win out, it means more to me than fame or wealth—it means the happiness of a lifetime."

"Andrew! A woman at last."

The actor nodded gravely. "Yes, a woman at last."

"Not Drusilla?"

"Oh, curb your curiosity," he laughed lightly; "you can't have evrything at once.Now I'm going to read."

Wentworth lit a cigar, leaned back in a leather chair, and turned his eyes steadfastly upon the man opposite him. Merry was a singularly dramatic reader. Across his face flashed each human emotion as he put it into words. Enoch forgot the outer world when Merry leaped into the words with which he had clothed a daughter's greeting to her outcast father—a father disqualified, hopeless, timid, stunned, dumb after the long separation from his fellows.

Wentworth's cigar went out and he forgot to light another. He sat in utter silence, a silence which was half critical, although at moments he was deeply stirred, partly by surprise, partly by unconscious emotion. He breathed a half-stifled sigh. This task, such a splendid achievement, had cost one man a month's labor! He remembered the years of ardent toil he had spent on what, as he realized sadly, was poor. It was worse than poor—it was futile. Even Dorcas had sadly but truthfully acknowledged its impossibility.

When Merry spoke the last word and the curtain fell, he looked up with triumph and joy shining in his eyes. Then he waited in silence, as if for ardent hands to clasp his own. It was an actor's pause for the thunder when he knows he has won his audience. Enoch's fingers lay clasped together on his knees, his eyes bent on the glowing caves of the coal fire. As the actor spoke his voice had a chill, shivering note in it.

"Say, old man, isn't it good? Tell me—don't you like it?"

"Like it?" echoed Wentworth. He turned his eyes straight on Merry's questioning face. "Why, boy, it's magnificent. You'll pull Broadway to its feet with that. Merry, you've done a tremendous piece of work. That will live for—it ought to live for years."

"Thanks old man, thanks with all my heart. You can't imagine how hard it was to wait for your verdict."

"It's wonderful," mused Wentworth, "it's a corker!"

(To be continued.)

Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent In One Week's Time In Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home.

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear. If your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.

Note: Another prominent Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family."

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ON THE FARM

Sprays for Potatoes.

The Colorado potato beetle and the cucumber flea beetle are the commonest insects which injure the potato tops. The former can be readily killed with Paris green in the proportion of eight ounces to 12 ounces to a 40 gallon barrel of water, or with arsenate of lead in the proportion of two to three pounds or 40 gallons of water. Paris green kills quicker than arsenate of lead but the latter adheres better than Paris green, hence a mixture of both in the proportion of eight ounces of Paris green and one and a half pounds of arsenate of lead to 40 gallons of water will kill quickly and adhere well to the foliage

The poisons mentioned will, to some extent, check the cucumber flea beetle, but in addition to them, a better preventive is a covering of Bordeaux mixture, on the foliage. The Bordeaux mixture should also be used to control the early and late blights of potatoes, the latter disease causing rot. These are two of the commonest diseases.

To control the early and late blight of potatoes spraying with Bordeaux mixture should be begun before the disease appears and the plants kept covered until autumn. It is safer to start spraying with Bordeaux mixture when spraying for the potato beetles. The poison of the latter may be mixed with the Bordeaux. From three to four sprayings or more will be required, the number depending on the weather. Taking the average of three years, the increase of yield from spraying with Bordeaux mixture was at the rate of 94 bushels an acre. In some years it is much larger.

The importance of keeping plants growing as late as possible is well illustrated in an experiment where the total crop of marketable potatoes per acre when dug on September 1st was 234 bushels per acre, whereas in the same field the same variety yielded 353 bushels marketable potatoes per acre when left undug until September 22nd, or in three weeks the crops had increased by 119 bushels per acre of marketable potatoes. Bordeaux mixture is made in the proportion of six pounds bluestone, four pounds lime and 40 gallons of water. Spraying mixtures should be used at the proper time and thoroughly, if good results are to be expected.—W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist, Ottawa.

Separator Milk For Calves.

In writing of his experience in calf rearing and the value of separator skim-milk as calf food, in the "Jersey Bulletin," Prof. T. L. Haecker of the Minnesota experiment station says:

I have made calf rearing my business for over twenty years, and during the last fifteen have placed my reliance on skim-milk. For growing calves I consider separator skim-milk at least equal to whole milk, though calves will not lay on as much fat as they will when whole milk is fed; but they will make as good growth and be as thrifty on skim-milk. There is nothing in butter fat that a calf can use in building body tissue. Butter and body fat, and nutriment for this purpose can be supplied more cheaply with flax meal, which contains from 30 to 35 per cent. oil.

My system of feeding is very uniform. When the calf is dropped I let it suck once and then remove it from the dam. If it is removed in the morning I give it no feed until the following morning. I give from three or four pints of its mother's milk twice a day, immediately after milking the dam. A small calf gets three pints and a large calf four pints. This I continue for about one week. Then for one week I give it whole milk half and skim-milk half twice a day, giving it only from three to four pints. The third week I feed all separated skim-milk, but put in the milk a teaspoonful of ground flax. I gradually increase the skim-milk and flax meal so that, by the end of the fourth month, it is receiving a heaping tablespoonful of flax meal and ten pints of milk twice a day. After the first month it has access to a little early-cut hay and a little whole oats, or a mixture of whole oats and bran or shorts.

The important points are strict regularity in time of feeding, quantity and temperature of milk, which should be from 98 to 100 degrees F. From the first of June the skim-milk should be pasteurized so it will not get sour.

It has been the general opinion among farmers that separator skim-milk was not strong or nutritious feed and that a large mess must be given to make up in quantity what they supposed it lacked in quality, and the result was that calves were overfed and indigestion was produced, which was followed by scours and bloat.

Feed the Young Foal.

Are you giving that young foal the proper care? To become a strong, sound horse when matured the foal must be well nourished and given every advantage possible.

At this time of the year mares and colts are allowed to spend at least a part of the time in the pasture. The foal should be taught to eat grain very early. By placing the feed box from which the dam eats her grain low, the foal, at about two months of age, will begin nibbling with the mother and will soon acquire a taste for the grain.

A pen built in one corner of the field made high enough to keep the mare out and allow the colt to pass under will make it possible to feed the foal grain with very little difficulty. Allow the mare in the enclosure with the foal for a few times, and it will soon learn to go in itself. Keep a liberal supply or grain, preferably oats and bran, and perhaps some cracked corn, in the feed box. To induce the dam to loiter about with the colt, have the pen near a shade tree or the salt box.

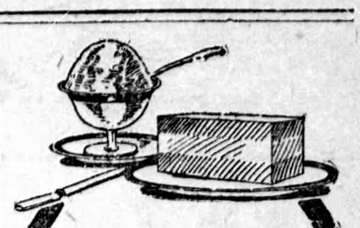
By weaning time the foal will have become thoroughly accustomed to eating grain and will wean very easily, beside being in better condition as a result of this additional feed.

Try this plan this year and you will be surprise to find a sleek, fat, well-grown colt at weaning time.—C. S. Anderson, in Farm and Dairy.

Dressing Percentage.

The average dressing percentage of hogs is 75, while of cattle it is 53, and of sheep 48. Part of this difference is due to the method of figuring. In the case of the hog the hide, head and feet are included in the carcass weight, while in the case of cattle and sheep the head, hide and feet are not included. Then the hog is very thick fleshed and has a small digestive system. Cattle and sheep have large paunches and disgestive systems. Sheep dress out lowest, due to the wool and the rather light fleshing of the carcass.

The dressing percentage of animals of each class varies widely. This is due to the amount of flesh, especially fat present on the carcass, and somewhat to the thickness of the hide and size of the heads and legs, and to the amount of fill or the amount of feed and water present in the digestive tract at the time of slaughtering. For the hogs the dressing percentage varies from 65% to 85% with an average of 75%. For cattle it ranges from 48% to 70% with an average of 53%, and for sheep from 44% to 56% with an average of 48%.—W. H. Peters, North Dakota Experiment Station.



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WORK FOR WAR CRIPPLES.

German Government Providing Tasks for Them.

Germany's prompt and continuing efforts to care for her war cripples are described in the Medical Record by Douglas C. McMurtrie, editor of the American Journal of Care for Cripples. Mr. McMurtrie says that "the manner in which the problem is being met is unquestionably sound."

Care of the wounded was not difficult to organize on an adequate scale. The other part of the work was harder and a careful publicity campaign was made throughout the country to rid people of the idea that a crippled man was useless. Employers were urged for patriotic reasons to re-employ all crippled men possible. The government is setting the example by retaining cripples in the service of the State-owned railways.

It has been pointed out that the government can go further and, in placing orders or awarding contracts, insist that a proportion of the workers employed be war cripples.

The segregation of cripples is discouraged. They are returned as far as possible to their own communities and their own jobs. Where the crippling has unfitted a man for the same task he is trained for one as near like it as he can perform, the idea being to utilize the training he already has as far as is possible. Mr. Murtrie cites several examples.

A young paperhanger, who had lost his leg, showed artistic ability and is in a trade school studying to be a decorative artist. His former employer will re-engage him.

A baker, whose left foot was crushed, is being instructed in bookkeeping and commercial arithmetic that he may enter the grain trade and manage the bakery of a dead relative.

A young farmer, who lost one arm, is studying agricultural science and learning to write with his left hand. It has been arranged that he shall look after the business end of his brother's farm.

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