THE LAPSE OF ENOCH WENTWORTH

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS,

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

Enoch laid the manuscript aside. The Englishman hearty in his congratulations and enthusiastic, was urging the earliest possible production. He offered unlimited money and insisted that the best company New York could produce should be engaged. The spell of the story was still upon Dorcas. She passed out, shaking hands hastily with Oswald.

"Dorry," cried her brother. She did not answer.

"The play stirred her intensely," said Oswald. He had noticed a trace of tears on her cheeks. "Was this the first time she heard it read?"

"Yes, I had never even told her of it. She has been away while—it was written."

"Is your sister an actress?"

"No—she wants to go upon the stage."

"Let her have her way," advised the Englishman. "Her every action shows that she possesses dramatic talent."

"It isn't my idea of her future."

"Stage life is exactly what one chooses to make of it. Curiously enough. I have a conviction she could play Cordelia."

Wentworth brushed his hand across his forehead and stared at the scattered sheets of manuscript on the table.

"Get Merry here as soon as possible. I want a consultation with both of you," suggested Oswald while he drew on his gloves. "It is now only a matter of time and a theatre. If I may advise now, don't choose anyone on this side for Mrs. Esterbrook. I know a woman who can play that part to perfection. Again let me congratulate you. It's a great play, one of the greatest I've heard in years. It's bound to succeed."

Wentworth bowed, but a sudden flush blazed into his face. He was not hardened enough yet to accept congratulations for the brain product of another man.

"Good-bye," said the Englishman holding out his hand cordially.

"Good-by," murmured Wentworth. He moved to the window A carriage stood waiting in front of the house. He watched Oswald step into it and drive away.

Suddenly he recollected that Dorcas had not spoken a single word of praise or congratulation on the play. She was always enthusiastic and happy over every triumph that came to him. She must have thought well of the play. She had a full appreciation of Merry's talents and she had seemed to like him while they were together during the summer. He paused to pull himself together mentally, then he called her. She came slowly into the room, which hed grown dark.

"Dorry," said Wentworth slowly, "do you know you have not said yet that you like—my play?"

"Your play?"

"Why, Dorry?"

The girl spoke in an unsteady voice. "I don't believe, Enoch, that Andrew Merry told you of a long talk we had at Juniper Point. You remember you left me alone with him when you were called to Boston. We sat on the rocks one afternoon and he told me his plot for this play—he had been thinking it out for years and years. Why," the girl shook her head impatiently, "why Enoch, he had labored on it so long that some of the speeches were written, in his mind. Sometimes he put the story into the very words you read!"

During a few minutes Enoch Wentworth fought the battle of his life. It was the struggle between good and evil, which every human being harbors to a greater or lesser degree, in one soul, in one body. Wentworth sighed. The battle had passed and evil had won. It was prepared to carry him through the most dangerous moment. With it came fresh valor, and not only the power to sin further, but a mysterious weakening of the moral tissues which made it possible for him to sin coolly and remorselessly. He turned on the light and with cool composure faced his sister. He met her gray eyes without a quiver. They asked a question which could not be evaded.

"I hate to tell you, Dorcas," there was a tone of reluctance in Wentworth's voice, "but Merry is down again, down in the gutter."

The girl jumped to her feet. "I don't believe it!" she cried. "Besides, if he were, what has that to do with his play?"

Enoch did not answer. Instead he asked a question. "Dorcas, do you care for—do you love—Andrew Merry?"

A flush blazed into the girl's face. In spite of the telltale color her brother believed her.

"Yes, I care for Andrew Merry—very much. I do not love him."

Enoch gazed at her wistfully. He knew, as she did not, how easy it is to cross the bridge from mere friendship to love.

"Why did you ask me that?"

"I wanted to find out how much it would hurt, if I told you the truth. Merry is not worth your love, he is not even worth your friendship."

"It is not true!" There was indignant protest in the woman's voice. "I know better, so do you., Only this does not explain about his play, for it is his play."

"You remember he left Juniper Point suddenly?"

"Yes." She raised her head with an eager gesture. "He went away to write this play." She pointed to the manuscript which lay on the table.

"Yes," said Enoch slowly. "He began bravely enough. Then—he went under, as he had done so many times in his life."

"What was it?" cried the girl. Drink or gambling?"

Enoch lay back in his chair. He began to marvel at how easily he could lie, because a lie had never come readily to him before.

"Drink and gambling—and everything." Her brother shrugged his shoulders as if in disgust. "Of course he stopped writing. A man could not write in his condition. He sent for me. I stayed by him night and day and—wrote. You see—I wrote it." he lifted a written sheet from the loose pile of manuscript.

"Perhaps—but it is not your play." Dorcas shook her head with obstinate incredulity.

"I told him so. I suggested we make it a collaborated play."

"It is not even a collaborated play, Enoch. Why, every situation, the plot, even the very words, are his."

"He wants me to father it."

"He must have changed since he said good-by to me. He was on fire then with hope and ambition."

"He has changed," acceded Enoch gravely. It was a relief to make one truthful statement.

"Is he to play 'John Esterbrook' when it is produced?"

"No other actor can. Merry has the entire conception of it now."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"I thought you promised Mr. Oswald to have him here and get things started for an early production?"

"I did. I am hoping to find Merry at one of his haunts. He must be found and put on his feet. There's a tremendous lot at stake. Dorry," he turned to her appealingly, "won't you help me?"

"I'll help you," Dorcas spoke slowly, "if you can assure me of one thing."

"What?"

"That there is no wrong to be done."

"There is no wrong to be done. Merry will have the opportunity of his life, if he can only be made to see it that way."

"And there is no wrong to be righted."

"Then he must be found. When he is found," the girl spoke decisively, "he must appear before the world as the author of his play."

"He won't do it," answered Wentworth.

He rose, put on his hat, and went out. Dorcas heard the front door slam behind him, then she laid her face on the arm of the sofa and burst into tears.

CHAPTER VII.

Suddenly, as if the earth had swallowed him, Merry disappeared. A week passed. Grant Oswald, in a fever of enthusiasm, had begun preparations for a Broadway production. He turned a vast amount of responsibility over to Wentworth, who shouldered it thankfully. It kept at arm's length the possibility of dwelling much with his own thoughts: they were not cheerful company, and he was racked by constant anxiety about Merry. There was not a single moment to spare when he could go into the highways and byways of a great city to search, as he had searched before when the man was his friend. He could not delegate the task to another. He had prepared a tale for the public of Merry's whereabouts. Oswald believed the actor was studying his part and stood ready to appear at a moment's notice. Enoch went ahead with the tremendous load of detail that fell upon him toiling day and night, while his mind alternated between terror and hope.

Every day the man was acquiring traits new to his nature. When a strange accident had tossed before him the possibility of satisfying his dearest ambition, conscience entreated loudly against the theft of another man's life-work. Every noble instinct in Enoch made its appeal; his honesty, his generosity, an innate demand for fair play, the love of his sister and friend, all cried aloud to him during the lonely hours of the night. There had been moments when he would have gladly retraced his steps, but the die had been cast. He was like a racer who, by some treacherous ruse, had pushed aside an opponent and was close to the goal. The intoxication of applause was beginning to sound in his ears and the future held untold possibilities. It was too late to turn back; it would mean the downfall of great ambitions and bitter shame—it might even mean crime. It seemed easier to take the chances.

Occasionally Andrew's dogged face flashed back to his memory when he cried, "I will see what the law can do to protect a man from theft." Enoch felt his face blanch at the thought of it. Many a man had gone down and out for a crime less knavish than this. But he knew Andrew Merry well, and he trusted to one trait which was predominant in the man—his queer exaggerated idea of honor.

Day by day his conscience quieted down, self-confidence took the place of wavering, and the fear of exposure seemed to recede. At last he could look the situation in the face without flinching. The task of putting on a theatrical production began to absorb him completely. He had always longed for such a chance; he had been storing away ideas he could now utilize, besides he knew New York thoroughly, and he had observed for years the system of producing a play. Oswald looked on with appreciation as Enoch put his plans in to shape. He knew how uncommon was the combination of such talents in the same man—the ability to write a virile play, then to stage it with practical skill and artistic feeling and originality A remarkably strong company was engaged. Oswald insisted on filling even the smallest parts with people far above the level of subordinate actors. The salary list grew to stupendous figures. One morning Wentworth remonstrated against paying one hundred dollars a week to an actor who was to play the janitor.

"Breen is a far bigger man than you need," he objected. "He has played leads to many of the biggest stars. We need a mere bit of character work in this—he isn't on the stage half an hour. I can get a first-rate man for half that price."

"Breen can make the janitor so true to life that the audience will regret seeing him for only half an hour," Oswald rejoined. "That's the test of quality. When I pay a hundred dollars I want a hundred-dollar man."

(To be continued.)

MUNITION MAKERS SUFFER

Handling of Explosives Gives Rise to Diseases.

The high pressure under which the production of munitions has had to be performed in Great Britain has brought with it destructive maladies. These are particularly noticeable in connection with the manufacture of high explosives. Thus in handling trinitrotoluol after a prolonged period one becomes drowsy, suffers from frontal headache, loss of appetite and may even become afflicted with a distinctive eczema. Uuless the operative takes a rest in time jaundice may supervene, with decided danger of life. In a few instances death has been directly traced to the handling of the explosive.

Tetryl throws off a slight dust, which, unless timely precautions are taken, leads to troublesome eczema. Another medium inimical to health is the varnish with which the wings and bodies of aeroplanes are treated. Tetra-chlorethane enters largely into the preparation of this varnish, and this throws off a noxious vapor which produces drowsiness and loss of appetite, and if work is persisted in ultimately jaundice, liver complications and coma. In this case an alternative varnish has been discovered which is free from the evil constituents; but it has not come into general use for the simple reason that there are insufficient supplies of the necessary ingredients to meet demands.

DUKE'S GARDENERS.

Three Employed on the Eaton Estate Exempted.

Three married men employed on the Duke of Westminister's Eaton gardens have been exempted conditionally at Chester. It was stated that the duke wanted every available man liberated from the gardens and only the necessary labor retained. Of the original staff of 50, 30 had left for service. Their places were kept open and wages paid, less the army pay, making a yearly liability to the duke of £4,340. The head gardener said he had unsuccessfully tried to secure other labor. Eaton gardens were opened to the public for six months each year, and during the past 20 years admissions for viewing the gardens and hall had resulted in £46,00 for charities. The duke had lent the hall as a military hospital, and the demand for vegetables was heavier than ever. Lady Arthur Grosvenor, hospital nurses, and others helped in lighter work. They had a valuable collection of bulbs, which were a national asset.

Agreed to—"I am doing my best to get ahead," asserted Chollie. "Well, you certainly need one," assented Dollie.

The Cheery Optimists

"We're all right, Bill. I expect the Navy will be up next week."—London Opinion.

"PAROWAXED"

Is but another word for "insured" when it refers to jams and preserves. Molding and fermentation are impossible when the jars are securely sealed with

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Parowax keeps the container air-tight. When you have the jars securely parowaxed your preserves will be the same when you open them as they were the day you put them up.

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FOR THE LAUNDRY—See directions on Parowax labels for its use in valuable service in washing.

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Buy your sugar in these neat 2 or 5-lb. cartons, which you can place directly on your pantry shelves.

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"The All-Purpose Sugar"

2 and 5-lb Cartons
10 and 20-lb Bags

PRACTICAL FARMING

A Cement Walk to the Barn.

On the majority of farms no provision is made for a dry walk from house to barn, although the distance, whether it be long or short, must be traversed many times a day. On sandy soil it is possible to make and keep a fairly satisfactory earth walk, but in the clay districts the walk cuts up every spring and fall and is sloppy after every rain. No one particularly desires to tramp through mud when going to work or coming to meals and yet thousands of families living on the farm must do that very thing. Blocks of wood or old boards are sometimes thrown down to walk on but at best they are only a temporary arrangement and soon break up or get displaced. A permanent concrete walk is within reach of most farmers. The gravel can be hauled in the winter when the teams are not busy and experts are not required to lay the walk. Any handy man could mix the gravel and put it down in a short time.

On a farm recently visited there was a three-foot concrete walk from house to barn and in the estimation of the writer it added many dollars to the value of the farm. One could go to the milk-house or barn in comfort, even in the wettest season. The walk also aided in keeping dirt from being carried into the house on the men's boots. The walk was about five inches thick. The bottom four inches was made of one part cement to eight parts good gravel and the top inch was one part cement to three parts sand. It was blocked off in three-foot squares, except where the wagons crossed and there it was in six inch squares. There is always a danger of frost heaving a concrete walk, but this can be largely overcome by good drainage. In building a walk, a trench is dug about four inches wider than is desired, and four inches deep. Two by four scantlings are then staked in place and raised one inch from the bottom, to hold the concrete until it sets, then they should be removed. The cement and gravel should be thoroughly mixed before being placed in the trench. An iron or wooden block may be used to pack the concrete. A thin iron may be put across the walk every three feet to divide it into blocks. This can be removed when the concrete has set. Frequently heavy iron is used to cut the blocks after they have partially set. Either method is practicable. The expense of a walk for the average farm is not great. When the distance is one hundred yards, about eleven cubic yards of gravel, three cubic yards of sand and fifteen and one-half barrels of cement would be sufficient to put in a permanent walk. If the farm teams are used for hauling the gravel and sand, $1.50 per yard should be a fair price for that material laid down at the farm. The price of cement varies, but at $1.60 per barrel the total cost for cement, gravel and sand would not exceed $45. It would only cost a few dollars to mix the concrete and lay the walk. The cost would be considerably reduced if no account was taken of teaming. Many buildings are less than 100 yards apart, while others are a greater distance. The cost would be lessened or increased accordingly. Even if it does cost fifty or sixty dollars to put down a permanent walk that will keep the feet dry and clean when going to and from the barn, those who have so invested their cash claim it was money well spent. A permanent walk may be a trifling thing, but it greatly improves the appearance of the farm home.—Farmer's Advocate.

When Building Barns.

Floors and Gutters.—Place layer of concrete 4 to 5 inches thick on well-drained cinders or gravel, and have the sub-base 6 inches thick.

All stall floors should have a slope of one-quarter inch to the foot. Feeding floors 1 inch to 50 feet.

Gutters should be 8 inches deep next to cow, 4 inches deep on the alley side and 16 inches to 18 inches wide. Finish all floors with a wooden trowel so that concrete will be left rough and there will be little danger of animals slipping on it.

Cow Stalls.—Have dairy cow stalls 3 feet 6 inches wide, 4 feet 8 inches in length from edge of manger to gutter. Single horse stalls should be 5 feet wide and double length for horse stalls is 7 feet from edge of manger to end of stall. Manger for cow and horse stall should be 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet wide. Box stalls for hospital or maternity are best if 8 feet by 10 feet or 12 feet by 12 feet, Feed alleys should be at least three feet wide, wider if possible.

Silos.—Build to feed 30 pounds a day to each head. Make the height two and one-half to three times the diameter. Build small diameter and high rather than wide and low. Provide feed for at least 180 days.

A silo 12 x 30 feet will hold 67 tons and feed 15 to 30 cows 180 days.

A silo 14 x 36 feet will hold 114 tons and feed 35 to 40 cows 180 days.

A silo 14 x 42 feet will hold 148 tons and feed 45 to 50 cows 180 days

A silo 16 x 48 feet will hold 236 tons and feed 60 to 70 cows 180 days.

Better Bodied Butter

The people who buy the higher grades of butter are people who are familiar with the quality of food. They appreciate butter that will resist warm temperature and will hold its shape because it has a good body. The wants of the consumer should be closely studied by the producer, and when they desire butter of a particular texture, color or salt, the producer should immediately fall in with the suggestion as though he were an individual trying to increase his trade by catering to their demands.

The sooner that the small creameries which are receiving good raw material awaken to this fact the better it will be for them. If we are going to accept this excessive overrun as one of the good qualities in buttermaking, and let it be recognized next to flavor, we should then change the system of scoring, and instead of having the texture or body follow flavor, we should have overrun follow flavor, then to texture, color and package. This, to me, would be ridiculous, for the simple reason that the consumer does not want any more water and salt in the butter than is necessary and he wants a good body. He is the final judge and must be pleased.—Extract from address by P. H. Kieffer.

Salting Hay.

As a rule when hay has been well saved there is not much advantage in salting hay, but if for any reason it is a little damp or has been much damaged by rain before being stacked or mowed away it is usually an advantage to add salt to it. The salt has three functions: it checks heating, prevents the growth of molds and fungi, and makes bad hay more palatable.

A certain amount of heating in the hay after it is mowed away is desirable as it is considered to make the hay more relished by the stock, but if it is improperly cured—the heating will be excessive and may result, indeed, in spontaneous combustion. As a rule from 10 to 20 pounds of salt is used to every ton of hay. It the hay is a little damp when stored away or if it has been injured by rain salting is well worth considering. The prospects are that a lot of the hay-making will be done this year in anything but suitable weather.

Grain for Hogs on Pasture

The pig is a pork-producing machine, and like other machinery, is most profitable when run at full capacity. A pig's stomach is so small that it will not digest enough alfalfa alone to make a profitable growth. Pigs cannot produce the best gain when on pasture alone or when on pasture supplemented by only a small amount of grain. Tests show clearly that two and one-half to three pounds of grain daily per 100 pounds of live weight of the pigs produced not only the greatest gain but the greatest profit. The higher the price of grain, the smaller the profit in favor of th heavier ration.

Matrimonial Ideas

"Why do you object to my marrying your daughter?"

"Because you can't support her in the style to which she has been accustomed all her life."

"How do you know I can't? I can start her on bread and milk, same as you did."