THE LAPSE OF ENOCH WENTWORTH

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS,

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

Before the middle of October all the parts were in rehearsal except two. An Englishwoman, Zilla Paget, was crossing the Atlantic to play "Mrs. Esterbrook". Oswald refused obstinately to give "Cordelia" to and actress that Wentworth suggested.

"We must close with somebody mighty quick," said Enoch, when Oswald had turned down Katherine Dean.

"Miss Dean is not even to be thought of," answered the Englishman decisively. "She's beautiful, but where's her feeling, her intelligence? I sat watching her face—the light fell strong upon her while you talked. There's absolutely nothing to her but beauty."

"She can act," insisted Wentworth.

"I've seen her act. It isn't acting we want in 'Cordelia.' The woman who plays 'Cordelia' must have feel-tender, compassionate understanding, dignity, with a young face—not a face into which youth is painted."

"'Cordelia' must have beauty,"

"We may get both. I am not searching for 'Cordelia' among the stars; I have hopes of finding her among the unknowns."

"That's a risky proposition," said Wentworth impatiently. "'Cordelia' is a big part. Why, it's almost leading business—it ought to be in rehearsal now."

"Wait a few days," suggested Oswald. "Now, tell me, when is Merry to show up? He should have been here a week ago. Can't you wire him to-day?"

"I'll do it right away." Wentworth tossed his hat on his head and left the office. He drew a long breath, when he stopped out on the sidewalk, and looked anxiously up and down Broadway as if hoping to see Merry approach withh is nonchalant stride. He paused for a moment to light a cigar, then started at a brish gait down the street. He was accosted here and there by a friend. Each one offered congratulations. He was in no mood for that sort of thing. A block further ahead he saw Phillips of the Herald in the moving throng. There would be no escaping him. He jumped on a downtown car, and a few minutes later he was at the Battery. He stepped off and crossed the square. The tide was coming in and a stiff breeze blew off the ocean.

He seated himself on a bench and watched the spray dash over the pier. Throngs came and went, but Enoch did not see them. His mind was centered desperately upon one anxiety: Merry must be found. He had felt so certain that the actor might appear at any moment that he had allowed Oswald to think he knew where he was. He reported him half-sick, trying to recuperate, and hating the worry of a lawsuit with an agry manager, which Oswald was trying to settle out of court. He assured him that the comedian was latter perfect in his part; all he needed was to appear at late rehearsals. The strain, however, was telling on Wentworth. He had grown nervous and irritable. Oswald saw traces of it, but laid it to anxiety over the preparations for his play.

Dorcas realized the change in her brother and felt it keenly, She contrasted the care-free, generous, gay Enoch as he had been a month ago, with the man who had aged suddenly, who was growing morose, fretful, uncommunicative and impatient over trifles. Day after day she saw less of him. His plea was hard work, so the girl was left to her own devices. She had few friends in the city. She spent the fall days in long, solitary walks, and her mind dwelt constantly on Merry. Her brother scarcely mentioned the play to her. She read news of it in the papers. Through them came the information that Enoch had relinquished journalism and was working on the production of a new play by a new author. She drew a long breath of relief over that announcement. She felt sure Enoch would do full justice to Merry when the time arrived. She was too proud to ask questions. Her brother had always taken her completely into his confidence; she was certain he would do so again when the toil and worry were over.

Wentworth watched her closely. He realized how she felt his reticence and change of feeling; her every glance told it. He wondered frequently what the thoughts were that she did not put into words. In every woman he had admired for beauty, intellectual or heart qualities there had been imperfections which were temperamentally feminine. Dorcas was different. Sometimes he fancied it might be caused by her seclusion from the world during girlhood. Then he remembered a few of her girl friends he had met. In each of them he had seen some petty deceit or frivolity which, manlike, he accounted a typical feminine vice. Dorcas was different in heart and intellect. She resembled stalwart men he had known.

He sat with his eyes fixed on an ocean steamer moving majestically up the harbor. When her whistle shrieked in response to a salute, Wentworth rose with a start and glanced sharply about him. He felt that some one was watching him. His eyes met the gaze of his sister. She sat on a nearby bench staring at him, a newspaper in her lap and her hands clasped listnessly over it.

"Why, Dorry! How long have you been here? Did you call me?"

"I did not speak to you," she answered quietly. "When I laid down my paper a minute ago you sat there."

He did not offer to take a place beside her, though she moved to make room for him. His face flushed hotly when his glance fell on the headlines of a paper that lay in Dorcas' lap.

"Have you seen the story about yourself in the Times?"

"Of course I have," answered Enoch impatiently. "It was not my doing. Oswald insisted on it. Every paper is clamoring for news. We reproduce the play the first week of December."

"The paper speaks of you alone. Merry isn't given credit for even suggesting the plot. His name is not mentioned."

Wentworth's brow wrinkled into an ugly scowl. "How could he be mentioned? He can't be found—anywhere."

"Mr. Oswald said yesterday he was in the Catskills, ready to come on at a moment's notice."

"I wish to God he were!" cried Wentworth desperately.

"Why don't you tell Mr. Oswald the truth?"

"Dorcas, you're a child. You don't understand that I am up against a harder proposition than I can meet."

"It seems to me, Enoch," said the girl slowly, "if you had not—"

She did not finish the sentence. She had turned her eyes away from her brother and stared at the multitude or craft in the bay, jostling each other as vehicles do on Broadway.

"Had not what?" he insisted.

She met his eyes calmly and they wavered before her own. "I mean if you had not made a false start—if you had gone into this honestly—everything would have come out happily."

Wentworth did not answer.

"I can't feel, Enoch, that Merry has had fair play."

The man stamped his foot impatiently.

"Help me to find him, then. Things will straighten out if he puts in an appearance. Come, let us walk home. It's too chilly for you to sit here."

Dorcas rose and folded the paper which lay on her lap. She kept up with her brother's long strides through the crowd that thronged Broadway. After a few minutes' silence he asked suddenly: "How did you happen to see Mr. Oswald yesterday?"

"He called at the house."

"About what?"

"On business. He has asked me to play 'Cordelia.'"

"It might have occurred to him to consult me!"

Wentworth stopped for a second. Dorcas was not looking at him—her eyes were turned straight ahead on the bustling street.

"Why didn't he speak to me first?" he persisted.

"I don't know. I can't decide what to do. I would say 'yes' if I could talk it over with Andrew Merry."

"I have told you point-blank you are not to go on the stage."

"You know how I feel about it." Dorcas spoke quietly. "You remember, I told you it was the only work I ever cared to do."

"When did Oswald suggest this?"

"Several weeks ago. He has talked with me about it more than once."

"He might have taken me into his confidence," snarled Wentworth.

"He knew how you felt about it. Besides, Enoch," the girl's voice trembled, "besides—lately I have not known whether you cared anything about my affairs."

Wentworth did not answer until they turned into the quieter region of Waverly place.

"Don't sit in judgment on me, Dorry," he pleaded. "When the trolley gets swung back on its pole and things begin to run without constant switching, I'll return to the old routine. Have a little faith in me. I have nobody in the world except you."

Dorcas flung away the paper which she was carrying and tucked one hand into her brother's arm.

"It's a bargain?" he asked, looking down at her with a smile.

"It's a bargain," she answered.

"About 'Cordelia,' Dorry. do as you please. I cut loose when father planned my future, and did what I wanted to. A girl, I suppose, has the same rights, especially if she's a girl who can be trusted—implicitly."

When he unlocked the door, Dorcas passed in before him. As he shut it behind him she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. Wentworth held her for a moment in a close, affectionate grasp. On the hall table lay a note addressed to Dorcas, also a telegram for Wentworth. He tore it open and stood for a minute deep in thought.

"Enoch, I have an invitation here from Mr. Oswald to see Nazimova tonight. Do you mind if I go?"

"No. Give Oswald a message from me. I sha'n't have time to see him before I leave."

"Leave for where?"

"For Montreal. I put a detective on Merry's track. He has almost laid his hand on him. Tell Oswald I will bring Merry back with me in two days at the latest."

"Oh!" cried Dorcas radiantly, "then everything will be righted!"

"Everything will be righted," repeated her brother.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Miss Wentworth, what does 'Hilda in 'The Master Builder' mean to you?" asked Grant Oswald during the first lull of quiet they met after leaving the theatre. Their cab had been held up in a Broadway blockade and the street became suddenly still. "She means something. Ibsen, first, last, and all the time, deals in parables. Six people, have six different interpretations of 'Hilda.' I am curious to know what she stands for to you."

Dorcas turned her candid gray eyes to his.

"I see only one thing—conscience. She appears when the 'Master Builder', by one cruel, unjust, selfish action, is bound to go down to the depths. Nothing can save him but his conscience. 'Hilda' is his conscience, of course."

"That is my interpretation exactly. It is a wonderful play!"

"It is a wonderful play." She pointed to a crowd on the sidewalk. "What is that string of men?" she asked. Their cab had been moving step by step for half a block. Again it came to a standstill.

"It's the bread line. Had you never seen it before?"

"No. Who are the men?"

"God knows!" answered the Englishman, with a thrill of compassion in his voice. "They are a lot of half-frozen, starving, human wreckage, who have been waiting there for an hour to get a loaf of bread."

(To be continued.)

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2 and 5-lb Cartons

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"The All-Purpose Sugar"

Private Prince Henry

Who is His Majesty's third son, and a private in the Eton O.T.C., the reincarnation of the old Eton College Volunteers, for which O.E.'s who were in them in those primitive days had a pet name that was more expressive than polite. Prince Henry has also recently elected to pursue the amphibious existence of a Wet Bob. We do not know whether the ancient mariner who used to rescue aspiring oarsmen from the watery depths of Father Thames is still alive, but we hope so. His nom de guerre used to be "Ginger," so far as memory serves us.

For Preserving, Use

LILY WHITE CORN SYRUP

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"Lily White" Corn Syrup prevents fermentation and mold—brings out the natural flavour of fruits and berries—and makes much more delicious Preserves, Jams and Jellies than you can make with all sugar.

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THE LITTLEST LIEUTENANT.

Russian Officer, Aged Thirteen, Wears Two Decorations.

"I should have put him down as ten, but an officer's word is not to be doubted."

So wrote a correspondent of the London Times who recently shared a railway compartment with Lieut. Misha Turukhanis, aged thirteen, wounded in the shoulder, wearing two decorations for valor, and on his way to Petrograd to join his mother—an army nurse—because the orders were that "all women and children serving in the army" were to be mustered out.

"No smoking here!"

In the crowded station, awaiting the start, the correspondent saw a big Cossack drop his cigarette and come hastily to the salute.

"The order, shrill, incisive, seemed to come from somewhere near my elbow, and, looking down, I saw beside me on the crowded platform a trim little figure in the uniform of a Cossack officer. It was not much more than four feet high, and its boots seemed to come nearly up to where, on its breast, two Georges glimmered in the sun. The station gong struck twice; the voice shrilled again, 'Come, children!' The burly Cossacks who had been lounging about the platform climbed into third-class carriage, and as the train began to move, the amazing little person swung himself aboard at the tail of the procession and followed his 'children' into their stuffy quarters."

He was travelling with his "children" because they liked to have him with them; but later he visited the first-class carriage in which were the correspondent and some ladies.

"For all his dignity he was of quite a friendly disposition, and he was soon free of all the compartments in our carriage. He knew his world, too, and the iron hand of discipline that had been in evidence on the platform of the way station was now appropriately concealed in the velvet glove. The sweets an admirer gave him he duly handed to 'ladies first.' Only in the dining car he was a little perplexed by the variety of cutlery. But he would not resort to natural weapons, and when I ventured to come to his rescue on the pretext that his wounded shoulder put him at a disadvantage in the struggle with a stubborn drumstick, his ready abandonment of the unfamiliar knife to me betrayed no consciousness that anyone might suspect the possibility of another reason.

"He has been on service in Poland, and with a child's facility had mastered Polish so well that he was able to give lessons in that language to the colonel of his regiment. This attainment gave him a decided advantage over his brother officers with the ladies, chiefly Poles, in our train."

From Misha himself and the other officers the story of the two Georges on the boy's breast was elicited. The first George he had won—and with it his promotion—by a singularly daring and clever escape from six uhlans who had taken him prisoner while reconnoitring. He had shot one of them, searched his clothes, and captured important dispatches. The second medal he obtained when he led a forlorn hope in the taking of a redoubt, and was wounded in two places.

It was a record of which any soldier might be proud; but the question of discipline still lurked in the correspondent's mind, despite the "no smokinging" episode. He ventured delicately to inquire:

"How do your men like your making them throw away their cigarettes?"

"Well, you see," answered Misha, simply, "they couldn't be expected to mind a little boy like me if I were nothing else; but I am an officer."

Simple Enough.

"When do you think peace will come?"

"When some of the belligerents send it an invitation."

PRACTICAL FARMING

Helping Out Grass Feed.

Natural grass pastures provide the cheapest and best feed for all animals, except horses that are expected to do heavy or fast work, but an addition of oats, bran or even more concentrated feed will bring paying results in nearly all cases and most decidedly when big production of milk or quick fattening is desired.

All cattle, from the calf to the steer ready for finishing, need forcing to keep up with the demand of the present day. Lambs may be satisfactorily finished on pasture if clover and raps are adde dto the natural grasses, but better speed can be made if a little grain is added to the ration. It is doubtful if any of the recent milking records have been made on pasture alone and most of the good dairymen use soiling crops and grain or millfeed to keep up the milk yield of the whole herd.

Hogs, have as a general thing been denied pasture to too great an extent, some people refusing to let them have a run on grass, even for exercise; but the other extreme should not be jumpd to if best results are desired. Hogs at all ages may be kept on pasture to their advantage, but "kept" must not be taken to mean maintained, or improved. A run on clover or rape plus milk and some grain, will grow the animal satisfactorily to within a few weeks of butchering, when they should be pen ned, not too closely, and finished on good hard feed. At present prices for hogs, a great deal of wheat can be fed to advantage in the pro duction of pork, but judgment must be used regarding the size of each feed. Ground wheat alone cannot be considered a satisfactory grain ration for hogs; as it is likely to bring on digestion troubles, but mixed with other grains it gives good results.

Horses and colts at pasture make their best and quickest growth when some grain is fed with the pasture grass and it is generally understood that the colt should be encouraged to eat oats, preferably crushed and mixed with bran, early in his lifetime.

When it comes to the feeding of horses that are at hard work for long hours as are farm horses during nearly the whole of the summer season, it is necessary to increase the amount of grain fed, to double or more than double the amount fed for ordinary maintanence. The amount prescribed in such a case by the Dominion Animal Husbandman, is 1¼ pounds per 100 lbs., of horse, of a mixture of 85 per cent. oats, and 15 per cent. bran. To keep the work horse in good health, it is also necessary that he be fed a bran mash at regular intervals. Saturday night being the time best suited for this, on account of the day's rest that follows.

Turning out the work horse to grass, on Sundays, work all right if the grass is not too soft and if the flies do not trouble the animal. This scheme works well with horses that are given to stocking up when kept in the stall for long after hard work, but such a condition should by rights be made impossible by a treatment for the benefit of the blood. The idea of trying to save grain by pasturing the working horse over night, should not be considered, and it is a question if he does as well outside, as in the stable, even if fed his full ration before being turned out. With this last mentioned practise there is also the extra work and time of the teamster to be considered, and the horse is likely to get better treatment during the work if the man who drives him starts off in the morning in a satisfied frame of mind.

A cool, clean stable, screened so as to keep out flies and regularly disinfected with a wholesome-smelling wash, will make the horse more comfortable at night, than will the average pasture field.

Points in Cattle Feeding

At the end of the third year of fattening steers in the open air at Lacombe, Alberta, Mr. Hutton, the superintendent, draws the following deductions:

1. Three-year-old steers seem better adapted to straight wheat feeding than are two-year-old steers.

2. From the results of the three years' work, it is evident that low-grade grains may be made to bring the producer a higher price per bushel sold through steers than will high-grade grains sold through the elevators.

3. Hay, green feed and straw amy be profitably fed at home.

4. From experimental work conducted with grain plots at this station, a valuation of the manure produced through feeding cattle at $1 per ton applied is warranted. The fertile soil of our Western prairies will not retain its fertility indefinitely without a return of at least a portion of the constituents drawn fro mit in the production of crops.

5. It is not necessary to provide an extravagant equipment in order to be able to undertake the satisfactory feeding of steers for the production of beef in this climate.

6. Bankers consider the lending of money for the purpose of feeding cattle a safe loan.

7. From the figures submitted it would appear wise for the breeder to be a feeder also and market his product in finished condition.

Requirements of a Good Animal.

An animal is like a machine. A good machine requires that each part be of good material and just the right weight and strength. The good animal must have its parts developed in the right proportion to make the type desired. The adaptability of a machine and the proportioning of its parts can largely be determined by looking at it. However, the make of the machine is the guarantee as to its possessing or lacking quality. Likewise in the animal a good deal can be determined as to its type by looking at it. Its real quality, however, can not be determined in this way. To get at this it becomes necessary to go further back. The quality was put into the animal by its parents, its grandparents, its greatgrandparents, etc. This makes it important to know that all these parents had qualities that would contribute to the making of a good animal of the type wanted. A predigree is a scheme for keeping track of th eparents of an animal. It is a guarantee of what is back of the animal, of what has contributed to its make up. It is this fact that makes the pure-bred animal valuable.—North Dakota Eperiment Station.

Windbreaks Pay Dividends

Windbreaks are usually more or less ornamental on a farm, and add to the contentment of the owner. But it is not generally known that windbreaks actually pay dividends. It must be admitted that windbreaks occupy space that could be profitably devoted to agricultural crops, and that the roots of the trees and their shade render a strip of ground on either side of the windbreak relatively unproductive. Yet in spite of these drawbacks, efficient windbreaks do more good than evil.

The windbreak reduces the velocity of the wind, and, consequently, the loss of soil water from evaporation from the soil surface and from the field crops. This is equivalent to additional rainfall, just as "a dollar saved is a dollar made." It seems that the greater yield of field crops and apples behind the protection of a good windbreak is enough to warrant every farmer in planting windbreaks.—W. J. Morrill, in Farm and Dairy.

A Suggestion.

A politician who was seeking the votes of a certain community thought it worth while to make mention of his humble origin and early struggles.

"I got a start in life by serving in a grocery store at $3 a week, and yet I have managed to save," he announced.

"Was that before the invention of cash registers?"

Apply the Remedy.

"I see you no longer call your place Idle Hour." "Nope; that name seemed to attractive to tramps. So I changed it to Woodpile Villa."

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 sumitted, 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."

It is sold in Toronto by Valmas Drug Co.