THE LAPSE OF ENOCH WENTWORTH.

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS,

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd).

Dorcas lowered the carriage window and gazed out. Oswald watched her. The girl's face mirrored her feelings so keenly he could feel what was passing in her mind. Her lips quivered and tears hung on her lashes She could not trust herself to speak.

"I shall never forget how that pitiful line appealed to me the first time I saw it," the man continued, "although I had known the poor of London since boyhood. This homeless, famished. orderly column, growing as one man after another comes creeping from his burrow to hold a place was too much for me. I stood watching it from that corner," he pointed across the street, "night after night. I used to try to help. In a few cases I did manage o put a man on his feet. The task was generally hopeless, except that I could satisfy the hunger of the moment. During hard winters in New York I have seen the line grow till there were hundreds in it. Sometimes it goes down Tenth street and around the corner."

Dorcas turned to look at him. Tears stood in her eyes and her lips quivered.

"I understand," he went on. "You are wondering why we, well clothed, fed and sheltered from the wind, are here, and they are—there. I do not know. It is a problem as old as the world itself. All we can do is to help individually, man to man."

Dorcas' gaze went back to the bread line. Oswald sat in thoughtful silence

"Don't think me sacrilegious. Mr. Oswald," she confessed, "but when I see such misery it makes me wonder if the Eternal himself has a conscience." She sat watching the line of patient, pallid men. Stragglers crept up to join it from every direction. "I simply cannot imagine a God who—Mr. Oswald!" She grasped his arm with a half-stifled scream and laid her trembling hand upon his.

"What is it?" asked her companion, rising. "What frightened you, Miss Wentworth?" He stared past her out into the street. The block of vehicles had begun to move. They were again driving slowly down Broadway.

"Nothing," she answered quickly, "nothing but a chance resemblance. I thought I—saw some one whom I once knew. It must have been a mistake."

The Englishman glanced at her curiously. She began to chat about the play and other things. She was trying to forget whatever had startled her. She said "Good-by" at the door of her home. Oswald realized that she was eager to have him go. As he drove away he tried to recall anything which could have happened. A woman of her poise would not be disturbed by a trifle.

Dorcas shut the street door and ran upstairs to her brother's study, where the 'phone stood. She searched distractedly through the directory for the address of a livery from which occassionally she called a cab. The name had escaped her. She stood for a moment trying in vain to recall it, then she rang the bell. Her wait seemed endless before the old servant appeared.

"Jason," she cried impatiently, "who is Mr. Wentworth's livery man?"

"Costello, missy."

"Stay here a minute," she said as she paused for central's answer. Then she stooped to the 'phone.

"Send a cab, please, to 26 Waverly place, immediately."

She turned again to the old servant.

"Jason," she asked, "you have waited on Mr. Merry when Enoch brought him here—sick—haven't you?"

"Deed I has, missy. Many's de time Marse Enoch en I's done all sorts ob waitin' on him, when he's done been sick, puffectly missuble, missy. Yo'-all don't know how missuble."

"Can you help to-night? I may bring Mr. Merry back with me—miserable."

" 'Deed I can," cried the old man, with eager sympathy. "Yo' des leeb him to me. Lawdy! I t'ink ez much ob Marse Andrew mos' as I do ob yo'-all. He's been mighty good to me."

"Thank you," said Dorcas gratefully. "I am not sure whether he will come, but in case he does, be ready for him. He may want a hot bath and supper. Have a cheerful fire; it is bitterly cold outdoors.'

She turned and ran downstairs when she heard the rattle of wheels on the street below.

"Don't yo' want me to go wid yo', missy? suggested Jason. "Hit's powerfu' late fo' a lady to be goin' roun' New York alone."

"No; I would rather have you here waiting for our return."

"Tenth and Broadway," she directed, as the cabman shut the door. He pulled up at her signal opposite the bakery. The place was closed, the bread line had dispersed, and the quiet gray of early morning had begun to creep over the street. Occasionally a cab dashed past of a trolley went on its clamorous way, but there were few stragglers to be seem. Here and there a man on foot, walked briskly, as if a shelter waited him somewhere. On the sidewalk stood a tall policeman. Dorcas studied his face for a moment, then she beckoned him. He came instantly to the cab window.

"Is this your beat every night?"

"Every night this week," said the man in blue.

"The men in the bread line have dispersed. Do you know where they go?"

'Where they go, lady?" The policeman smiled. "I couldn't tell you no more where they go than if they were rabbits scurrying to their holes."

Dorcas shivered. "Are they absolutely homeless—on such a night as this?"

"A good share of them are." The man spoke with little interest. The misery in the streets of New York was an old story to him.

"Do the same men come to the line night after night?"

"A man has to be mighty hungry when he stands an hour or two waiting for a hunk of bread. If his luck turns he drops out. Still, I've seen the same faces there every night for a month. Are you a settlement lady?" he asked respectfully.

"No." The girl's face flushed. "I thought to-night when we were passing that I saw some one in the bread line I knew, somebody we can't find."

"That happens many a time."

"Do you think," Dorcas asked eagerly, "there woul be any chance of his being here to-morrow night?"

"The likeliest chance in the world. If a man's wolfish with hunger—and you'd think some of them were wolfish the way they eat—there's a heap of comfort in even a mouthful of bread and a cup of coffee."

"If I should come to-morrow night—"

"I'll give you any help you want," said the officer kindly, as Dorcas hesitated.

"I don't believe I'll want help. The only thing is—I wish to do it as quietly as possible. It is altogether a family affair."

"I understand. You'll find me here."

"Thank you. Good night," said Dorcas gratefully.

"I didn't bring Mr. Merry to-night, Jason," she said, when the old servant opened the door for her; "but to-morrow night I think he will come!"

The following day seemed to Dorcas the longest she had ever lived through. The weather was crisp and cold. She went for a long walk, treading for the first time a tangle of streets in the vicinity of the docks. It was a part of the city which belongs to the very poor. She searched everywhere for one figure. Poverty, famine, and hopelessness seemed to create a family resemblance among men, women, and children. Still—she found nowhere the man for whom she looked. When she reached home at noon she felt tired physically and mentally. She had spent an almost sleepless night. As she dropped off in a drowse she dreamed of finding Merry, of bringing him back to the world where he belonged, of setting his face towards fame, happiness, and an honorable life.

Not a thought of love—the love of a woman for a man—stirred in her heart. She had forgoten her brother's question. There was something singularly childlike about Merry. With his magnetism was blended a strange dash of childish dependence which a few men never lose. It had appealed to the maternal instinct in Dorcas the first time they met.

From morning till night she waited anxiously for news from her brother, but none came. She realized that he was on the wrong clue, but he had left no address, and Dorcas could merely wait. After her walk she lay down to rest on the library couch. A few minutes later she was sleeping peacefully as a child. When Jason came in he closed the shutters noiselessly and covered her with an afghan. The city lights were ablaze when she woke. She waited impatiently for the hours to pass. The policeman had told her it was of no use to come to his corner until eleven or later; it was past midnight when the bread was dispensed. The clock struck eleven when a carriage Dorcas had ordered stopped at the door. Jason hovered anxiously about her.

"You mus' put on yo' big fur coat, missy, please." He was trying constantly to manage her as he had done when she was a little girl.

"Jason, I don't need it; I'm perfectly warm."

"Yo' do, sure ez yo' breathin', missy," he pleaded anxiously. "Hit's grown bitter col' fo' November. Yo' -all 'll freeze ef yo' don'."

"All right," laughed the girl, and she slipped her arms into the wide sleeves. "Just to please you, Jason—remember that not because I'm cold. Now," she added, "don't get nervous if it is an hour or two before I return. I shall be quite safe. Mr. Merry will come back with me to-night, I know Have everything as cosy and cheerful as possible. And—Jason—I've got my key. I'll ring when I want you. Don't bother about opening the door." The girl's intuition told her that Merry might have fallen to such low state that it would hurt for even the old servant to see him. The negro understood.

"I know, missy, I'll do des ez yo' say—but fo' de Lawd's sake do take care ob yo'se'f. What could I say to Marse Enoch if anyt'ing happened to missy?"

"Nothing's going to happen, good old Jason," cried the girl, as she ran down the steps.

The officer was waiting at the corner. He beckoned the cabman to pull up where an electric light would not shine into the carriage, then he stopped for a minute at the window.

"I'll stay near by and kee p my eye on you. When you see your party, signal me. I'll give your cabby the order, and he can drive around a block or two and take you up Tenth street. Then slip out and get your—your—friend that way. There ain't no chance of him seeing you come up behind, as he would if you crossed the street."

"Has the bread line begun to gather yet?" she asked.

"Hardly, ma'am. There's a few stragglers hangin' round. Them that come first get the first chance, of course, only it's a nasty night to wait outdoors with an empty stomach."

(To be continued.)

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MORE WOMEN THAN MEN.

Expected That There Will Be a Majority of 1,750,000 in France.

The latest statistics of the French Labor Department show that while women outnumbered men in France before the war by 756,682 (in a total population of 39,602,258), the war will probably decrease the number of men at least a million, giving the women a majority of 1,750,000.

The additional million excess female population will be obliged, in part at least, to support themselves, increasing considerably the percentage of female wage earners, which, according to statistics of the year 1912, was one-fourth of the total number of employed in commercial and industrial establishments subject to inspection by the Labor Department.

Never Too Old.

Miss Plain—"May says I'm too young to marry."

Miss Pert—"Well, you won't be by the time you get a proposal."

"TAR AND FEATHERS."
—London Opinion.

ON THE FARM

Silo a Paying Proposition.

It is safe to say that more silos will be built in Canada this year than in any previous year. Corn silage has proved to be superior to roots as a succulent feed for dairy cattle, and when it is realized that a ton of corn can be grown for anywhere from thirty cents to one dollar more cheaply than a ton of roots, it is apparent that the man who keeps cattle and has not got a silo is not making the best of his opportunities, says the Canadian Countryman.

If growing corn instead of roots effects a saving of half a dollar per ton when eighteen or twenty acres is reserved for succulent feed each year (which is by no means an excessive acreage), by growing corn, over $150 would be saved in the season's crop. This is enough money to put up a silo.

Although for amany years silage has been regarded as one of the best succulent feeds for dairy cattle, it is only comparatively recently that it has received proper recognition as a feed for fattening steers. Some experiments carried on in the States recently show that cattle that are fed as much as fifty and seventy-five pounds of silage per day sold for almost as much as those fattened chiefly on grain, while the cost of making one hundred pounds gain was from $2 to $3 less. We quote from Wallace's Farmer: "At the Missouri Station, one lot of steers which received an average daily ration of 37.6 pounds of silage, 4 pounds of alfalfa hay, and 5 pounds of oil meal sold for $9.65 per cwt., while another lot received an average daily ration of 16.3 pounds of silage 3.9 pounds of alfalfa hay and 15.3 pounds of shelled corn, sold for $9.75 per cwt. In other words, the steers getting no corn, but a large amount of silage, together with oil meal and alfalfa have sold within 10 cents of those getting 15 pounds of corn a day. These high silage steers acutally sold 5 cents higher per cwt. than another lot which received an average daily ration of 17.5 pounds of silage, 3.7 pounds of alfalfa hay, 15.6 pounds of shelled corn, and 2.6 pounds of cottonseed meal. It is interesting to note also that the steers receiving the larger amounts of silage did not shrink any more than those receiving the smaller amounts. The dressing percentage was almost but not quite so high in the cast of the low silage steers.

"The Missouri experiment, when taken in connection with Iowa and Pennsylvania experiments, indicates very strongly that the beef cattle men have finally reached the point where they are almost compelled to rely on large amounts of silage. For years, the Englishmen and Scotmen have fed their average steer 70,100, or even 120 pounds of roots, together with not more than eight or nine pounds of grain.

"Silage is a little more concentrated than the roots used by Englishmen and Scotchmen but it looks as though the corn felt feeders had at last been driven to adopt the methods of the feeders across the water."

These Fall Pigs Were Profitable.

Fifty-seven fall pigs fed at University Farm, St. Paul, last winter and marketed recently, left a margin of $4.56 a head to cover cost of labor, risk, interest, profit, etc.

R. C. Ashby of the animal husbandry division at University Farm, began a series of tests two years ago to determine whether raising fall pigs is profitable in Minnesota. The margin of nearly five dollars a head is the result of the test.

Eleven sows farrowed fall litters for the tests, and the pigs were weaned December 16. They were put on feeding tests two days later. The records kept cover all feeds consumed by sows and litters from farrowing to weaning and from the time the actual feeding test was begun until it was finished.

The total cost of feed for the sows and pigs up to weaning time was $186.81. From weaning time to the time marketing the feed cost $577.88, making a total cost of $13.42 a head. The feed was counted at these prices: Shelled corn, 75 cents a bushel; ground barley, 65 cents a bushel; shorts, $26 a ton; tankage, $55 a ton.

The pigs averaged 191¼ pounds when sold May 6. They were sold at $9.65 in South St. Paul, a price equivalent to $9.40 at home, The sell-price of $17.98 left a balance of $4.56 each. No account of manure is taken in these figures.

The pigs were fed in five lots, three lots from self feeders and two lots fed by hand. Those in the lots in which the self feeders were used did better than those in the other lots. The corn-fed lots required about seven bushels of corn, forty pounds of tankage, and from thirty to forty pounds of shorts for each pig from weaning time to the close of the test.

The pigs were fed grain alone. They were given no milk and did not have access to the cattle yards. Mr. Ashby thinks that when milk is available or when the pigs can pick up after cattle the margin will be correspondingly increased.

Heat and Horses.

Sunstroke is caused by the direct rays of the sun falling upon the skull. A horse so affected may die suddenly as though stricken with apoplexy or he may have a graduol paralysis of respiration. The symptoms which usually present themselves are restlessness, pawing, spasms, and a marked redness of the mucous membranes lining the cavities of the head. The temperature in sunstroke may not rise above normal during the whole course of the disease.

Another condition very similar to sunstroke is that known as heat stroke or heat exhaustion. This is brought about by over-exertion and insufficient heat elimination. The direct rays of the sun are not responsible for this effection, which very often occurs to an animal on a cloudy, sultry day. Some of the more prominent symptoms of heat stroke are weariness, profuse sweating, difficult breathing, an extremely high temperature, and a rapid pulse, which gradually grows weaker and upon the approach of death muscular tremors will be noted. The treatment for sun stroke and heat stroke are the same. Remove the animal to a cool, quiet, well ventilated place and permit a stream of cold water to flow over the horse and, if possible, apply ice packs to the head. If ice is plentiful apply it all over the body.—S. O'Toole, North Dakota Experiment Station.

Farm Notes.

Don't turn a good cow off just because she is getting old.

Give the good old cow a little better care. Every calf she gives you will more than repay you for any extra care.

If you show fight with a balky horse the jig is up. Keep cool, and ten to one the horse will cool off in a few minutes, too.

Unprofitable cows and unprofitable acres keep a fellow all the time thinking about the poorhouse. It isn't very pleasant either.

Too bad that a horse should ever be galled, but if it occurs have a pinch of powdered annin ready to sprinkle over the raw place. It is soothing and heals it almost immediately.

A little wheat bran, or some mixture of grain in the feed box at evening milking time, is a good plan to bring the herd promptly up to the gate. Irregular milking time is a damaging practise.

The mare that is to become a mother must have considerate treatment and good food. Avoid any that may be musty, drive reasonably and, if drawing loads, let her stop occasionally to get breath.

If we watch hogs closely we may learn many lessons from them. They know their needs better than we do. When they are out of condition they will doctor themselves, if they have a chance.

It is easier to keep a horse's shoulders healed up than it is to make them so after they have once been sore. Some horses have thinner skin than others and it breaks through easier. Watch every spot that is likely to be chafed and pad the harness to protect it.

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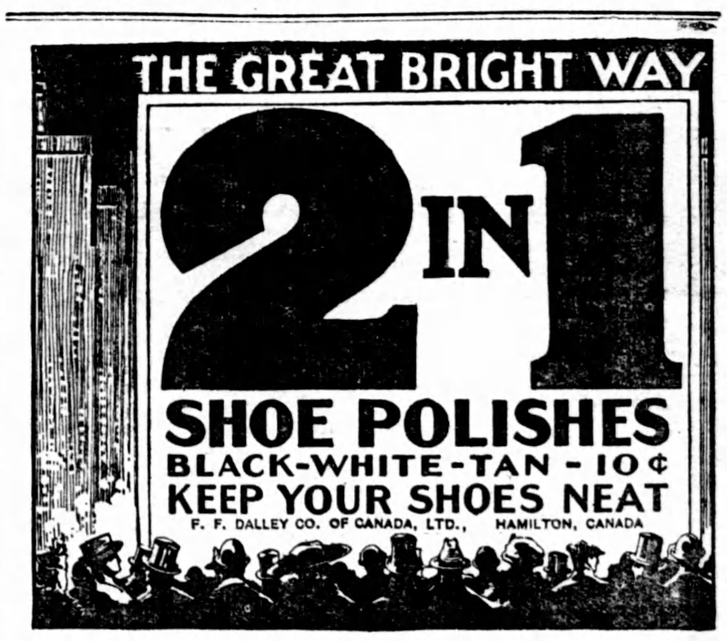

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