THE LAPSE OF ENOCH WENTWORTH

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS,

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

. CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd). .

Dorcas glanced at the handful of men cowering in a shadowed corner. A sudden fear seized her, the feminine terror of midnight streets.

"You don't imagine," she whispered, "that I shall have any trouble? It is possible I am making a mistake in the man. Are they dangerous characters among them?"

"Not exactly dangerous," said the officer slowly. "If they're dangerous it's from hunger. It ain't once a year you find a crook in the bread line. It's too easy to spot them, waiting as they do for an hour or two in that light."

"Thank you," said the girl. She crouched behind a half-drawn curtain in the shadow of the carriage, watching eagerly the gathering of homeless, hungry men. They began to creep toward the bakery from every direction, most of them with a shambling step that told of ill-shod feet or shamed reluctance to beg for food. The skies had been lowering for hours, and just before midnight the first storm of the winter came down. It began with keen, tiny needles of ice, but they stung and froze, for the wind drove them in merciless, piercing flurries. The loitering men crowded together and turned their faces sullenly from each furious cloud of sleet. Hunger was bitter enough without the storm. Dorcas watched through misty eyes. She wondered at the still patience of the throng. Below her in a basement a warm red light burned, and through an open door the wind blew the fragrance of boiling coffee across the street. She saw a man thrust a slim white-faced boy into a shelter between the wall and himself.

"If I were starving I couldn't be patient and courteous,' she thought. "The smell of food would madden me, I would batter a door down."

She started suddenly, then for a moment she scarcely breathed. Down Tenth street slouched a tall, stooping figure. The man wore a shabby overcoat which covered his body almost to the feet; its collar was turned high about his neck and an old slouch hat shadowed his face. Dorcas could see little between but a bristling beard. The keenest detective searching for Andrew Merry would not have glanced twice at the figure; Dorcas' eyes followed it with grave perplexity. She had been startled into recognition the night before when the man pulled the shabby hat down over his face. She caught a glimpse of Merry's long, white, slender fingers and noted an impatient, peculiarly graceful gesture which was characteristic of him. Dorcas had seen it frequently, sometimes when he was on the stage, sometimes while he had talked with her.

He paused before facing the glare of Braodway and pulled the hat brim carefully about his face; it might have been for shelter from the stinging blasts of sleet or for better concealment. Then he seemed to gather himself together with energy born of despair. He stepped quickly forward and took his place at the end of the bread line. A hundred men stood between him and the beneficence of food. Others were closing in behind him. Here and there one man turned to speak to another; the man Dorcas was watching stood immovable. He thrust his hands deep in his overcoat pockets his eyes were fixed on the whitening sidewalk beside him. Dorcas turned to the opposite window and nodded with an eager gesture to the officer. His hand went up. He spoke to the cabman in a low voice.

"Drive round through University place to Tenth—then up toward Broadway. Pull up half-way down the block."

The man turned his horse and moved down the street.

CHAPTER IX.

Dorcas breathed a sigh of relief when her cab drew up beside the bread line. She had thought during her brief drive around the block of the possibility that the man might leave his place; but there he stood against the stinging eddies of sleet. She stepped from the carriage and passed swiftly along the sidewalk beside the line of a city's poor. She hesitated for a few seconds when she reached the corner, then she stretched out her hand and laid it on the wet sleeve of the man before her. He turned and stared at her for one dazed moment. He did not speak. Instinctive courtesy reminded him that this was no place for a woman in a midnight storm, and his desire to protect her caused the hunger to be forgotten. He stepped quietly from the sidewalk and without a word moved beside her down the street. The movement caused a score of men to turn with quick curiousity, but suddenly a cry ran down the line; "The door's open!" Everything else yielded to the march toward food.

Dorcas swiftly led the way to the carriage. When she opened the door and beckoned Merry to enter he hesitated, the blood flushing into his wan face.

"What do you want, Miss Dorcas?" he asked quietly.

"I want to talk with you," answered the girl. "Do get in, please—out of the storm."

Merry handed her in, then followed and shut the door. "I cannot go home with you," he announced stubbornly.

"Enoch is away. He's in Montreal and there is nobody at home except Jason and me. I have so much to say to you," she cried appealingly. "We can't talk driving through the streets on such a night as this."

Merry stared at her for a minute with dogged obstinacy in his gaze.

"Won't you come?" urged the girl impetuously. Her color deepened and an eager light shone in her eyes. "There is so much I want to say. We shall be quite alone. You can trust Jason. Afterwards you may go away—if you wish—and I will promise never to attempt to find you. I will try to forget you."

Merry stretched out his hand and touched her arm, leaning forward until his face wa sclose to hers. "Miss Dorcas, don't say that. Since I left you that night on Juniper Point I have lived a lifetime of happiness and horror and remorse. One think alone has saved me from going over the brink of the precipice, simply one thing." He lifter his eyes to hers. "The one thing," he repeated, "that I could not fling away was the memory that you trusted me, that you believed in me. and were waiting for me to make good."

"I trust you now," cried the girl, her voice breaking into a sob. "I am still waiting for you to make good. Won't you come hom with me?"

The cab stopped in front of the Waverly Place home. Merry followed her reluctantly up the steps. She paused for a moment while she adjusted the key in the lock.

"Would you mind seeing Jason?" she asked hesitatingly. "He can help you with dry clothes. He will be as glad to see you as I am."

"Ring for him," answered Merry quietly. "Jason and I are old pals."

Half and hour later Merry walked into the library where Dorcas was waiting for him. It seemed as if the mere resumption of clean, comfortable clothing, even though hunger still marked him, had given the man fresh valor ,new dignity.

He laughed nervously. "It is a rejuvenation, isn't it?" he asked as he glanced at himself in the mirror. "Jason unearthed some duds I once left here."

Jason was an excellent valet, and a hot bath, a shave, and fresh raiment had made a man of Merry. The lock of fair hair which habitually fell over his forehead made him look almost boyish, although his face was pallid and careworn.

"I have eaten nothing since morning," Dorcas said. "I told Jason to serve supper here, on a little table beside the fire, where it is cozy and cheerful."

Merry dropped into a chair. He wondered if the intense enjoyment of the good things of life was pure sensuousness. The oddor of hot coffee, the sight of a daintily set table, the radiance of a coal fire, the glow of red-shaded lights, and the storm shut outdoors brought a tingling pleasure which seemed like mere animal gratification. He shivered for a moment as he listened to the storm. He wondered what had made it possible for him to brave homelessness and hunger and squalor. Looking back on it he realized he had borne it as a man lives through pain under the power of an anesthetic. The misery of his mind had dulled the cordid wretchedness of mere existence.

To Merry that supper was a festival, not wholly because it was the satisfying of ravenous appetite, but because it was the crisis of his life. Dorcas sensed that if her own hunger was real, Merry would not feel that she was feeding a famished outcast. Jason beamed upon them in sheer enjoyment when he brought in full dishes and carried away empty ones. Dorcas was light-hearted and gay, as happy as they had been during their first acquaintance at the shore. For a moment. while Merry drank his coffee, the memory of a few horrible weeks intruded on the present.

"Miss Dorcas," he began abruptly, "Why did you—"

She stretched out her hand appealingly.

"Don't bring in whys—now. We are so comfortable. I don't ask for an explanation—I don't want to give any. Can't you see I'm in Happy Valley for a little while? I am so glad to have you here again."

Merry smiled into her eyes. "I'll obey you, bless your gentle heart!"

The girl rose and reached to a shelf behind her for a box of cigars. Merry lit one, lounged back in a cushioned chair, and puffed rings of smoke towards the red fire. They sat in silence after Jason had carried away the dishes. Their quiet was broken when the clock struck one. The man started.

"Miss Dorcas, you wanted me here to talk, I cannot rob you of a night's sleep."

"I am as wide awake as a cricket. I slept all the afternoon."

"First of all," Merry asked gravely, "how did you find me? Scores of men and women passed me day after day, people I have known for years. Not one of them recognized me."

"They were not searching for you."

"You were?"

Dorcas nodded.

"How did you find me?" he persisted.

"Last night on my way home from the theatre with Mr. Oswald our cab stopped in a block, and it was opposite where—that line of men stood. I was looking at them when I saw you pull down your hat. When Mr. Oswald left me here I drove back to Tenth street, but the line had dispersed. I went again to-night—just hoping."

"Who is Mr. Oswald?" asked Merry abruptly.

"Don't you know? Haven't you been reading the papers? Mr. Oswald is the man who is putting on your play."

"My play?" Andrew dropped his half-smoked cigar on the table.

"Your play," repeated Dorcas in a quiet tone. "They have been searching everywhere for you to play 'John Esterbrook.' Enoch is in Montreal now, looking for you."

Merry laughed harshly.

The girl clasped her hands together. "Mr. Merry, tell me, are you and Enoch no longer friends?"

Andrew picked up his cigar and puffed it until the red spark revived. Then he laughed again. "We are not exactly friends. Has he told you anything?"

(To be continued).

NATURE GUARDS SECRETS.

Centuries of Study Yield Little to Moon.

Greenwich, England, observatory was founded by Charles II. mainly for the purpose of investigating the movements of the moon in the interests of navigation, but though generations of astronomers have in the intervening two and a half centuries been working at the problem, the moon has not yet been amenable to their mathematics. The astronomer royal, in his report of the work at Greenwich during the last year, calls attention to the increasingly big deviation between the calculated position of the moon in the sky and its real position as shown by the Greenwich observations.

This deviation has lately been increasing in a serious manner, the error last year being more than 12 times as large as it was 20 years ago, the average annual increase amounting in the two decades to half a second of arc in longitude. The cause of the failure of astronomers to make the moon amenable to their exact mathematics, based on the dynamical laws of gravitation, is believed to be some attractive force of which we are at present ignorant, though in all probability one factor is the true shape of the earth, which still awaits accurate determination. Fortunately the chronometer and wireless telegraph have made seamen virtually independent of lunar observations in ascertaining their position in the trackless oceans.

No man is too poor to give advice.

If a man doesn't marry a woman because she is pretty or because she has money, it's a pretty sure sign he is in love with her.

DAUGHTER OF LATE PRESIDENT CLEVELAND NOW A NURSE IN EUROPE.

Miss Esther Cleveland (left), a daughter of the late Grover Cleveland, one time President of the United States, as she appears in the uniform of a nurse in the European war zone. On the right is Sister Pat, a nurse who has been decorated for bravery on the allied front.

The Cream Separator.

It is wonderful to reflect upon the progress that the cream separator has made during the last few years. There are now very few farms where dairying is carried on that have not their separator, even though the people running them may be antiquated in regard to their methods in other respects.

It requires very little demonstrating to convince anyone that a cream separator is a great saving over the old pan method of securing cream. A separator takes up much less room in the dairy than the setting pans, and it obtains a greater yield of butter from the milk used. Moreover, the cream from the separator is quite sweet, and therefore the ripening of it is more easily controlled than where pans are employed, which develop a certain amount of acidity or other ferments due to bacterial activity while the cream is rising.

When the cream separator is carefully managed the skim milk should not contain more than 0.1 per cent. of butter fat, and thus the butter yield is increased by 10 to 12 per cent. as compared with the old pan setting system. This makes a considerable difference in the course of a year where good dairy cows are employed, and would soon pay for the separator.

With care a separator will last for many years and it is generally through carelessness or ignorance that it breaks down. It is important that the separator bearings be well oiled in order to avoid friction and wearing out of parts. Before starting to separate all the sight feed lubricators should be full, and tested to see that the yare in working order. The separatod should always be started very slowly, and the speed worked up gradually, and no milk let into the bowl until it is running at full speed.

The milk should be separated as soon as it leaves the cow, as fat is lost in the skim milk when the milk is skimmed below a temperature of 85 deg. F. If cold milk has to be dealt with it should be warmed up to from 100 to 120 deg. F. just before being separated. The separator should be washed immediately after using. If left for some time, as is often done, it gives the slime a chance to dry on the interior of the bowl, and then more time and trouble are required to remove it than if the cleaning were effected as soon as the milk has passed through the machine.

Immediately after use all the parts with which the milk comes into contact should be taken apart and washed with lukewarm water. Hot water should not be used, as it causes part of the milk to cake on, and form a refuge for germs which taint milk. After this the parts should be washed in fairly hot water contaniing a little soda, and then be dipped in scalding water.

The creamy matter left in the bowl may be put in the pig tub, and care must be taken to thoroughly clean the bowl of all the slime present after separating. The amount of slime in the bowl is a good indication as to whether the milk has been obtained in a cleanly manner or not. The dirtier the milk the more slime there will be present in the bowl.

In order to secure the best results the separator must be worked at the correct speed, which must be maintained at a uniform speed until all the milk is separated.

Cows Need Mineral Matter.

That pigs require a considerable amount of mineral matter in their food is pretty well known but that cows will sometimes suffer from want of it is not so well known. Salt, of course, is always fed to the stock by careful feeders all the year round.

The late Herr Kellner estimated that a cow giving twenty pounds of milk per day should receive about three and a half ounces of lime per day. Many cases have been observed where cows had abnormal appetities and developed the habit of eating wood, etc., that when a sufficient amount of lime was fed the desire to gnaw wood and eat filth stopped.

In sections where the water is soft many good dairymen put lime in the water trough so as to make sure that the animals will get enough of this very important food constituent. The old saying that "a limestone country is a rich country" emphasizes the value of the lime, and it is a well known fact that the bigest boned and thriftiest cattle are raised where the soil has an abundance of lime.

Writing in Wallace's Farmer some time ago, Mr. C. H. Eckles, of the University of Missouri, wrote: "The use of clover, alfalfa, or cowpea hay, in the ration will make certain that this trouble (lack of lime in the feed) will not occur. These foods are the highest in lime content of any which we ordinarily feed. Corn, on the other hand, is the most deficient in lime of all grains ordinarily fed. A pound of alfalfa hay contains practically the same amount of lime as 100 pounds of corn.

"We found a herd of dairy cattle in this state suffering from a lack of lime—and on investigation it was discovered that the cows, which were producing 35 pounds of milk a day, were actually giving off more lime in their feed. Probably no trouble would have resulted except for the fact that the preceding summer had been dry and the grass short, making it impossible for the cows to accumulate a reserve supply of lime."

Which of These is the Better?

Two men were leaning over the pasture bars.

"Yes, sir, that colt is for sale, but he belongs to my son in the field yonder. You'll have to bargain with him," said the farmer, motioning to the boy. "He'll be here presently and you can talk to him."

"That boy!" ejaculated the stranger.

"Yes, George is seventeen and a smarter boy never was raised on any farm—if I do say it. You ought to hear him in debate. He can hold his end with the best of 'em. He raised that colt and the sale money saving for a course in an agricultural college, then I'll step down and out he'll run the old farm. Here George, this man is looking at your two-year-old."

The bargain was soon concluded, but not before the buyer had learned that the seventeen-year-old boy was a keen judge of horse flesh and knew the worth of his colt.

Two men were leaning over the pasture bars.

"Yes, sir, them steers are as good as ever was raised in this town. That boy over there calls 'em his, and has fussed with 'em ever since they were calves. Hey? Oh, that makes no difference when it comes to selling. They were fed from my mow, and I reckon the cash goes into my pocket. Boys are ungrateful nowadays. He keeps talking of quitting and I can't keep him longer than he is twenty-one. He might take the old farm and let me have a rest, but he will not listen to that. Well—it can't be helped as I see. You don't offer quite what I consider the steers worth, but there's no use in feeding 'em any longer. They're yours." Which boy made a successful, contented farmer, and why?—Western Farmer.

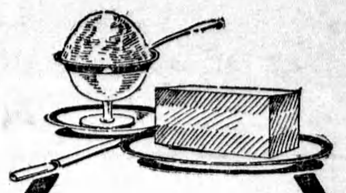
HUNS ARE GLUTTONS.

Eat Far More Than Other People, When Possible.

Though the Huns are beginning to complain that they are being starved, yet what is starvation to them is plenty to most nations, says London Answers.

Before the war the Germans, both men and women, were the biggest eaters of any one the Continent. The average German begins with coffee and milk between seven and eight in the morning. About ten there is a meat breakfast, at one o'clock a really heavy meal, as a rule about twice as much as an English lunch, with beer or wine, or both. At tea, cakes, chocolates and marzipans are invariably eaten.

At 8 p.m. comes supper, almost as heavy as the midday dinner, and consisting of cold ham, mutton, beef or veal with wine.



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PUT IN LAYER OF MAGGOTS.

German Baker Also Mixed Ants and Bugs in His Cakes.

The Berlin Vorwaerts says:—The unscrupulous manner in which the preparation of various articles of food is being carried on has again been strikingly exemplified in Leipzig.

A master baker, C. A. Rabitz, the owner of one of the foremost fashionable establishments in Leipzig, has been found guilty of the most shameless transgression of all existing laws and regulations. His worst practice of all was to bake live maggots in his cakes.

On an assistant showing him that the dough was full of these vermin, Rabitz contented himself with covering them up beneath a layer of dough. "No need to remove the maggots," he observed, "people will eat the cakes all the same." The maggot paste was thereupon duly baked into cakes.

Rabitz had also prepared another kind of confection, styled "dessert cake," from ground wood and potato flour, in which quantities of ants and even bugs were present.

This infamous specimen of the baker tribe received five months' imprisonment besides being condemned to pay a fine of £31.

Kitchener Predicted Death.

When Lord Kitchener was in France some three months ago, visiting the British front, he met his friend the naval Capt. Testu de Balincourt, then on service at Dunkirk, whom Lord Kitchener asked to be his special aid if he should need one later during the war. Lord Kitchener told his friend how a heavy shell had burst close to him while on this visit, but added, "that did not disturb me, for I know that I shall die at sea."

Chickens Now $4 Apiece.

The London Times Berne correspondent quotes an American from Brussels as saying that the conclusion of that city is outwardly little changed; that the chief privation is the absence of news. Food commands extravagant prices, bread being thirteen cents and meat of all kinds a dollar a pound. Chickens are from $2 to $4 apiece. Butter is a dollar a pound. There is much distress and even starvation in the surrounding country.

Madge (reading letter from brother at the front)—"John says a bullet went right through his hat without touching him." Old Auntie—"What a blessing he had his hat on, dear."

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