The LAPSE of ENOCH WENTWORTH SY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons" ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG-COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY F.G. DROWNE & CO.

### (Continued)

(Continued) "Tes. This morning I came to the theater to get a letter I left in my dressing-room and ran into a police-man who was looking for Alice Volk. I asked him what he wanted. They found a letter addressed to her on a mear the bridge. I've been with the cofficer since 10 o'clock." (Continued) "Tes. This morning I came to the showy bandage. The man turned to look at Dorcas: her make-up lay in smudges upon her face and sho wore the blue cotton gown which brioaged to "Cordelia" in the last act; her fin-gers clenched each other, while she tace of the surgeoa. (Continued) per and stood motionless while she read it. Then her fingers moved in a groping way to turn on a blaze of electricity under the green globe above the desk. "The room is so dark," she mur-mured. She dropped the paper upon the blotter in front of her and leaned upon the desk with he face between her hands. near the bridge. I've been with the officer since 10 o'clock."

"Is there anything I can do?" "No. I've looked after everything. But I want your advice on one point. What do you think of not telling her —till he is buried?" "It's the best plan. I supposed he

had fallen pretty low." "Low!" Merry shrugged his shoulders. "I did not know such dives ex-isted as the place where I found him. He had been lying there soaked to the

"The man once stood on a pinnacle

his desk. He opened the door which led to the inner office, passed through, then slammed it sharply behind him.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

The Yellow Envelope.

More than one "summer show" had begun to blazon an alluring sign over the door of a Broadway theater be-fore "The House of Esterbrook" closed fore "Ine House of Esterprook" closed its season. The fame of the play had gone abroad through the country, and night after night, long after the resi-dence part of New York showed a labyrinth of boarded fronts, every seat in the Gotham was sold before the curtain went up.

The house was packed to the roof on the night the play closed. It was

the middle of June and the city had grown uncomfortably hot. Wentwerth had spent a restless day. It seemed to him as if the air was filled with andiscuss their plans for the Function in a Maine camp. Julie Volk had approached him, half shy, half eager, to tell of a shore cottage where they were to stay with Dorchs until the season opened. Telegrams came and went, everyone in the theater had plans except himself. He felt forsaken and isolated amid the czcitement of a closing night. He had no ties-not a human being cared wheth er he came or went. came or went. There was a -he held the title deeds for it, house he held the title accus for h, he paid taxes and hired servants to care for it—but it was not a home. Only a year ago the three of them had gone holidaying, as care free as chil-dren. Ages had passed since last sum-

He wandered about the theater in aimless, unseeing fashion. The world seemed to have grown intolerable. He hated the gay laughter in the audi-"He wants his keys," she said ence, the rustling of fans. and the buzz of voices between the acts. The orchestra had chosen airs that jarred wondered how he should meet tomor-row and every tomorrow of a long. lonely, inactive summer. Before the curtain fell on the last act he strolled through the darkened house and opened a narrow door be-hind the lower boxes. A few shad owed steps led to the stage. A man stood inside with his fingers moving ence, the rustling of fans, and the

tious face. Blood was welling

"I do not know-yet," he whispered, hands. "Andrew," cried Dorcas with a

answering the question in her eyes, "It is too soon to tell. He lived through it, and it is one of those oper-ations when the patient does not al-ways live."

Somebody led her away. In a dazed fingers pointed to the bond. She fashion she knew that Ai.ce Volk bathed her face and braided her hair ing for protection and help. The man stretched out her hand as if searca-ing for protection and help. The man clasped it between his own, then she raised her eyes to his. "Was it this, Andrew, this that lay behind everything-that made you give up your play and--" Merry's ling netted but he did and ders. "I did not know such dives ex-isted as the place where I found him. He had been lying there soaked to the point of insensibility for two weeks. He was too horrible a sight for the "What an end!" exclaimed Oswald. "The man once stod on a ninnacle into two long strands and changed her stage gown for a soft kimono. Theu Merry took her hand and she followed him to the library. She lay down upon a couch feeling as if every nerve in her body had an ear and it was listen-ing. The honse was merfectiv still

"The man once stood on a pinnacle that many an actor would give half a lifetime to win. He had—" The Englishman and Merry both looked up quickly. Wentworth had dropped an armful of books noisily on bis desk He opened the deer which

the agony seemed to tear at her throat. From a shadowy corner near the freside Merry rose and crept across the room. He dropped on his knees beside her and soothed her without a word, as one broods over an unhappy child. The warm grip in which be held her hand between his own gave her courage and hope. She rose to be for the mark between his own gave her courage and hope. She rose to child. The warm grip in which he held her hand between his own gave her courage and hope. She rose to her feet and he led her to the window where she sat down and looked out into the dark, quiet square. Out of her memory rose the thought of an early membra is ware only a start of the start.

"Then afterwards," she raised her head with a quick gesture, "we went morning-it was only a year ago-when she had seen Andrew Merry for to Juniper Point. There you told me

when she had seen Andrew Merry for the first time, stretched listlessly on the park bench, with a gray, thin fog occasionally blotting him from her sight. It was here, too, she had sat watching children scuffle through wind-blown leaves, while she heard her brother med the memoriated about your play-and you went away to write it?" She paused waiting for Merry to answer. She did not raise her eyes. Her head was bent as if she took the shame of her brother upon her own shoulders. her brother read the manuscript of "The House of Faterbrook." Merry

"Yes." The man spoke in a slow Merry whisper. sat silent at her side until the nurse "Then you came back, with the play

finished, and read it to Enoch, and he —he claimed it—because he held this against you?" She laid a tremblir 3 "Miss Wentworth," she said, "Dr. Mowbray wants you. Your brother has been conscious for a few minutes. He cannot speak, but he wants something. Will you come?" They 'followed the woman swiftly. finger upon the sheet of paper. 'Yes.'

Dorcas sat perfectly still with her arms lying on the desk. Merry bent They followed the woman switty. Enoch's eyes sought hers with piteous pleading which was almost agony. She bent to kiss him. His gaze traveled to Merry and the agony seemed to over and gently touched her cheek. "Oh!" she shrank away from him with a shuddering cry. "Oh, how could you let him do such a thing!

change to peace. "You saved his life, Enoch," she whispered. to all you let him to such a transformed by the second se brother do such a thing?

the nerveless hand which rested out-side the sheet. The eyes of the two men met: in those of one was a mute "I don't know." Merry spoke ruptly. "Tell me why you let him do it," prayer for forgiveness, in the other's shone gratitude and the old affection persisted the girl.

"I don't believe I can explain-to "He wants his keys," she said debt."

# thought of it this morning—'I'm afraid, to go home in the dark'—wasn't that what he said? I felt lonely—and I CHAPTER XXV.

He could hear the crackie of ets which were tied

的任何的意思。如此是是自己的问题的意思。

THE UNION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1913

In the Dayligh

Wentworth's ch

This bundle. "I have found Enoch's will and a number of business papers. Here are his bankbooks and the contract with Oswald for the play. There are bonds and things of that sort—things I do not understand. I imagine," the girl's voice broke into a sob, "it must be the will he wants." "Probably, it is, dear," said Andrew gently. She laid the papers on the desk and, lifted a yellow envelope. There was no writing upon it; it was unsealed. She took out a slip of pa-per and stood motionless while she read it. Then her fingers moved in a groping way to turn on a blaze of electricity under the green globe above the desk.

In the Daylight.
What worth's chamber was dim as trilights. Champer of the sadden and chamged but a new transmost made hanged hereathers of the sadden action in the dark, not yet. You've got thirty on the threshold. As his cyes of anan, you're not going home in the dark, not yet. You've got thirty on the threshold. As his cyes of anan, you're not going home in the dark, not yet. You've got thirty on the threshold. As his cyes of anan, you have the port of the mars of the mars of the mark is none accustomed to the dusk he saw a white govered surse standing beards with smorty pandages. Merry's handages. Merry's handages. Merry's hands gripped the mark is and on a che which him and an ache which him a same bed and thought of nights when he had lain the dark? The room grew suddenly white and there caperness cames is holding is shing? Cohome in the dark? See how the fore the sublice of the said after a long silence. "The room grew suddenly white and the see, and drew here whether borders' face the mark is shing? Cohome in the dark? Bee how the give of the sublice advert here brother's face the mark is shing? Cohome in the dark? The room grew suddenly white and there are of him in a numbering fashion. During these dary is the bast remmant of an ind rebellion which for a standar beader. The ladged face grow the subged face. "When the and rebed here mark and rebed here fore the sublice of the subged face grow way from and the solid has the foll a way from and the boling has the foll a way from and the boling has high tide. All that had stood between him a negative boy and her wholesome on the loce in the core of a subdiment of health and vice?" "Too is coking uncommonly well the ratewart boy and her wholesome space," with the vital fact that the remedual phase is the subdiment of health and vice?" "Too is coking uncommonly well to ratewark base with a solid. Since were pleasant for size were there moting the hould be there fash. "Too is the way from here seemed unimportat compared in the solid after t Her stalwart body and her wholesome rosy face were pleasant for sick eyes to look upon. "Yes, you've come back," she said emphatically. "When the doctor left an hour ago he said we had pulled you safely around the cor-ner. Now all the job I have cut out for me is to see you are kept quiet and patient and happy." "Yes, happy—that's the biggest part of the prescription," repeated Merry

When the nurse beckoned he stole Merry's lips parted, but he cid not speak. Doreas glanced at the date. She withdrew her hands from his and put her fingers across her eyes as if trying desperately to remember some thing. "Why," she cried suddenly, "the ate was May 29 last year: that was the for the preservation of the preservation of the preservation." The sole was to she wates up." The sole was the sole of the preservation of the preservation of the preservation." The sole man looked up. The con-fession in his eyes was pathetic. "It

fession in his eyes was pathetic. "It seems ages since I was happy, Boy." "Well, you're not going to be al-lowed to think, even to think of past ages. You've only to lie there and get well. It is our business—a scrt of job cut out for Dorcas and me—to

keep you happy. See?" "I see," whispered Enoch. The flick-er of a smile stole into his face. It you about it—when you sat out there. waiting for a 'bus." "Yes," he whispered.

brought peace and a pale, eager hope-fulness, as if a thought of restitution and atonement was dawning in the man's soul. The nurse lowered the curtain and blotted out the radiance which flooded the room. "The doctor has ordered quiet," she

whispered, "and sleep—as much sleep

-1-..

Merry rose and laid his hand on Wentworth's forehead. "You hear her orders, old man?" He laughed gaily. "It's no use running full tilt agains" the nursing profession. Each one of them thinks she knows it all! But I'm not going to say 'Good-by.' I mean to hang around here from dawn to dark and drop in every time I can sneak past her—or the doctor!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

disturb him. There's something on his mind, something that harasses him. Yesterday I stood on the stair speaking to Mrs. Volk and I left him asleep. When I went back he was Dropped on His Knees Beside the Bed. leaning on his elbow and his eves were chiseled by days and nights of pain. fixed on the door as if he dreaded seewrinkled about the quiet mouth. Merry sat staring at the baggard face with a dull, tugging hope in his soul, which he could not voice even to Dorcas.

He wanted time-time enough to tell Enoch that the old enmity was dead, that the old love was alive, strengthcas. She returned to the sickroom carryened by new ties. A spasm of pain ran through the sick man's face, wrinkling ened by new ties. A spasm of pain ran through the sick man's face, wrinkling the pallid forehead and twitching the line Merry looked up at the purse.

about his motth. His hair had whit-ened at the temples. Physically the man had changed, but a new tran-quility had begun to smooth away lines of worry and care in the color-

flis hair had whit

The Wretchedness

about his motion.

py—tremendously happy." "Of course, I am tremendously hap-py. Why shouldn't I be tremendously happy? I never saw a more gloricus day; I have you back, well and strong. the same stanch old friend you always were; I've signed a contract for next eason in figures which would have

given me dizzy spells five years agc. "And...." A pathetic eagerness came to Enoch's face.

"Why; bless my soul, isn't that nough to set the average human on transcendental stilts?' "Andrew, you're half angel!" cried Wentworth. There was a quaver in

his voice. "Half angel, you ridiculous old muddle head!" Merry smiled in his en-gaging way. "There's no surplus of

wings today if it hadn't been for you. Your courage—" "Courage!" Wentworth started as if he had been struck. "Andrew, never use that word about me again! It wasn't courage that made me snatch you from death. Oftentimes men who in ccld blood are utter cowards leap forward and rescue some one from death. That isn't courage!" He paused, as if a word had escaped him. "It is blind, instinctive impulse—the natural impulse ycu find even in a savage."

"You're too weak yet to argue." required to earn homestead patent)

ing some one come in He asked who the woman was I had been talking to. His temperature had gone up. 1 wish I knew what he is worrying about." "I think I understand," said Dor-



11

KIDOU



Canadian Northwest Synopsis Land Regulations

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Subagency for district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency on cer tain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of

intending homesteader. gaging way. Interes to scription of angels are feminine." The comedian's eyes be came grave for a moment. "Still, I might have been gadding about on wings today if it hadn't been for you. Duties. Six months' residence

Merry's voice was conclusive. "Only -one thing is certain," he turned his thumb toward the ficor; "I am here his homesteader who has exhausted

a feverish anxiety which was half-ter or. "I con't know what he wants," said the nurse one day. "I wish I could find out. The doctor orders me not to bring up any subject that might his mind, somethic

now, Enoch. Your duty at present is to lie there and get well." "I want that drawer, now."

Merry stared at him for a moment, for. then he obeyed, and returned to the

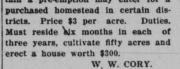
room with the drawer in his hand. "Do you think," the actor paused again and asked anxiously, "do you think that you are strong enough yet to attend to business?

"This isn't business." Enoch's face grew peremptory. "I'm strong enough for this. I'm not a praying man, An- MAIL CONTRACT 

Him Alone."

Merry did not speak. He sat watch-

(To be Continued)



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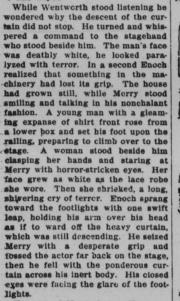


speech. He saw the actor states about him appealingly, then his eyes signaled to the man who controlled to descend with

quiet deliberation. Merry paused for a moment, then he came back.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I had hoped--"

Si



Dorcas and Merry, in a swift motor, reached the Waverly Place home before the ambulance, and a famous sur-geon came close at their heels. When the operation was over they laid Wentworth upon his own bed. The surgeon stood looking down on the

stood inside with his fingers moving over the buttons, which flooded the stage with light or shadow. Wentstage with light or shadow. Went worth pushed past him and walked swiftly behind the drops until he reached a corner which was compara-tively deserted. He stood inside a wing watching the company take their curtain calls. Last of all came Merry, alone. The insistent applause impor-tuned a speech. Wentworth smiled grimly. Andrew's one terror was a speech. He saw the actor glance about him appealingly, then his eyes

entered the room.

grown steadfast.

quickly.

"I will call you if he does not sleep," said the doctor

Merry walked to the window and stared vaguely into the darkness. A little clock on the mantel struck three Once he lo ked over his shoulder at



ACTINES. "Was It This That Laid Behind Every

you found me in the-when you gave lips. Merry looked up at the nurse. She read the question in his eyes. "No," she whispered, "he is going to live. His brain is clear now. He has

Dorcas rose and stood facing him a great constitution. That was the only thing that saved him."

Pound

with her eyes searching him. "Why didn't you do it?" she asked. "Because." said Merry unsteadily, The woman had a strong, intelligent face and her manner was full of calm "do you remember you—no I—I— asked you—when a man had fallen as low as I had if he had anything conviction. She was not young and must have watched over many a bat-tle between life and death. She knew! left that would pull him to his feet. You said, 'Yes, so long as he has hon-Merry sighed with relief and peace of mind, even with a mad throb of or, there is no end of a chance for him." "
"Oh!" cried Dorcas aghast. "Oh, to joy. The thought of Dorcas and the future came with the conviction that there was still time to take up the think that I should have put that in old bonds of love and to begin life

again The face upon the pillow moved and Enoch's eyes opened slowly. Recog-nition flashed into them, then a smile

crept about the lined mouth. "Enoch!" The young man dropped on his knees beside the bed, his fingers stole under the sheet and caught in a strong grasp the hand which he had thought was slipping from his reach

Wentworth's eyes held a breathless "You were not hurt?" he

whispered. "No, old man; no. I didn't have a scratch. Ycu took it all. You saved Ycu took it all. You saved my life, as you have done more than once, and, Enoch, you understand-we are back where we stood in the old days, with everything forgotten, everything buried so deep that Mr. Oswald said he did not believe

neither of us will ever give it another thought." The thrill of warmth over that

strongest of all things human--a broken friendship made warm and secure again—ran like the vigor of transfused blood through the veins of the sick man. Happiness flushed into the wan face and his feeble strength returned

Merry's grip. Andrew laughed aloud. "You under-stand, Enoch, we are friends—friends that nothing can separate again as long as life lasts." The wistfulness of gratitude dimmed the eyes of the sick man. "As long as life lasts! That won't be a great while, Boy," he whispered huskily; "only now--it is all right--and it seems different. I felt like a coward ly one spot—one little spot—where we can make a home and I can have you beside me—for the rest of my life." something just before he went. I

propped up with pillows. She sat down beside his bed. "Shall I read?" she asked.

"No; go on with your sewing. like to see your hands fly with th bright silk between your fingers. Men have an idea that women are one-sided creatures. They are mistaken. You sew beautifully, and yet, while you stitch, I think of your 'Cordelia.'" It was the first time since his accident that Wentworth had mentioned the theater or business of any sort. Dorcas began to trace out the pattern she was embroidering with the point of her needle. Her fingers trembled She spoke without looking un "You haven't cared to hear about

business, Enoch. There are som things you may want to know, since you are strong again. Mr. Oswan sailed for England a fortnight age He hated to go, leaving you befor the critical point was passed, but the Strand Theater offered open time for August and it had to be attended to He is rehtarsing an English com-pany now for The House." "Didn't he want you for it?" aske

Wentworth.

"Yes; but I should not have gond even if you had been well. He ha given 'Cordelia' to Miss Embury, as English girl. He says she will play it beautifully. We are to open here on the twentieth of October. The "When Andrew Comes, I Want to See

you would care to make any changes. There is only one new member-Helen Capron will play 'Mrs. Esterbrook.' Miss Paget went to London three weeks, ago."

Dorcas did not raise her eyes while she spoke. The silk thread had kno again.' and she sat disentangling it with her needle

ing Enoch's wasted fingers search through a mass of papers in the little drawer. He lifted out a bankbook and a yellow envelope, then he set the drawer aside and laid the leather-

"Who is 'we'?" he questioned. A wave of scarlet crept across the

"Andrew Merry has offered to help care for you until you are quite strong again," she answered without raising

There still were gray shadows in his

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# Eastern Steamship Corporation

INTERNATIONAL LINE

THREE TRIPS SERVICE Leaves St. John Mondays, Wednes

days and Fridays 9.00 A. M.. drew, but I lay in the dark last night

thanking God that he had let me live long enough to—make restitution. It seems to me as if I had been living on the brink of hell for half a lifetime. Let me come back," he pleaded, "back—so me come back," he pleaded, "back-so Eastport, Lubec and St. John. I can look decent people in the face

St. John City Ticket Office, 47 King St.

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## Wanted

covered booklet upon Merry's knee. "That is yours," he explained. "You will find there every cent of royalties A girl familiar with general house from 'The House.' It was banked apart from my private account. It grew work. Good wages paid for one who is thoroughly experienced. Apply to amazingly during the spring. You are wealthy man." Andrew opened it and glanced MRS. E. A. MCCURDY 36-0

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

girl's face.

her eyes. something just before he went. I

"As soon as you are able to travel we are going to take you away some-where. The city is hot." Enoch stared out at the window.