## The LAPSE of ENOCH WENTWO SY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons" ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG COPYRIGHT, 1914 BY F.G. BROWNE & CO.

(Continued)

"Missy," he cried, "yo' cert'ly done b'lieved de baby I toted yeahs en yeahs oga ud ebber a' lived to act ez fine ez yo' done. I used to play I was yo' black mule. I reckor yi' don'
'member, honey, ridin' mule on ol' Uncle Jason's back, do yo'? En dar yo' was, honey, a-workin' me up till I 'clar to goodness I mos' cried my ol' eyes out. When Marse Enoch come out en made dat speech folkses hollered en got to der feet clappin' en bangin' sticks on de floor, I 'clar to de Lawd dar wa'n't a prouder ol' darky in New York den Uncle Jason." Dorcas began to laugh and cry at

"I don' wonder yo's all done up. Missy. I's got de fines' supper ready fo' yo' vo' ebber see."

Dorcas was too unnerved to eat. She swallowed a cup of coffee and nibbled at the good things Jason had prepared. Then she went upstairs and began to undress. She brushed her hair, plaited it in two long braids, and slipped into a gray kimono, which folded itself about her in sheeny waves. The coffee had driven sleep away. She tossed a shawl about her shoulders and ran down through the silent house to the library. Wentworth often read there until long after midnight, and a

She pushed an armchair close to the hearth and dropped into it wearily. She realized that she was very tired. She had not thought of nerves or body during the long weeks of rehearsal, with the incessant study, the multitude of detail, and the strange irregu-

She began to live over again the last few hours and drew a long breath as she remembered the strangling terror which laid hold of her before she made her first entrance. When she heard her cue she felt dumb, crippled, almost blinded for one moment. The smile on Zilla Paget's face, as she stepped from the wings, stung her into action. There was scorn in it, and cruelty smoothed over by a sweet, beguiling perfidy, which aroused in the girl a udden hate that she had never felt in her life before. The hatred made her forget everything except her part.

The recollection of a bit of gossip had flashed to her memory: Zilla Paget had prophesied that her "Cor-delia" would be a dead failure. Before the end of that second act the intense loathing and scorn which Merry had put into her lines became real. woman understood. She shrank ith a terror which was scarcely simulated during the girl's denunciation of a mother who had lost all claim upon a child for love or respect. Seven times the curtain rose and fell upon the two women. Once a volley of hisses was hurled at Zilla Paget, and she smiled in happy triumph. Oswald and Merry stood in the wings watching the act. The intensity which Dorcas threw into her part stirred both men strongly, as it did the audience. They had anticipated womanly sweetness and tenderness, but they had not gauged her emotion to the

"I never dreamed she could do any-Zilla Paget's subtle smile. He knew there was more than acting in the

Waile Dorcas sat gazing into the r. d caves of the coal fire she went over each situation in the play, step by Once she buried her face in the folds of her shawl; her cheeks were throbbing hotly. She felt Merry's kiss burn upon her lips. There had been no real kisses at rehearsal. The trust and love and gratitude with which the broken old convict turned to his child seemed real for a moment; felt it when the actor touched bing into his arms. She heard the ice sob with her. When she turned to glance aside through halfblinded eyes, she met the derisive smile of Zilla Paget, who stood in the There was jealousy in her Her part was over for the she was dead to people in front. They had forgotten her, in spit hour before. It hurt her vanity.

Dorcas came out of her reverie with a start. The door behind her closed, and Enoch walked in. His face was glowing with eager, impetuous tri-umph, his cheeks were flushed, and to kiss his sister. She did not speak seemed years since she had seen

"Dorry," he cried, "why did you rush Everybody was waiting to congratulate you. You lifted people off The critics went wild over you and wanted to interview morrow you'll be the talk of the

Everything that had blurred life emed to vanish. It was wonderful that in a few hours the dreams of a girl laughed. Her heart had suddenly

wen light. Enoch, I cannot make myself bedieve it."

He stood beside her with a proud smile upon his lips "Dorry, you're a queer proposition. Any other girl would have had her head turned the triumph tonight. Why, child, in three hours you climbed straight onto a pedestal that many women work half a lifetime to reach. Even then they

Enoch bent and lifted her face till her eyes looked into his. "There were minutes," he said fondly, "when I actually questioned whether it was

Dorcas had never seen ner brothe so strangely excited. She wonders for a moment if he had been dfinkin but she saw it was the intoxication of sudden success, not of wine. He paced about the library, talking, laughing building a thousand plans for the future. The girl watched him cu-riously. It was a strange transition from the sullen silence of months



The Enoch of light-hearted boyhood

days had returned. You have a great future, Dorry. He stopped abruptly and his voice grew grave. "There is one thing I want to say. Don't," he hesitated and began to pace the room again, as if choosing his words carefully, "don't make a hero, of Merry. He did well tonight, I have seen him set the whole town talking as he did in 'Esterbrook,' then topple back and go down, away

Dorcas rose from her chair and tossed the long braids of hair over her shoulders. Her eyes and cheeks were Wentworth's face grew exorable. "Enoch," she cried, "how dare you say such a thing—to me?"
"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean!" He saw her chin tremble. In spite of her anger she was on the verge of tears. "When people were calling for the author, how did you dare to go out and take the applause? Have you no conscience, no honor left?"

"Merry got as much applause as one man could stand." He looked at her with dogged defiance. "That makes you none the less-a

Enoch did not answer. He pulled a cigar from his vest pocket, lit it, and began to smoke. He did not flinch before his sister's gaze.

"I should have been the happiest "I never dreamed she could do any-thing like this," said Oswald slowly. Merry did not speak. He had caught quaver in her voice. "I feel now as if the penitentiary for stealing-less

> Wentworth laughed scornfully. He tossed his cigar into the heart of the den rage. "Stealing is not a nice

"It is nice enough for what has hap-

"Do you know," asked Wentworth with grave deliberation, "what did hap-pen? Has Merry ever taken you into his confidence about this transaction?

against you-to me. Then reserve your judgment until "Then reserve your judgment until he does. If you were to ask him, and if he played fair, he would tell you that it was a straight, honest bargain, a bargain bought and paid and signed for. Merry, with all his failings, is no welcher."
"Bowett and paid and signed for?"

"Bought and paid and signed for?" repeated the girl in slow bewilder-ment. "How could you buy and pay for something conceived by another man's brain and written by another man's hand."

swered Enoch coldly. "It is an affair no woman would understand." He Merry gravely.

"Of course," agreed Julie. "Still, it Dorcas. He shook his head, and there swered Enoch coldly. paused to light another cigar; then he turned to Dorcas with such authority as he had never used to her before. I want to say one thing before you "I want to say one thing belofe you leave this room. It is about the question of the authorship of this play. It loved to watch the waitresses. Some for them were pretty. They had loved to be brought up again at any loved to watch the waitresses. Some of them were pretty. They had loved to watch the waitresses. Some of them were pretty. They had loved to watch the waitresses.

stand? "I understand," Dorcas answered quietly. "I understand it is perfectly useless to appeal to a conscience

which is dead.' Enoch shrugged his shoulders. that is the way you choose to put it. well and good. It seems to me a pity that you cannot drop this altogether forget. The future looks bright We could easily go back to our old happy life if you

Dorcas moved toward the door. cannot forget. I promise you one thing, Enoch, I will never speak of it again." "Thank you," said the man brus-

CHAPTER XV.

Master Robin Tully. When the curtain dropped on the last act at a Saturday matinee, Dorcas paused on the way to her dressing-

and gianced out at the stage Rain was lashing the street in furious, wild-blown torrents. The few people who braved the storm bent their heads against it and plodded on with determination. Nearby, a street organ was wheezing the "Miserere" in pitful appeal to a heedless crowd at the theater door.

Doreas returned to her dressing-room. It was a delightfully cozy retreat—Mr. Oswald had seen to that allow Velk set repairing a gown.

treat—Mr. Oswald had seen to that.

Alice Volk sat repairing a gown.

"Where's Julie?" Dorcas demanded.

"She's asleep in 'our dressing-room."

The girl seated herself in front of the mirror and began to remove her makeun. At intervals she glaaced with a province of the mirror and began to remove her makeun. At intervals she glaaced with serious brown eyes.

to be famous. Of course I am not famous yet," said Dorcas quickly; "I am merely one of the people you hear of in passing. Still, I cannot grow ac-customed to the queer experience of seeing my name blazoned on every housetop when I ride on the L, or housetop when I ride on the L. finding my picture in papers and magazines. People stop on the street to stare at me; occasionally they whisstare at me; occasionally the me; occa them. A girl I went to school with wrote the other day and asked for sixteen autographed portraits to give as favors at a party. She was a rich child, and at school she snubbed me

she had been repairing. As she passed Dorcas she bent and kissed her cheek.

wretched night-What do you say?" "If I were to speak for Julie, you know how she would enjoy it." "Phone to the Beauclerc for a enu. It will be fun."

menu. It will be fun."

Half an hour later the dressingroom looked like a small banqueting
hall, for the property man had put everything he controlled at their dis

"Listen." said Dorcas to the waiter. who stood ready to take their order; "bring us consomme, boiled salmon, celery, cucumbers, and sliced tomaes, potatoes, string beans, roast chicken, lettuce, almond meringue pie, coffee, and—is that all?" she asked of Julie who stood peering over her shoulder. 'Ice cream and cake," suggested the

child "Of course," cried Dorcas; "it's so

long ago since I was a little girl I had forgotten that ice cream and cake is much more important than soup." Julie turned to gaze at the table. "Isn't it a pity, Miss Dorcas, there are only three of us, when there are four sides to a table."

Dorcas laughed. "I'll let you pick out a guest for us, Julie. Who shall it be?"

"Well let me think." The child anything for us. He's only a call boy. but he's nice. Then there's Robertson. He loaned us the chairs and table. Robertson's the nicest man in the Gotham—almost. We could have had Brunton, but she's just going out. Then there's Mr. Merry. I believe," she added decisively, "I would rather have Mr. Merry than anybody.

Dorcas bent to rearrange a knife and fork "How do you know Mr. Merry is

"He is," cried Julie. "He called me into his dressing-room when I passed and gave me these." She unclasped her hand to show three caramels brought me here, told me to show it when Dorcas tapped, Robin was cling. "I don't belong them—to

answer. "Of course. Mother and I love him"

"Well, you may be our messenger. Tell him he is invited to dine with ten minutes. Merry returned with Julie clasping

"This is unexpected! When the young lady tapped at my door, I was debating whether it was worth while little boy," she said. going out to eat in the storm.

It was a gay little party. ordered the waiter to set the dishes on the hot radiator, then she sent him away. Julie took her place delighted-

"You're a clever waitress," said

when I was grown up," said the child, while she gathered plates neatly on a tray. "That was before I went on "Pour may have me as your friend." The girl kissed him softly, in response to which his chin trembled. an's hand."

"That is my business, wholly," an. is nicer than being a waitress."

> must be delightful work to be a wait-ress. Before we found you, Mother and I used to go mornings to a little restaurant to get hot cakes, and I loved to watch the waitresses. Some

"It me. 's getting rich faster." said

aprons. Merry laughed. "You were wise to

"I know that. I would be quite happy to be 'Cordelia' with you, even if I didn't get any money for it. Of course, though, it's lovely to get my salary envelope once a week, and to have nice rooms at Mrs. Billerwell's, and all we want to eat, and clothes and shoes. I am growing rich-I have a bankbook!'

"I have four hundred dollars in the bank.

When I have two thousand I am

going to buy a little house out in the country. Mother and I picked it out one day when Miss Dorcas took us driving. We will keep chickens and a pony and a cow, and have cherry trees and radishes and pansies in the gar-

"I will come and hoard with you," said Merry. 'if I don t have to milk the

"Oh, Mother," cried the child impetuously, "I never thought of keep-ing boarders before!—only we can't

ing boarders before:—only we can't charge Mr. Merry much."

"May I come too?" asked Dorcas.

"Oh, that would be lovely!" Julie laid down a chicken bone she held between her fingers to clap her greasy little hands joyfully. Merry was tell-ing a ridiculous adventure which had once befallen him on a snowbound train when he was interrupted by a

make-up. At intervals she glasced over a bunch of letters which lay on the dressing table.

I used to wonder how it would feel to be famous. Of course I am not with long, tight trousers. A round jacket, over a white shirt, reached to his waist. In his hand be held a hat like a small saucer.

like a small saucer.

"Hullo, David Copperfield, where did you come from?" cried Merry.

"That isn't my name." The child had a soft English accent. "I have

Dorcas jumped to her feet. "Oh!"

unmercifully."

"It's the way of the world," the other woman answered. "A little of it came into my own life."

"It's a queer way," Dorcas continued, "and somehow already I feel blase. The love and trust I have from Julie and you is something, worth while."

Mrs. Velk rose to hang up a gown she had been renaiting. As she passed been coven.

"Mother," he whispered as he drop-The girl looked up with a grateful smile.

"Suppose," Dorcas suggested, "we have a little spread right here. I can order a hot dinner sent in. It's a He loosened his arms and passed

his soft fingers over her face. Dorcas



A Small, Odd Figure Stood in the Doorway.

between his own. "What is y mother's name?" he asked gently. "What is your

He put his hand in the inside pocket of his tight coat and drew out a smeared envelope. Merry read it aloud: "Miss Zilla Paget, Gotham Theater."

mother is upstairs. We will take you Julie crept close to Merry. She

stood by his side, gazing curiously at "I did not know Miss Paget had a

"Neither did I. Run upstairs, dear, and ask if she is in her dressing-room, but not one word to her or to

any one about this boy."

Robin laid his cheek against Dorcas' face. "I wish you were my mother." he

"You may have me as your friend."

"Does your mother know you are coming?" asked Merry.

"No, I'm to be a surprise. George said I'm a sort of Christmas present." Merry's eyes turned anxiously to was a perplexed frown upon his face Robin jumped to the floor and be-

lifted it and put it in his hand. must stay here till your mother com "Of course, for you are just in time

for dinner," said Dorcas. "We have lots of good things left—chicken and tomatoes and ice cream."

"His shoes ought to be changed," suggested Mrs. Volk: "they're awfully

"Nothing is wet but my goloshes." answered Robin. He bent to take them off. "When we left the train, George brought me here under an um-

"Who was George?" asked Merry. "George took care of me on the way over on the big ship. I slept in a little bed over his. I hope I will never see George again." "Wasn't he kind to you?" asked

Dorcas. "Not-very kind." The child paused a moment. "I don't believe George understands little boys—blind boys, I

"Was George a relative?"
"No. He came to the home to take me to America. That was what Father

hannon said."
"What home?" "The home for little blind boys. here were hundreds of little blind

"Haven't you any relatives?" asked "Why, yes. I have my mother. A mother is quite a close relative, isn't she?"

hastily. "I mean, haven't you any other relative in England?" "There is Aunt Fannie. She is not

a real aunt, though. She used to know mother, and sometimes she came to see me at the home."

Dorcas lifted him into a chair beside the table. Mrs. Volk set a plate in front of him. She had cut the chicken and potato into small pieces. "Can you feed yourself, dear?" she

still such a little boy! He had dainty, well-bred ways. Once he apologized as he accepted a second helping of meat.

"I could not eat on the ship today," he explained. "Things were rasty. Besides, I could not think of anything but meeting mother. Do you think she will be in soon?"

Merry pulled out his watch. "Julie,

It is half-past six. Run upstairs again and see if Miss Paget has come in Remember, not a word about the sur prise for her."

The child returned in a few minutes

"She has just come in."
"Oh," cried Julie, "there's ice cream
You have not had any ice cream." "I am not hungry. I want to go to my mother. You see I have been thinking about my mother for years and years.

"Do you remember her?" asked Merry. Robin hesitated. "Aunt Fannle says

I can't because I was a little baby when she went away. I think—I remember her." "Come with me." said Merry.
"Don't you believe that I had better
take him?" said Dorcas. "Miss Paget

may have begun to dress." Merry nodded. "Am I spick and span?" asked Robin anxiously. "Aunt Fannie said mother is beautiful and elegant and famous I want her to see that I am nice

enough to be her little boy."

Dorcas dropped on her knees beside him. She untied the small bow at his collar and made it into a fresh knot. "Why, you will be her pride

and joy." There was a look of tense anxiety in the child's face. "Do you think so really? I am more trouble than little boys who-can see. I can't dress myself all over, and I can't part my hair straight. I can't always find things. ometimes," Robin's voice dropped to whisper, "sometimes I'm scared when I'm alone: I get afraid on the

streets if they are noisy."

Dorcas laid her face against the soft cheek, and whispered something in the child's ear. Robin's face shone with joy. "I am glad you think so. There is just one thing," his voice had a regretful tone in it. "I wish you had been my mother. I like you."

The girl held him out at arm's length for a moment. "I am wishing

the same thing. I like you!"

He took her hand and they climbed philowed his cheek on her breast and whispered tender, foolish things to him between her kisses.

Merry took

The took ner hand and they climbed the stair which led to the upstairs dressing-room. Dorcas felt an unspoken terror. She leaves to the stair which led to the upstairs dressing-room. im between her kisses.

Merry took one of the child's hands

spoken terror. She looked back from the head of the stairs. Merry stood watching them. She beckoned him.
and he followed with a few springing

squeezed into a sticky lump.

"Would your mother like to have to her."

to somebody, and they would take me ing to her hand with a grip which almost hurt. most hurt.
Zilla Paget stared at them with still curiosity. She sat in front of the mir-ror while the colored maid Emiline brushed her hair. It hung to her waist

Dorcas turned to look at Merry with unspoken pity in her eyes. "Your wrinkled for a moment as if in perwrinkled for a moment as if in per-plexity. She could not see Robin's face. He was hiding behind Dorcas face. He was hiding behind Dorcas with his head wrapped in her gown. A sneering smile hovered about he

"This is a rare pleasure. Miss Wentuncommon must have happened to

Dorcas laid her hand unon Robin's shoulder and turned him gently so he could face his mother.

"This is your little boy," she said it Zilla Paget strang to her feet . a cry of rage. In a second she .- un at Dorcas' side. She turned the child The sightless eyes scened to plen and search for something they did not find. Robin lifted his hands and groned till he caught his mother's fin gers. She flung them aside angrily

Dorcas grew white to the lips. Robin was clutching at her in terror. She put her arm about him, sheltering him as a mother would have done. Miss Paget turned her eyes fiercely "Who hatched this in

"Don't touch me!" she cried harsh

fernal plot?" she cried. "Who brought The actress lost control of herself She dashed up and down the narrow dressing-room like a caged tiger "What is the matter?" asked Dor-

"It's hell and the devil-and all his angels. That's what's the matter. What right had you to stick a finger in my affairs? What do you suppose want of that blind brat? I hate the sight of him. He is the image of his father, and good God! how I did hate Mr. Oswald are bent on ruining my

Dorcas opened the door and pushe the sobbing child gently into the lob-by. Merry stood outside, where he had overheard the woman's shrill abuse. He took Robin by the hand and led him downstairs. Dorcas reentered the dressing-room Miss Paget

of something. She picked up a sheet of paper and stood reading it. A sav age smile convulsed her ha

"That was the revenge he meant, the bally old rotter! I'll get even with

"You don't want your little boy She turned on the girl in blank

Want that blooming, batty, imbe cile Rob Tully's child? Not on your life! He goes back to the asylum where he came from. I can get the law on them for giving him up without his mother's consent.

"His mother!" cried Dorcas. "You

There was an ugly tone in Zilla asked hesitatingly.

"Why, yes." There was a tone of grown-up dignity in Robin's voice. "I have fed myself ever since I was a little boy."

There was an ugly tone in Zilla Paget's laugh. "I have heard that before. Mr. Oswald was once so complimentary as to tell me something of the sort. Now, perhaps you will be polite enough to clear out. And be-

> woman laughed as she closed it behind her. She paused for a minute in the empty hall trying to think of what could be said to the child downstairs. If the woman had struck him in the York till spring-and it begins to look cover from such a blow.

Cover from such a blow.

Dick came dashing up the stairs.

"First call," he shouted hoarsely.

She ran down to her own room. Mrs. Volk sat in a low chair with Robin in her arms, cuddling him

Against her breast and crooning to him as if he were a baby. She looked up at Dorcas with pitiful eyes.

"Let me take him, Alice. I have plenty of time to dress after Julie goes out. She peeds you to button."

"No." Oswald spoke gravely.

goes out. She needs you to button her frock and fix her hair." Robin did not speak when Alice laid in her arms. His slender body



Sprang to Her Feet With a Cry

she did not know exactly how to com fort him. It occurred to her that if she were in Robin's place she would not want anybody to speak of what had happened. She bent down and touched his face with her lips. When out with Julie, he asked in a whisper.

"I don't belong then—to the—lady -upstairs, do I?" "No, dear," there was a thrill of assurance in Dorcas' voice, "no, you could not possibly have belonged to

Somebody made a mistake-an awful mistake. "Then-do you know-who I do be-"Robin," asked Dorcas gently, "do

you still wish that I were your moth-His arms clasped convulsively about er neck, and the slim body shook

with sobs. "I would like-to belong to some-"Well," said the girl decisively, "I

want you—forever—as my own little boy. Shall we shake hands on it?" The small fingers were thrust into of kidnaping? her own with a clinging grip. That night at the close of the sec- light.

"Stay with you because you are my mother? How dare you take the word mother' upon your lips? Do you know what that word stands for? I wonder if it would be possible to make you understand. It means love self-for the word was on the verge of checking the word was on the verge of the word was on the verge of checking the word was on the verge of the word wa

The curtain fell. Dorcas had reached her dressing-room when she had to turn and fly back to the stage. The She lacks that." applause had grown to a tumult. Zilla Paget ctood by her side when the curtain rose. She was smiling a stage smile upon the audience, glance she turned upon Dorcas was

CHAPTER XVI.

one of malignant hatred.

Wentworth Shows His Hand. Oswald shut up a ledger and carried it to his safe. He and Wentworth had finished a study of their month's tory beyond their anticipation. Enoch leaned back in his chair and

The Wretchedness of Constipation

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

lit a cigar "If we can stay in New as if we might—you and I are on the high road to become millionaires." Oswald did not answer. He picked

up a paper-knife and tested its pll-ancy by bending it almost double. "Wentworth," he asked, "do you happen to think of any one who could

"No." Oswald spoke gravely.

"Miss Paget and Dorcas had nine curtain calls at the end of the second act. The gallery began to hiss. Peo her arms. His slender body ple downstairs joined in. Can you and quiet. Dorcas had never think of any actress who is free, or engaged for that matter, capable of touching her in the part?"

"It was not acting last night. Were you back of the scenes? Enoch brought down his fist with a thud on the table. "I was not, and I'm sorry enough that I wasn't. I would have settled things differently. I have had the whole story rehearsed to me by several people. Do you know that Miss Paget's child is in

Oswald bent his knife to the point of resistance. It snapped in two pieces. He tossed the fragments in a vaste basket. "You mean the little

blind boy?" "Yes." fierce with irritation, "I have not seen him—I have no wish to see him. Dorcas told me this morning what she had saddled herself with. She and I thrashed the question out." He laughed unpleasantly. "It did precious

"Would you have turned the child into the street?" Enoch shrugged his shoulders im-

patiently.
"I don't want to go over the question again. It puts me in an awkward position with Miss Paget to have the child in my house. So far as I see I-cannot turn him out unless my sister goes with him."

"What do you suggest?"

"Good God! there is only one thing to do-send the child to the asylum where he came from. The mother is in the right when she wants him sen back to England. He was in a good enough home there."

"Who took him out of it?"
"I don't understand the situation Miss Paget knows, I fancy, but she She says it was a piece of nasty re

'She told you this?" "Yes. I have had a nice morning. then again with Miss Paget. She

Wentworth turned his eyes studiously in another direction. "She intends to send him back to England immediately. Why shouldn't she? The work. A blind youngster would tie her down neck and heels. They un-derstand that sort in an asylum. There isn't a doubt that he would be

happier there.' 'That is your honest conviction?" "I'm sure of one thing. That brat is not to be harbored in my house. Suppose the mother made it out a case

"I had not thought of it in that ond act the audience saf breathless out furiously. "I am as fond of Dorher face glowing beneath the rouge, turned in response to "Mrs. Ester-"Well, think of it now," Enoch burst when she takes a stand on anything

woman. I cannot be wholly at odds

you understand. It means love self-denying, strong, tender devotion; it means faithful wifehood. Have you him with an impatient exclamation, but the Englishman interrupted. "You but the Englishman interrupted." good wife and mother forgives and have had your say, now I am going a good wife and mother forgives and forgets and loves. Behind it all stands to have mine. You remember only during the early rehearsals I told you believe in God, but today I cannot understand why he should have allowed a woman such as you are to have become a wife and a mother—
my mother!"

of conscience about bringing her over and setting her among decent people. She is worse than I imagined. In the most degraded woman you find brute feeling—brute motherhood I mean.

"Who gave you the version of this

tion with the whole bunch of them

"Merry told me last night."

"You have not seen Dorcas?"
"I have not met Miss Wentworth since yesterday morning "It was a case of stirred-up emo-

They will take things normally in a day or two. You had better have a

talk with Miss Paget. She is anxious "I think." Oswald spoke coldly. "it did not come to me. I might tell her

(To be Continued)