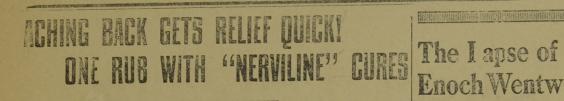
THE BAILY MAIL, FREDERICTON, N. B. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1914



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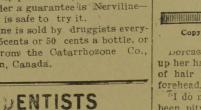
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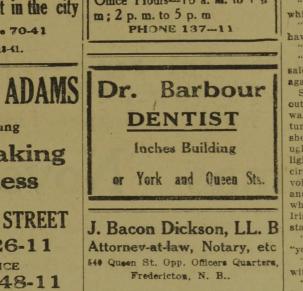
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Enoch WentworthB ISABEL GONDON CURTIS

Author of "The Woman from Wolvertons"

Iliustrations by Ellsworth Young

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porcas interrupted him. She put up her hand and pushed aside the lock of hair which had strayed over his

"I do not think, then, it would have been pity-alone," she confessed. He took her in his arms again. man ought to have pride and manli ness enough," he said passionately, "to want his wife to love him without one touch of pity. And yet, I have wanted you so long. I have not a host of friends, like some men. I am lonely. Life has been so empty for me. I want a home, where a wife is waiting to welcome me—and little children, dear." He lifted her hand and kissed it. "You would think me a foolish fellow if I confessed the dreams I have had. of our home, of you coming to meet looking down of Monard We stoed me with a smile and outstretched been discovered. He sat beside a table arms. I have dreamed of feeling your kiss upon my lips, of holding you i stretched arms, while the wife hurled close to may heart as I do now. I have upon him a terrent of bitter contuna-been dreaming foolish dreams like upon him a terrent of bitter contunathese," he laughed tremulously, "since

that night in November, and I have scarcely dared to hope that you even believed in me. Dorcas smiled into his eyes. "I have always believed in you. I never lost faith in you or in your genius for one moment. And," she paused as if making confession, "I have loved you for a long time, ever since that night,

the same night, when you came back and I was so happy. "That night," said Andrew, "was the miracle moment of my life."

"Was it so wonderful as that?" she whispered. "When I think, dearest, of what you

have stood for to me, it is a miracle." "It is an everyday miracle!" "There are no everyday miracles,"

said Merry. Then he kissed her again.

She turned away from him to stare out at the window again. On the sidewalks the rush of city life went on tumultuously. Half an hour before she had thought the street sordid and ugly. It had changed. The street lights, now clear and white, were circled about by lovely halos. The voices of the children were sweeter and gentler. Next door the servant, who was still at work, sang a lilting Irish ballad. Through it ran a con-stant iteration of "My own sweet lad." "Dorcas," Merry spoke hesitatingly, "you said you trusted me?

"I do." The girl raised her head with a quick gesture.

"I cannot explain now," he began. "I cannot ask you to be my wife until something which looks like an utter tangle has been straightened out Can you go on trusting, even if I cannot explain

CHAPTER XXI.

watching the musicians clamber through a low door below the stage The leader lifted his baton and the overture began. A man who pushed unceremoniously past aroused Enoch from his listless mood. He turned and stared at a girl who sat beside him. The lines on her wan face were etched, not by the years she had lived, but by a girlhood spent in airless places amid the roar of machinery.

He sat watching her with an impas-sive stare. A dreamy look crept into her face. The orchestra began to pla an inconsequential thing in which there was the trip of dancing feet and a sway of lithe bodies. He could se the lines smoothing out in her card worn face. Her ungloved fingers beat time to the music with perfect rhythm Then her hand went out in an uncon-scious caress to the thin, shabby lad who sat beside her. He clasped it and turned to her with an eager smile. Wentworth sighed.

The curtain rose. People who sat close under the roof listened with a tense stillness, which was never dis-turbed by the rustle that occasionally ran through the orchestia. The story of the play had grown eid, threadbar and uninteresting to Wentworth, but it moved these men and women to the quick. During the first act the gill beside him turned to her sweetheart and spoke in a tremulous whisper "She's a cruel devil!"

Her eyes were bent with hatred and. with his face hidden in his out ly. Once his hody shock with a half-stifled sob. Little Julie clasped his hand, but her terrified eyes wore turned upon her mother. Westworth had seen the woman is a towerize passion; now she threw herself into the fury of her role as she had dow-

in real his, pacing the floor like a caged tiger. She paized at Merry's side helf exhausted. "Think of the child." he fleaded miserably.

"The chlid-to perdition with th | ekild!

Into Encch's memory leaged a scene long forgotten. Upon the edge of a battlefield, after a bloody encounter, he had once been pressed into hospital service. Anesthetics were not at hand and he had helped by main strength to hold a mutilated soldier while the surgeon amputated a shat tered bone. The agony of a groan, which the man tried to stiffe, haunted Wentworth for months. Some time in his life Merry must have heard such a sound and was repeating it. Then the woman upon the stage laughed.

"Damn her!" whispered the lad, who sat holding the girl's hand. Wentworth smiled absently. He

watched Dorcas make her entrance. Something stately and high-mettled, like an unconscious hauteur, had been added to the dignity which was his rister's great charm. This dignity constantly put Zilla Paget at a disadrantage; she was coarsened by it, bru-alized, and cheapened to a degree. he contract dawned quickly on a gal-

Ain't Miss Wentworth whispered the girl by his side. "Sweet?" repeated her escort, "She's a peg higher 'n sweet. She's

"Yes," Dorcas laughed. "I can go

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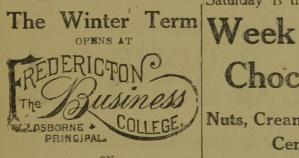
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he cried, "don't say-indefinitely. I want you now, darling, andforever.

From the Top Gallery. On the same night that Zilla Paget

took up her residence in the Wentworth home Grant Oswald sat beside his desk, dictating letters to his secretary. He listened while the tinkle of the overture ceased.

"Has Mr. Wentworth come in yet?"

he asked when an usher entered with a telegram.

"No, sir: we're watching for him. Nobody has seen him.

"Ask him to come here as soon as he arrives.'

No...e of the employes of the Gotham recognized a man beside the stair of the upper gallery, where a steep iron railing justed out upon the side street. The rain fell softly and he was muffled to the chin in a drab overcoat. A felt hat was drawn over his eyes He emerged suddenly from the shadow to lay his hand upon the arm of a boy who went springing up the grated stair.

"Here, do you want to sell your ticket for a dollar?" he asked.

"Sure," cried the boy emphatically. "Say, mister, why don't ye buy one fer yerself? They're fifty cents, if yet git in line at the window." R "I don't want to stand in line."

The boy thrust the slip of paste board into Wentworth's hand, seized the money, and fled to take his place at the end of the line which straggled round the corner from Broadway.

Enoch waited until a throng began to press its way up the steps. He pulled his hat down close about his forehead and the rim fell to his eyes. When he reached out his hand to the attendant at the door, the man did not look at him; he was trying to stem a tide of human beings and make cer-tain that each one had paid his way. Wentworth moved inside the door and glanced at the gray coupon, then he passed to an end seat in the third row. He to'd his hat upon the floor.

peroxide liddy's a bruiser. I'm aching to bat her in the snoot. "You hold your hands of her, Charley," answered the factory girl with a gizgle. "She could lay out your,

runty little carcass with one swipe Enoch stared at the rest of the play through moody eyes. When the cur-tain fell on the second act Zilla Paget appeared on the stage alone to meet uproarious applause mingled with ieers and hissing. Wentworth gripped the arm of his chair as he watched her sweep the house with a triumphant

gaze. A brand of hate which has the red of murder in it tore at his heart. He rose, tossed his coat across arma, groped beneath the chair for his hat, then he slammed down the seat and went out. On the stair he met an usher.

"Mr. Wentworth," cried the boy 'I've been looking everywhere for you Mr. Oswald wants to see you in his office about some bookings.

Enoch descended without answering him. He paused once to push his arms into his coat, but he did not enter the office; instead, he turned and walked down Broadway. The rain had ceased, the sky was clear, and the stars were shining. He tramped on heedlessly. He realized suddenly that he was far down town in the business heart of the city. Overhead hung the sign of an old-fashioned ho tel. He opened the swinging doors and walked to the desk.

"I want a room," he said peremptor-

"What price?" asked the clerk. "I don't give a damn about price. I want a room where it is quiet, where there is a good bed, and where I can sleep as if--as if I were dcad."

(Te Be Continued.)

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