

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE,"
"GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

We will now return to look a little into the welfare of Mrs. Nevergail and her sorrowful niece, after they had reached the home of their relative, Mr. Charles Rogers, in Charles street, Liverpool, and bidden the handsome young physician farewell, who had cared for them both so tenderly during their passage across the Atlantic.

It need only be said, in reference to that farewell, that the tears rushed to the hazel eyes of Ethel as she saw him disappear in the distance, and a great and lonely void seemed suddenly to have dropped into her heart.

She knew not why she had taken such a deep interest in this grave and often pre-occupied stranger, but from the first word of kindness he had spoken to her, the first glance into his earnest eyes, she had felt towards him as she had never done towards any person of the opposite sex before.

But now it was all over, he had gone, and henceforward she can but learn to do without him. For a day or so it had almost seemed an impossibility, but with the rapid failure of her aunt's strength her thoughts were forced into another channel, and her own lonely feelings had to be pushed aside for the more momentous and important one of their impending separation.

The third week was drawing to a close, and the young girl had thrown herself upon her knees by the bedside of the invalid to catch the last words that she had to speak in her ear. At her request, she had been left alone with her child, and now, with her hand in hers, she murmured:

"Ethel, darling, I feel that I have but a few hours more to be with you, as my strength is fast waning; but while I may, I wish to tell you what I thought might be kept from your ears until your twenty-first birthday; but as I shall not be with you then, I must impart to you now an important secret, and give into your charge some documents not to be opened until that day. My dear, will you take these papers, and promise me that you will not break their seal until that time arrives?"

"I will, dearest aunt; rest assured I will do exactly as you wish."

"The papers I speak of, then, are in my trunk, inside a small wallet. Take charge of them immediately, and be sure to attend to them at the time I mention. Now, I must tell you a fact that I have withheld from your knowledge for the sake of reasons, and in order to keep a solemn pledge of secrecy given to your father when a babe. I took you, as you are aware, when a child of a few weeks old, as my own had died, as well as my husband's sister, who was your dear mother."

"You were so young, and to be so entirely ours until your twenty-first birthday, that all thought it best to call you by our own name. I now tell you, for the first time what has been kept secret. Your father still lives, but for various reasons did not wish to claim you or be known to you until that time. I have informed him of my husband's death, my failing health, and of my return to England. I have also given him Cousin Rogers' address, who will tell him where you can be found when that date arrives."

"I will only add that there is nothing to be ashamed of in your birth. You are a true gentleman, and when twenty-one will come into possession of property sufficient for your support; but this fact is not to be generally known. Four months will elapse before that time comes, and I can leave only enough to bury me and purchase suitable mourning apparel for yourself."

"I dare not leave you without a protector and guardian, and as our present host is poor and has a struggle to provide for his own six children and wife, I have written to my brother, Sir Reginald Glendenning, asking him to take charge of you, and assist him in whatever capacity he offers, even though it may be distasteful. Will you do this for your dying aunt, Ethel, my child?"

"Now, my love, I wish you to promise me that you will go to him if he sends for you, and assist him in whatever capacity he offers, even though it may be distasteful. Will you do this for your dying aunt, Ethel, my child?"

"I surely will," was the low reply, sobbed out almost with a wail; "but I can not think of your dying. O, auntie! I have loved you so, how can I live without you?"

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be," is all I can say. God will comfort you, and in a few more months your father will claim and protect you. But what is this? I cannot see! I am growing numb—cold! Ethel—Ethel—I am dying!"

She spoke no more, and as Mr. and Mrs. Rogers hastened back to the room at Ethel's hurried call, they saw that she was indeed breathing her last.

Ethel mourned, as one with such a loving heart would naturally do, over her great loss, but amid all her grief she remembered distinctly every direction she had received from those loved, dying lips. The package spoken of was hidden instantly amid her own possessions, and a message dispatched to the baronet.

The next day a telegraphic dispatch summoned the young girl immediately to the presence of the baronet, saying "that he was ill, and needed her at once."

An hour later saw her seated in a railway train on her way to the Hall. Poor girl; she little knew what awaited her there!

CHAPTER VIII.

"Has she come?" asked Sir Reginald

Glendenning of Lady Constance, as he distinctly heard a carriage stop before the door, and his own coachman's voice speaking to the horses.

"She has; shall she be brought directly to your presence?"

"Yes; and see to it that no one enters this room until they are summoned, as I wish to see this girl alone. Do you hear? Alone! entirely alone!" replied the baronet.

Lady Constance withdrew, and very soon reopened the door to usher in and present to her sick husband Ethel Nevergail, his sister's adopted niece, then instantly retired, closing the door behind her. Very beautiful looked the young girl as she stood by the side of the bed, her heavy crape veil thrown back, revealing her sad, sweet face and large, pitying eyes.

"Oh, sir!" said she, after an eager, yet half haughty greeting. "I grieve to see you so helpless! Have you just been injured?"

"Yes; this morning I was thrown from my horse, and am to lie here helpless for months. I sent for you then, in answer to a letter received a few moments before the accident from my sister, written before her death. In that she asks me to give you a home for four months in return for any service I may wish rendered. I sent, because I need assistance immediately of a very peculiar nature. Are you willing to undertake it, at a fair salary?"

"Probably. I can tell better when I hear what the duties will be."

"Before I tell you that, I wish you to hand me the small Bible you see upon that table."

With wondering eyes, Ethel handed him the book.

"The duties to be performed are of a purely confidential nature. No human being must know what I tell you. Wife, nephew, niece, man servant, nor maid servant must ever know that you do more than read to and amuse me, write my letters and attend to my daily business affairs. The true duties will be performed in half an hour each evening, alone. Will you swear on this book to keep my secret?"

"I will swear, if you will assure me that these duties can be done with a pure conscience, and that they are perfectly proper for me to do."

"I assure you you can do them with perfect propriety. Will you take the oath?"

"I will," came from the lips of the trembling girl, reluctantly, it must be confessed, but still came, because of the promise given to her dying aunt that she would not refuse his offer.

"Then kiss that book, and repeat after me these words: 'I, Ethel Nevergail, swear I will tell no person the nature of my nightly duties, and that I will perform them to the best of my ability.'"

Again Ethel shuddered, yet did as he required; and, after kissing the book, repeated the words.

"Sit down, and come very close, so you can hear, while I whisper the secret. Now," he continued, "listen to me intently. I have in my possession a very rare animal, one entirely unknown. It is the property of a friend, and I am secretly taking care of it for him. He is absent now abroad, searching for more wonders to add to a collection. On his return he is going to exhibit all, and expects to realize a fortune by doing so, which I am to share. Now, although wealthy, I love money, and always have; therefore, I take every care of this creature, in order to obtain more gold. No human being, save myself and its owner, is aware of its existence. It is hidden in a ruined part of this house—in fact, in a concealed room, the existence of which no one knows but myself, and in close connection with, but not in, a place we call 'The Haunted Tower.' What I wish you to do is this: I myself have always fed this ape, or orang-outang, for it possesses some of their nature, and if he is not attended to he will starve. About ten every evening you are to do this for me."

"A basket is always standing in a certain place in the ruined part. A person I pay well comes every evening, under a promise of secrecy, and puts food in it. You must get this basket, go through a long, covered corridor that connects this tower to the main building and opens directly into a small hall, or passageway near your room, and the door from your room is hidden by a wardrobe."

"Open it, and pass through, taking a knife of a peculiar shape that you will find in a bookcase drawer in your room, together with plenty of candles and matches for your use, also there; and to this drawer I will give you the key."

"You will find several of these knives put there, for fear one might accidentally get broken. Take one, with a lighted candle, I say, go down the passage to the tower, then count on the wall from the door that leads up the tower stairs, backward, three panels, into a seeming crack that you will see there insert the knife point, and then turn it around three times, when the panels will fly apart, revealing a small opening, where a set of revolving iron shelves will be seen."

"On these place the food. Water is in the room, where the creature can help himself, as he wishes it. Keep and restore the basket to its place; also be sure and keep the knife. Push then the shelves, and they will turn slowly around, and come back to you with the plate empty."

"After this, replace the panel and return to your room silently. That will be all for about two or three weeks, when I shall add a small service, such as placing a light of a certain nature in the tower, and winding up a little machinery. Will you do all this?" asked he, eagerly.

"Yes," half moaned the poor girl, whose soul shrank in horror from the task; "if you assure me I will not be harmed by the beast."

"You never will. He is chained to a heavy iron bolt; besides, this room he is in has no windows or doors, being light-

ed from the ceiling, and there is no mode of reaching him, save by those shelves. I could not; you can never even see him, or be seen by him. When my friend returns, and wants him, we will unscure the iron shelves, and so take him hence. "Will you stay now, as he must be seen to this very night?" asked Sir Reginald, after a pause. "You can send for your trunks when you wish. I will pay you twenty pounds a month."

"I will stay."

"Then please ring the bell you see yonder, as I must inform my wife."

The bell brought a footman, who took the desired message, and Lady Constance soon appeared.

"Miss Nevergail is to remain. She is to be my amanuensis, reader, and assist you and the nurse generally, in my care. I wish the room next this prepared for her immediate use."

"Why that one? It will not be wise to put her there."

"Wise or not, there she goes, so have it in readiness."

CHAPTER IX.

In about an hour a servant maid entered, to say that the room was in readiness. Taking up her bonnet and wraps, the young girl passed through the front hall into the room adjoining, which she found exceedingly beautiful. It had evidently always been exclusively a guest chamber, and so richly was it furnished, that she guessed at once why Lady Constance had objected to its daily use.

As soon as the maid had withdrawn, Ethel commenced an examination of the implements Sir Reginald had mentioned. The bookcase he had spoken of she knew had been carried thither from the library for her use since her arrival. The drawer to which he had given her a key of a peculiar shape was a secret one, found, as he had whispered, behind the books, and remembering his directions, she proceeded to open it, after carefully locking her door.

There lay the three singularly shaped, large knives, with long, sharp-pointed blades, there, also was a china candelstick, with three or four dozen wax candles. Matches were in a large tin box, ready for constant and instant use.

Refastening the drawer, and replacing the books, the young girl proceeded to the wardrobe on the opposite side of the room, and unlocking it, she saw at the back a door bolted on her side, which gave her an immediate feeling of security.

Softly drawing the bolt, she looked out into a small passage that led merely from her own room to a similar door inside a wardrobe she had seen in the baronet's. These two rooms communicated with this little passageway from the inhabited part of the house, and these alone. Directly opposite her door was a smaller one, which she at once knew must lead to the Haunted Tower, and deserted rooms, belonging to this singular old mansion.

Retreating to her own apartment, through the wardrobe, Ethel bathed her face and hands, smoothed her hair, and once more turned towards the room of the invalid.

At the threshold, however, she met old Mrs. Fredon, the nurse, who had been in the family for years, who whispered that the baronet had fallen asleep, therefore, she might walk around the grounds if she chose.

Feeling that the fresh air would revive her shrinking spirit, Ethel tripped down the broad staircase and stepped upon the piazza. As she did so, she almost ran against a gentleman just entering.

Raising her eyes to apologize, she found herself face to face with Dr. Elfenstein, the kind friend that she had parted with a few weeks before. He was as much astounded as herself it seemed, at her unexpected appearance.

"Is it possible that this can be Miss Nevergail?"

"It is, indeed; but I can scarcely believe this my friend, Dr. Elfenstein. How is it we meet in this unexpected place and manner?"

"I was about calling on my patient, Sir Reginald Glendenning, when, instead of being received by a servant, Miss Nevergail comes flying towards me. How is it you are here? I see by your black robes that your aunt must have passed away! But come out upon the piazza, as you were about to do, and tell me of yourself."

Passing from the door to the shadow of the trained vines, followed by the physician, the young girl related the occurrences of the last few weeks.

"Did I understand that you were to remain here some time?"

"Yes! I am to be Sir Reginald's secretary, amanuensis and reader. For this, and helping to amuse him, I am to receive a good salary, and will have a home for the summer."

(To be continued.)

Money in Railroad.

A New York boulevard car was going north one day recently when, with a sudden jar, the current was thrown off and the passengers were bumped rudely together. The car came to a standstill. The motorman, says the New York Times, threw open the front door and ran back to the conductor on the rear platform.

They exchanged a few words; then both ran through the car to the front platform. Every passenger sat mute with surprise. Suddenly the car started, and then backed. Then it started again, and once more backed. Then it stopped. Off jumped motorman and conductor, and as the astonished passengers looked out of the windows they saw the two men down on their hands and knees, trying to crawl under the car. Presently, with an exclamation of delight, the motorman, covered with mud and grime, slowly emerged. Entering the car and holding up for inspection a ten-dollar bill, he said:

"Excuse me, passengers, for jarring you and keeping you waiting; but I came near running over this ten-dollar bill, and I hated to do it and leave it for the motorman on the car behind me."

The Mean Thing.

Patience—And she said he fell at her feet.

Patrice—Oh, well, if he fell anywhere in the room it would be near her feet.—Yonkers Statesman.

Suicide in Russia.

Fully 2,500 persons commit suicide in Russia every year.



"This traveling business is all right as long as you stick to getting orders," said the young man as he wearily put down his grips and registered. "But sometimes a fellow makes a fool of himself."

"Why, what's wrong?" asked the hotel clerk, as he wrote the traveler's name down on a little slip of white paper.

"You know Jackson—that grocery salesman who stops here. I met him on the train up in Wisconsin among the inland lakes. Every time the train stopped some prosperous-looking man would get on with a bunch of ducks. By the time we had reached Oshkosh Jackson and I had it all fixed up that we would go duck hunting. He said he was born and raised in that part of the country and knew of an old slough that the ducks simply couldn't pass, and we could shoot as many as the law allowed. It is fine to plan a hunting trip—better than getting orders on the books."

"We rented a complete outfit, from suits to guns, and started early in the afternoon. It was a fine day for ducks—the man said who rented us the outfit and held all the rest of our money on deposit—in case we didn't come back."

"I don't want to be a knocker, but I really don't think Jackson knows much about duck shooting. We sneaked along the shores of a small river, then along a lake, crawling under barbed wire fences and over wooden fences and making new trails through thick underbrush. It snowed most of the time and rained the rest. I never saw so many ducks before in my life, but

they were always on the opposite side of the river or they would fly away before we could get a shot at them. Jackson and I didn't claim to be good shots and we didn't care to run the chances of shooting any stray hunters."

"I got disgusted and suggested going back, but the grocery salesman said we must go to that old slough where he had never failed to get at least three or four ducks with one shot. We dragged ourselves along another mile or two, but felt repaid when we saw a little bay half covered with ducks. Jackson said they were mallards. We crawled along on the wet ground until we were within shooting distance."

"Suddenly we heard people talking. Looking up, we saw a new farmhouse just a little back from the lake. Then an awful suspicion flashed through our minds at the same time. Jackson said they must be tame ducks belonging to a farmer. They certainly did appear civilized—didn't seem to be worrying a bit about being shot, and kept getting nearer and nearer. But we didn't dare run the risk of shooting tame ducks. We didn't care to run the risk of getting arrested, as it might have hurt our employers' feelings to see our names in the paper when we were supposed to be getting orders."

"In a disgusted frame of mind we started for home, and hadn't gone ten yards when that whole flock started to fly away, but shots from real hunters made a lot of them change their minds."

"No, I don't believe I want any more duck shooting—it's too much like work, and if one isn't willing to take big risks he gets left."—Chicago Daily News.

THE HANSON OF KOREA.



A FAVORITE MODE OF TRAVEL.

The means of locomotion most affected in Korea is shown in the accompanying cut, and it is largely used by officials of the Hermit Kingdom in making official calls and transacting public business. It is somewhat different from the Chinese wheelbarrow, yet very similar to it. The coolies who propel these vehicles allow the wheel to come in contact with the ground only at intervals and at such places as the surface is comparatively level. They cover the ground with great celerity on occasions when they are prodded by the distinguished person whom they have the honor to have as passenger.

A HELPFUL TEACHER.

School life in Scotland seems not to show all the discipline by which Scottish life has been stiffened for so many centuries. Clifton Johnson thus describes in "The Land of Heather" a little school in a Scottish glen, when the master put his children on exhibition for the benefit of his American visitor:

"Stand, then," said the master. The children stood up and repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison. "Sit, then," said the master. Usually the session began with the singing of a hymn, but the dominie explained that as several of his best singers were absent, he did not feel like having the singing before a stranger.

At the close of the prayer he asked several pupils to repeat certain of the commandments, and tell what was meant by them. The whole hour was spent in these and other exercises of a religious character. The master said it was the hour of "the conscience clause." Attendance was not compulsory, and any parents who chose could keep their children out till it was over. But as a matter of fact, few of them took advantage of this privilege.

At 10 o'clock the master called off the 36 names he had on his roll, and then he bade his oldest class read Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Battle of Flodden."

This class of seniors, which the master spoke of as "the sixth standard," recited sitting in the corner next the platform, with their backs against the continuous wall desk. Every child kept the same key of voice right through, and only used punctuation marks to catch breath. One would think the poem itself conveyed no meaning to their minds, and that they were simply reciting a list of words.

After the reading the master put some questions to the class, beginning with, "Where is Flodden?" If the ones questioned hesitated, he hastened

their wits by exclaiming, "Come on, now!"

Besides geographical and historical questions he asked meanings of words, had the pupils parse and spell, and sometimes called for the Latin derivation of a word. When he had doubts as to whether the children were going to answer, he would give a partial reply himself, as, for instance, when he asked, "What is the meaning of volley?" Pause. "What is it, Jessie?" Anxious silence, which the master breaks by saying, "A great many guns." He lingered over every word in the hope that the girl would catch the cue—"going off at the same time."

"Time," says Jessie, quickly, and that passed for an answer. The pupils picked the final word of an answer off the teacher's tongue in that way again and again, and he would dwell on the first letter of the key-word as long as he could, and lean forward in keen anxiety that the pupil should not force him to pronounce it all. Usually his efforts met with a prompt reward, and he could settle back in relief and in pride over his pupils' ability.

Master of the House.

A tale is told of a family consisting of two members, a middle-aged, undersized man and his strapping, belligerent wife, a woman whose temper was worse than uncertain.

One evening, just at dusk, the neighbors were startled by hearing shrieks, thumps and other unaccustomed noises issuing from the house, and supposing that the place had been entered by burglars several persons went in at the open door and proceeded to investigate.

The sounds came from an upper room. Rushing upstairs, the intruders found open a door, to discover the stalwart lady of the house brandishing a rolling pin, while her unfortunate other half, huddled against the wall under the bed, was piping in a quavering voice:

"I will be master in my own house! I will be master in my own house!"

If a woman can't keep a secret she can always find some other woman to help.



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"Chemistry is incessantly at work to create new industrial values from substances heretofore considered valueless," says Consul General Guenther at Frankfurt in a report to the newly invented "milk stone," or petrified milk.

"It is a well known fact," said he, quoting expert authority, "that the success of a creamery, where the chief source of profit is, of course, butter, does not depend so much upon the cost of production and the selling price of butter as on the profits derived from the skimmed milk. The right market for butter making is really the vital question of the milk industry. Skimmed milk has been used for various purposes—for the manufacture of sugar of milk, as food for animals and for milk champagne, which is skimmed milk mixed with fruit juices and impregnated with carbonic acid. A rather large percentage of skimmed milk is also separated into its component parts, which are then worked up. The casein serves for the manufacture of cheese; also for glue, putty and isolating substances."

"But all these different uses of skimmed milk did not solve the question most favorably. This, however, is now expected from the newly invented petrified milk. It is manufactured in the following manner:

"By a chemical process the casein is precipitated as a yellowish-brown powder, which is mixed with formaline. Thereby a hornlike product is formed, called milk stone. This substance, with various admixtures, forms a substitute for horn, turtle shell, ivory, celluloid, marble, amber and hard rubber. Handles for knives and forks, paper cutters, crayons, pipes, cigar holders, seals, marbles, stone ornaments and billiard balls are now made of skimmed milk. The insolubility of galathin, its easy working, elasticity and proof against fire make it very desirable. Already 20,000 quarts of skimmed milk are daily used for this purpose in Austria."



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband should be a woman's constant study. If she would be all that she may, she must guard well against the signs of ill health. Mrs. Brown tells her story for the benefit of all wives and mothers.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will make every mother well, strong, healthy and happy. I dragged through nine years of miserable existence, worn out with pain and weariness. I then noticed a statement of a woman troubled as I was; and the wonderful results she had had from your Vegetable Compound, and decided to try what it would do for me, and used it for three months. At the end of that time, I was a different woman, the neighbors remarked it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. It seemed like a new existence. I had been suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, but your medicine cured that, and built up my entire system, till I was indeed like a new woman.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. CHAS. F. BROWN, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., Vice President Mothers Club.—\$8000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced."

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