

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

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 "GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Thrusting the pistol quickly in his pocket, the young man sprang towards her so suddenly that she could not defend herself, and clasping her slight form tightly in his strong arms, he lifted her at once to the waiting conveyance, placed her in it, then leaping to her side, seized the reins, and drove rapidly off, while the poor girl was in almost a fainting condition, from displeasure and fright.

After a few moments of intense stillness, broken only by the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as he bounded on, Robert turned to her with laughing triumph in his eyes and exultingly exclaimed: "You see, my charming young friend, that when I say I will do a thing, I intend to do it. Now I decided this afternoon to have you for a companion on a little drive, and you see I have carried the day, and here you are, seated cozily by my side, while we are dashing away in grand style. Confess now, is not this just splendid?"

"It is not, sir, I think your conduct ungentlemanly and cruel in the extreme."

"Not at all! I assure you, I regard you as the cruel one, when you declined to favor me with your company. Why you treat me so strangely is an enigma! You ought to feel honored to be allowed to ride with so well-known, wealthy and kind-hearted a man."

"It is no honor, sir, but a deep insult, to be thus forced to do what is disagreeable."

"I suppose it would be very disagreeable also to have me kiss you?"

"Sir!" was the indignant exclamation that fell upon his ear.

"Well, disagreeable or not to you, it would be extremely agreeable to me. I tell you candidly, I would like to do it, you are so sweet and beautiful, but I will refrain, and deny myself that pleasure, if you keep perfectly quiet, and just try to enjoy this ride while you have the chance. If you do not—if you make the least fuss, I vow I will do it!"

Ethel made no reply. She realized fully that the eccentric individual beside her had her in his power, therefore acknowledging to herself that it was best under the circumstances to make no further resistance, she sank back in her seat and remained silent and motionless.

Away they flew over the long and lonely road, passing brooks, ponds, trees, rocks, indeed everything but houses and inhabitants. During the whole drive not one word more was spoken by either victor or vanquished.

Ethel's face was deadly pale, however, during the hour that ensued before the head of the horse was turned homeward, while Robert's was illuminated by a glow of intense satisfaction and triumph.

When at length the shades of evening began to gather, they once more neared Glendenning Hall. Stopping the horse before they reached the place, in a sheltered and obscure spot, Robert jumped out, then turned to assist Ethel from the vehicle.

Springing past him to the ground, Ethel darted away. Breathing a prayer of fervent thanksgiving for her safe return, when she had once more reached her room, the poor girl brushed away the tears that had relieved her excited feelings as soon as she had entered, and then with a sinking dread at her heart, at once repaired to the sick man's room.

A volley of spiteful, hard words saluted her entrance from the irritable invalid, and it was some time before she could utter one word in her own defense. When at last he gave her an opportunity to speak she informed him truthfully of the outrageous conduct of his wife's nephew.

"Robert! Did you say Robert did so insolent a thing? Was he guilty of so unpardonable an act?" exclaimed the astonished baronet.

"Do not believe her, uncle," immediately interposed Belle, who had made it her business to be present. "What she says is utterly false. I do not doubt but that she spent the time riding with some beau; but, I assure you, it was not with my brother, for he was with me the entire afternoon. She is a wicked girl to impose such a falsehood upon so sick a man."

As Belle uttered this cruel fabrication she glanced spitefully, yet with ill-concealed triumph, towards the amazed Ethel, who was not at all prepared for such an artful and malicious attack.

"Sir Reginald, I assure you I speak only the truth. It was Robert Glendenning who forced me into his carriage, and thus detained me against my will."

"You know better," roared Sir Reginald. "I will never believe it. Leave the room instantly. I do not wish to see your face again until morning."

With a cold, dignified bow Ethel left at his bidding—left, too, without another word, knowing well that contradictions would only enrage and excite the passionate and unjust person before her.

After she had disappeared Belle also at once took her departure, chagrined that her uncle had not instantly dismissed her rival from his service and house.

She did not know that this his lordship would on no account do, as he had entrusted to her keeping a secret which made her services far too valuable to be easily dispensed with. He might be enraged, and so dismiss her for a night; but no fault she might be guilty of would induce him to part with her while all went well in the concealed room.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next afternoon, Ethel felt that she could safely start to the village, to make a few purchases for herself, as at the lunch table Robert had told Lady Constance he should leave home at two that afternoon to visit a young friend, and should remain away until noon the next day.

As she had not ventured beyond the grounds of the Hall since her arrival, except on this afternoon, before, she did not know in which direction the places of business lay; therefore, seeing Sandy Staples, the lodge keeper's son, just be-

CHAPTER XIV.

Ethel did not entirely recover from the effects of her fright, until after the night's sleep had served to calm her nerves, and all the evening that followed she was excited and scarcely able to control herself.

When she bade the family good night and locked herself into her room, in order to proceed to her nightly task, it was with a dazed feeling and an aching head. Nervousness for her duty, however, as well as she could, she proceeded to light her candle, and taking the indispensable knife, she passed through the wardrobe and passageway, into the corridor beyond.

Possessing herself of the basket of food, she remembered to fasten the door with the iron hook, a precaution the baronet had charged her always to observe, that by no possibility could she be surprised while accomplishing her task, then passing onward, she opened the panel as usual, and placed the plate of food upon the shelves.

As she did so she heard distinctly a movement on the other side, which, being rather unusual, for silence alone ordinarily reigned, startled her already excited nerves so much that she gave the shelves the required shove, and just as they whirled away, she saw, to her horror, when too late to stop them, that she had dropped the knife from her hand, and it had gone around with the food.

Breathlessly she waited for the return movement, hoping that the creature within would not observe it, and that it would come back with the plate.

As she waited, a singular loud, shrill noise or cry came from within. The next moment the shelves had revolved, and the plate alone appeared.

Appalled with her own carelessness, and fancying she knew not what as the result, the terrified, half-frantic girl, could only draw to the panels, with all the expedition possible, and then hastily return the basket, fasten the door and seek the safety of her own apartment.

What was now her duty? Should she immediately seek the baronet, who was probably asleep by this time, and telling him the mishap, ask what was to be done?

No! she could not think this course a wise one. The baronet was an exceedingly passionate man. Such a tale, at this hour, would throw him into a whirl of nervous anger that might cause damage to the broken hip, the bones of which, all hoped, had by this time commenced to unite.

(To be continued.)

Ambassador Choate's Joke.

Ambassador Choate, at the dinner recently given him in London by the Pilgrims' Club, said: "My elation here to-night is great. It is great as it was on the occasion of my first lawsuit. That was a happy time. I remember that I had sat brooding and idle. The afternoon was gray. The law as a career seemed hopeless. Suddenly there was a caller and an excellent case offered me by a wealthy man. An hour after I got a second case. It was incredible. Two cases, my first two cases, and both given me the same day.

"How I worked that night over my two cases! How I thought about them as I walked offward with my green bag the next morning! I remember that a shabby person, accosting me as I walked, said: "Old clothes? Any old clothes to sell?"

He seemed to be regarding the green baize bag. I held it up for him to see. "Oh, no," said I, "no old clothes, my friend. New suits."

All knew the answer.

The teacher was telling her class things not found in the text-books.

"When anything is repeated by many persons it gets to be called a 'saying,'" she said. "Now, when a thing is repeated and accepted as a fact by everybody, what do we call it?"

The intelligent pupils answered in chorus, "A chestnut!"—New York Press.

There are more fugitives from injustice than there are from justice.

her in his arms from the ground, and lifting her into the seat, sprang lightly to her side.

"You must not be startled at my presumption, Miss Nevergail. Remember physicians have privileges others have not. You are my patient now, and until I see the color re-established on your lips and cheek, I am in duty bound to care for you. You are not offended?"

He bent to gaze into her eyes as he asked the question, and his earnest look brought the tell-tale blood back to her cheeks.

"Oh, no, no! That would be ungrateful indeed!" was the low reply.

The ride really revived her, and as the doctor took her quite a roundabout way, in order to prolong it, assuring her it would be beneficial to do so, she was able to give a natural spring as he held out his hands to assist her to the ground, when at length they drove up to the entrance of Glendenning Hall.

There was a happy smile still upon her lips as, after thanking and bidding her kind friend adieu, and seeing him lift his hat as he drove off, she ran up the piazza steps to pass to her room.

But the smile vanished instantly as Belle came forward from behind the heavy screen of vines, and with an angry look in her eyes, exclaimed: "What does this mean? I wish to know if Sir Reginald pays you a salary to ride around the country with young men? I shall inform him of this ride."

"As you please, Miss Glendenning. It certainly is not my intention to keep secret the fact that I have just narrowly escaped death by being crushed by the cars. As Dr. Elfenstein risked his life to drag me from danger, and then employed his skill to bring me from a dreadful swoon, he certainly thought it no harm to restore me safely to your uncle's aid as I was too weak from fright to walk."

So saying, Ethel passed on, leaving the angry, but astonished girl to her own reflections. That these were not of a very pleasant nature, the following whisper gave evidence:

"It is always the way. Wish to keep one person away from another, and something is sure to happen to bring them together. One thing I am determined, however, he shall never marry Ethel Nevergail, if I can possibly prevent it."

yon the place, she stopped and inquired of him.

"Oh, yes; I can tell you, certainly. Go straight forward, pass Dr. Elfenstein's cottage, when you will come to a grove of willows; pass that, and then the railroad track, and about one quarter of a mile beyond, you will see a row of houses; that is the commencement of the real village proper, and there you will find several stores."

Thanking the boy, Ethel opened her parasol, for the afternoon was warm and sultry, and followed the path pointed out. When she reached the cottage, her eyes wandered over its small flower-bordered garden, its pretty vine-covered porch, and open windows, with their bowed blinds, just revealing the dainty, cool-looking, lace curtains within, that wafted back and forth, gently, in the faintest of all breezes.

"How differently Dr. Elfenstein impresses me, with his manly bearing, his open countenance, and kindly eyes, even though his manners are reserved and quiet, from that vain, egotistical Robert Glendenning," she thought. "I cannot understand exactly why I detest that person so thoroughly, nor why I admire the young physician so much. One thing, perhaps, influences me; I always loved usefulness in a man; Dr. Elfenstein labors for the welfare of others; young Glendenning is an idle spendthrift, living merely to gratify the pleasures of his own handsome self. One, constantly doing good, the other—I should judge by his looks and acts, evilly disposed, and reckless in all his ways."

While thus thinking she passed the willow grove, and the railroad track, and soon reached the stores, where the purchases were made to her entire satisfaction. Then she retraced her steps, walking slowly, in order more fully to enjoy a cooler breeze that was springing up; but as she neared the railroad she quickened her steps, for she knew that a train was nearly due.

Soon the place was reached, and in stepping over it, to her horror she found the heel of her shoe fastened tightly in one of the frogs. With a desperate haste she strove to loosen it; in vain! Every struggle only made it, as it seemed, more firmly wedged.

Hark! What was that rumbling? With pallid lips and trembling form, she heard a distant whistle tell of the swiftly coming train.

In despair, she stooped to unbutton the shoe; but it was a new one, and therefore hard to manage, while her trembling fingers sought to undo the fastening, but she found them powerless to accomplish the task.

On, came the engine. She could feel the rails vibrate with their motion, and still her foot was fast and she could not move. Then, one wild shriek of terror rang out upon the air, and even before it died away a man's feet came running to the spot.

"Be calm! I will save you! Do not struggle—stand perfectly still!" said a voice in her ear.

On came the cars; even then they could be seen in the distance. One moment more and she would be under the fearful wheels; but a strong hand caught the foot, wrenching open the buttons, then, as the huf breath of the engine was almost upon her, she was drawn from the perilous position and knew no more.

When she opened her eyes, she was lying on the green grass, a short distance from the spot, while her head reclined upon some gentleman's shoulder, and the same person was gently fanning her with a folded newspaper. Looking up, she met the earnest eyes of Dr. Elfenstein bent upon hers, and saw that he was thus kindly supporting her.

"It is all right now, Miss Nevergail. You are safe, and will be yourself in one moment," he said.

"Oh, but that was terrible, terrible!" she murmured, with a shudder, as her eyes closed again, at the mere remembrance.

"It was, truly! While I got to you in time, thank heaven, there was not a second to spare!"

"Oh, doctor, I can never thank you, for I know now that it was you who saved me!"

"Do not try, Miss Nevergail; I will not be thanked. My frigate, I assure you, was nearly equal to your own."

"How did you get the shoe off?" she asked, at length, as she raised herself from his arm, and glanced at her foot.

"I never can tell; it was so stiff and tight it took all my strength. But now, since you are better, I will see what has become of that obstinate little boot."

In a few moments, he smilingly returned with its dilapidated remains in his hand.

"You will scarcely know your own property," he remarked. "It is so crushed and torn. The action of the heavy train loosened it, and thus I came off with the spoil."

"My poor, poor shoe," said Ethel, a faint smile hovering around her pale lips.

"Well, it may better be crushed than my foot; but, really, though scarcely wearable, I must put it on," and she reached out her hand for the torn object.

"Nay, allow me to restore it to its place," said the doctor, kneeling beside her. "My poor child, you have scarcely strength enough yet for such a task."

With the greatest tenderness and care, he drew the boot over one of the smallest little feet he had ever seen supporting a woman, and as he finished buttoning the very few buttons that remained, he arose, and begged her to keep seated until he brought hither his horse and rig, as he told her he should insist upon carrying her home, as she was, he knew, still weak from fright.

Looking around, Ethel saw, for the first time, his horse standing quietly by the roadside, a short distance from the track, where he had left him, to rush to her assistance.

Bringing the animal and conveyance to her side, Earle turned, and before she fairly understood his intention, gathered

RUSSIA'S HELPLESS FLEET

FULLY one-third of the Russian navy is imprisoned by treaty in the Black Sea. Excepting four destroyers which were built on the Baltic, and were permitted by the Porte to steam to Sebastopol after their armament had been removed, and the merchant vessels which are in the auxiliary and volunteer fleets, none of the ships has ever passed through the Dardanelles. The entire Black Sea fleet, including all classes of ships, numbers 153 vessels, and includes 8 battleships, 9 cruisers, 12 gun vessels, 9 auxiliary cruisers, 16 volunteer steamships, 10 destroyers, 29 first-class and 63 second-class torpedo boats. The tonnage represented by the vessels is considerably more than half of the entire Japanese navy, yet, owing to the numerous treaties and conventions which have closed the Dardanelles to all foreign fighting ships, the Black Sea fleet remains inert.

Since the time when it became evident that hostilities in the far East were inevitable several diplomatic attempts to have this powerful fleet released from its imprisonment were reported to have been made by Russia. Some of the fleet, it must be admitted, would be unable to make the long voyage to the far East, and perhaps would be of little effect if they did. On the other hand, the formidable battleship squadron, while not of the latest type,

Black Sea Squadron Made Ineffective by the Treaties Which Close the Dardanelles

European side, called the "Key to Constantinople;" Ak-bashi Liman, the ancient port of Sestos; Abydos, just opposite the scene of Leander's swimming, and, later, of Lord Byron's. Below this lies Chanak-Kalesi, sometimes called Dardanelles.

Rugged Beauty of the Dardanelles.

As the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus are all within the Ottoman Empire, the Turkish Government has always contended that no foreign warship should be allowed at any time to pass through. Owing to the same international jealousies which have prolonged the life of the Sick Man of Europe, the Porte has been able to have its position strengthened by treaties and by a convention of the European powers, the various treaties, etc., referring to the closing of the straits to foreign ships of war may be summarized as follows: 1809, January 5.—Treaty. Great Britain and Turkey. Dardanelles and Bosphorus closed to ships of war of foreign states when the Porte is at peace.

1822—Notification. Turkey. Bosphorus closed to merchant ships of powers not having treaties.

1826, October 7.—Treaty. Russia and Turkey. Trade to be opened to all friendly powers.

1829—September 14.—Treaty. Russia and Turkey. Black Sea and straits

the United States will sooner or later be compelled to depart from tradition and settle for all time the vexed Near Eastern question by turning out the Turks and becoming responsible for the peace of the Turkish States in Europe. Dreamlike as this proposition appears, there are those in Europe who have faith in its accomplishment. In the United States the idea has not even the stability of a vision.

Not only is the Dardanelles fortified, but the Bosphorus bristles with forts in pairs strung out along its length at intervals of two miles. As the Russian Black Sea battleships are the most heavily armored in the world it has been suggested that this was done for the purpose of attempting the passage of the straits, should necessity ever arise.

The Ships of the Fleet.

Two of the Black Sea battleships, the Knyaz Potemkin and the Tria Zviatitelia, are very speedy ships for their class, both being able to do seventeen knots an hour.

In addition to the fleet mentioned, two powerful 13,000-ton battleships—the Zlatoust and the Erstaft—which are to have an eighteen-knot speed, are being built, and two protected cruisers, a new type for the Black Sea, of 6,645 tons, with twenty-three-knot speed, are also being built. These are to be named the Kagul and the Otchakov, and are part of the new Russian naval program, which provides for five 16,500-ton battleships, the largest in the world—the largest English battleships being 16,350 tons each, and the Connecticut class for the United States but 16,000 tons, the nearest approach to which class are six French ships of 14,692 tons each.

One advantage the Russian Black Sea fleet possesses over those of other powers is the ability of some of the ships to burn oil. The Caspian oil fields are not so distant that petroleum



opened to merchant vessels of Russia, and to those of all powers at peace with the Porte.

1840, July 15.—Convention. Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Russia and Turkey. Dardanelles and Bosphorus closed to foreign ships of war when the Porte is at peace.

1841, May 3.—Convention. Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia and Turkey. Dardanelles and Bosphorus closed to foreign ships of war when the Porte is at peace. Firm for light vessels of war for service of missions.

1844, Dec. 24.—Regulation. Turkey. Protection of Dardanelles and Bosphorus as to passage of sailing vessels and steamers through the straits between sunset and sunrise.

1856, March 30.—General treaty. Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey. Limitation of Russian and Turkish naval forces; non-establishment of military-maritime arsenals.

1871, March 13.—Treaty. Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Italy, Russia and Turkey. Abrogation of treaty of March 30, 1856, respecting non-limitation of forces and establishment of arsenals.

Russia's Obligation Largely Moral.

While these documents distinctly shut in the Russian Black Sea fleet, it has been held that the obligation of Russia to live up to the treaties is largely moral. On the other hand, the United States has never recognized the right of the Turk to close the Sea of Marmora or the Black Sea to fighting ships, and in 1898 a hint that Admiral Sampson and the fleet that had swept Cervera's squadron from the seas would knock at the gates and seek redress for the Armenian outrages had a good effect upon the Porte. It has been held that Russia, believing destiny will make her mistress of Turkey sooner or later, is secretly glad of the acts which have closed the entrance to the Black Sea. If the great White Bear ever does get control, it can easily be imagined how such treaties would be cherished and insisted upon.

The hopes of Russia, in this direction, if they do exist, must be of the slightest. England desires the Dardanelles closed because it would compel a very considerable increase of her Mediterranean squadron, for she here, as in other parts of the world, finds it essential to her national existence to be mistress. Some years ago a certain United States Senator predicted that

is, on the whole, heavily armored, and carries batteries of effective size. The destroyers are of the most modern type, and from the first-class torpedo boats a strong flotilla could be formed. It is almost impossible to entirely divorce any consideration of the Russian Black Sea fleet and the history of the Dardanelles, for the fleet has been organized and built especially to meet the conditions. Originally it was conceived with the idea of commanding the shores of that immense inland sea, and to be able, if the necessity should arise, to assist any operation against Turkey.

A Vast Inland Sea.

The Black Sea is a very large body of inland water. Some idea of its size may best be given by calling to mind that its area is about that of the Middle States and Mississippi combined. In figures it may be expressed as 163,711 square miles. Its only outlet is through the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles into the Aegean Sea, an arm of the Mediterranean. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles are two narrow straits, and, consequently, easily fortified, although it may be asserted that the Turkish forts are not Gibraltors, by any means.

At its greatest width the Bosphorus is not over two and a quarter miles, and its tortuous course is nineteen miles long. The Dardanelles is a winding body of water, forty-five miles long, and averaging two miles in width. The latter is at one point only 800 yards wide, and here, on the Asiatic side, are the fortresses of Chanak-Kale and Kum-Kail, and on the European side Sed-il-Bahr and Kalid-Bahr. The latter is generally spoken of as "The Key of the Sea," or "The Castle of Europe." All four forts have some modern ordnance, the Asiatic being commanded by 200 Krupp cannon, yet there remain some ancient brass cannon of immense size which are capable of hurling shot of from 20 to 29 inches in diameter, which are not nearly so terrible as their appearance would suggest.

may not be economically transported to the borders of the sea, and, as against coal, the fuel is cheap and economically carried. Unfortunately an oil tank is not protection to the boilers when the ship is in action; but when an 18-inch armor belt girds the ship the likelihood of a projectile finding its way to the vitals is rather remote. Yet owing to a desire for high-angle fire, the Russian designers have made ships that are considered dangerously high out of the water. They look terrible and impressive, but, unluckily, they are the best of targets.

Notwithstanding the reported attempts to have this large fleet released, there are reasons to believe that at the present time Russia feels much safer having it where it is, for it is no secret that the ships were built with the single idea of punishing the "Sick Man of Europe" sooner or later.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reeds Save Suez Banks.

When the Suez Canal was first contemplated there were many misgivings as to the possibility of preventing the sand from filling up the channel and many suggestions were made as to the best means of preserving the integrity of the banks. But it has been discovered that nature has provided the most efficient means of protecting the water way from injury, and a better one than the sun-burned brick or sandstone in use along certain parts of the canal.

This natural safeguard is a fringe of reeds, which grows thickly on the African side below Ismailia. The Suez Canal Company is making an attempt to raise these reeds for transplanting to other places, but the difficulty is that they must be reared in fresh water, although in after life they readily adapt themselves to salt waters.

On the Asiatic shore of the canal no fresh water is procurable, but the difficulty should not be insuperable, and then the Suez Canal will grow its own embankment. When this time shall have come a waving green bulwark of reeds will mark both banks of the great ship canal.

Wheat Yield of Russia.

The average yield of wheat in Russia is less than half that of the United States.

Occasionally a man declines a nomination for office—if there is no chance for his election.