

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

No sleep visited her weary eyes until long after midnight, she was so unhappy and so unnerved by all the events of the last twenty-four hours, and again and again she prayed that all might go well, and nothing terrible result from the loss of that dreadful knife.

Rising with the alarm of the usual bell that rang to awaken the household, the poor girl again commenced to review the problem that had presented itself to be worked out the night before. Once she asked the question:

Should she worry Sir Reginald by telling him the accident that had befallen her, or should she not?

Before deciding positively, she resolved to pay the doctor a morning visit, and by listening, study out, if all was going on as usual.

This resolve she instantly carried into effect. Turning once more from her room, down the corridor, she placed her ear close to the panel, and listened intently to hear if any movement could be discovered within the concealed room.

All was still! Not the faintest motion was perceptible; therefore, feeling greatly relieved, she returned, quite sure that all must be well, and firmly resolved to say nothing of what had happened, and while keeping silent endeavor to drive the entire circumstance from her own mind, and so be at peace.

The day passed on as usual, and when night brought her to the kitchen, she once more found to her satisfaction silence reigning, and felt that now, indeed, all was right. Poor Ethel! She little knew the fearful consequences yet to ensue from her first blunder.

The third afternoon had arrived, and nothing had transpired to lead her to apprehend the least trouble from that unfortunate occurrence. She had, therefore, regained the courage she had lost, and was fast driving the entire circumstance from her mind.

This afternoon Sir Reginald had expressed a wish for music, therefore she had brought her guitar to his bedside, and had sung several ballads for his amusement.

"I think," at length he said, interrupting her, "that it grows cloudy. Please look out and tell me if a shower is approaching."

Ethel arose at his bidding, and after examining the sky returned, saying, as she resumed her seat:

"There is, indeed, a very black cloud lying in the west, which foretells a hard shower."

"Then put aside your instrument and draw close to me, as I have some private instructions to give you in regard to a new work to be done to-night. Are we entirely alone?"

"We are. Mrs. Fredon left the room to prepare you some nourishment, and your wife and niece are in the grounds," replied Ethel, trembling, she knew not why.

"Then listen intently to my instructions. If that storm rages about half-past nine or ten o'clock to-night, you must visit the Haunted Tower and put in motion some machinery I have erected there."

"O, Sir Reginald," murmured the shrinking listener, "please do not ask that of me."

"You just attend to my orders, and do what I tell you to do. Never dare dispute my will."

The baronet then proceeded to give minute directions for the lighting of each light, and also for the movements of the frightful and hideous image there concealed. At its conclusion he remarked:

"Do you think you understand every particular of the work I now require to be done?"

"I do," replied Ethel; "but, sir, my soul revolts from the whole thing. I consider it a wicked deception, and I beg you to excuse me from undertaking it."

"Who cares what you think about it? No one asked your opinion. Do it you shall, so do not dare to utter another word against it."

"Sir Reginald, I have faithfully performed your wishes in regard to feeding the animal, whose life you value so highly, knowing that to preserve the life of even the least of God's creatures is a duty, but I can see no possible necessity for striving to impose upon the credulity of the inhabitants of this quiet place."

"That, I tell you, is my business and not yours," was the angry reply. "You are here simply to attend to my work, and I have well paid you for doing so."

"I know that; but surely I am at liberty to point out an error in your wishes and judgment. Sir Reginald, this thing that you ask me to do is wrong, and I entreat you to carry it no further. You say you have done this yourself for twenty-five years; surely that can answer any purpose you may have to effect by it. Please, then, be satisfied, and let this thing rest."

"I tell you I will not," replied the baronet, fairly purple from rage; "do you not see that your obstinacy is throwing me into a terrible and injurious excitement? I command you to obey my wishes. If you dare refuse, you shall leave my house this night, even though I know you have not where to lay your head. Do you hear?"

"I do," murmured the distressed girl. "Will you obey?"

No answer came, the only reply she could make being a burst of tears. Madened by her silence and sobs, the baronet started up, leaning upon his elbow, a thing he had been expressly forbidden to do, as it would jar his hip, he shook his fist violently in her face, while he demanded in fury:

"Will you obey?"

"I will!" she at last gasped, between her sobs. Poor girl! seeing his violent excitement, and remembering her aunt's last charges, she dared not refuse.

"Then see that you do it," he returned, more calmly, as he sank back with a groan upon his pillow.

There was no escape from the disgraceful duty that awaited her, so at

her usual time she took the lighted candle in her hand and started with tearful eyes to attend to the task before her.

CHAPTER XV.

After Dr. Elfenstein had asked permission of Sir Reginald Glendenning to search the Haunted Tower he felt exceedingly puzzled over his future course. It seemed as if he was to penetrate the mystery of that place, he could not understand how the thing was to be accomplished.

In all his visits to Sir Reginald, although reserved in manner, his every nerve had been on the alert. He had been told that the room occupied by the present baronet was the one where Sir Arthur had met his sad fate. Knowing this, he fairly studied that room.

He noted its width, height and breadth; the height of the two windows from the floor, the size of those windows, and particularly he noted the one from which the rope had dangled that had been used to lower the body to the ground.

He had several times walked to that window, as if meditating over his patient's case, and looked out, surveying the ground below, and the distance from it to the lake, which was visible through the trees.

From the house, which he visited daily in his professional calling, he often drove around, examining the stables and out-buildings, and sometimes slowly went around the tower to view the ruined part, and to see if by any means he could ever effect an entrance.

One day, it was the one on which Ethel started for the eventful walk, he in such a drive noticed a small, well-trodden pathway leading up to a clump of bushes. Instantly the thought struck him that behind those bushes, concealed from view, might be an open passage to the place, although he felt certain there was no doorway. The more he thought of this the more he was sure it must be the case.

Why that well used path through the grass if not for some such purpose? Yes; some human feet were in the habit of entering there, and he resolved to return to the place, under cover of darkness, and investigate those bushes.

Full of this discovery, and full of hope that he might yet penetrate to the mysterious tower, he touched his horse with the whip and drove hastily away.

But just as he emerged again into the ramble, he saw Miss Belle Glendenning gazing at him from an upper window, and felt mortified that she should have noticed his ride around the premises, as conscience whispered it must speak to her of a prying nature.

Feeling, however, that it was done, and could not now be recalled, he passed on, and proceeded to visit the homes of several sick persons who needed his advice and assistance.

On his return it was that he suddenly heard a wild shriek of terror, and looking around, had seen Ethel in that dangerous situation, while the nearing train told of the death that awaited her. Springing to the ground, he had rushed to her assistance, and had wrenched apart those stiff fastenings and drawn her from her peril.

After he had left her at the Hall it was hard to recall his truant thoughts to their proper sphere, but with set teeth and a firm resolve, he plunged into study, and active work, in order to be at peace with himself.

The great suffering of a new patient even detained him by his side until, after midnight the second evening, and a third time had night folded the earth before relief came to the weary one, and Earle Elfenstein was at liberty to pay the lonely ruin the desired call.

Then a violent storm was raging! This storm was, strange to say, the first that had occurred in the evening since his night vow of the haunted tower, and its dancing demon, just five weeks before.

Not wishing to be seen by any of the inmates, he did not venture out until after nine o'clock. Then the wild wind and drenching rain served to retard his progress so much that it was full quarter of ten before he felt the worn pathway and crept behind the clump of thick, wet bushes, where, once concealed from view, he paused to light a small dark lantern he had wisely brought with him.

By the aid of this he proceeded to examine this floor, and found to his surprise, wet tracks upon it, that told plainly that very recent footsteps had passed that way. Following these, the young man walked in a direct line across the building, until he reached a door, which, upon trying, he found to his chagrin, securely fastened.

Even while he paused to reflect upon his next movement, distant footsteps fell upon his ear, just beyond the door, and hurriedly he darted back, extinguishing his light as he did so.

Just in time was this movement made, for a hand unhooked the fastening, opened the door, and there, to his unmitigated surprise, stood Ethel Nevergill, the girl so much the object of his thoughts since that narrow escape of hers, with a lighted candle in her hand, peering into the darkness beyond.

Had she seen him? he asked himself, creeping like a thief towards this unfortunate house, and hearing his steps, had she come to warn him away?

No! the thought was absurd, and he soon saw that she came seeking merely a covered basket, not observed until then, standing just beyond the door.

How pale she looked, as he viewed for one moment her sad face—and yes! surely, those were tears that fell from her beautiful hazel eyes upon her cheek.

The sight of those tears caused him to take one step toward her, but she fortunately did not see him, but drew to the door, after securing the basket, and he then heard her little feet start down the corridor.

Resolved not to be balked in his efforts to unravel this night one mystery at least, Dr. Elfenstein pushed again towards the door, and to his joy, it this time yielded to his touch.

Poor Ethel! this night for the first time had been required by Sir Reginald Glendenning to visit the tower and follow out directions he gave her in full, for producing the illusions that were to terrify the unsuspecting public.

In great agitation then, and still weeping, she had proceeded to the fulfillment of her loadsome duty, and in her grief and excitement, for the first time forgot to fasten the door, after possessing herself of the food.

This forgetfulness accounts for the entrance of the doctor into the corridor, and enabled him to follow her advancing figure, softly in the distance.

CHAPTER XVI.

Wiping away her tears, poor Ethel placed the basket of food and knife upon the floor, by the entrance of the tower, as Sir Reginald had told her to attend to the business in that quarter before administering to the wants of the concealed quadruped.

At last the weary steps were climbed, and she stood panting on the broad landing, just below the upper windows of the place. It was standing on this landing that her part of the ghostly work was to be performed.

Taking then a long handled torch, with which the colored lights above were to be touched in order to light them, she applied the candle to it, and reaching up soon had every one illuminated and flaming away in the usual unearthly looking glare.

In doing so she never observed the tall, silent figure of the man who had crept after her and now stood in the shade below, intently watching her every motion.

The stuffed form before her was next to be attended to. Taking, therefore, the lamp from within the head she lighted it, and putting it back almost exclaimed at the effect the colored light gave the eyes.

Winding the crang slowly, she saw that it worked as she supposed it would, and soon the impish figure was swung aloft and stood dancing to and fro, to the terror and dismay of all outward beholders.

With tears still falling over her pale cheeks, Ethel stood with her eyes fastened above, upon the swaying motions of that frightful looking image, when her heart almost stopped within her, and a wild cry burst from her lips as these words fell upon her ears:

"Is it possible that this is the occupation of Miss Ethel Nevergill this stormy night?"

Turning, she saw advancing towards her, and fully revealed by the lights above, the form of Dr. Elfenstein.

"Oh, doctor," she wailed, as she buried her face in her hands, and burst into low sobs of shame and dismay, "how came you here to witness my disgraceful work?"

Then suddenly remembering her charge, and true to the interests of her employer, she again seized the crank and, lowering the image, extinguished that head lamp, as well as the others, leaving everything in darkness but for the feeble flare of the one little candle she had placed upon the floor. Then turning, she faced her accuser.

"I came, no matter how; suffice it that I was determined to unmask this daring fraud, and so allay the fears of timid women and children. Certainly in doing this I never expected to discover that Miss Nevergill was the prime mover in this outrageous piece of work!"

Ethel listened to the cold, hard words in utter despair, then fluttering like a wounded bird to the side of the indignant man, she laid one small, white hand on his arm, which was shaken off in disdain before she could utter one of the following words:

"It is the first time I ever did this thing. Oh, believe me; surely you must remember that I was in Liverpool when you saw that sight, the time when it last appeared?"

"Yes, that is true; I had forgotten. But that does not absolve you from to-night's ghastly deception," was the still cold reply.

(To be continued.)

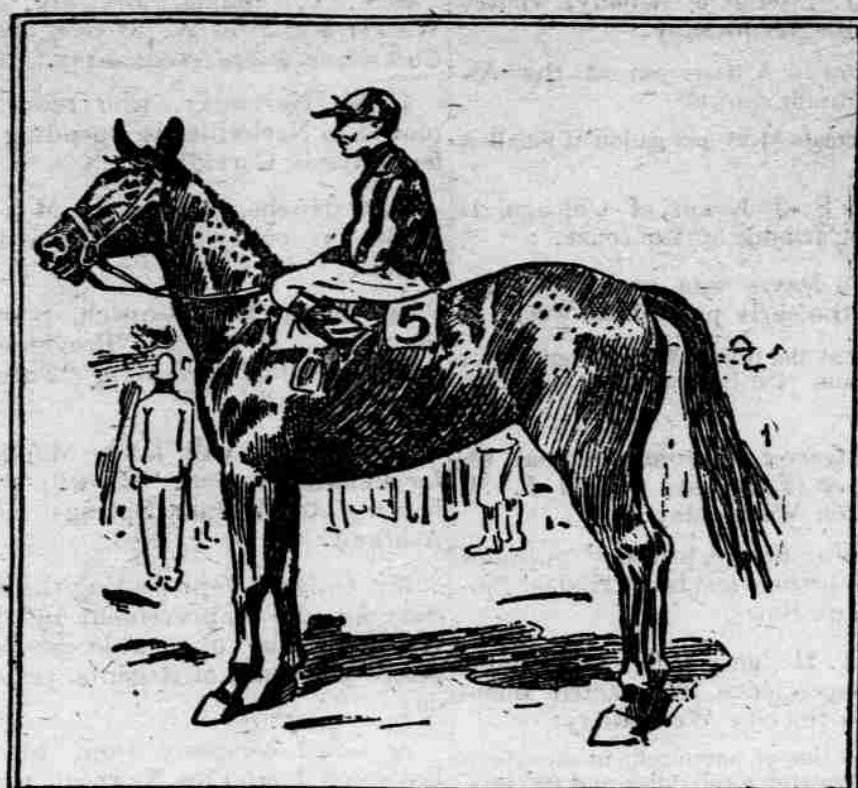
A BABY SQUIRREL OVERBOARD.

With Skill and Gentleness the Mother Rescued the Youngster.

"I was very much amused and very much instructed recently," said a man who lives in the country, "by the antics of a mother squirrel in my section, and while I have grown up, as I might say, among squirrels and cypress trees, it was a revelation to me. The squirrel had nested in a low, dumpey cypress tree close to the edge of a lake, and the nest was probably thirty or forty feet from the ground. The mother squirrel happened to be in the tree at the time, although I had no occasion to notice either the old squirrel or her young until something tragical happened in the family. In some way one of the little fellows scrambled over the edge of the nest and fell to the ground. I heard the noise, and, looking in the direction of the sound, I saw the baby squirrel squirming around in great agony and totally unable to get on its feet. The mother squirrel rushed down the side of the cypress like a streak, and almost in an instant she was by the side of her offspring. She took in the situation at a glance, and set to work to get the youngster back in the nest. She switched the body around and turned it over and then grabbed it with her teeth just under the smaller portion of the back. Instinctively, I suppose, the young squirrel threw its arms around the mother's body, and after she made sure that the hold was good she started cautiously back to the nest. She reached there safely, and I saw no more of the distressed mother nor the youngster. I was very much impressed with the gentleness and skill she displayed in handling the injured baby squirrel, and really it was an inspiring scene."—The Mail and Express.

Be sure you're wrong; then back up.

WINNER OF THE AMERICAN DERBY.



HIGHBALL AND JOCKEY FULLER.

Highball, winner of the seventh American Derby, is a bay colt by Ben Strome-Strichnia and is owned by W. M. Scheffel. Highball is an Eastern thoroughbred and in the future betting was consistently played by Eastern followers of the horse. He was second choice in the betting with Moharib. His victory was a great surprise to Western horsemen, he being the second Eastern thoroughbred to carry off the honors in the great Western classic, unless Robert Waddell be counted as the third, although "Pa" Bradley has been identified with Western race tracks for several years. Strathmeath, owned by Green B. Morris, was the first Eastern candidate to capture the Derby. There have been many famous horses sent West from New York for the classic, but Highball will be long remembered as one which was not the favorite.

FAMOUS CHURCH BUILDER.

Bishop McCabe the Most Striking Figure in American Methodism.

The most striking figure in American Methodism is Dr. Charles C. McCabe, the new resident bishop of Philadelphia, assigned by the General Conference. As church builder, lecturer and lifter of church debts he is known not only in every State of the Union but in almost every country as well. More than 2,000 Methodist congregations owe their houses of worship directly to his personal efforts, while thousands of missions, situated in every corner of the globe, are maintained from the income of \$1,000,000 established under his immediate supervision.

Bishop McCabe is now 68 years old and has been a member of the church since his eighth year. After being graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University, in 1860, he was received into the Ohio Conference. When war broke out he entered the service as chaplain in the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio Infantry. The



BISHOP MCCABE.

surviving members of that regiment remember, with gratified hearts, his tender sympathy and kindly aid to the wounded. He did not remain in the hospital tents to care for the injured as they came in. Instead, in each battle he hurried to the field and ministered to them as they fell. It was Bishop McCabe's great solicitude for the wounded that resulted in his capture at the battle of Winchester. He remained on the field when the Union troops fell back before the arrival of Sheridan, and was sent to Libby prison.

Only such a man as Bishop McCabe could see a bright side to that terrible prison pen. He remained in it for four long months, and the fund of humorous reminiscences he collected in that time has made a nation smile for forty years. Indeed, the bishop's lecture, "The Bright Side of Libby Prison," has done more than that. The admission fees paid by 2,000 or more audiences have netted over \$250,000, every cent of which was devoted to the church.

After partial recovery from the effect of his imprisonment, the bishop was invited to speak at the anniversary of the Christian Commission. George H. Stuart, who heard him, was so much impressed that he obtained permission from Secretary of War Stanton for the bishop to devote his entire time to the work of that benevolent institution. Through his labors, \$100,000 was put into the treasury of the commission.

At the close of the war Bishop McCabe, then famed as a chaplain, reentered the work of the ministry, and was stationed at Portsmouth, O. Soon afterward he was elected assistant secretary to the Board of Church Extension, a position which he filled for sixteen years. The board was in its infancy when he entered its service. By his efforts its income swelled to \$300,000 yearly, and its loan fund accumulated a permanent capital of \$500,000.

A Famous Rallying Cry: About this time an infidel conference, presided over by Robert Ingersoll, was held at Syracuse, N. Y., and a resolution was adopted to the effect that Christianity was a failure. On hearing of this resolution, Bishop McCabe telegraphed to Ingersoll: "Dear Bob: We're building two Methodist Churches a day."

This statement spread like wildfire, and was ridiculed as an absurd overstatement of facts. Dr. Daniel Curry and Thomas W. Pierce took exception, in vigorous terms, and as a reply McCabe wrote a famous song which was rendered at tens of thousands of rallies throughout the land. Not only did the bishop make good this statement that the Methodists were building two churches a day, but he prophesied that "three a day" would not be the limit, and that before his death the loan fund of \$500,000 would exceed \$1,000,000. Both these prophecies long since were fulfilled.

The Missionary Society in 1884 elected Dr. McCabe its secretary. It was at this time that the famous cry, "A Million for Missions," was raised. The master church worker echoed and re-echoed it all over the country, until, by dint of its persistence and his own magnetic enthusiasm, it became an established fact. Within three years the income of the society reached \$1,044,000.

To-day the cry is "Two Millions for Missions."

While he was secretary to the Missionary Society more than 100,000 converts were added to the church in foreign lands, and a mighty host was gathered in the home missionary field. One of the plans in aid of the missions put into operation by Dr. McCabe is really unique. He formed an army of 100,000 members, each one pledged to pay \$10 a year. While assistant secretary of the Church Extension Fund, Dr. McCabe built more than 1,000 churches. As secretary of the Missionary Society he added half a million dollars to its annual income, chiefly through his personal attractiveness.

Special frontier work, one of the brightest financial schemes originating with Dr. McCabe, has met with great success. As a result of his efforts, 600 churches have been built on this plan at a total cost of \$1,325,000. They have an united seating capacity for more than 500,000 people. The sum donated by private individuals toward this project through his efforts has reached \$163,250.

External Development.

Mr. Herlihy's friends had said so much in praise of his rare qualities of intellect since his acquisition of "a bit of money" from his aunt in Ireland, that he at last decided to consult a phrenologist. He found one whose price seemed comparatively reasonable, and decidedly against Mrs. Herlihy's wishes, visited him in company with a friend.

"I never saw such contradictory developments in all my experience," said the phrenologist, after a few moments' examination of Mr. Herlihy's head. "Were your parents eccentric?"

Mr. Herlihy began to smile with the foolish expression of one who suspects a compliment, but before he could speak his friend answered for him.

"He'll not have much rimembrance of his parents," said he, "but Maggie Herlihy, his wife, she's eccentric. You don't need to be payin' any attention at all, at all to them largest booms."

The Modern Cavalier.

The Low Comedian—Hello! The note that came with the bouquet goes next your fluttering heart, eh? Must be pretty sweet?

The Chorus Lady (effusively)—I should say it is, the darling! All he says is "Buy pork," but please don't give the tip away.—Puck.

This gift of innumerable spoons and knives and forks to a bride is unfortunate—she immediately wants to show how many guests she can entertain without borrowing.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

The advisability of documentary evidence tending to establish the guilt of an accused of the offense charged is held, in Adams vs. New York, advance sheets U. S. 1903, p. 372, to be affected by the fact that it was in violation of the constitutional prohibition against unreasonable searches and seizures.

The constitutional guaranty of religious freedom is held, in People vs. Pierson (N. Y.), 63 L. R. A. 187, not to be violated by a statute requiring the furnishing of medical attendance to minors, where the constitution provides that liberty of conscience shall not justify practices inconsistent with the safety of the state.

The right to interrogate a witness as to his belief in a Supreme Being who would punish him for false swearing, for the purpose of affecting his credibility, is denied in Brink vs. Stratton (N. Y.), 63 L. R. A. 182, where the constitution provides that no person shall be incompetent to be a witness on account of his religious belief, and abrogates all disqualification from civil rights because of such belief.

A stipulation in a railway pass that the company shall not be liable to the user "under any circumstances, whether of negligence of agents or otherwise, for any injury to the person," is held in Northern Pacific Railway Company vs. Adams, Advance Sheets U. S. 1903, p. 408, to violate no rule of public policy and to relieve the company from liability for personal injuries resulting from the ordinary negligence of its employees to one riding on the pass with knowledge of its conditions.

A promise by a conductor to assist a female passenger who is partially blind, in alighting from the train at her destination, is held, in Southern Railway Company vs. Hobbs (Ga.), 63 L. R. A. 68, not to amount to an undertaking on the part of the conductor to enter the car in which the passenger is riding, assume charge of her bundles and escort her from her seat down the aisle and out upon the platform, unless the passenger is so helpless as to require this extraordinary attention and the conductor has notice that such is the case.

The right to cross examine handwriting experts in order to prove their ability is sustained in Hoag vs. Wright (N. Y.), 63 L. R. A. 163, and it is held to be error to strike out an admission by such an expert that he had been mistaken as to signatures which he had pronounced genuine, although the trial judge might, in his discretion, have excluded an effort to secure such admission in the first instance. The other authorities on examination of witnesses to handwriting by comparison are collated and reviewed in a note to this case.

A combination prohibited by the act of Congress of July 2, 1890, is held, in W. W. Montague & Co. vs. Lowry (C. A., 9th C.), 63 L. R. A. 58, affirmed advance sheets U. S. 1903, p. 307, to be constituted by an association to unite all "acceptable dealers" engaged in certain business in a certain city and within 200 miles therefrom and all American manufacturers of their supplies, the rules of which exclude unacceptable persons from membership and prohibit their purchasing supplies at less than list prices, which are more than double what members of the association pay.

WOMAN CLERKS IN GERMANY.

Steady Progress of the Sex in Spite of Conservatism.

Women have become an indispensable factor in the German postal telegraph and telephone service, it seems, in spite of the conservatism which prevented the utilization of feminine activities in public work in Germany until nearly half a century later than in France and England. United States Consul Monaghan, of Chemnitz, in his recent communication to the United States department of commerce and labor, reviews briefly the conditions and requirements which are of interest as showing the progress of women in the fatherland.

It is not every woman who can obtain a position in the German postal service, so strict are the government regulations respecting age, character, education and health. A government medical examiner pronounces upon the health, which must be perfect; the age must not exceed 30 or be under 18, and a good common school education is a primary requisite. Possessing all these qualifications, the woman candidate is eligible only to a position as assistant in the postoffice, and the highest salary she can hope for is \$119 a year. In the telegraph and telephone service, however, all grades of positions are open to women, though the rules of admission are equally strict, and no women with children are employed. Four thousand women are now engaged in the telephone service of the German empire, it is stated, 1,000 of them being in Berlin. The hours are light, ranging from six to eight a day.

The highest pay which a woman can draw in German telephone offices is \$357, which is said to afford a comfortable living in Germany, but is a low wage compared to that to be obtained in England, where experienced telephone clerks get \$800 and chief supervisors are paid as high as \$2,550. In Germany, however, it must be noted that women on their withdrawal from active labor after the prescribed number of years of faithful work are awarded a government pension on the same plane with the men.

A Dividend.

Conductor—I got your fare before, sir.

Passenger—I know; this nickel is for the company.—Judge.