

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)
A few days after the promenade on deck the Eifenstein was announced by Miss Nevins, to attend her aunt, who was very ill owing to the violence of the storm. Fortunately, as a relative, the young physician turned to give it to his companion, and in handing it, their fingers met, and at the touch his heart leaped as feeling into a delightful thrill that it caused an instant feeling of questioning as to its cause.

Their passage across the Atlantic was an unusually propitious one. It was with relief to both the physician and his companion as they saw the termination of the voyage, for in spite of their united efforts, Mrs. Nevins' strength was rapidly decreasing.

Dr. Eifenstein had an unusually tender and sympathetic heart. He could not see a young girl in such trouble, and not in everything possible lead a helping hand.

He cared for her as a brother, and the eloquent look of gratitude that flashed upon him, as after seeing them both safely in the hospital home of their cousin, Mr. Eifenstein, held her hand in his, at parting, and faltered out her thanks, as he had her farewell, and yet expecting to see her name, was a reward not soon to be forgotten.

After leaving his fellow voyagers, our hero lost no time in pursuing his own journey. Before a week had elapsed, by his way was made perfectly plain, and a pleasant home was provided. He found by lighting of level Perkins, the land end of the boat where he stopped, that the place had just been examined, and at most strained, by the sudden illness of Dr. Jennings, the only physician for miles around. He had been rendered helpless three days before, by a paralytic stroke, and as all failed, would never again be able to attend to his professional duties.

Instantly, on hearing this news, the young man had visited the house of the old gentleman, and showing his letters of recommendation, and his written credentials, he had offered to attend to the sick in his place, which offer was accepted, and in a few days the stranger had all the calls for medical advice that he could attend, and the result was that he brought the practice of the place, and that which, because his accepted successor, Dr. Jennings died only two days after Eifenstein's arrival, for a third severe attack laid him at rest from the early hours forever.

The general was a large one, and after the day, with his many connections, had passed, Dr. Eifenstein again visited the house where the dead had so recently lain, and asking to see the daughter, Mrs. Stewart, he offered to rent the cottage furnished for a year, provided Mrs. Eifenstein would reside in it, as formerly, in the capacity of housekeeper.

This offer relieved Mrs. Stewart of what had been an anxiety, and Mrs. Eifenstein was delighted to accept her home, all the arrangements were made, and one week from the day of his arrival was "Earle Eifenstein, M. D.," upon a sign, beside the door of the pretty cottage in the place, and that young doctor of Galen busy night and day, attending to the large practice so suddenly thrown upon his hands.

CHAPTER IV.
Sir Reginald Glendinning was out of humor one morning in May. The daily mail had been handed him, as usual, just as he had commenced his breakfast, and one letter that he had then received had discomposed and made him very angry.

"What has this?" he muttered. "After not going to the funeral of my sister, and thus, by my absence, showing that I had not overlooked her glebe, and that I thought that these people have forwarded such a letter as this to me in the place, and that it was written by her before her death. They might have known I did not wish it. Take charge of her husband's niece, for all that." She may go to the almshouse for all that.

So saying, Sir Reginald turned to his library, tossed the offensive letter into a drawer of his bookcase, locked it, and putting the key in his pocket, rang the bell furiously for a waiter, ordering him to have the groom bring to the door a young horse named Tempest at once, as he intended to ride. Springing upon the back of the handsome creature, Sir Reginald Glendinning dashed away, just as his nephew, Robert, a young man about twenty years of age, appeared upon the deserted piazza.

He was in personal appearance very tall, with a magnificent figure, dark complexion, handsome features and large, sparkling black eyes, while his whole air portrayed the proud. He had a rich inheritance from his own immediate family.

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

G. Bernard Shaw's latest book, "Man and Superman," in many respects shows the highest flood tide of his versatility.

Reports concerning fiction are to the effect that George Meredith is writing a novel in which Mr. Chamberlain will have a leading part.

Thomas Nelson Page, whose stories of the South have endeared him to all Southerners, is preparing a volume of essays on Southern topics.

The first volume of the "American Civil War," of which there will be about twenty-five, giving a full history of the Civil War and the causes leading up to it, will appear in the autumn.

Joseph Conrad's new book, "Hominid," was written in collaboration with Ford Madox Hueffer, Mr. Conrad and Mr. Hueffer have houses near each other in Kent, England, and have been the closest of friends for many years.

It is said that Forrest Crosby's new book, "Tattlings of a Retired Politician" (Thompson & Thomas, Chicago), is of interest to certain politicians of national fame, and that the interest of some of them is not entirely from a literary point of view.

Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams are collaborating upon a novel of mystery. It is to be a tale, and the plot involves a mysterious ship that is found on the high seas with all sails set and nobody aboard. It is said to be founded upon fact.

W. D. Howells during a long visit in England intends to write a book descriptive of the places associated with the lives and the departure thence of the founders of the American colonies. Old Plymouth and old Boston will furnish forth a large part of this history.

The manuscript of a new Heccher book is in course of preparation. It is a collection of the preacher's illustrations, and is being edited from his published works and much other unpublished material. There will be an introduction by Newell D. Hillis, the present pastor of Plymouth Church.

"The Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Duskum, shows how funny a book can be. The ordinary man will get a lot of enjoyment following the amusing career of this little tot. This "funniest of biographies" opens a new vein of humor, and with F. Y. Cory's baby pictures is easily the most original of books.

"Our Mountain Garden" is the title of an attractive book by Mrs. Theodore Thomas. Mrs. Thomas tells all about her garden, their summer home in New Hampshire not far from Bethel, Me., and how she built it with her own four hands. Incidentally the book is a practical guide for those who want to do the author's kind of gardening, which means spending little money and having little knowledge of horticulture to go ahead on, and no professional help. The beauty of the kind of gardening which Mrs. Thomas describes is that any one can do it anywhere; it does not depend on a favorable climate, on constant care, on a gardener, on an abundance of money, or even on an abundance of water.

What it is a fascinating story, full of the sort of interest that always adheres to a spirited account of the making of a country home by a woman of talent and cultivation.

There were weather prophets before the Weather Bureau. A correspondent of the Springfield Republican says that once when Dudley Leavitt, for many years the maker of the New Hampshire Almanac, was driving northward through Nottingham, he encountered a farmer heading by the roadside.

"A fine morning," said Leavitt. "Yes," was the answer, "but it's going to rain before long." There was no hint of rain in the summer sky; but before Leavitt had got through Northwood Narrows a heavy shower came down upon him. Wishing to find out how the farmer could predict so exactly, he turned back, and found him out in the field again, after the rain.

LAWYERS' FEES ARE LARGE

Manner in Which They Are Collected in England and This Country.

Comparisons are often made between the fees of counsel in England and America, and with unsatisfactory results, as it is difficult to find any relative standard by which to measure the result. In this country a firm of lawyers would take entire charge of such a case as Whitaker Wright's and have the sole conduct of it from start to finish and would probably charge a fee to cover the entire work performed, based in some measure upon the result. In England a firm of solicitors is employed to prepare the case for trial, but upon each hearing before the magistrate, and at the trial counsel are retained, the solicitors usually being the ablest and most skillful of their class's means will afford.

In the Whitaker Wright trial thousands of pounds were doubtless spent by both sides in getting the case ready. Part of this money was "out of pocket" for the services of accountants and scriveners, but profit costs of the solicitors must have been very large. It is commonly reported that Rufus Isaacs, K. C., who with Mr. Avery, K. C., and Emery Stephenson conducted the prosecution, had 500 guineas—say, \$2,500—marked upon his brief, with a daily retainer of 100 guineas, which would make his compensation for the actual court work \$2,500.

In the usual course Mr. Avery would receive a fee of two-thirds the amount of Rufus Isaacs's fee and Mr. Stephenson's fee would amount to two-thirds of Mr. Avery's fee. If this system is allowed, and there is no reason to believe it was not, Mr. Avery received \$3,000 and Mr. Stephenson \$3,000, or a total of approximately \$18,000 for the three counsels. Hanson Walker is said to have had no less than 3,000 guineas marked on his brief for the defense, but this was, to at least 2,000 guineas, a "special" fee and his associates would get the balance, receiving the same proportional amounts. However, it is not improbable that the defendant's counsels were paid something more, and probably considerably more, than \$25,000 for their services.—Green Bay.

MEN SHOULD LIVE LONGER.

It is Not Old Age, but Passion that Kills the Majority.

Few human beings die by reason of the infirmities of years. Some claim that all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental or bodily tort or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression "choked with rage" has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young, weak men live longer than the strong; for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use—the latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body so with the mind and the temper; the strong are apt to break or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years.

The horse lives twenty-five years, the ox fifteen to twenty, the lion about twenty, the hog ten or twelve, the rabbit eight, the guinea pig six or seven. The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size. But man of all animals is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live 100 years, according to the physiological law, for five times twenty are 100, but instead of that he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most temperate, but the most laborious and hard-working of all animals. He is always the most irritable and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal man cherishes himself to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections.

City Residents Nearsighted.

"The race is growing nearsighted, owing to city life and the conditions of our civilization," said Frederick P. Simmons, examining eye specialist, while addressing the members of the New England Association of Opticians.

"Our visual range is confined to near objects for the greater part of the day," said he, "and this keeps the eyes turned in. An object twenty feet away will make the eyeballs parallel.

"Anything less will turn them in, and people who spend their hours in offices and flats necessarily have a short range of vision, which overworks and weakens the interior muscles close to the nasal cavity.

"The exterior muscles not being so strained, are strong, and hence cause the eyes to turn out. Let a person who is thus affected spend a week or two in the country and his eyes become normal again, because he gets greater range of vision. Savages are generally farsighted."—Jewellers' Circular-Weekly.

A Costly Privilege.

In certain cities of high civilization one has to pay for the privilege of being run over, instead of recovering damages for injuries so received. So the administration of what is called justice in India may prove rather exacting to the criminal.

AMAZES ALL LONDON.

San Francisco was the originator of the twenty-foot saucer-shaped bicycle track for stage purposes, but two English athletes have just been adding a touch of the sensational to this idea that has quite amazed all London. In this new act the intrepid rider not only uses a miniature track that is smaller than the San Francisco original by half, but, what is more astounding, pedals his machine at full



SUPPORTED BY A STRONG MAN.

A man who gets his meals at home ought not to find fault with such a small affair as having his eggs boiled too hard or too soft, and yet some men seem to have this reputation. In a restaurant or hotel where the cook is handling a great many eggs a day, it is not difficult to guess at the time required to boil them to the customer's taste, but the cook at home has no such opportunity for practice as this, and possibly she might desire to free herself from a boiling by using the new egg boiler which has just been designed. This consists of a clock mechanism which can be set to run for the required number of seconds to cook the eggs hard, medium or soft. Then the connecting arm is put in motion to lift the little wire basket containing the eggs out of the boiling water. The cook has no need to watch the time and devote her attention to the eggs to have them right, and she can go on with her other work without worrying about them.

The First Rural Mail Route.

Fifty-four years ago John Baldwin, of Concordia, Kansas, crossed the plains for the gold fields of California with excitement. "My home then was Johnson county, Missouri," he says, "and where Lawrence now is we spent three days making a raft of dry cutwood logs on which to pull our wagon across the Kaw river to avoid paying a toll of \$5 a wagon. This we likewise did at North Platte and at Green river. Just at the foot of Promont's peak we saw four large spring wagons beautifully painted, covered over and studded up with plank. On each side was written in gold letters, U. S. Mail.

"Soldiers with their blue coats and brass buttons and with muskets erect were walking their beats. At some distance from the wagons we could see government soldiers and soldiers guarding them. Each wagon had a man who would tell the emigrants as they passed by that the government of the United States had sent these soldiers and wagons out there to haul back all letters that the emigrants might choose to mail for the modest sum of \$1 a letter. Nearly everyone wrote home and not one letter ever reached the States. When most of the emigrants had passed by, these imposters—for that was what they were—burned the letters, lit back their fine muskets and reached the fort almost as soon as we did. They probably made \$100,000 with their lightning game."

Major McClellan's Humor.

Major McClellan, of New York, has been charged with a lack of humor, perhaps on insufficient grounds. The Major has a little nephew in whom he is much interested. One evening recently this youngster approached him, and said, "Uncle George, we had something about the phenix at school to-day."

"Ah, yes; very fascinating subject. In the natural history class, I suppose?"

"No, the reading lesson. And the teacher wanted me to find out how he got on there. You tell me, please."

"Certainly. Burned up in Arabia every five hundred years, didn't he? And you want to know how he caught fire?"

"Yes."

"Bird, wasn't he?"

"Of course."

"Had wings, and flew about, I believe."

"Yes, he did."

"Well, now, I suppose the phenix caught fire from a defective flue. You try that explanation on your teacher, anyhow, and see what she thinks about it."

Lake Gave Man a Fortune.

The body of Baron Ladislaus Solomsky, a millionaire member of the Hungarian house of magnates, has been placed in a magnificent vault near Budapest.

The baron, who received his title of nobility from Francis Joseph several years ago, owed his enormous fortune to a most remarkable accident. He began life as a farmer and took a ten years' lease on an estate belonging to Prince Esterhazy, near the shallow Neusiedler lake.

In the first year of the lease the lake, in a mysterious manner, dried up, and Herr Falk, as he was called at the time, found that he could cultivate the immense lake bed, which consisted of exceedingly fertile soil.

The lake remained dry during the full term of his lease and he made a great fortune. Soon afterward the lake began to fill up again and now presents its old appearance.

His Little Postscript.

The absent-minded correspondent of the Georgia citizen in Texas closed a recent communication as follows:

"P. S.—I almost forgot to tell you that your house was burnt to the ground one day last week, your inventory havin' let the insurance lapse two weeks before. So you won't get nuthin' out of it, I reckon."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Roudy Estimate.

"Don't you send the records of such men as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay?"

"Well," answered Senator Scruggs, "Webster and Clay were interesting talkers. But they never made much money that I have heard of."—Washington Star.

Occasionally men die of thirst, but more often they drink themselves to death.