

# A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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"GLENROV," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

## CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The life of a physician is certainly a very unexciting and unattractive one. No matter, therefore, how far Dr. Effenstein retired to his library, after his lonely supper, and became deeply interested in a book, a severe thunder shower, now steadily spending toward them, unheeded in, by muttered thunder, and zigzag lightning, then rattled, came at the door, and a call for services about two miles off.

"Well," he thought, as he vaulted up on his faithful horse Milton, "I can, perhaps, have a view of his ghostship on our way back, if we hasten."

He touched his horse and sped off in the darkness. Before reaching the home of his patient, the storm was indeed over him. He dismounted fully an hour, hoping it would abate, but instead, his fury seemed to increase with every breath. His patient had fallen into a quiet sleep, and he was anxious to be off. Donning his rubber coat, with its protecting hood well drawn over his hat, he started homeward.

Dimly darkness he encountered all the way, relieved only by the wild flashes of lightning that darted hither and thither, over the lanky sky, while the wind, eerie like, sought through the tall trees of the grounds surrounding Glendinning Hall, then, seeming to gather force with each lull, broke loose again into fury, hissing, and thrashing the branches in a fearful manner.

Suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning caused his horse to shy to one side, while a crash of thunder almost appalled him. Raising his eyes instinctively towards the sky, they fell by accident upon the windows of the Haunted Tower.



THE RIDER WAS DASHED UPON A PILE OF STONES.

What terrific spectacle was this that met his eyes?

The words of the boy were fully confirmed, the most horrid scene that could picture as surely dawning that within the tower in full, plain view, a hideous figure was jumping up and down, amid a glow of what seemed sulphurous light, while every now and then it sank down only to reappear, going through the same wild motions and antics, each one appalling enough to strike terror to the hearts of the superstitious beholder.

But Dr. Effenstein was by no means a superstitious man. Ghosts, goblins, specters, all were to him mere vagaries of a crazed brain. Therefore, while startled and horrified for one moment by this singular apparition, he next, he coolly resumed his horse, and thus stood still, calmly contemplating the scene.

While still sitting there upon the back of his horse, lost in conjecture, the demoniac hobgoblin, apparition, or whatever the evil genius of the Haunted Tower might be called, dropped from sight; the strange, lurid light disappeared; darkness reigned over the place, except as revealed by the lightning flashes, and the puzzled but undaunted physician was free to urge his horse onward once more towards the peaceful cottage that he called his home.

Once within the cheerful shelter of the library, he seated himself beside the table, drew nearer the wax candles, and again took up his book to read another chapter before retiring for the night. But he soon found that reading was impossible, for ever before the page flipped, the impish figure he had seen, with his horse, its flaming eyes and hideous contortions. Closing the book then he leaned his head against the tall back of his chair, and thought long and deeply. At the close of his cogitations, as he laid himself down upon his bed for the night, one result alone was reached, namely:

"There had been a murder committed years before within Glendinning Hall, and the murderer was still unknown and at large. For some unaccountable reason the tower was made to appear in the possession of evil spirits by some parties, also unknown."

In his soul Dr. Effenstein believed the dreadful apparition he had himself witnessed that night was the work of some wicked person, wrought out, probably, to keep up the superstitious notoriety such a mystery would bring upon a place.

Finding sleep impossible, the doctor again arose, and, drawing aside the curtain from the window, gazed forth into the darkness of the night. But while the storm still raged furiously, and the sky was shrouded by an inky pall, no light appeared from the direction of the hall to whisper forebodingly of the specter of the tower.

The young physician soon found himself pursuing another and an entirely different train of thought. This time the storm passing before his eyes was transferred to the wildly lashed and foaming billows of the sea. His peaceful home had changed to the cabin of an ocean steamer, and the goblin of night into the graceful form of Ethel Nevazell, his lovely fellow passenger of a few weeks before.

Ah, beautiful, loath Ethel! How he longed to see her, to speak to her, to hear her, but he knew that this was a pleasure which would never again be his, with every sigh he dropped the curtain and turned to his pillow, but not to sleep, but to toss around, and strive in vain to banish from his mind thoughts of the girl who had unconsciously succeeded in leaving a terrible and indelible impression upon his heart.

"Drink it. It may soothe pain, but I assure you, not prevent reflection."

So the trembling baronet swallowed the potion, and then became silent and thoughtful. Dr. Effenstein waited until he saw his patient calmed and more pliable, then proceeded to replace the bone of the broken hip and arrange the sufferer in the position most important for the success of his remedy.

After giving explicit directions to Lady Constantine and Mrs. Fredon, an old family nurse, for his further treatment, he withdrew, promising to return by evening.

No sooner had the door closed upon his retreating form than Sir Reginald ordered every soul to leave the room except Lady Constantine, merely explaining to the wondering ones that he must consult his wife upon a matter of importance.

"Constantine," said he, when he saw that his order had been obeyed and that they were alone, "I wish to see you in my study, a letter which lies upon my desk, and which you will find in my vest pocket."

Lady Constantine instantly did as he directed, and the letter from his dead sister was some more in his hand. This time he read it in a different mood. Instead of anger, one could see intense satisfaction in his eager eyes.

"Now, I will tell you the request made of me in this letter, and he repeated to her the words read by his niece, and nephew, as they stealthily possessed themselves of fish contacts. 'This girl needs a home for a few months. I need some private assistance, and you need some person to aid you and the nurse in taking care of me, or at least, in assisting me. If this Ethel is willing to do as I wish, I will pay her for her services well, and thus my sister's desire will be carried out. What say you to the arrangement?'

"I am perfectly willing to acquiesce in what you think best," was the meek reply of the wife.

"Then give me a paper and pencil while I write a telegraphic dispatch. 'There,' said he, handing her the following message, addressed to the person alluded to in the letter.

"Sir Glendinning is ill. You can be useful here if you wish, so come instantly. Answer. Will be met at station."

"Call the coachman; tell him to take Jerry and go with all speed to the office and see that the car is sent at once. Have him wait for an answer."

A short time elapsed only when Matthew returned with this message: "I will come to you on the four o'clock train."

A few words coolly written, but on them hung a long train of terrible events that the movements of the dread future could alone unfold.

(To be continued.)

## CAVE MEN IN AMERICA.

Prehistoric Skulls Discovered in a Cave in Northwestern Missouri.

Prof. C. N. Gould, of the University of Oklahoma, recently visited a cave in Northwestern Missouri where excavations have been going on for a fortnight, and will last as much longer before they are completed. The cave is seventy feet long in the solid rock, and the bottom is covered with a layer of debris of ashes and clay have been dug four human skeletons, together with bones of other animals. The arms are unduly long and the legs unduly short, which argues that the skeletons belong to an ancient people. Flint instruments of all kinds, knives, spear heads, drills, as well as bone and stone instruments, are found in great abundance.

The surface of the cave is of limestone, worn perfectly smooth, probably by long generations of use by the cliff dwellers. Dr. Peabody tells of a shepherd at Mycene of similar limestone worn smooth in a like manner by long use of the sheep. Along the back wall of the cave the water pouring off the limestone has formed huge stalactites which Prof. Gould says must have been in process of formation for thousands of years. As these stalactites have formed above the coats of ashes in which the human skeletons and other relics of ancient times have been found, the cave must be one of extreme age.

As far as known, the discovery of these four skulls in Northwestern Missouri is the first positive discovery of a cave man in America. Their antiquity is yet to be proven. The stalactites, however, the three-foot coating of ashes, and other evidences of like kind seem to prove that the discovery is indeed an important one. Prof. Gould was the only geologist present at the investigation of that cave, and as almost the whole question of antiquity must be settled by a study of the geological formation his opinion in the case is of great value. Prof. Gould is of the opinion that the cave is the greatest find of its kind ever made in America. The work of excavation has only begun, and the greatest discoveries are yet to be made in all probability. He thinks there is little question as to its antiquity, and that the discoveries being made in this cave will be of invaluable aid in solving the problem of the prehistoric races of man which inhabited the American continent at one time.—New York Evening Post.

## Melting Snow.

During the past winter a new device for removing snow from city streets was put in use. It is called a snow-melter, a large machine for thoroughly cleaning the streets. Popular Mechanics says that the melting is done rapidly and economically by means of a hot-air blast which is brought into direct contact with the snow.

The melter consists of a double-end furnace with a large grate area surrounded by a horizontal water-jacket with two inverted L-shaped tubes. The dimensions of the melter are the same as those of an ordinary truck.

The melter is mounted on wheels, and can be easily moved from place to place by a team of horses. The water-jacket forms the bottom of an iron frame or box into which the snow may be shoveled direct from the street, or into which a load of snow may be directly dumped.

The furnace burns coke, and is large enough to hold a carload at a time. The snow is placed in direct contact with the heated flues, and is melted as fast as a gang of laborers can shovel.

The wise man who is looking for a job never gives his next-door neighbor as a reference.

Speaking terms are to be found on a card in the telephone booth.

## OLD FAVORITES

Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground, Round de meadows am a ring de darkey's mournful song.

When de mocking birds am singing happy as de day am long, Where de boy am a weeping on de grassy mound,

Here old massa am a sleeping, sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling, and de sun was cold, 'Twas hard to hear old massa a calling, cause he was so weak and old. Now de orange trees am blooming on de sandy shore,

Now de summer days am coming, massa never calls no more.

Now de winter days am coming, massa never calls no more.

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like this love, of course, perhaps, so that now when one sits in one of the settles, his feet are necessarily suspended in space; but these seats are an index of the homelike ease and luxury that these ancient people enjoyed in the open loggias of their own residences, when the floors were in place, when a sloping roof afforded welcome shade within the portico and when clinging vines twined about the pillars of stone.

The bazaars of these ancient towns which are still recognized as such by those people who live among the ruins, who have no bazaars of their own, but have seen them in Aleppo, consist of long, narrow structures facing directly upon the street. Often they occupied both sides of a street of unusual width. The fronts of the shops have two-story porticoes of square masonry piers carrying equally plain architraves. Behind the portico is a building, also of two stories, composed of a series of small rooms which were undoubtedly storerooms in the ground story and living apartments above. This arrangement was not unlike that of the colonnades of the Greek market places and, indeed, they seem to have been called stores, as we learn from an inscription upon one of them. We may then suppose that the lower story of the porticoes was employed for the display of merchandise in the daytime and that the goods were removed to the storerooms at night.

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## SAVED HER BABY.

The hippopotamus is not generally credited with great intellectual power, but it seems from the following incident, taken from the Popular Science Monthly, that somewhere in that mass of flesh and fat resides a brain prompt to act when necessity demands. For several weeks the wonder and delight of an English zoological park was a baby hippopotamus, which was named Guy Fawkes because its birthday fell upon the 5th of November.

The young hippopotamus was about the size of a bacon pig, of a pinkish slate-color, and as playful as a kitten. It was only three days old when, as the superintendent of the "zoo" was watching the little fellow's antics, it dived to the bottom and did not rise. The grown animals never remain under water much longer than three minutes; so as time went on and no baby reappeared the superintendent became alarmed.

When twenty minutes had elapsed he gave orders that the water be drawn from the tank to recover the body of what he felt sure was a dead baby hippopotamus. As the plug was being removed young Guy Fawkes appeared, shaking his funny little horse-like ears, and wearing a hippopotamic grin, which seemed to say, "Don't be frightened; I'm all right. You don't know all about me yet." The young animals have a great power of remaining under water, which they lose as they increase in years.

The next time baby went to the bottom, however, was not so much of a joke. He tried to climb up the side of the tank in which there were no steps. He fell back again and again, until he sank exhausted. The keepers were gathered about the tank in great anxiety, but unable to help. The mother, however, hurried to her baby with all her clumsy haste. She dived, put her broad nose under Guy Fawkes, shoved him up, and held him above the surface until he had recovered his breath and was rested.

It was nearly half an hour before the little fellow was able to make another attempt. Then he made a huge effort. Mamma Hippopotamus gave a big shove with her head, and Master Guy Fawkes clambered triumphantly up the side of the tank.

## COSTUME OF HULCHOL INDIAN.

The Adult Male Presents a Striking Appearance.

The Hulchol Indian, especially the well-to-do adult male, presents a most striking appearance, says a writer in the Southern Workman. He is dressed in a shirt of cotton or woolen cloth, which reaches about halfway down the thigh and is held in at the waist with curiously woven girdles. His legs are always bare. His feet are protected with sandals of the usual cowhide pattern, fastened with strings of fiber to the ankle. Sandals of plaited fiber, such as were used before the advent of cattle, are hardly seen now except for ceremonial purposes. Around his shoulders the Hulchol wears a cape-like kerchief of woolen or cotton cloth, generally richly embroidered with red, blue or black figures and edged with a broad strip of red flannel.

As if that were not gaudy enough, he suspends around his waist, under his girdle, a pouch to hang in front. This is never omitted, and in it he carries his flint and steel for striking fire, a little tobacco and other necessities. Additional pouches may be worn for decorative purposes, suspended over the hips by strings passing over the shoulders; or rows of tiny pouches, most artistically woven or embroidered, are tied around the waist. When traveling he puts on a low-crowned, broad-brimmed straw hat, trimmed with crosses of red flannel, ribbons, squirrel tails and the wing and tail feathers of turkeys, hawks, eagles and parrots.

## SAVED FROM AN EPIDEMIC.

Poisonous Wells Might Cause Widespread Pestilence in the Land.

By a series of experiments which proved how readily deep wells and springs could experience pollution, the town of Quitman, Ga., has doubtless been saved from the danger of an epidemic of disease. In this place the water supply of the town is derived from wells, and in planning a sewerage system it was proposed to dispose of the public sewage by discharging through a bore hole into an underground stream.

The possibility that contamination might result, however, was early suggested, and led to practical experiments being undertaken by the United States geological survey and the geological survey of Georgia in order to determine the matter definitely. Two tons of salt were placed in the well where it was planned to empty the sewage and the water from the various wells which had been previously examined, especially as to their chlorine contents, was again analyzed, samples being taken at intervals during and some time after the experiment.

It was found that the salt had permeated all of the wells in town, demonstrating conclusively that disease germs could be readily communicated to the drinking water. These experiments are in line with some carried on in Europe several years ago, where it was found that bacteria placed in certain wells could be detected at other sources of water in the vicinity, and emphasized the importance of carefully examining and safeguarding water supplies under all conditions.—Harper's Weekly.

## Fascinating Exercise.

If people were always as obliging as they are when they run after other people's hats on a windy day what a delightful world this would be.—Washington Star.

## AN UNRULY ASSISTANT.

Filed among the correspondence of the Lighthouse Board at Washington are two brief epistles the dates of which show that the first was written about six months before the second. They look precisely like any ordinary business correspondence, they were received in good faith by the board, and no one, reading them casually, would suspect what a tale of domestic woe lay there. An inspector, making his usual rounds, discovered the facts.

An Irishman named McFadden had charge of a lighthouse near one of the lake ports. He was a small, wiry person of about 80 pounds in weight. His wife more than made up for anything that he lacked in size or muscle, for she was a brawny, stalwart woman of 200 pounds. She was, moreover, the possessor of a violent temper, and there were times when the timorous, under-sized lighthouse keeper did not dare to call his own his own.

His duties at the lighthouse were somewhat arduous, so when Mrs. McFadden happened to be in a pleasant frame of mind, she sometimes helped her rather inefficient partner with the lamps. She learned one day that her husband was entitled to an assistant of his own choosing, and she suggested that since she did the work she, properly, was the person who should be appointed to draw the comfortable salary. Mr. McFadden, however, promptly objected, saying that he was certain that the board would never give the position to a woman.

"Just send in the application," she urged, "and tell them you're wanting it for your relative, J. McFadden. Sure they'll never know whether it's for John or for Jane, and I can do the work as well as any man."

Mr. McFadden reluctantly sent in the application, and in due time "J. McFadden" was regularly appointed first assistant at the lighthouse. The prospect of the salary brought joy to the assistant's heart, and all went well for a time.

After a while, however, Mrs. McFadden, always a trying person to live with, became so independent on the strength of her separate income that poor McFadden found life with her entirely insupportable. Affairs reached a climax one day when the stalwart Jane laid her superior officer across her knee, and in the presence of visitors deliberately spanked him with the hair brush.

McFadden, of course, was unable physically to retaliate, but mentally he proved fully equal to the occasion. Referring to the lighthouse tower, where he was safe from intrusion, he wrote the following letter:

"To the Lighthouse Board.  
"Gentlemen—I respectfully request that my assistant, J. McFadden, be removed for disobedience and insubordination. Faithfully yours,  
"Patrick McFadden."

As the lighthouse keeper had been the judge of the fitness of his own assistant in the beginning, the board saw no reason why he should not now be a proper judge of insubordination, as his request was granted.

## "BRAIN FAG" A MYTH.

It Is Eye Strain that Causes the Condition Complained Of.

The so-called "brain fag" is a silly myth. The brain does not tire; intellectual work does not hurt under normal conditions. It is eye strain that causes all the brain fag which the newspapers have been exploiting of late. Spencer learned this lesson and escaped the tragedy of Nietzsche and Carlyle by dictating his writings, getting others to do his research work for him, and by being willing to go without vast realms of accurate knowledge. Parkman was driven to similar expedients. But all the rest screamed and suffered even while they wrote little notes and postal cards instead of letters to their best friends.

The result in suffering was inexcusable and horrible. There are biographies of these people which do not allude to it; physicians and medical editors have been known who smiled ironically at the "exaggeration" of "trivial imaginations"; and there are numberless fools who think they are excused from all sympathy with a Carlyle or a Nietzsche. They do not know that the misery of the pain of one attack of the nausea of sick headache has not been equaled except in some medieval or oriental torture chamber.

When for some profound reason the dominant and oldest instinct of the organism—that for food and nutrition—is violently reversed, it should be plain even to the stupidest mind that the deepest wrong exists and that the very springs of life are being drained. Add to this another symptom almost equally terrible, intense pain in the brain, the organ controlling both character and life processes, and what disease could be more desperate? How many of our patients had sick headache it is impossible to tell, owing to the disinclination, especially in letters and biographies, to speak of vomiting. Probably most of them did suffer from it more or less.—Booklovers' Magazine.

## As Compared.

Birkins—Have you noticed how queerly young Poppkins acts of late? I wonder what's the matter with him? Mifkins—Why, he's in love—lost his heart, you know.

Birkins—Oh, is that all! He makes as much fuss as if he had lost a dollar on a horse race.

## Everything in Its Place.

"Where shall we put all that waste material?" asks the truck superintendent of the yardmaster. "Along the belt line, of course," answers the yardmaster without looking up from his order sheet.—Judge.

Although the government doesn't encourage counterfeiting, it employs a lot of Congressmen who pass bad bills.

Our idea of a good manager is a man who is able to manage a wife and an automobile simultaneously.

If a man is only attentive to his wife in public she is willing to overlook a lot of private neglect.