

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER I.

In his unusually pleasant office on Broadway sat Lemuel Gray, a middle-aged man and successful lawyer, in deep thought. In his hand he held a letter, which, after a few moments, he again carefully read. As it refers to people and events to be mentioned in the remarkable story about to be related, we give the contents entire:

Yonkers, April 15, 18—.

Mr. Lemuel Gray:

Dear Sir—It is with great difficulty that I pen the following, being very ill, but as the object I have in view by thus addressing you is of great importance, I will write in as few words as possible.

You are aware, being my confidential adviser, that I expected to sail for Europe shortly, in order to attempt to unravel the mystery surrounding the death of Sir Arthur Glendenning, in whose life I am so deeply interested.

I wished to visit in some disguise, the town where Glendenning Hall is situated, to become acquainted with the present baronet and Lady Constance, his wife, with the nephew and niece residing with them, and to learn something, if possible, about the only sister who married without the consent of her family, and who, therefore, was disowned by her relatives as well as a young girl whom it was also said she had adopted.

I desired, also, to make inquiries in regard to the private character of Antoine Duval, the valet of the present Sir Reginald Glendenning, and to study everything that might bear upon the mystery of the case.

I regret to say that my physician declares it impossible for me to undertake, with safety, this journey. What do you think of my sending a substitute? I have in mind a young physician, Dr. Earle Eifenstein, who resides in your city. I write to ask you to hunt him up for me. Please make a few inquiries as to his circumstances, disposition and above all, whether he is an energetic and conscientious man.

Inform me in regard to these matters at an early date. If favorable, set a time when you can meet him at my residence and explain to him the peculiar mission I wish him to undertake in my behalf. Your presence will be absolutely necessary, as the disease with which I am afflicted forbids my entering into the long explanations that must be given, in order to instruct him in the performance of the work.

Yours, etc.,

LEON RAPPELVE.

To this, a few hours later, the following reply was penned:

N. Y., April 16, 18—.

Mr. Leon Rappelve:

Dear Sir—Upon the receipt of yours of the 15th, I examined the city directory without delay. I find Dr. Eifenstein's address to be 47 Eton street.

Going at once to the neighborhood, I learned from a reliable source that the young man has a very small practice, therefore, finds it difficult to support his widowed mother and himself in comfort. This state of his finances is not due to lack of energy, for he is indefatigable in his efforts to benefit his patients, but those who apply to him for advice are, unfortunately, the very poor in the region of his home.

He is an exceedingly conscientious and good man, and from all I can learn, just the one to undertake the important business which you propose, and which I fully approve.

I will meet him at your residence on the evening of the 18th. It would be well to send him a telegram to that effect as soon as you receive this. Yours sincerely,

LEMUEL GRAY.

It was a dull and dreary picture that the eyes of Dr. Earle Eifenstein rested upon as he drew back the lace curtains that draped the parlor window of his cozy home.

His practice was not large and far from lucrative. Times were unusually hard, and his bills for services rendered, poorly paid, so that he had, indeed, a hard struggle to live.

This afternoon he was peculiarly cast down, for his mother had reminded him that the month's rent for the flat in which they resided would be due in three days, and he knew he had not one quarter of the amount required.

It was no wonder, then, that a sigh swept him as he turned to greet the sweet-looking lady about fifty years of age, who entered the room, holding an envelope in her hand.

"Here is a telegram for you, Earle. What can it be?"

"I cannot say, as I expected none," he replied, opening the message. "This is singular. I am requested to leave the city by the 8 p. m. train for Yonkers, to see a gentleman, who is an invalid, on a matter of business. His name is Leon Rappelve, a strange name to me."

"What shall you do about it?" asked the mother, anxiously.

"I shall go, of course. The message says, 'you will be met at the station.' I have just about time to answer a call, and meet the train."

"What time shall you return?"

"It will be late, I know, perhaps not until morning. Good by, little mother. Who knows but this will bring better things for us?"

Later, closely protected by a comfortable ulster from the heavy rain that was falling, with a train of serious thoughts in his mind, occasioned by his poverty, Dr. Eifenstein departed and entered the Grand Central Depot and the way to the ears that would bear him to his destination.

The rain was falling in torrents as the train came thundering to the station at Yonkers, and upon stopping, the usual crowd hurried out, and passing through the waiting room to the street beyond, were soon lost in the gloom. The doctor had scarcely a moment to wait, when a private coachman approached, whip in hand, and accosted him.

"I have been sent to meet a gentleman from New York named Eifenstein.

Are you the one?"

"I am."

"Then please follow me."

The young man was soon seated in a handsome close carriage. Street after street was traversed, until finally they turned into the extensive grounds of an elegant residence.

As the young man stepped across the piazza, the large doors were instantly opened by a colored waiter, who motioned him to enter and proceeded to assist in removing his overcoat and wet shoes.

Crossing the marble floor of the long hall, he was ushered into a room elegantly appointed. The bright gas cast a cheerful glow around, while the velvet carpet scarcely gave back a footfall. The table was laid for one, and very soon a sumptuous dinner was served, of which he alone partook.

Leaving the doctor to enjoy his solitary meal, we will precede him to the story above, and to the presence of the invalid, whose urgent telegraphic dispatch had brought him to the place.

The second story back room was large and commodious, opening into a room beyond, where every luxury abounded, for the comfort of the master.

"Has he come?"

"These words issued from the pale lips of the sufferer, who was half sitting, half reclining upon the bed."

"Has Dr. Eifenstein come? I thought I heard the carriage."

"You did, and he is here," returned the nurse and housekeeper. "I thought it best to have him take dinner before you saw him. I presume you have much to say and would prefer not to be interrupted. He will be with you in a few moments now."

"Has my lawyer come?"

"Not yet. But the door bell rings. I think that is he."

"Set that stand with writing materials close by my bed, then go down and show both gentlemen to this room; after which, you can leave us to ourselves until you hear me ring."

Making herself known to the doctor, the nurse introduced him to Mr. Gray, then led the way to the sick man's presence.

"Here is Mr. Gray, Mr. Rappelve, and this is your expected friend, Dr. Eifenstein."

Reaching forth a thin, white hand, the old man smiled feebly, and between struggling breaths managed to say:

"I am very glad to see you."

Taking the emaciated hand in both his, Earle Eifenstein pressed it tenderly, and in a low tone full of feeling responded:

"I am glad I could come to you, but sorry, very sorry to see you so ill!"

"You must wonder why I summoned you, an entire stranger, to my side in this unceremonious way, but I have important business to transact. Talking is such an exertion, my lawyer, Mr. Gray, must explain for me my wishes, and why I sent for you."

These words were uttered at intervals, for his short breathing prevented long sentences, and gently releasing his hand Eifenstein took the seat close beside the bed, while Mr. Gray seated himself in a business-like way beside the table.

CHAPTER II.

"Dr. Eifenstein," said Mr. Gray, "my eldest and friend, Mr. Leon Rappelve, is, as you see, extremely ill. Our friend is a lonely man, having no relatives living to whom he wishes to leave his large fortune. He has dictated his last will and testament, and as he desires to sign it before he may be unable to do so, it was necessary for him to see you personally, previous to placing his name to the document, in which, I may add, you are deeply interested."

Earle Eifenstein started as he heard these words, and looked from the lawyer to the invalid beside him.

"You are surprised, naturally," again resumed Mr. Gray, "and probably wonder what Mr. Rappelve knows of you. I will explain this at once. Your father was George Eifenstein, a well-known banker; in years gone by he and Mr. Rappelve a never-to-be-forgotten service. His arrival in this country was followed by a long and dangerous illness, when he lay alone among strangers, almost neglected, and he attended to his wants like a brother, until he was entirely convalescent. They met often afterward, and then lost sight of each other. Years of silence passed, when accidentally he learned about three months since that his benefactor was dead, and his only son was a struggling physician in New York. He has heard of your fearless, conscientious manner of meeting your engagements, and this was a characteristic he particularly wished to find in some young friend. When, therefore, his health entirely failed, he determined to send for you, and perhaps place his affairs in your hands."

"Anything that I can do within the range of honor and integrity, I shall be pleased to undertake," Earle answered.

"We felt so. The case then is this: but, of course, you will recognize the fact that the history of our friend's life, which I shall be obliged to unfold to you, is told in strict confidence. Will you promise to regard that confidence as a sacred trust, never to be told to another, until all that is now mysterious has been swept away?"

"I will."

"Then I will proceed. Our friend was the youngest son of Sir Geoffrey Glendenning, residing in a large town near Liverpool. This gentleman had one daughter, who married against his wishes, and three sons. Arthur, who would in case of his death succeed to the title; Reginald, two years younger, and Fitzroy, the gentleman you see before you, whose severe domestic misfortunes have been so great that for the last twenty-five years he has been obliged to live in this country, under the assumed name of Rappelve."

A short time after the death of his parents, for they expired within a few months of each other, and after his brother Arthur had come into possession

of his title, little quarrels arose between the brothers, and seemed to embitter them exceedingly.

"Reginald, the second son, had an ugly, morose disposition, that was peculiarly exasperating, and whenever the opportunity occurred he delighted in getting Fitzroy into disgrace with the young baronet."

"These young men had a very pretty cousin, in whose society they each took extreme pleasure. Her name was Constance Leonore Glendenning. It was soon discovered that the affections of the young girl were centered upon Sir Arthur, and this knowledge was immediately followed by a betrothal."

"Reginald, being somewhat disappointed that he could not win the prize, undertook to report several little interviews of a purely innocent and accidental nature that Fitzroy had with this lady to his brother, casting a very sinister light upon them, and assuring Arthur that Fitzroy was endeavoring to supplant him in her favor."

"This artful story infuriated the young nobleman, and caused a very bitter interview. Fitzroy indignantly denied every thought of interference, declaring the truth, that his love for Constance was merely cousinly. This Sir Arthur refused to believe, and they parted in anger, Fitzroy exclaiming in a moment of unguarded passion as he left him:

"Very well, think so if it suits you; but mark me, you shall yet repent your unjust accusations, and, as I live, shall never repeat this insult."

"Closing the door as he spoke, he stepped into the hall and stood face to face with Antoine Duval, the valet of his brother Reginald, and from the conscious look he gave him, Fitzroy knew that he had either purposely listened or accidentally heard the unfortunate remark."

"The brothers did not meet again that day, but early the next, Fitzroy was awakened by an unusual tumult. To his horror he was told that Sir Arthur had disappeared during the night. His bed had been occupied as usual, but he had probably been murdered, or very badly wounded, as while no traces of his body could be found, evidences of a contest were on every side."

"Blood was upon the bed and floor, the window seat was covered with it, as though he had been dragged through it, and then by means of a rope let down to the ground below. From the grass to an ornamental lake not far distant were irregular patches of the same human gore. Beyond that, nothing was ever discovered! That lake was thoroughly dragged for the body; the grave by the side of it was searched, not a spot being left in which a corpse could be buried—to no effect."

"But, while stupefied with grief over his brother's loss, our poor friend was made aware that the finger of suspicion pointed to him with singularly fatal evidences of guilt."

"A dagger with his name engraved upon the handle was found by the bedside, on the floor, its blade still wet with blood. Beneath the window seat, caught upon a nail, was a fragment of cloth which, upon search being made, fitted exactly into a rent in a dressing gown of his, that was found hanging in his own closet."

"All he could conclude was that some unknown enemy had struck the fatal blow, and after stealing these articles from his private rooms, had left the dagger purposely upon the floor, and returned the torn and bloody gown to the closet, in order to fasten suspicion upon him, and thus shield themselves."

"To make a long story short, in due time the trial took place, and Sir Reginald Glendenning, who had succeeded to the title, testified to the bitter feeling that had existed between the brothers. He also identified the dagger and dressing gown as belonging to the prisoner, Antoine Duval, testified as fully to the threatening language used to the deceased on the day previous to the murder by his brother."

"The trial was quite lengthy, but resulted in his acquittal and discharge from custody. But although freed by law, the popular opinion remained unchanged, and, unable to endure the cold, averted looks of his former friends, he left his home and embarked for America under an assumed name."

"Arriving in New York, the strain of grief that he had undergone so told upon his nervous system that he was laid upon a bed of severe illness. Then it was that your father sought him out and nursed him so tenderly. After his recovery, he resolved to devote himself to business, and thus forget his troubles and misfortunes."

(To be continued.)

Why Mary Did Not Sing.

An able but easily embarrassed and somewhat absent-minded young teacher was about to begin a singing lesson one day when a knock at the school-room door interrupted proceedings. The teacher went to the door and ushered in a delegation from a prominent local women's club. When the ladies were comfortably seated and each had assumed a critical, listening attitude, the teacher resumed the singing lesson. It was one of her most stringent rules of action that when company was present everything should go on exactly as usual.

One of her pupils, Mary Holmes, a somewhat shy girl, had a good alto voice, and the teacher was anxious that she should display it to advantage.

"Now, Mary," she said, encouragingly, "when I count four, you be sure to sing. Attention, children!" raising her baton. "One, two, three, ready—sing!" The children sang lustily, but Mary's alto voice was missing.

"I didn't hear your voice that time, Mary. Remember, when I count four you are to sing. Next verse, children! One, two—" Mary watched the motion of the teacher's lips anxiously, "three! Ready—sing!" The children's shrill treble rang out unaided by Mary's strong alto.

"Don't you feel like singing, Mary? Try this verse, now—one, two, three. Well, what is it?"

Mary had risen, and was shyly twisting her fingers. "Please, Miss Brooks," she said breathlessly, "you told me to sing when you counted four and you only count just to three every time!"—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Sometimes a man makes a fool of himself because his wife lets him have his own way.



FARM AND GARDEN

Top-Heat Hot Air Brooder.

The following is a description and a diagram of a brooder which is used at the Mantana Experiment Station and is recommended by them. It was designed by Mr. James Ranken, a veteran poultry breeder of Massachusetts. Its construction is as follows: "A box is made three feet square and of four pieces of eight-inch lumber surfaced. Upon the top of this box, for a cover, is nailed a piece of zinc entirely covering the box. This zinc has a hole in the center over which is soldered a pipe 1 1/2 inches in diameter and 22 inches long. This pipe is soldered to the outside, the metal being soldered on the top of the box. Next comes the floor over this zinc strip, 1 by 1, should be nailed on around the outside in order to make an air space between the floor and zinc. This strip should be broken; midway on either side an inch opening should be left for the admission of outside air to the space underneath the floor. The floor should be made of "ceiling," smooth surface up. Exactly in the center of this floor a hole should be cut 2 1/2 inches in diameter and in this hole a pipe 2 1/2 inches in diameter and 3 inches long fastened. This pipe should just extend through the floor level with the underside of the bottom. Through this pipe the long ventilating pipe will go. This

completes the body part of the brooder and a hover and top complete the requirements. The hover should be made in the form of a circle two feet in diameter, in the center a hole large enough to allow the vent pipe to pass should be cut, and four legs 3 inches long tacked on to raise it to the required height; then tack a light fringe of jute sacking around the edge only. This is the hover complete.

Next is the top. Make another box similar to bottom, using four pieces of six-inch lumber dressed. Upon opposite sides a piece cut with a double pitch 3 feet long and 1 foot high in the center should be nailed to form the ends and the apex and joined with a piece 34 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide cut with bevel to allow the screen doors, which should constitute the two sides of the roof, to fit snugly. This box portion should have a little door cut in it and an incline made for chicks to run in and out of the brooder.

The working of this brooder is extremely simple; a brooder stove is placed under the box and it heats the metal cover; this in turn heats the air in the space between it and the floor. This air on being warmed, rises upward through the 2 1/2 inch pipe and flows out over the chicks that are underneath the hover. Since this air comes through the holes between the 1 by 1 inch strips and does not come in contact with the lamp, a pure and constant supply of air is insured, giving almost perfect ventilation in addition.

These brooders serve the purpose very well where only a limited number of chicks is to be raised, but where the business is to be conducted upon a larger scale, either coal or wood heaters with pipe system is best.

Does This Fit Your Cow?

If a boy should come from the heart of a city, says the Farmer, who had never seen nor heard of a cow before, how would he describe it as it is seen at this time of the year on many of our Minnesota farms? His observations would lead him to say that it was used as a sort of scavenger to keep things picked up about the fields in winter time, to pull the branches off the corn stalks and trim up and bore into the straw piles, and while not at work stands on the leeward side of the straw stacks or in the fence corner with its rudders to the wind. It has a hump similar to a dromedary, only more rounding. It has hair like most other animals, except that it stands up all, but scales like an alligator. It doesn't seem at all satisfied with life, but stamps its feet, shakes its head and acts mad.

Fighting Oleomargarine.

The State Dairy and Food Department of Ohio has been in receipt lately of a number of protests from traveling men against the utter disregard by certain hotels of the oleomargarine law. In response to these protests warnings were sent to the proprietors. A circu-

lar letter will be sent to every hotel-keeper in the State calling attention to the provisions of the law regarding this matter, together with the intimation that the department intends to use repressive measures. The law on the subject prohibits the use of artificial butter that contains any coloring matter not natural to the product. The statute also prescribes the display of a card not less than 10 by 14 inches in size, upon which are to be shown in letters not less in size than one and a half inches square, in black ink, the words, "Oleomargarine sold and used here." This must be shown in the eating room where the substance is served and must be in a place therein where it can be easily read. The penalty for failing to observe the law is a minimum fine of \$100 for the first offense and a maximum fine of \$500 and ninety days in jail for subsequent offenses.—DAIRY AND CREAMERY.

To Prevent Shying.

A plan for preventing a horse from shying consists of a nose piece passing over the horse's nose, as shown in the sketch. The strap does not necessarily draw the driver pulls on it, then it touches the animal's nose, and the mere touch does the whole business. In describing this device its original-

or says: "The contrivance consists of simple head strap, properly braced and coming down between the horse's eyes and nostrils, to its end in the shape of a sort of little metallic upper lip. The latter little pieces of metal, one about two inches long, and not half an inch wide, is humorously called an 'ordinary bit,' its curving side-ends, like an ordinary bit, are so devised that a very slight, gentle pull on the reins brings the 'trolley bit' against the top of the horse's nose. In complete absorption in the study of a new experience the horse may be lozened right up by the side of a noisy locomotive, or of a gong-banging trolley car, that presents to the horse, under ordinary circumstances, the sinister aspect of a moving, perhaps a living, thing, going without any visible means of propulsion; and in his strict attention to the new sensation at the tip of his nose he will take no notice of the car or of the locomotive. The queerest thing of all is the fact that no amount of use or familiarity with the nose-toucher arrangement seems to lessen the horse's interest in it."

Cure for Brittle Hoofs.

Horses are frequently troubled with brittle hoofs, caused by a deficiency of water in the bone. This condition may be caused by fever of the feet, as in common founder; inflammation of the interior of the feet; exposure to fermenting manure of filthy stables, by which the horn is saturated with moisture containing ammonia. It may also be caused by leaving the feet covered with mud, or by continued dry weather or other unhealthy conditions. The horn may thus become dry and granulated and often separates very easily, crumbling and splintering away until there is scarcely crust enough left to fasten a shoe upon.

The remedy is to remove the cause and restore the moisture. Frequent washing of the feet with cold water will aid materially in curing. Glycerine and water in equal parts make excellent dressings for the hoofs.

Butchering Outfit.

An interested reader sends a sketch for a one-man butchering outfit, as illustrated in the Ohio Farmer. A post 8 feet high has pivoted to its top a sweep 15 feet long. This sweep has a hook on the short end and a rope on the long end. The scalding barrel, cleaning bench and hanging gallows are all on the circumference of the cir-

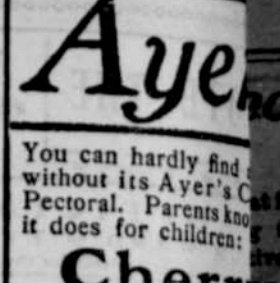
cle made by the short end of the sweep. With an arrangement of this kind it is apparent how one man can easily do his own butchering.

Duck-Houses.

Ducks are very free from disease compared with chickens, but they are at times subject to leg weakness, due to overfeeding or damp floors. The floors of the duck-house should be kept well littered with cut straw. They soon make their quarters very filthy, hence the necessity of renewing the litter frequently. As no roosts are required, and ducks are hardy, the house need not be very expensive. The roof should be tight and the floor dry. If the floor is of boards, so much the better. In such quarters they should begin to lay now, and keep at it until the summer is well open.

The Mosquito Plant.

The "mosquito plant," species of basil, is attracting a great deal of attention in England just now. An army officer who secured one of these plants in Nigeria says it is well known as a mosquito defense there, and the natives use an infusion of its leaves to cure malarial fevers. As a hedge of this shrub was planted about the Victoria gardens, Bombay, India, the workmen, who had previously been almost unable to work because of the swarms of mosquitoes, had no further trouble with either these pests or the scourge of malaria from which they had been suffering.



Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

You can hardly find without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know it does for children: **Cherry Pectoral** up a cold in a single ward off bronchitis, pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand. "The best cough medicine is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the children nothing could possibly be better." JACOB SWELL, M.D.

for **Throat, Lung**

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Pectoral in breaking up

A Fool and His Wifed

A story, which is credited to the New York Tribune of a weak-minded lad who the miller's to have some wool. The miller said to him:

"So you are a fool, eh?"

"I guess I am," replied the miller. "We haven't many fools hereabouts. Do you ask you a few questions?"

"Oh, no, sir, of course not answered, politely."

"Well, my boy, since you began the miller, 'I want to tell me what you know, and what you don't know. Now what do you know?"

"I know," said the boy, "miller's hogs are fat."

"Good! Very good!" said the miller's hogs are fat. "That is what you know. Now what you don't know?"

"I don't know whose grandmother," replied the youth.

A Farmer Found It.

Mount Pleasant, Utah. Mr. C. E. Peterson, a farmer, finds a medicine that will cure ment due to diseased or diseased organs has been the aim of many physicians and chemists.

Mr. C. E. Peterson, a farmer, place says he has found such and that he has tried it with his own case. Mr. Peterson's remedy is DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS introduced here about months ago.

"I am glad to be allowed to what good things Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me. I used it for Kidney trouble and it completely."

"I can heartily recommend Kidney Pills to all who have any kind of Kidney trouble. Mr. Peterson's case is so many just as convincing that reported recently. This seems to have conquered it completely, not a single of been reported where Dodd's Pills have failed to cure permanently."

Keeps on Talking

"Does that barber across shut up on Sunday?" asked ger within the gates.

"Oh, no," replied the bar village inn, "he merely close



Miss Hapgood tells

escaped an awful operation using Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM— for four years with what called Salpingitis (inflammation of fallopian tubes and ovaries) a most distressing and painful affecting all the surrounding organs and undermining the constitution, pinning the life force. It was a year ago, before I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and had by me sunken eyes, sallow complexion, general emaciated condition, and that person with me day, robust, hearty and full of life. You would not wonder that I would not wonder that I found health in five months. I was from an awful operation. I had HAPGOOD, 1023 Sandusky St. Ont.—\$5000 forfeit if not cured. Prout—gentleness cannot be trifled with."

Ovaritis or inflammation of the ovaries may result from stopping of the menstrual blood, inflammation of the blood vessels, or from the use of blood-purifying agents. It is accompanied by heat, pain, and should claim your attention. It will not cure itself, and if not cured, it will result in a fatal operation. It is easily cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

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