

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "Kiss Kissell's Ride," "Glenroy," "The Fashionable Mother," Etc.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The life of a physician is certainly a very unexciting and uneventful one. No wonder, therefore, that Dr. Elfenstein retired to his library, after his lonely supper, and because deeply interested in a book, that a severe thunder shower, now steadily spending itself, seemed to him, by its muttered thunder, and sighing lightning, thus restful, came at the door, and a call for services about two miles off.

"Well," he thought, as he rushed up his faithful horse Sultan, "I can, perhaps, have a view of his ghostship on my way back, if we hurry."

He touched his horse and sped off in the darkness. Before reaching the home of his patient, the storm was indeed over him.

The injured fully at hand, hoping it would clear, but instead, its fury seemed to increase with every breath. His patient had fallen into a quiet sleep, and he was unable to be off. Donning his rubber coat, with its protecting hood well drawn over his hat, he started homeward.

Pitchy darkness he encountered all the way, relieved only by the vivid flashes of lightning that darted hither and thither, over the inky sky, while the wind, fierce like a scourge, through the tall trees of the grounds surrounding Glendenning Hall; then, seeming to gather force with each fall, broke loose again into fury, lashing, 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 eye 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 creature fancy could picture was surely dancing just within the tower in full, plain view. A hideous glare was jumping up and down, amid a glare of what seemed sulphurous light, while every now and then it sank down only to reappear, going through the same wild motions and capers, each one appalling motion to strike terror to the hearts of the superstitious beholder.

But Dr. Elfenstein 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, the next, he calmly regained his horse, and thus stood still, calmly contemplating the scene.

While still sitting there upon the back of his horse, lost in conjecture, the demoniacal bogoblin, in appearance, 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 pensive 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 fitted 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 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 Glendenning 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. Elfenstein 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 transformed 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 ghastly form of Ethel Norwag, his lovely fellow passenger of a few weeks before.

Oh, beautiful, lost Ethel! How he longed to see her, to speak to her, to hear her, but he knew that for him such a pleasure would never again be, so with a weary sigh he dropped the curtain and turned to his pillow, but not to sleep even, but to toss around, and strive in vain to banish from his mind thoughts of the girl who had unconsciously succeeded in leaving so indelible an impression upon his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

We left Sir Reginald Glendenning dashing in a wild and furious way, while in a fit of vexation, down the ramble or carriage way leading from the Hall. The horse he sat upon was almost a colt, very wild and fiery, and as he had not been ridden for several days was particularly spirited on this memorable morning.

The pathway over which they almost flew was very beautiful, surrounded on either side by grand old trees, whose soft boughs meeting, made a perfect canopy of green above, through which flecks of bright blue sky might be seen, and through which also, rare shafts of sunshine glinted, falling on drops of dew that lay upon the nodding grasses, or upon little clumps of flowers, whose cups lay open, ever turning skyward for a fresh supply of light or moisture.

But Sir Reginald saw not, and cared not for the beauty that lay so ravishingly around him. He had received an unwelcome letter, one presenting to him a duty,

inexorable. Your hip is broken; your spine is injured, and you are a prisoner for months," was the doctor's serious but firm reply.

"Doctor, answer me one question, and, at your peril, answer truly. Is there danger of death?" Will my mind give way under this awful pain?

"I think not. Your constitution is a good one, and your nervous system not at all shattered; but of course I do not say so with a certainty, as these things are beyond a physician's knowledge."

"If there is the least danger of that within twenty-four hours I must know it, as I have business of vital importance to transact."

"There is no danger within that time, rest assured, so try and calm yourself for the sake of your friends," returned the doctor.

Sir Reginald was silent a moment; then his eyes closed half indignantly upon his weeping wife and niece, then fixed themselves, as if in deep study, upon the face of his nephew, while his lips escaped his white, trembling lips.

"Think this, my dear Sir, and it will, I hope, relieve you," said the doctor at last, advancing to his side with some liquid medicine in a glass.

"Answer, first, will it deaden thought? If it will I cannot swallow it, as I have a terrible problem to be solved before my mind can rest," was the strange reply.

"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. Elfenstein waited until he saw his patient calmed and more pliable, then proceeded to replace the bone of the broken hip and arrange the support in the position most important for the success of his surgery.

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

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

"Constance," said he, when he saw that his order had been obeyed and that they were alone. "Go to my library and get me from the locked drawer of my bookcase, a letter which lies upon the very top. The key you will find in my vest pocket."

Lady Constance instantly did as he directed, and the letter from his dead sister was once 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 his confidences. "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 amusing me. If this Ethel is willing to do as I wish, I will pay her for her services well, and thus my sister's desires will be carried out. What say you to the arrangement?"

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

Then gave 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:

"Sir Glendenning is ill. You can see him 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 this 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 concisely written, but on them hung a long train of terrible events that the movements of the dread future could alone unfold.

(To be continued.)

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 huge 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 blown 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 and a crescent-shaped cross-section with two inverted L-shaped flues. 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 cartload 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.

"Galling" the Public.

Plovers' eggs are now in season, and the managers of the few remaining galleries of the United Kingdom are doing their best to keep the market supplied, says the London Sporting Dramatic News. One gallery never sends less than 2,000 gulls' eggs to London every spring, and these are all retailed to a credulous public as the eggs of lapwings. Of course, the men in the trade know better, and, equally, of course, they pay nominal prices and make big profits.

Practical Philanthropy.

"Very often, I suppose," said the inquisitive person, "you are deceived by apparently deserving objects of charity whom you quietly help."

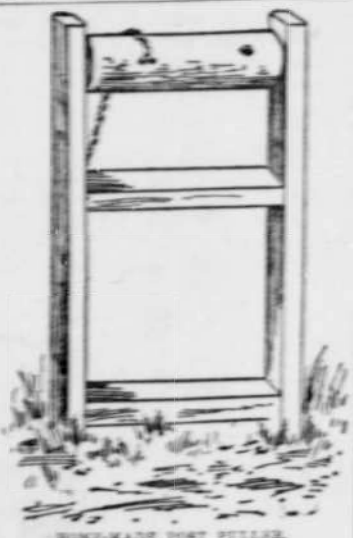
"Yes, indeed," replied the wealthy philanthropist; "it's just like throwing money away. Sometimes the very people you think will advertise your most never say a word about it."—Philadelphia Press.

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



Unique Post Puller.

Pulling posts by ordinary means is not an easy task, as any one who has tried it will admit, but when some simple device like that shown in the illustration is used, the work is much simplified. A frame about three feet high should be made of lumber four inches square; the frame should be about eighteen inches wide. Make a roller six inches in diameter and fasten to the upper part of the frame as shown and a chain should be bolted to it near one end as indicated. This chain should be about four feet long with a hook fastened to the free end. Near the other end of the roller bore two holes, as shown, about three inches apart and each hole one and one-half inches in diameter. To operate the device place it near the post, hook the chain around the post near the ground, then use two bars, one in each hole; turn the roller with these bars and the post will yield readily, and with



HOME-MADE POST PULLER.

the use of but a small amount of strength upon the part of the operator. Any one who is handy with tools can easily make this device, and it will pay for itself in a single season if many posts are to be pulled.—Indianapolis News.

Passing of Saw and Ax.

A United States Consul reports that in France trees are being felled by electricity—not struck by lightning, as in the old time way—the work being done by a platinum wire made white hot with a current of electricity and used as a saw. A tree is cut down in one-eighth the time consumed by the ordinary methods of sawing or chopping. If trees can be felled in this way their trunks can also be cut into logs and the logs into boards by a slender wire instead of the cumbersome saw. Is the coming wood or lumber saving machine or mill to be simply a portable engine running a dynamo to generate electricity to heat a wire that will go through tree or log eight times as fast as a saw? Quite likely. Electricity is yet an undeveloped infant; what will it not do when fully matured?

Buying Stock Swine.

Never buy an animal simply because he has a pedigree, and because he is on sale at a low price. Pedigree alone does not constitute merit, for there are animals with pedigrees a foot long, which would ruin any herd into which they were introduced. The next class—the farmer's pig—is that which is not good enough for the breeder of high-class stock; this animal may be a bit coarse, and not up to standards, but he is a good grower and a prolific sort, which the pork producer will be glad to have. The next kind includes the culls, runts and inferior specimens, which should be turned into butcher's meat as soon as possible; under no circumstances whatever should they be used as breeders.

American Farming.

An Illinois farmer says: Comparing the composite picture of the American farmer at the threshold of 1904 with his likeness in 1880, there is good ground for estimating his present value as double that of fifteen years ago. Potentially he is the coming man. All roads leading to the farm are being more and more traveled. Inter-course promotes development and the farmer is demanding a larger share in the life of the nation. In response to this demand a rising tide, of effort and accomplishment, is seen on every hand.

To Break Up Sitters.

The means of preventing a hen from sitting seems like a very humble problem to occupy the throbbing brain of an inventor, but the matter has been recently attacked by a genius of British Honduras, who is so sure that he has found a solution of this mighty matter that he has gone to the trouble of taking out patent papers in this and other countries.

The apparatus consists merely of a loop of wire adapted to fasten to her leg and encircle the limb in such a

manner that the fowl's freedom of foot is not interfered with in her ordinary rambles about the barnyard in search of food, but the moment she tries to locate herself on a nest she finds a jawing chain between them.

She may hover around and over the nest, but it refuses to receive her round form. This is because the wire prevents her from bending her leg, as is necessary to assume the sitting posture. It is said that after repeated efforts to find a hospitable nest she gives up her task and forgets her dream of maternity.

Sludge Fatal to Horses.

Corn sludge is a natural food for milking cows and growing cattle. It is useful in the ration of fattening animals. It may be fed to horses with probable advantage, but it must be fed with extreme caution.

If fed in regular amounts not exceeding ten to fifteen pounds per day, many experiences have been entirely satisfactory. If fed in unlimited amounts, and especially if the sludge has been poorly made or has undergone some further degeneration, it has proved deadly in its effects. Last winter in Minnesota a man came to us at the Farmers' Institute with a sorrowful tale. He had filled his silo with frozen corn and there was mold on the sludge. He had no hay. His horses had been gorged with sludge, having no other feed. They ate a bushel or more a day. They gained in flesh for a time. Then they began mysteriously to sicken and die. Paralysis of the throat was one symptom. No remedy helped them. All died, I think, and he was a poor man in debt for his farm.

This winter a friend fed sludge. What they rejected was thrown out in a yard in a rack. From this rack cows gleaned. One day eight horses running in the yard ate all they wanted of this half-spoiled sludge. All died. The symptoms were peculiar, including nervous spasms, and one veterinarian pronounced the disease hydrophobia. It may possibly have been, but I fear the sludge alone was responsible.

This need not deter any one from building silos. There is abundant need for sludge in the dairy barn, the cattle yard, the sheep pens, even in the swine pens. Let the horses have dry forage or sludge in small amounts.—Breeder's Gazette.

Home-Grown Alfalfa Seed.

Reports from Michigan farmers on plants seeded to alfalfa show the folly of using seed imported from Europe, rather than the home-grown seed. The imported seed has a less vitality and does not catch so well, and also has a lower per cent of germination. While these two points are enough to enable the farmer to see that the home-grown seed is clearly the best, there is one more serious objection to the imported seed. Most of it is found to contain a large amount of weed seed, the most troublesome ones being dodder and buckthorn.

One man invested something over a hundred dollars in European seed, the result from which was almost absolute failure, although different plots were sown in varying ways, some with a nurse crop, others without. Neighbors who used the home-grown seed got good results, as the past season has been an especially favorable one to get a good catch.

Good Milking Stool.

John Jackson, in the Epitome, writes: "I have used a milking stool made as described in the illustration for five years. The seat board, A, is made of a two-inch plank nine inches



MILKING STOOL.

wide and fourteen inches long. The stool board, B, is two inches thick and nine inches broad and long and cut round. A three-eighth inch bolt, C, is put through the middle, the head sunk and the nut left off so the seat will revolve. The seat is eleven inches deep. A hoop is fastened with staples on the upright board, B, to hold the bucket at a convenient height from the floor to its upper rim."

Good Two-Year-Old Milker.

The Jersey Bulletin mentions a 2-year-old Jersey heifer which gave 204 pounds of milk in seven days, making over fourteen pounds of butter, "with the temperature 30 degrees on the bad side (below) zero." Where could that have been? We saw about the same thing accomplished in Hood's herd, at Lowell, Mass., but the cows were housed in comfortable barns.

When Scalding Pigs.

When scalding pigs put three handfuls of pitch in the water and a handful in each succeeding heat. Little or no shaving of the pig is required. Smoke the meat three days, having a very hot fire the first day and using two pounds of sulphur in the fire the last two days. Neither flies nor mice will touch the meat.

Machinery of no kind should be allowed to remain exposed to the weather any more than is necessary.



The letter of Miss Merriam whose picture is printed above proves beyond question thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries and is annually cured by the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Glad of strength and nerve from me something was radically wrong with me. I had severe shooting through the pelvic organs, cramps, extreme irritation compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor that I had ovarian trouble and, strongly objected to this and to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon found my judgment was correct, and to the good things said about this medicine were true, and day by day less pain and increased appetite, ulceration soon healed, and the complications disappeared, and eleven weeks I was once more a vigorous and perfectly well."

"My heartiest thanks are due you for the great good you have done me."—Sincerely yours, Miss MARIAN MERKLEY, 375 Third St., Milwaukee. Wis.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above writing genuineness cannot be proved.

EACH COLOR TO ITSELF.

How the Cherokee Nation Gets the Race Problem.

The race problem in the Cherokee Nation is solved to the general satisfaction of the three races composing the intermediary mixed bloods, the location of homes the Cherokees and negroes are more settlements. The intermarried largely are in towns and Christian towns to each other. The Cherokee speaking citizens much prefer to date together.

In the nation there are thirty children and seventeen by negro children. The negro blood schools are not a legal requirement, but as a matter of their preference to live near other. The Cherokee and negro intermarry or socially mingle, seminaries and an orphan asylum attended by fullbloods and mixed bloods only, the colored high school negroes only.

In the incorporated school districts whites and Indians attend the schools, and race prejudice and feeling on either side are being fellowship and friendship cultivated the class room and on the playground. Both sides are better satisfied in combined schools than when they were kept separate. Fullbloods seem to mingle as freely with the intermarried and their families of good character as they do with mixed bloods.

Of the 38,500 citizens of the Cherokee nation the best statistical information gives about 8,500 fullbloods, 22,800 mixed bloods and 4,000 freedmen.—Indian City Journal.

Women Can't Remarry.

Good society in Korea has curious customs. One of these is widows must not remarry. No matter how "smart set" a woman may be or however soon the death of her husband may have followed, she may not remarry. Married life in Korea by no means an unmixed blessing to the woman, so perhaps perpetual widowhood might not be objectionable. It were not for the necessity of a perpetual wearing mourning for the departed. This means that during the whole of her life she is limited to black, and green as colors for her

Great minds must be ready to take to opportunities, to make the most of them.—Colton.

Ayer's

To be sure, you are growing old. But why let everybody see it, in your gray hair? Keep your hair dark and rich and postpone age. If you wish

Hair Vigor

only use Ayer's Hair Vigor, your gray hair will soon have all the deep, rich color of youth. Sold for 60 years.

"I am now over 80 years old, and I have a thick, glossy head of long hair which I wonder to every one who sees it. And I wonder in it, all due to Ayer's Hair Vigor."—Mrs. H. R. Duxbury, Boston, Mass.

25¢ a bottle. All druggists.

for White Hair