

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"I am very glad to hear it," exclaimed Barle, kindly, "it seems like a pleasant spot, and I think this pure, fresh air will benefit your health and spirits. I also have noticed here, having bought a practice."

"Shall we go to Sir Reginald now?" returned she, at the end of their animated conversation. "I presume he is awake by this time."

"Yes! at once, and I hope I shall find him more easy than he was this morning."

Dr. Eifenstein made quite a long call, as he had much to do to make the baronet comfortable for the night, and as Ethel saw him handle the injured man so gently, and soothe him with kind, encouraging words, she felt that he must possess a heart of almost womanly feeling, and her interest and admiration deepened.

After Earle Eifenstein withdrew, a late dinner was announced, and in the dining room Lady Constance presented to Ethel her nephew, Robert Glendenning, and niece, Belle, his sister, the former greeting her with rather an insolent look of admiration, the latter with a bow expressive of haughty contempt.

From that moment Ethel saw that neither of those young people would promote her happiness while she remained under their roof.

Mr. Glendenning did converse with her, but it was with such an evident air of condescension that her replies were brief and cold, while his sister remained silent during the whole meal, with the exception of answering one or two questions asked by Lady Constance, which answers were given in a cold, mechanical way, that told of a mind preoccupied and absent.

The truth was, this young lady was surprised, and not at all pleased, with the introduction of such a rarely beautiful girl into the house over which she held sway.

She was intensely proud and selfish, and felt that here might be an influence exerted upon her few admirers that might interfere with her prospects.

The prospects particularly in view at present were the winning of the heart and hand of the new physician lately settled in the place.

She had been introduced to him at the home of a friend, and had admired his elegant bearing, handsome face and quiet manners, and instantly had resolved to lay siege to his heart.

After leaving the table, the ladies repaired to the piazza, followed by Mr. Glendenning. As Belle paused to pluck from one of the vines a few flowers for her neck, Lady Constance turned to Ethel and remarked:

"I suppose you have no friends in this vicinity, having just arrived."

Ethel hesitated, while a faint blush suffused her cheek as she replied:

"I have found one here very unexpectedly. Dr. Eifenstein. We crossed the Atlantic on the same vessel, and as my aunt was taken very ill during the voyage he attended her, and consequently, became well acquainted."

Instantly Belle's attention was riveted by these remarks, and with a sneer she exclaimed:

"I presume, then, you waylaid him this afternoon in order to renew the acquaintance."

"Fardoe me!" replied Ethel, with dignity. "I waylaid no one! We met casually on this piazza as he was about entering to see Sir Reginald, and conversed for a few moments."

"It seems to me for the future, when my uncle's physician visits him, it would be well for you to remember that you now occupy the position of a subordinate, and therefore should not put on the airs of an equal to attract his attention!" was the rude and unadvisable reply.

"Belle," interposed Lady Constance, who, with all her faults, was naturally kind-hearted and just, "you forget that Miss Nevergill in coming to us does not cease to be a gentleman."

"Or, a gentleman's poor relation!" was the cutting answer.

"A remarkably beautiful one, however," said the brother. "Say, Belle," he added, teasingly, "you must take care or she will carry off some of your beaux!"

The indignant girl gave him a glance of withering scorn, but merely said, with an angry toss of her head:

"Let her beware how she interferes with me in any way! A word to the wise is sufficient."

Ethel could scarcely control her indignant feelings, as she listened to these insulting remarks issued from the lovely lips of the girlish speaker, but after an effort she did control them, and without a word turned away and again sought the side of the invalid.

But she found him irritable, and hard to please, and the moments passed in his room became intolerably long, and she sighed for the time to come when she could retire to her own apartment, even though she knew a strange and annoying duty would follow her there.

Finally the baronet told her if she was weary to go, adding harshly: "I am tired already of gazing at your pale face," then more kindly, as he saw she was startled by his rough way of speaking: "I hope I shall feel better in the morning; if so, I shall like to have you read to me, or, as you understand music, will listen to a song."

CHAPTER X.

As an elegant clock, with old cathedral chimes, struck the hour of ten, Ethel, with a pale face and trembling hand, lighted a candle, possessed herself of the strange looking knife, then opening the wardrobe, and drawing back the bolt, stepped into the passage and from thence through the small door in the opposite wall.

She found herself in a long, straight, dark corridor, that led directly to what Sir Reginald assured her was the Haunted Tower. At the end where she stood, however, on the left hand side, was a door, fastened with an old-fashioned

iron lock. This led to the ruin, and with a beating heart she opened it.

Close by the door she found a small covered basket that she knew must contain what she sought. Grasping it quickly, she again fastened the door, as Sir Reginald had instructed her to do, and passed down the corridor.

There she found the entrance to the tower, and resolving to take some bright sunny day to visit this spot, she turned, as she had been directed, to count out the number of panels on the left hand wall, and immediately discovered the faint crack, that she knew must be what she sought. Inserting the point of the knife, she turned three times, when the panels parted and there lay the shelves.

Opening then the basket, she found food in small pieces, consisting of broken biscuits, bits of chicken, potatoes, and quite a quantity of meat, cut in mouthfuls. This she placed on the shelves upon the wooden plate on which it was heaped. Then gently shoving the shelves, they slowly whirled around, and when the same side returned to her, the plate stood upon it empty, ready to be placed again in the basket.

"That ape must have been trained," she thought, "to empty the plate and return it!"

She listened for a moment, but all was still. Shoving to the panels, she found that they relocked themselves, so taking up candlestick, knife and basket, she placed the latter again outside the door, fastened it securely, and reached her own room in safety.

The task required of her had been a singularly unpleasant one. She was a brave young girl, and had endured but few feelings of fear, but she had trembled, because the thing required so much secrecy. She disliked mysteries of all kinds, and her honest, open nature revolted from the whole work.

One thing she decided to do, she should take some morning hour to explore the ruins, and that Haunted Tower, so that she might become accustomed to all the dangers and peculiarities of the place before other officers were required at her hands.

With this resolution still in her mind, she sought the luxurious bed that awaited her, and there fell at once into a pleasant sleep, from which she never awoke until the bright rays of another morning sun stole into her room.

Springing up, she dressed as soon as possible, and opening her door, found by questioning a maid, that the family did not rise until late, as their breakfast hour was from ten to eleven.

All being quiet in the room of the invalid, she returned to her own apartment, and fastening the door securely, resolved at once to start upon her exploring expedition, as she felt that she would be for at least an hour and a half unobserved, and mistress of her own time and motions.

With a little of the trembling nervousness of the night before, the brave girl opened the intervening doors and stepped into the same solemn stillness that made the place oppressive on the previous night.

She resolved to explore the ruined parts before she sought the tower, therefore unhooked the door, and stepped out. As she did so, she noticed that the covered basket was still there.

The door opened directly into a small rickety hall that led into several large rooms, all dusty, mouldy and more or less dilapidated. Broken windows, torn wall papers, bare rafters, seen through immense places where ceilings had fallen, were everywhere visible. Some rooms were filled with broken furniture, pieces of old china and fragments of time-worn, cast-off clothing.

Ethel looked at these dilapidated objects, and found herself wondering why Sir Reginald had not had the whole pulled down and removed? Its destruction certainly would heighten the value of the property, while its presence only spoke of neglect and untidiness.

One thing she observed in her ramble there was an easy mode of egress and ingress to this part into the hall, and marks of recent footsteps on the floor told that this formed the entrance place to the person who prepared and brought the food she was nightly to place on the iron shelves.

Another thing struck her; in all the premises there was not the slightest appearance of the concealed room. Only a bare, blank wall appeared upon the side where she knew it must be.

Retracing her steps after all had been examined, she refastened the door, and then sought the Haunted Tower. The door leading to this was closed, but not bolted, so she opened it, and crossing quite a large square place, she began ascending a long flight of stairs. The steps were steep, and not at all easy, and she became very tired before she reached the top, but pressing on, she did reach it, but not before she paused to rest upon a broad flat landing; paused, too, with horror, at an unexpected sight that there presented itself.

It was the stuffed image of a man, fixed upon wires, that worked upon the same principle as the jumping jacks often bought to amuse children.

This, however, was nearly as large as life; its head was hollow, with red glass in place where the eyes would be, so that a lighted glass lamp, placed within, would give a flaming appearance to those eyes.

From each side horns projected, and she could easily imagine what the whole terrific effect must be to an outside beholder. This figure she saw could be elevated and put in motion by winding up a crank to which it was attached. Arrangements for different colored lights were also on every hand.

After carefully examining all the machinery, until she perfectly understood its workings and the whole wicked plan to give supernatural appearance to the tower, Ethel passed upward until she could gaze without hindrance from the tall windows of this lofty place.

Then exclamations of delight escaped her, for there she could catch an unobstructed view of the grand panorama that stretched for miles and miles away on every side. But she did not linger, fearing she would be seen by some of the villagers, and her presence reported to Sir Reginald.

This visit she knew would be displeasing to him, if he wished it to be a place that should fill every heart with fear, in order to keep from it visitors by day as well as by night.

CHAPTER XI.

Day after day passed, during which Ethel became quite accustomed to her routine of work, and quietly persevered in her duties. Nothing difficult to accomplish was required at her hands; nothing beyond spending a couple of hours each morning in her own room writing letters, of which an abstract was taken from Sir Reginald's own lips; then an hour or two reading the daily papers for his amusement. Very often would he find a chance to whisper the question:

"Do you perform your evening tasks regularly and well? Does all go on as safely as I could wish?"

Then when the answer came, "All goes well," he would seem so satisfied and relieved that she felt almost happy in giving the information.

About a month after her arrival at Glendenning Hall she had been reading one afternoon a work in which he was particularly interested, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Eifenstein.

As the baronet motioned to her to remain where she was during the interview, the regular nurse being absent, and as the doctor might need some things from her hand, she became interested in the conversation that ensued.

Dr. Eifenstein was rather a small talker, and this natural reserve tended to make his professional interviews at the hall brief, and usually confined closely to his medical work.

But this morning he seemed to linger, and conversed quite freely upon many of the topics of the day. Finally he commenced giving an account of the severe storm that had swept over the country the night before the baronet's accident, and ended by relating his own adventures, and what he had seen in the tower.

"Sir Reginald, I thought I would tell you this, and ask if you can explain the meaning of the spectacle then manifested?"

"I cannot," was the reply Ethel watched for with anxiety. "I am told by people far and near of strange appearances in that tower, but I have never seen a thing of the kind there myself, therefore, put no faith in the story."

"But you may believe me, sir, when I assure you such things are really to be seen there. Now, in order to satisfy my mind, and perhaps enable me to explain the mystery to the frightened inhabitants, I crave your kind permission to visit the premises. Have I that permission?"

"It is impossible for me to grant it. When these things were first whispered about twenty-five years ago, we, as a family, were exceedingly annoyed by constant visitors to the spot, and the thing became so much of a nuisance that it was closed forever from all inspection. No, you must not ask this, doctor, as I cannot consent to the place being entered, after being so long sealed. As it is, take my word for it, and be satisfied. It is merely a vagary of the brain, an optical delusion, something better to be forgotten."

Dr. Eifenstein said no more, but inwardly resolved to pay a surreptitious visit there, if not a permitted one, as this mystery he determined should be unraveled.

As he rose to leave, he happened to glance towards the young girl opposite to him, and saw her head bent low over the book she held, while a sad and pained expression had floated over her speaking face.

After the reading had concluded, the baronet said he would excuse her further attendance upon him, therefore she started out for a ramble over the grounds.

She had not gone far, before she regretted having done so, as she was joined a short distance from the house by Robert Glendenning, a person she instinctively disliked.

This young man was a great admirer of a pretty face, and from the first look into Ethel's speaking eyes, and upon her rare beauty, he had acknowledged that he had never seen a person that so exactly met the standard of the beautiful he had raised in his soul. But her proud bearing in his presence, her shrinking from his approach gave such evidence of her dislike that he felt irritated, and consequently determined to annoy her in every way possible during her stay at the hall.

(To be continued.)

Lessening the Risk.

A certain woman, says the New York Times, had been using the mails for fraudulent purposes. After the case had been rendered, the Postmaster-General issued an order barring her letters from the mails. Then she sent him a pathetic letter, asking for a private hearing, that she might lay her case before him.

"I feel sure," she wrote, "that if I could get a chance to look straight into your beautiful brown eyes, you would hear my story."

The Postmaster-General, after thinking the letter over for a few moments, indorsed it: "Respectfully referred to the Secretary of War for advice," and sent it to the War Department.

In due course of time it came back with this indorsement:

"Risk one eye.—Elliott Root."

Auto-Cracked.

Alderman Timothy P. Sullivan was standing with a party of friends at the entrance of the aldermanic chamber last Wednesday discussing the political situation and other kindred subjects, when some one remarked:

"I tell you that the American citizen is an autocrat."

"Well," replied the alderman, "he may be born an autocrat, but from all present signs he is liable to die an auto-cracked."—New York Times.

Capitalists in Paris.

Not more than 2,500 persons in Paris have a capital of as much as \$200,000, and nearly one-third of those are foreigners.



World's
Sunday School
Convention

HELD IN THE HOLY CITY.

"Going to Jerusalem!" became the war cry of the Sunday school army of the world, when the idea of holding the world's fourth international convention in the Holy City was first suggested at the tenth meeting of the International Sunday school convention at Denver, Colo., in June, 1902. The late B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, was appointed chairman of the world's committee, but upon his death the members elected Edward K. Warren, of Three Oaks, Mich., to succeed him, with W. N. Hartshorn, A. B. McCullis and F. C. Clark as associates, and these four accepted the labor neces-



E. K. WARREN.

sary to carry the great project to a successful issue. The most conspicuous line of preparation was the chartering of two large steamers—the Grosser Kurfuerst for the American and Canadian delegates and the Fuerst Bismarck for the British and European representatives. One uniform incentive prevailed to see Jerusalem, for centuries the center of the religious life and history of nations, from period to period and gener-



JERUSALEM—THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

ation to generation maintaining its position, unique in the world, as the chief city of the country, where Christ was born, taught and died. An inspiration has always attended the innumerable crusades of the past for conquest, but the highest ideal seemed expressed in this peaceful pilgrimage, representative of the convictions of many millions. So great was the pressure of American applications for transportation, that the original allot-

ment as to delegates—such as New York, 28; Michigan, 19; Ohio, 31; Illinois, 32, etc., were modified, and bookings allowed, irrespective of the territory from which the applicants came.

The Grosser Kurfuerst sailed from New York in March with 800 delegates, 400 more to board ship at various European ports. The ardent picture was in every mind of passing a few days among the tents dotting the hill on which Christ was crucified. Many of the delegates had attended the three previous notable conventions of the body, had been at the first convention of July, 1899, at London, where 350 American representatives attended, at which the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen were prominent, and great honor shown to the delegates by the Lord Mayor and other dignitaries. Many, too, had been present at the second convention at St. Louis, in September, 1898, where delegates were welcomed

from Scotland, Sweden, Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, Norway, France, Italy, Holland, and where Oriental representatives made powerful appeals for India and Japan. A still greater number recalled the third convention of July, 1898, again held at London under advanced and encouraging auspices. All these meetings had been notable, but that of Jerusalem seemed invested with interest far greater than that attaching to these former conclaves, as crystallizing the religious convictions of many peoples. It was a reverent journey, to a country where Christ had made His home, where they might trace the paths He trod, view scenes familiar to Him, hallowing His memory, vivifying His sufferings, and enlarging the conception of salvation through His atonement.

About everything that human skill could devise was brought into requisition for the comfort and pleasure of the ship load of delegates that this continent sent to the little spot in the east, where three continents join. They had a musical director and an official photographer of their own, and the steamship company spared no pains to make the long sea voyage as joyous as possible. The run from New York to Gibraltar was marked by one call, that at the home of Christopher Columbus after 1473. Passing the frowning cliffs of Spain, the next port of call was Algiers on the African side of the Mediterranean. The ship ran into the harbor of Valetta, the capital of Malta, and thence through the archipelago to Greece. A Sunday service was held on Mars Hill. On through the Dardanelles, passing ancient Troy, the pilgrims proceeded through the sea of Marmora, arriving at the capital of the Ottoman empire, and devoting two full days to visiting Constantinople.

On the first day of April the company passed from the European to the Asiatic side, and gave twenty-four hours to Smyrna. Those having Damascus for an objective point, left the ship at Beyrout; those who had planned for a run through Galilee and Samaria, left at Caifa. Down the west coast of Palestine the Grosser Kurfuerst ran, until the pilgrims witnessed the dropping of the anchor at Jappa, from where delegates passed on to

Jerusalem, to be present at the four days' session of the convention.

The convocation was in a measure one of the most unique in religious history, involving as it did a trip of seventy-one days, while the delegates present came from every quarter of the globe, and represented an aggregate membership of over 25,000,000 Sunday school workers. The actual enrollment of delegates was 1,526, Church of England having most delegates, and Toronto receiving a majority of the votes as the point of meeting for the world's fifth convention.

Casey—Of see there's bin another railroad wreck due to an open switch. Casady—Ay, 'tis a pity some wan don't invent a switch that'll stay shut when it's open.—Philadelphia Press.

A black eye indicates that the owner looked for trouble and found it.

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Accounting for the Growth of Lady Visitor (who has been known to Piscator's story)—I didn't know trout grew as large as that.

Piscator's Wife—Oh, yes, the after the story has been told times.

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"Yes. The first one carried on 'And how about the last?'" "She carried off so. I lost her and a hat."—Philadelphia Record.



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"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was dark indeed when a woman's strength is fading, and I had no hopes of ever being well. I was feeling a few months ago I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded knell to me, I felt that my life was over. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound came to my aid and built me up until my good returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily, and added health and strength. I am thankful for the help I obtained from its use."—MRS. FLORENCE DUNFORTH, 1007 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.

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