

The advisability of documentar...

The constitutional guaranty of...

The right to interrogate a witne...

A stipulation in a railway pas...

A promise by a conductor to a f...

The right to cross examine wit...

A combination prohibited by th...

WOMAN CLERKS IN GERMAN...

Steady Progress of the Sex in S...

It is not every woman who can...

The highest pay which a woman...

A Dividend. Conductor—I got your fare...

Passenger—I know; this nickel is...

WINNER OF THE AMERICAN DERBY.



HIGHBALL AND JOCKEY FULLER.

Highball, winner of the seventh American Derby, is a bay colt by Ben...

FAMOUS CHURCH BUILDER.

Bishop McCabe the Most Striking Figure in American Methodism.

The most striking figure in American Methodism is Dr. Charles C. McCabe...

Bishop McCabe is now 68 years old and has been a member of the church...

While he was secretary to the Missionary Society more than 100,000 converts...



BISHOP McCABE.

Surviving members of that regiment remember, with gratified hearts, his tender sympathy and kindly aid to the wounded...

Only such a man as Bishop McCabe could see a bright side to that terrible prison pen.

After partial recovery from the effect of his imprisonment, the bishop was invited to speak at the anniversary of the Christian Commission.

At the close of the war Bishop McCabe, then famed as a chaplain, reentered the work of the ministry...

A Famous Rallying Cry. About this time an infidel conference, presided over by Robert Inger...

The sight of those tears caused him to take one step toward her, but she fortunately did not see him...

Resolved not to be balked in his efforts to unravel this night one mystery at least, Dr. Eifenstein pushed again towards the door...

Poor Ethel! This night for the first time had been required by Sir Reginald Glendenning to visit the tower and follow out directions he gave her in full...

In great agitation then, and still weeping, she had proceeded to the fulfillment of her loathsome duty...

This forgetfulness accounts for the entrance of the doctor into the corridor, and enabled him to follow her advancing figure, softly in the distance.

CHAPTER XVI.

Wiping away her tears, poor Ethel placed the basket of food and knife upon the floor, by the entrance of the tower...

At last the weary steps were climbed, and she stood panting on the broad landing, just below the upper windows of the place.

Taking then a long handled torch, with which the colored lights above were to be touched in order to light them, she applied the candle to it...

In doing so she never observed the tall, silent figure of the man who had crept after her and now stood in the shade below, intently watching her every motion.

The stuffed form before her was next to be attended to. Taking, therefore, the lamp from within the head she lighted it, and putting it back almost exclaimed at the effect the colored light gave the eyes.

Winding the crank slowly, she saw that it worked as she supposed it would, and soon the impish figure was swung aloft and stood dancing to and fro...

With tears still falling over her pale cheeks, Ethel stood with her eyes fastened above, upon the swaying motions of that frightful looking image...

"Is it possible that this is the occupation of Miss Ethel Nevergill this stormy night?"

Turning, she saw advancing towards her, and fully revealed by the lights above, the form of Dr. Eifenstein.

"Oh, doctor," she wailed, as she buried her face in her hands, and burst into low sobs of shame and dismay...

"I came, no matter how; suffice it that I was determined to unmask this daring fraud, and so allay the fears of timid women and children."

"It is the first time I ever did this thing. Oh, believe me; surely you must remember that I was in Liverpool when you saw that sight, the time when it last appeared?"

"Yes, that is true; I had forgotten. But that does not absolve you from to-night's ghastly deception," was the still cold reply.

A BABY SQUIRREL OVERBOARD.

With Skill and Gentleness the Mother Rescued the Youngster.

"I was very much amused and very much instructed recently," said a man who lives in the country...

Only such a man as Bishop McCabe could see a bright side to that terrible prison pen.

After partial recovery from the effect of his imprisonment, the bishop was invited to speak at the anniversary of the Christian Commission.

At the close of the war Bishop McCabe, then famed as a chaplain, reentered the work of the ministry, and was stationed at Portsmouth, O. Soon afterward he was elected assistant secretary to the Board of Church Extension...

A Famous Rallying Cry. About this time an infidel conference, presided over by Robert Inger...

Be sure you're wrong; then back up.

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

No sleep visited her weary eyes until long after midnight, she was so unhappy and so unmoved by all the events of the last twenty-four hours...

Rising with the alarm of the usual bell that rang to awaken the household, the poor girl again commenced to review the problem that had presented itself to be worked out the night before.

Should she worry Sir Reginald by telling him the accident that had befallen her, or should she not?

Before deciding positively, she resolved to pay the doctor a morning visit, and by listening, study out, if all was going on as usual.

This resolve she instantly carried into effect. Turning once more from her room, down the corridor, she placed her ear close to the panel, and listened intently to hear if any movement could be discovered within the concealed room.

All was still! Not the faintest motion was perceptible; therefore, feeling greatly relieved, she returned, quite sure that all must be well, and firmly resolved to say nothing of what had happened, and while keeping silent endeavor to drive the entire circumstance from her own mind...

The day passed on as usual, and when night brought her to the shelves, she once more found to her satisfaction silence reigning, and felt that now, indeed, all was right.

This afternoon Sir Reginald had expressed a wish for music, therefore she had brought her guitar to his bedside, and had sung several ballads for his amusement.

"I think," at length he said, interrupting her, "that it grows cloudy. Please look out and tell me if a shower is approaching."

Ethel arose at his bidding, and after examining the sky returned, saying, as she resumed her seat:

"There is, indeed, a very black cloud lying in the west, which foretells a hard shower."

"Then put aside your instrument and draw close to me, as I have some private instructions to give you in regard to a new work to be done to-night. Are we entirely alone?"

"We are. Mrs. Fredon left the room to prepare you some nourishment, and your wife and niece are in the grounds," replied Ethel, trembling, she knew not why.

"Then listen intently to my instructions. If that storm rages about half-past nine or ten o'clock to-night, you must visit the Haunted Tower and put in motion some machinery I have erected there."

"O, Sir Reginald," murmured the shrinking listener, "please do not ask that of me."

"You just attend to my orders, and do what I tell you to do. Never dare dispute my will."

The baronet then proceeded to give minute directions for the lighting of each light, and also for the movements of the frightful and hideous image there concealed. At its conclusion he remarked:

"Do you think you understand every particular of the work I now require to be done?"

"I do," replied Ethel; "but, sir, my soul revolts from the whole thing. I consider it a wicked deception, and I beg you to excuse me from undertaking it."

"Who cares what you think about it! No one asked your opinion. Do it you shall, so do not dare to utter another word against it."

"Sir Reginald, I have faithfully performed your wishes in regard to feeding the animal, whose life you value so highly, knowing that to preserve the life of even the least of God's creatures is a duty, but I can see no possible necessity for striving to impose upon the credulity of the inhabitants of this quiet place."

"That, I tell you, is my business and not yours," was the angry reply. "You are here simply to attend to my work, and I have well paid you for doing so."

"I know that; but surely I am at liberty to point out an error in your wishes and judgment. Sir Reginald, this thing that you ask me to do is wrong, and I entreat you to carry it no further. You say you have done this yourself for twenty-five years; surely that can answer any purpose you may have to effect by it. Please, then, be satisfied, and let this thing rest!"

"I tell you I will not," replied the baronet, fairly purple from rage; "do you not see that your obstinacy is throwing me into a terrible and injurious excitement? I command you to obey my wishes. If you dare refuse, you shall leave my house this night, even though I know you have not where to lay your head. Do you hear?"

"I do," murmured the distressed girl. "Will you obey?"

No answer came, the only reply she could make being a burst of tears. Madened by her silence and sobs, the baronet started up until, leaning upon his elbow, a thing he had been expressly forbidden to do, as it would jar his hip, he shook his fist violently in her face, while he demanded in fury:

"Will you obey?"

"I will!" she at last gasped, between her sobs. Poor girl! seeing his violent excitement, and remembering her aunt's last charges, she dared not refuse.

"Then see that you do it," he returned, more calmly, as he sank back with a groan upon his pillow.

There was no escape from this disgraceful duty that awaited her, so at

her usual time she took the lighted candle in her hand and started with tearful eyes to attend to the task before her.

CHAPTER XV.

After Dr. Eifenstein had asked permission of Sir Reginald Glendenning to search the Haunted Tower he felt exceedingly puzzled over his future course. Resolved as he was to penetrate the mystery of that place, he could not understand how the thing was to be accomplished.

In all his visits to Sir Reginald, although reserved in manner, his every nerve had been on the alert. He had been told that the room occupied by the present baronet was the one where Sir Arthur had met his sad fate. Knowing this, he fairly studied that room.

He noted its width, height and breadth; the height of the two windows from the floor, the size of those windows, and particularly he noted the one from which the rope had dangled that had been used to lower the body to the ground.

He had several times walked to that window, as if meditating over his patient's case, and looked out, surveying the ground below, and the distance from it to the lake, which was visible through the trees.

From the house, which he visited daily in his professional calling, he often drove around, examining the stables and out-buildings, and sometimes slowly went around the tower to view the ruined part, and to see if by any means he could ever effect an entrance.

One day, it was the one on which Ethel started for the eventful walk, he in such a drive noticed a small, well-trodden pathway leading up to a clump of bushes. Instantly the thought struck him that behind those bushes, concealed from view, might be an open passage to the place, although he felt certain there was no doorway. The more he thought of this the more he was sure it must be the case.

Why that well used path through the grass if not for some such purpose? Yes; some human feet were in the habit of entering there, and he resolved to return to the place, under cover of darkness, and investigate those bushes.

Full of this discovery, and full of hope that he might yet penetrate to the mysterious tower, he touched his horse with the whip and drove hastily away.

But just as he emerged again into the rambles, he saw Miss Belle Glendenning gazing at him from an upper window, and felt mortified that she should have noticed his ride around the premises, as conscience whispered it must speak to her of a prying nature.

Feeling, however, that it was done, and could not now be recalled, he passed on, and proceeded to visit the homes of several sick persons who needed his advice and assistance.

On his return it was that he suddenly heard a wild shriek of terror, and looking around, had seen Ethel in that dangerous situation, while the nearing train told of the death that awaited her. Springing to the ground, he had rushed to her assistance, and had wrenched apart those stiff fastenings and drawn her from her peril.

After he had left her at the Hall it was hard to recall his truant thoughts to their proper sphere, but with set teeth and a firm resolve, he plunged into study, and active work, in order to be at peace with himself.

The great suffering of a new patient even detained him by his side until, after midnight the second evening, and a third time had night folded the earth before relief came to the weary one, and Earle Eifenstein was at liberty to pay the lonely ruin the desired call.

Then a violent storm was raging! This storm was, strange to say, the first that had occurred in the evening since his night rove of the haunted tower, and his dancing demon, just five weeks before.

Not wishing to be seen by any of the inmates, he did not venture out until after nine o'clock. Then the wild wind and drenching rain served to retard his progress so much that it was full quarter to ten before he felt the worn pathway and crept behind the clump of thick, wet bushes, where, once concealed from view, he paused to light a small dark lantern he had wisely brought with him.

By the aid of this he proceeded to examine what only seemed a dull, blank wall. Close inspection, however, revealed a large stone that was loose, which he easily drew forth, making a clean, unobstructed passageway, through which a man could creep, and without hesitation in he went, landing directly upon an old, but still passable floor.

Lowering his light, he paused to examine this floor, and found to his surprise, wet tracks upon it, that told plainly that very recent footsteps had passed that way. Following these, the young man walked in a direct line across the building, until he reached a door, which, upon trying, he found to his chagrin, securely fastened.

Even while he paused to reflect upon his next movement, distant footsteps fell upon his ear, just beyond the door, and hurriedly he darted back, extinguishing his light as he did so.

Just in time was this movement made, for a hand unhooked the fastening, opened the door, and there, to his unmitigated surprise, stood Ethel Nevergill, the girl so much the object of his thoughts since that narrow escape of hers, with a lighted candle in her hand, peering into the darkness beyond.

Had she seen him? he asked himself, creeping like a thief towards this unfortunate house, and hearing his steps, had she come to warn him away?

No! the thought was absurd, and he soon saw that she came seeking merely a covered basket, not observed until then, standing just beyond the door.

How pale she looked, as he viewed for one moment her sad face and—yes! surely, those were tears that fell from her beautiful hazel eyes upon her cheek.