

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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"GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

But the road seemed very rough. Great ruts had been made in the earth, softened by the long rain, and these caused her to trip and fall twice. Both times it had jarred her arm and drawn forth tears of anguish. At last the gate was reached and opened with difficulty, then a dizzy feeling came over her, and just as her feet stepped on the porch she fell forward in a long, death-like swoon.

Dr. Eifenstein had gone into the country, after his call at the baronet's, to visit a rather critical case, and did not return until quite late.

He had reached his home, given his horse to the man in waiting, and then turned to enter his door. But what was this he saw lying in a heap upon the porch? Stooping to discover if it might not be a large, strange dog, his fingers came in contact with a human hand, and from its small size he knew it belonged to child or woman.

Throwing open the door with his latch-key, the light from the hall revealed Ethel Nevergall's pale, unconscious face to his astonished gaze.

"Ethel, here senseless! Oh, my darling, my darling!" he murmured, as he lifted her in his arms and bore her to the parlor sofa. "What can this mean?"

Placing her there, he ran to the foot of the stairs and called Mrs. Clum to his assistance. With joy, at last, they saw her eyes open; but the cry of pain that followed filled both with surprise.

"My arm! my arm!" she cried. "You hurt my arm! I cannot stir my hand or arm, and fear it is broken. I came here to show it to you."

"Then it was hurt before you left the hall?" returned the doctor, passing his hand over the useless member, in order to see the nature of the injury.

"In order to replace it, I fear I must cause you pain. It will be impossible for you to go out again in this storm, therefore Mrs. Clum, my housekeeper, must prepare you a room, and you will remain here to-night. After she has made you comfortable in your bed, I must replace the bones, and then you must keep perfectly quiet, or, after all this excitement, you will be thrown into a fever."

Giving Mrs. Clum several instructions, he saw her leave the room to prepare one for poor Ethel's reception; then, and not until then, he bent over the sofa where she lay, and asked her in a low voice:

"Why did you not tell me this, instead of coming out in the storm, when I was at the Hall this evening?"

"I did not know you were there, and could not have seen you if I had known it. Sir Reginald flew into a furious passion as soon as he saw me to-day, and bade me instantly leave his house. As my arm was hurt, I was obliged to come to you."

"Miss Nevergall, how was your arm dislocated? and what means the mark of those fingers, which I see upon the surface?"

"Do not ask me, doctor, for I cannot tell you!"

"Well, if you cannot tell me that, why did Sir Reginald bid you leave his house?"

"I cannot tell you!" was still her only reply.

"Was it for any willful fault you had committed?"

"No! oh, no! I had met with an accident the nature of which I cannot explain. In short, I had, without intending it, neglected a duty he had charged me with on the day of my flight by the railroad. My nervousness then caused me to forget something. He had just discovered it and flew in a rage."

"Then the brute seized your arm and gave it this wrench! You need not tell me, child, I know it by instinct. It is well I was not there, for one reason."

"Why?"

"I should have struck him as he lay helpless in bed. I could not have helped it! But you are safe now; he shall never touch you again. Stay here, of course, until you are well; then a place will be provided, never fear! Promise me one thing now, which is, not to worry about the future. Leave everything of that nature for time and Providence to make plain, and try to compose yourself in order to recover the sooner. Will you do this?"

He took her well hand kindly, almost tenderly, as he spoke; and, meeting his anxious, beseeching gaze bent upon her, she blushed faintly and gave the required promise.

CHAPTER XVIII.

That night an urgent call came for the doctor. It was to attend a rich and capricious patient whom he had formerly known in the village, but now very ill at a town nearly a hundred miles away.

Before he departed, Eifenstein saw to it that Ethel's arm was well cared for. Leaving explicit instructions as to her case with Mrs. Clum, he left home, expecting to return the next day.

But in this he was disappointed. His patient was quite ill; he insisted on the doctor remaining constantly at his side, and policy and real concern for him kept Earle away for nearly two weeks.

A vast surprise greeted Eifenstein when he returned home—a perfect series of them, in fact. During his absence two very important things had occurred. Sir Reginald had died suddenly, death probably being hastened by his recent great excitement, and Ethel was no longer an inmate of the doctor's home.

Mrs. Clum told him how the young girl had remained two days. Her arm had come to rights quickly. The death of Sir Reginald had shocked her, and she seemed nervous, worried, eager to get away from the scenes that had horrified her. She had left a tear-stained note, fervently thanking the doctor for all his kindness, and saying that she felt she must get work and support herself.

In this she had been successful. A few miles distant was the home of the Duchess of Westmoreland. Ethel had somehow learned that she wished to engage a governess for her daughter, Lady

Claire Linwood. She had applied for the position, and had secured it.

One day Dr. Eifenstein rode over to the sumptuous baronial home. He passed an hour in the company of Ethel. When he left his heart was hard and cold, and she, poor child, was tortured with the anguish love only can feel.

In fact, Earle had asked for an explanation of her seeming part in aiding dead Sir Reginald to frighten the simple natives with the superstitious idea that the tower was haunted. Ethel remembered her solemn promise. She dared not break it. The doctor grew from suspicion to distrust, so a baleful cloud arose between them. About three days after the burial of the baronet, Ethel Nevergall, with Lady Claire Linwood, accompanied by a groom, started out for their usual horseback ride. Both were skillful horsewomen, and both were extravagantly fond of the saddle. This morning they had resolved to follow a wild looking path, leading through a deep wood, one they never had noticed, in rides past the spot, until the day before.

Suddenly, after an advance of about half a mile, both girls noticed at once that footsteps had diverged from the beaten path, and looking towards the point to which they seemed directed, they were astonished to see the opening entrance to what seemed a large cave, overhung with vines of thick luxuriance. These vines seemed lately to have been parted. Reining up their horses, they paused before the spot, in order to survey it more closely, when all distinctly heard low means of pain, issuing from a point near the entrance.

Startling at once that some fellow-being was in distress, Ethel requested the groom to dismount and investigate the place, and immediately return to report the cause of the apparent suffering within. The man dismounted as requested and disappeared from view, only to return with the news that an eccentric bookseller, who had recently made his appearance in the neighborhood, and who was known as the Rev. Edwin C. Styles, was very ill in that remote and hidden spot. Bidding Roger assist her to the ground, Ethel at once hastened to the side of the sick man.

She found him stretched upon an old cot bed in this damp and gloomy retreat, far away from the haunts of men. She noticed a few articles of furniture, and a few utensils for daily use, but saw no trace of fire or food.

On a rude bed lay stretched the form of the eccentric being who had been much talked of during the past few days. His cheeks were flushed with fever, while the weary movements of his head told of intense pain in that region. Clasped in his thin, white hands upon his breast lay a small wallet.

Seeing at once that the poor creature was very low, perhaps near death, Ethel stepped back to the entrance of the cave and requested Roger to ride with all speed to summon Dr. Eifenstein to his side. She also requested Lady Claire to remain within call, while she herself would watch over the sufferer until aid should come.

At once Ethel returned to her self-assumed charge, and endeavored to arouse him from the stupor he was in, in order to ask of his relatives and home. The effort was vain. A low, incoherent muttering, in which the words "brother" and "save me," were mingled, was all she could hear.

It seemed a long and weary while to the anxious girl, before voices were heard in the distance. Dr. Eifenstein was the first to enter the cheerless place, while two men beside Roger followed, ready to bear the sufferer in their arms to a wagon quite a distance down the road, beyond the narrow pathway the girls had pushed over on the backs of their gentle horses.

The doctor paused a moment to examine the patient, but looked very grave as he did so, and whispered to Ethel: "I think we are too late to save him. He will live but a few hours, as death is even now upon him. He must be removed, however, at once, and as I know of no other place, I shall take him to my own house."

Taking the wallet in his hand to draw it away, he found it impossible to do so, as the death clutch of the dying fingers upon it was tight and still strong; so leaving it where it was on his breast, the doctor summoned the men, who gently raised the slight form in their arms, and bore him forth. Soon the poor man was lying on blankets and a soft pillow upon the floor of an easy wagon, while the doctor sat by his side, carefully fanning away the flies that might annoy, and thus they wended their way back to their homes.

A few hours later, in the comfortable guest chamber at the young physician's home, the poor wayfarer breathed his last, and as the sympathizing physician closed his eyes and straightened his form he drew away the wallet carefully and folded the poor, thin hands upon his breast.

After dispatching a messenger for an undertaker he summoned Mrs. Clum as a witness, and passed to his private office in order to examine the mysterious wallet, that should, he hoped, reveal the secret of the wanderer's family and home.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Miss Nevergall," said Andrew, a pompous footman at Castle Cairn, as he knocked at the door of Lady Linwood's boudoir, and was hidden to enter. "A gentleman is in the drawing room who wishes to see you."

"Do you know him?" queried Ethel. "I cannot call his name, yet I have often seen him."

"It is of no consequence. I will be with him presently," returned the governess, as she resumed her book, and continued the lesson she was giving her charge.

On no account would she neglect a duty for any person whatever. When the task was finished, and not until then, she descended the grand broad stairway,

and entered the drawing room of the castle. There a surprise, indeed, awaited her, in the presence of Robert Glendenning.

Certainly she had never anticipated a visit from her former tormentor, and the sight of him now brought back many unpleasant recollections. The young man started forward and placed himself between the door and her slight figure, thus completely preventing her flight.

"Pardon me, Miss Nevergall," he remarked in a perfectly respectful manner, very different from his former unpleasantly familiar one. "I am very anxious to have a little conversation with you, before leaving this place, forever, and therefore I beseech you to remain a few minutes. I promise not to detain you long."

"Very well," returned the young girl, gravely, taking the seat he offered her. "Why do you leave?"

"The death of my uncle has, of course, deprived my sister and myself of his care and guardianship. As the title and estate now fall to his younger brother, Fitzroy, the present incumbent must remove and leave the hall, to be occupied or not, by the new baronet, as he sees fit. Lady Constance will seek a residence with some relatives in London, and we shall make a home somewhere together, unless—unless—"

Here the young man paused, greatly embarrassed for a proper conclusion to the sentence he had commenced. Breaking the silence again, for it was becoming oppressive, he resumed:

"Miss Ethel, I come this morning to lay before you a proposition that I hope will meet with your sanction. I must first, however, express to you my deep regrets for the offensive manner in which I used to treat you. I know not why I was led to make myself so disagreeable. I was probably prompted by a spirit of mischief, but as soon as you left the hall so suddenly I became aware of my great mistake. I loved you, but I felt it was without hope. In my egotistical haste I knew that I had won, perhaps, what I merited, your contempt. To-day I felt that I could endure this misery no longer. I resolved to see you, to ask forgiveness for my course in the past, and to crave the privilege of retrieving my former mistake by being allowed to visit you as a friend until I can win your love, and ask you to become my wife."

"Mr. Glendenning," interposed Ethel, "what you propose is an utter impossibility. I can and do forgive the annoyance I confess your conduct occasioned me in other days, but the proposed visits I must positively decline. It could never result as you seem to imagine, for I assure you my affections could never be won."

"You are hasty in thus answering," interrupted the lover. "You surely cannot thus foretell what your feelings would be under such different auspices."

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Glendenning, I must interrupt you by distinctly saying that, as I am situated, I cannot receive visits; therefore, I must beg you to receive this, my final answer. It would be the same after years of friendly intercourse. I do not love you, and I never can love you. I forgive you, and will ever think of you kindly; beyond that we can never go."

"Then there is no necessity for my remaining," he said, sadly, as he arose to leave.

"None whatever," was the firm reply. "Miss Nevergall, believe me, as long as I live I shall regret having made your residence at the hall so disagreeable."

You certainly had enough to endure in being under obligations to amuse an irritable invalid. The rude manner in which you were dismissed excited my deepest sympathy."

"For which I am very grateful," kindly returned the young girl.

"If ever, as a friend, I can serve you in any manner, will you allow me to do so?"

"I will, if I know your address."

"That is not quite decided, but I will leave it with the postmaster of this place. And now, thanking you for your kind friendliness, although feeling deeply my unrequited love, I will bid you farewell."

Robert Glendenning held out his hand as he spoke, and seeing that genuine tears were floating in his eyes, Ethel laid hers in it without hesitation. Stooping over the little white hand, he pressed his lips upon it, then hurriedly left the room, and she saw his face no more.

That night the whole family left the hall, and the grand old mansion was closed, waiting for the arrival, or orders, of Sir Fitzroy Glendenning.

The residence of this gentleman was unknown, but it was believed that he went to America, therefore every effort was to be made by the proper ones to discover his retreat, in order to make known to him the honors that awaited his acceptance.

Yet, while this resolve and duty was to be immediately put in force, many hearts rebelled against his return. All united in feeling that, although acquitted by law of any knowledge of his unhappy brother's fate, circumstances still looked very dark where he was concerned.

(To be continued.)

That Was Long Ago.

Some fanciful stories are being circulated about Joseph Chamberlain and his oratorical powers as a youth, but from what a friend of his says concerning the great statesman's college days it is a great mistake to say that young Chamberlain could speak well when at school. In fact, he could never be induced to speak, and in this he somewhat resembled the retiring Arthur Balfour.

One day one of the masters of the school which he was at asked Chamberlain to make the reply to a speech which had just been delivered by one of the elder students of the debating class. The hour came, and with a firm step Chamberlain mounted the platform. With perfect outward self-possession he faced the audience and made his bow—a low bow.

Everyone waited expectantly. People became anxious when the young man again bowed, but said nothing. Then a titter went round among the boys. Suddenly the coming colonial secretary, with a look of utter despair, sidled off the platform with another bow, not having said one word—London Answers.

The average man boasts seventeen times as much about what he's going to do as he does about what he has done.

MAY BE LOST TRIBE OF ISRAEL.

Peculiar Race of People Living Underground in Central America.

Colonel J. C. Tucker, former United States minister at Martinique, relates a strange story of a race of people living in an underground city in Central America. Colonel Tucker some time ago received information about a race who live in cities cut out of the rocks in the mountains of Central America, in an out-of-the-way place, very difficult to reach, and which no stranger had visited before him and returned alive. He decided to investigate. After reaching a certain point Colonel Tucker had to travel 800 miles through wild jungles, carrying his provisions on a pack mule and enduring many hardships on the way. As he neared the hidden city his every movement was watched and reported to the high priest of the tribe dwelling there, but no harm was offered him. When he shot a pair of lions in the jungles, which had been killing the natives, he did an act that turned out to be the very thing that gave him their friendship and protection.

He was welcomed by the high priest, who spoke good English, and was shown through their wonderful city, hewn out of the solid granite rocks in the mountain side. To the uninitiated the surface of the mountain gave no clue to the city concealed within it. It was entered by secret passages, cunningly concealed by nature's handiwork, and which led to large, commodious rooms, handsomely furnished, mostly in old mahogany. Passages led to hundreds of other rooms, and to a large hall, in which the strange people met and held meetings, while smaller openings for ventilation went upward, ending among the rocks and jungles above, so arranged that the rain could not enter.

The tradition among these curious people was that they originally came from a country far away, and that their mission was to outwit their enemies, which, in the beginning, pursued them. At all entrances there were side rooms, from which, at a moment's notice, deadly gases could be let loose upon any hostile invaders who might enter, and which would kill them instantly, while by sliding doors of stone the gas would be kept from entering the city.

The light of the sun, moon or stars never enters their underground city, except through certain openings, by which they study the mysteries of the night skies, but they use electricity for lighting purposes, a science they have learned by keeping in touch with the outer world through their young men.

The colonel says he was an attendant at their meetings and was surprised to find they were going through Masonic rituals, which he, being a Mason of high degree, understood. This was an inheritance of theirs from their ancestors of the unknown past.

Colonel Tucker has written many chapters about these people and their city. He has done so because he wishes to preserve the knowledge. He freely shows them to his friends, and has as yet made no effort to publish them. The proprietor of a well-known Eastern magazine, who visited the City of Mexico, and who was given the privilege of reading the manuscripts, with the proviso that he would not publish their contents, offered Colonel Tucker first \$5,000 and then doubled that amount if the colonel would plot him to the city in the rocks. And he may yet do so.

Colonel Tucker believes these people are part of the lost tribe of Israel. He has many old parchments they gave him which he has been unable to find anyone to decipher for him, but which he hopes to have read by some one of the great scholars of the world, when the mysteries they contain in their time-stained hieroglyphics will be made plain, thus revealing to the world perhaps the strangest story that ever linked the dim past with the living present.

Was a Crabologist.

Booker Washington, in lecturing to his colored people, tells them this story, and it hits hard those of his own race who have tried to injure him. He says:

"Once upon a time there was an old colored man who was having great success catching crabs. He had a tremendous box more than half full, when a passer-by warned him that the biggest and best crabs were crawling out and would escape. The old man replied:

"'Thankee, sir, much obleeged, but I ain't goin' to lose no crabs. I see a crabologist, I is, and I knows all 'bout de crab nature. I don't need to watch 'em, 'tall. When de big crab fight up to de top, and when he is gittin' out, de little crabs catch him by de laig and pull him back. He can't git out no-how.'"

And then Booker Washington says: "My friends, I have been informed that there is something of crab nature in human nature; but it must be altogether among white folks, and not in our race."

Teasing His Wee Brother-in-Law. It was Smythe's wedding-day, and he was teasing his boy brother-in-law.

"Now, Johnny," he said, "I'm going to take your sister away and have her all to myself, and you won't see her any more."

"No, really—are you?" said the boy, curiously.

"Yes, I am. What do you think of it?"

"Nothing. I fancy I can stand it if you can."

Sometimes the girl's father strikes a young man favorably and sometimes he merely kicks him out.



Mrs. Hughson, of Chicago, whose letter follows, is another woman in high position who owes her health to the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for several years with general weakness and bearing-down pains, caused by womb trouble. My appetite was fitful, and I would lie awake for hours, and could not sleep until I seemed more weary in the morning than when I retired. After reading one of your advertisements I decided to try the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so glad I did. No one can describe the good it did me. I took three bottles faithfully, and besides building up my general health, it drove all disease and poison out of my body, and made me feel as spry and active as a young girl. Mrs. Pinkham's medicines are certainly all they are claimed to be."—Mrs. M. E. HUGHSON, 347 East Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Stalks Produce Displacements.

Apparently trifling incidents in woman's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. Lelah Stowell, 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—You are indeed a godsend to women, and if they all knew what you could do for them, there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony. I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, womb trouble, nervousness, and excruciating headache, but a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy, and I do not know what sickness is, and I now enjoy the best of health."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound can always be relied upon to restore health to women who thus suffer. It is a sovereign cure for the worst forms of female complaints,—that bearing-down feeling, weak back, falling and displacement of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, and all troubles of the uterus or womb. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in the early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. It subdues excitability, nervous prostration, and tones up the entire female system. Its record of cures is the greatest in the world, and should be relied upon with confidence.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes.—T. W. Higginson. The best number of persons to each bed is—one. The bamboo sometimes grows two feet in twenty-four hours. There are thirty varieties of this tree; the smallest is only six inches in height, and the largest one hundred and fifty feet.

THE SSS BEST TONIC

It increases the appetite, tones up the stomach, invigorates and strengthens the system, and furnishes purer and better blood for the building of the run-down constitution. You will find no tonic to act so promptly and beneficially where the health has given way, the strength over-taxed by hard work and close confinement. Those living in the low, marshy sections of the country, exposed to miasmatic poisons and breathing the impure air arising from stagnant pools and swamps, till their systems are filled with malaria and their health undermined, will find S. S. S. a most excellent tonic, and its timely use has many times prevented the serious complications that so often result from malaria.

Good blood, good appetite and good digestion are the foundation stones of good health. S. S. S. supplies all these, containing as it does ingredients for the purification of the blood and also well-known tonic properties, making it the ideal remedy in cases where the blood has deteriorated, the stomach disordered and appetite has failed.

S. S. S. being a purely vegetable compound, leaves no bad after-effects, like the strong potash and mineral remedies, which are bad on the stomach and nerves. A course of S. S. S. now will fortify the system, and the impurities that have accumulated through the long winter months are more readily and promptly thrown off, and the warm weather finds you in good physical condition, instead of weak, run-down, tired and debilitated, with no appetite or energy, as is apt to be the case where the system is neglected and nature left to take care of herself. If you need a tonic and appetizer, you will find S. S. S. the best. Medical advice without charge to all who write us about their case.

Canton, Ohio, Aug. 6, 1908. Gentlemen: S. S. S. is a good medicine. I keep it in the house all the while. It is an excellent tonic to give strength to the system and tone up all the organs. It gives appetite and energy and makes one feel better in every way. I have found it also an excellent blood purifier. For months I was troubled with an itching skin eruption on the face, and I tried specialists and many remedies to get a cure, but S. S. S. is the only medicine that seemed to relieve. I am now comparatively free of this eruption. I think a great deal of your medicine, believing it to be the best blood purifier and tonic known to the world to-day. MRS. FRANK HORNER, 1880 E. Seventh st.

Altoona, Pa., June 20, 1908. I have always been averse to giving a testimonial, and only do so now because of a desire to have others benefited by the use of your most excellent medicine. Before using S. S. S. this spring I very much felt the need of a tonic; was troubled with Dyspepsia and Constipation, and my blood was in bad condition. The use of your specific has driven away all indications of dyspepsia, regulated my bowels, enriched my blood, and caused me to gain 20 pounds in weight, so that I feel in better physical condition than I have in years. In my judgment there is no better tonic and blood purifier on the market than your preparation, and I unhesitatingly recommend it as such. A. L. FISHER.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.