

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

"Doctor," now queried Mr. Lee, "what course is next to be pursued?"

"We must go to the porter's lodge, on the premises—I think the keeper is still there—get the keys of the hall, and investigate the ruined part, with its concealed room. If we find all as here said, we must at once publish the facts, far and wide. I should also recall the servants, who probably are still near, and reopen the house; and from his own home bury the real baronet. All these years a false baron has reigned in his stead."

The gentlemen acquiesced in the plan, and silently wended their way to the now deserted hall. They did not take the front entrance to the grounds, but gained it by a shorter route, emerging at the rear of the house, and so passing unseen to the clump of bushes, behind which was the entrance previously used by Dr. Elfenstein.

Once in the corridor, they hastened to the end where the tower stairs, and there wide open, exposed to view through still parted panels and displaced shelves, lay the concealed room which for twenty-five years had held poor Sir Arthur a prisoner, just as the journal had described it.

Every link was now perfect! The horrible tale was true! If further confirmation was needed, it was at hand, in the shape of the one note written by Reginald to his brother, when he had given him pen, ink and paper, at his earnest request. This note fell from a book that Mr. Lee picked from the table. Lawyer Huxley knew the writing at once, as he had often received notes from the false baronet, in relation to legal matters.

Having discovered all that could be done that day, the three gentlemen wended their way from the place, and after returning to their homes for their evening meals, they all decided to meet at the village inn, and there make known the contents of the mysterious wallet.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was the morning after the events related in the last chapter had taken place, that Ethel sat alone in Lady Clair Linwood's private boudoir, apparently engaged with some pretty fancy work, but in reality more occupied with her own sad thoughts than the needlework.

During the weeks she had been in this place everything had been done to promote her happiness. She was ever treated with the greatest kindness, and by Lady Claire with true affection. She had entered into all her pupil's pleasures with seeming sympathy when her soul was even most cast down. How beautiful everything looked to her weary eyes as she cast them from the window! How full the air was of fragrance, from flowers and bush, and how merrily a starling was singing from the branches of an old elm tree near by! But this innocent gleam awoke no answering echo in her own heart; there all was desolation and sorrow.

She felt so lonely in this her youth—no mother, aunt, relative near in whom to find sympathy and love. Yes, she was utterly alone, and would be until claimed by an unknown father; and when she might be cheered by the love of one true heart, her misfortune had alienated its respect, and all she could do was to constantly battle with her own self, and strive to overcome the unfortunate attachment that was wearing upon her health and spirits.

To-day, the more she resolved to forget this man, the more she studied over his coldness, the more fondly she remembered him, and told herself it was her own want of frankness and the suspicious circumstances in which he had found her placed, that had shaken his confidence in her integrity, and merited only his scorn. But, bound as she had been to solemn secrecy, she could not conceive how she could have acted differently, and she felt convinced that, in order to be true to the trust imposed upon her, she had done no wrong.

So deep had been her reverie that she heard no bell, no opening door, no sound, and not until the words, "Miss Nevergill, I hope I do not interrupt you," fell upon her ear did she dream that she was not alone.

Starting to her feet, she turned to face Dr. Elfenstein. She would have extended her hand and welcomed him joyfully but his grave, almost stern look deterred her, and as he offered no further greeting, she merely assured him she was perfectly at leisure, and then wheeled up a large easy chair for his use.

Not noticing the latter, however, the doctor took a lighter one, and placing it opposite the one she had resumed, said, as he sat down:

"I am glad to find you alone, as my business is important, and concerns no one but ourselves. The footman told me at the door that the family were absent, and I would find you here."

"They are absent for the day, and, therefore, I am at your service."

"The nature of my business, I fear, may startle you, but I feel that I ought not to forego it on that account. I shall be obliged to ask you several questions that you may dislike to answer, but, Miss Nevergill, allow me to say, as a preface, that perfect frankness on your part will be the best in the end. Certain things, lately transpiring, have led me to regret exceedingly that I did not use my own judgment that evening when we were together in the corridor at Glendenning Hall, and search for the cause of our fight. I came to talk with you a little upon your career while in that house. Had you, as I suppose, any special reason for not wishing that candle lighted, and a search made?"

Poor Ethel! She knew not what course to take now to regain his esteem. Certainly she could only falter, while a burning blush mantled cheek and brow: "I had, but I cannot explain it."

"Are you ashamed to tell the reason?"

"Not ashamed, doctor. Save for what I did under compulsion in the tower, I have no cause for shame."

"Then you certainly are a very different person from the one I took you to be," was the cold reply. "Miss Nevergill, allow me to tell you that a more infamous crime was never committed than the one you, an innocent appearing young girl, aided and abetted by your help while in that sin-stained house."

"Doctor Elfenstein!" exclaimed Ethel, rising to her feet, surprise and horror blending together on each of her beautiful features, and wonder and dismay settling in her large hazel eyes; "what is this you are saying to me? If I understand aright, you are accusing me of being an accessory to some dark crime! Speak! Did I understand you to mean this?"

"You surely did."

"Then, sir," returned the indignant girl, drawing up her slight figure to its full height, while a queenly dignity reigned in each motion, even though every particle of color left both cheek and lip, "then, sir, all I shall say in reply is that you accuse me falsely, and in doing so you cease to be my friend!"

"But, Miss Nevergill, reflect one moment. Had I not been your friend I should wish no explanation. I am your friend, while I desire to be sure of your innocence. You say, and I rejoice to hear you affirm it, that you are guiltless. Will you not relieve my mind of these doubts by telling me frankly the nature of your occupation while at the hall?"

Clasping her hands together in anguish, the poor girl only answered: "Would that I might, but I cannot!"

"Then, Miss Nevergill, I shall be obliged to tell you that all has been discovered, and that your horrible secret is known."

"O, thank heaven! Can it be possible! Please go on, for I am anxious to hear all you know, but dare not utter one word!" exclaimed Ethel.

"You must learn then, that your nightly work was to carry food to a certain concealed room, place it upon revolving shelves, and—"

"Doctor, you do indeed know all; then now am I free to speak, as no secret will be revealed by me? Those shelves were knocked over, and the ape escaped that night. It was his dreadful howl that so frightened us. Tell me, has the animal been recaptured, and returned to the owner?"

"Ape? Owner?" queried the doctor, surprise illuminating each one of his speaking features. "What can you mean?"

"Yes; Sir Reginald said it was a kind never before seen of that species. He was keeping it concealed, until the owner returned with other extraordinary curiosities, he was abroad collecting. When he did return, all were to be exhibited. The fact that he kept its existence a secret, and made me take a solemn oath never to reveal it, was certainly no crime. It was absurd, and the absurdity sprang from a love of money, but in consenting to preserve the creature's life by giving him food, during his lordship's illness, I did it only because he was nervous, and seemed to worry so much over its helplessness. I saw nothing wrong in it, and as it was not sinful, I am not ashamed of it."

While she thus spoke, a change, indeed, came over her listener. Surprise gave place to hope, hope to joy, and as the last words were uttered, the doctor had risen and clasped both her hands in his, while he exclaimed:

"I see it all now! I have been rash, harsh and cruel in my judgment, and scarcely dare ask you to forgive me. But I must be forgiven, or I can never rest."

"You are forgiven. But let me hear how he looks? As I fed him so long, and he frightened me so terribly, I should be one of the first to know."

"You shall hear the whole story at once. Come to the sofa, dear Ethel, and let me hold your hand in token of peace, being fully established between us. First, then, let me say you were deceived. The man calling himself Sir Reginald Glendenning concocted an infamous lie for your benefit, when he told you that an animal was concealed in that room. It was no ape, but his own poor brother, Sir Arthur, whom for twenty-five years he held chained to the floor alone, dead to the world, in that horrible prison."

"Oh, doctor, doctor! can this be true?" exclaimed the poor girl, shuddering deeply at his words. "Did I indeed push that wretched food to a human being? It is too terrible to believe! I cannot endure the thought!"

"You did! But be calm, for heaven ordered it to be so. Remember that, and that through you he obtained a knife, which aided him at last to escape."

"Never can I forget the anxiety I felt, after committing what I then thought a terrible blunder. I feared the ape would kill himself. When he escaped that night I knew after a few minutes that it was the supposed animal, and fearing the discovery of its existence through my means, I prevented you from examining the place. I had taken a solemn vow never to reveal his being in life, neither the fact of a concealed room."

Ethel then went over her whole experience while at the hall, to which Earle listened with intense interest, ending with Sir Reginald's rough usage when she was dismissed, to which he also listened with fierce indignation.

When Dr. Elfenstein, in return, told his listener that Rev. Edwin C. Stiles and Sir Arthur were one, her amazement knew no bounds, and with breathless interest she listened to the whole tragic story.

"What has been done with the body?"

"It was taken to Glendenning Hall this morning, where it lies in state. The servants all returned, and I have loaned Mrs. Clum to the place until I come back from America, as while absent my cottage will be closed."

"Are you going to leave us, doctor?" murmured his companion, in dismay, as she heard these words, and he felt the hand he still held tremble and grow cold in his grasp.

"I must, for a very short time. I alone

know the whereabouts of the younger brother Fitzroy, who was so many years regarded as the murderer. This gentleman sent me here to clear his name from this foul calumny. To-day I see it unstained, and as he is now the baronet, and a great invalid, I go to bring him back in triumph to his home. Poor gentleman! his days are numbered; but with care and attention I feel that he can reach the home of his boyhood in safety; but there must be no delay. A vessel leaves Liverpool to-morrow, and in it I must take passage, if possible, in order, as a medical man, to look after his health in this, to him, eventful voyage."

"Yes, now," resumed Earle Elfenstein; "I have fulfilled my trust, and can carry to him the most blessed news the poor man could hear in this world. Ethel—let me call you Ethel this once—I, too, know what it is to take a solemn vow, for I took one at the bedside of Mr. Rappelye, the name assumed by my employer, to this effect: I would dedicate myself to this cause, and in order to do this, I would allow nothing to interfere with this, my work. Even at the outset I had a temptation to swerve from this promise set before me. It was on the ocean when I saw a sweet, young girl alone, with a great sorrow and anxiety. Oh! how I longed to take this young traveler into my arms and bid her rest in my care, my love. Now I am free to yield to that blessed feeling, and I thus joyfully avow it, and ask if it meets a return. Speak to me, dearest," he added, as he passed his arm around her slight form and drew her tenderly towards him; "is this dear girl to be my darling—my own sweet wife?"

For one moment the bowed head rested on his shoulder, then as he met no resistance it was raised, and kiss after kiss was pressed upon the ripe, red lips that murmured softly:

"Yes; your darling; yours forever and ever."

(To be continued.)

PIANOS IN GERMANY.

Enormous Product of Fine Instruments at Half the American Price.

E. L. Harris, United States commercial agent at Elbenstock, Germany, has lately transmitted to the State Department in Washington, some interesting information on the subject of the piano industry in Germany. Among other things he says:

"The manufacture of pianos in Germany has reached a state of perfection attained by no other nation. Admitting that in other countries particular firms produce instruments which in every respect are equal to the best German make, it is claimed that as an industry, considering the number of factories and the high exports to nearly every country in the world, the manufacturers of this empire are a long distance in advance of all their rivals."

In spite of the enormous sale of pianos every year within the limits of the empire, the manufacturers are dependent upon the markets of foreign countries for the sale of fully one-half of the number produced. The success of the German piano is due to the fact that they are cheap, comparatively speaking. Two hundred and fifty dollars will buy a very fine piano in this country. The construction is always space with the latest art designs, special attention being paid to the woodwork; they not only present an elegant appearance, but are solid and durable."

With this introduction Mr. Harris goes on to state that there are 435 piano factories in Germany, which manufacture 80,000 instruments annually. Of this number 140 are located in Berlin, 27 in Stuttgart, 21 in Dresden, 16 in Leipzig, 15 in Hamburg, 10 in Leignitz, 9 in Zeitz, and the remaining 197 in Munich, Halle, and Brunswick. In the past 20 years the export of pianos from Germany has increased from \$1,900,000 to \$6,110,000 annually. Great Britain is at present Germany's best customer, buying 40 per cent of the total exports, although prior to 1890 the Argentine Republic, which now ranks second, was the best market for German pianos.

Belgium ranks next after Great Britain and Argentina, and then comes Australia, which takes \$1,000,000 worth of German pianos annually. Russia \$1,000,000 worth and Holland \$1,000,000; Brazil, Norway, Sweden, South Africa and Chile coming next in order. Mr. Harris also tells us that Germany is a large manufacturer of stringed instruments, the chief factories being located in the towns of Markneukirchen, Klingenthal, Mittenwald, and Johanngeorgenstadt. The first named town sold \$684,000 worth of violins, mandolins, etc., to the United States last year.

"The manufacturer of the different parts of stringed instruments," he states, "is carried on chiefly in the worker's own home."

Hero Without Honor.

An anecdote about Gen. Miles concerns an innocent professional. It was in an up-town hotel. A number of men were gathered around listening to the speaker, a slender and rather magnetic man.

"Yes," he was saying, "I was in the midst of it at Santiago!"

"Were the Spaniards good fighters?"

"Rather. But I took five or them unaided—officers, too—in Cuba, and two more in Porto Rico."

"May I ask who you are?" inquired the general.

"Yes, indeed. I'm Mr. Clineadist, the photographer, from Washington, and I took you, too, in Porto Rico."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cotton in Rhodesia.

It has been found, through extended experiments, that Rhodesia can produce first-class cotton, which will command the highest price in Liverpool.

Church of Notre Dame.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris is now lighted by electricity.

As men grow wealthy they begin to inquire into their ancestry.

AFTER THE THIRD ATTACK ON NANSHAN HILL.



Every man who took part in the third attack on Nanshan Hill fell before the Russian line, and in the lull which preceded the advance of the next Japanese line, the Russians could be seen peering over their earthworks at the scene of awful stillness.—London Illustrated News.

THE SORROWING MOTHER.

Last night I dreamed he came to me; I held him close and wept and said: "My little child, where have you been? I was afraid that you were dead."

Then I awoke; it almost seemed As though my arms could feel him yet. I had been sobbing in my sleep; My tears had made the pillows wet.

I cannot think of him at all As the bright angel he must be, But only as my little child Who may be needing me.

Do not make him grow too wise, Angels—ye who know; I am dull and slow to learn, Telling here below.

Do not fill his heart too full With your heavenly joy, Lest the mother's place be lost With her little boy.

Those may dare to doubt who have Their loved ones here below; For me, I do not now believe, I do not hope—I know. —Katharine Pyle in Harper's Bazar.

A Little Palmistry

WHAT is your particular line of robbery?" he asked as he approached her small, canopied table at the charity bazaar.

"Palmistry," she returned smilingly. "Shall I read your hand? It costs half a crown."

"I'm afraid you might discover my true inwardness. Let me read yours. I'll pay you just the same."

"Very well," she said readily. He sat down opposite her at the little table and she placed her hand on the small velvet cushion.

"A dark gentleman loves you," he began promptly.

"Which one?" she inquired demurely.

"Several. They are all villains. Avoid them."

"Thanks. That is very important. What else?"

"A blonde gentleman also loves you. He is about my height and color."

"I shouldn't call you a blonde, exactly."

"Well, then, I shouldn't call him a blonde, exactly."

"Is he a villain, too?"

"Not at all. You will be very happy if you marry him."

"He hasn't asked me," she said.

"No; but he's going to."

She studied her own hand.

"I see him," she cried. "How wise you are! He is now far from here."

"He isn't!"—indignantly. "He is very near."

"Oh, then it can't be the same one."

"The one I mean is the one you should marry," he said.

"Oh, yes, now I see the one you mean," she said. "There, on that cross line. But he is very attentive to a short, blue-eyed lady."

"Not at all. She's only a——"

"Sister to him?"

"No; not even that. Just a calling acquaintance."

"But he calls her by her first name."

"That's what I meant by a calling acquaintance. But how do you know he does?"

"I've heard him," she said with positiveness.

"I thought this was palmistry?"

"Oh, so it is. Well, I find it in the line under this finger."

"Well, they're old friends, you see."

"But you said she was only a calling acquaintance."

"I was looking at the wrong line," he said hastily. "Let's go on. This not exactly blonde gentleman is going to be very wealthy. He will give you every luxury."

"How about all the dark gentlemen?" she inquired. "Some of them are wealthy already."

"They will lose it all—last winter you were quite ill."

"You know that, anyway," she remarked.

"I am judging by a small break in

the life line. The not-exactly-blond gentleman sent you flowers."

"Yes. It was very kind of him. So did the dark gentlemen."

"Theirs meant nothing."

"What did his mean?" she queried.

"Undying devotion."

"How nice! That must be the blonde gentleman who is so far away."

"It isn't either! It is the one who is very near."

"You seem to read a good deal about other people in my hand," she observed.

"Maybe I wasn't looking at it as altogether your hand," she said audaciously.

"Whose would it be, pray?"

"Suppose we call it mine. One ought to be able to read one's own hand pretty well, you know."

She withdrew her hand.

"It's possible that you read more in it than I do," she said.

"In my hand?"

"In mine."

"Is it the same thing?" he begged.

"How about the blue-eyed lady's hand?"

"She can give it to one of the dark gentlemen."

"Well, that might be good arrangement. But as to giving mine to the blonde gentleman——"

"Yes?" eagerly.

"That," she said mischievously, as she arose, "isn't a question of palmistry. Besides, you've had your money's worth already. Here comes one of the dark gentlemen."—Home Monthly.

RIVER MONSTER IN AFRICA.

Amphibious Animal Is Between an Elephant and Hippopotamus in Size.

If Sir Harry Johnston had not recently returned from Uganda with the first skins of the okapi there would be more reason for receiving with incredulity the story of a French traveler, says M. Trilles, writing from Njole, that while exploring the northern Congo three years ago he heard from the natives of "an enormous amphibious animal something between the elephant and the hippopotamus in size, and in nature very ferocious toward man."

"Unbelieving, he paid little attention to what had been told him."

"However, later, when in the neighborhood of Djali, near the Great falls, the accounts were given with more detail. The animal in question, or at least one of its species, lived near the source of the Mouri; it lay in wait for the canoes, upset them, and in preference attacked the women and children. Twice the natives fetched me to see it as it slept on the sandbank. But on each occasion it had disappeared when I got there."

"On returning from my travels I asked many questions about this animal, but it was unknown. On the coast I never heard it spoken of. But since my arrival here I have had repeated descriptions of it. The people of the upper Ogge give it the name of the nzemedzin (the water tiger). Sergeant Sans of the Njole tirailleurs shot one recently at less than twenty meters, but, unfortunately, the wounded animal escaped him."

"The people here make out that the nzemedzin is smaller than the description given by those of the interior. Its color is a light tawny gray, dotted with black spots; the hair rough, instead of smooth, as in the other; the tail long and powerful, the paws short and webbed and fitted with very sharp nails six or eight centimeters in length. The nail is horny, as in the tiger. The animal only lives near waterfalls and is carnivorous. It snatches women and children as they bathe and defies even the crocodile."

ATHLETIC GAMES IN SYRIA.

Customs of the Orientals Undergoing Gradual Transformation.

Oriental peoples are very averse to physical exercise of any kind, says the World To-Day. Their idea of enjoyment is to sit under an awning and play backgammon. That a man should go out and run around a track in shameless nakedness and this with a hope of gain, only confirms them in the belief that all Americans are mad. But they are imitative people, and years ago the influence and example of the

younger teachers got a few of the preparatory boys out for footraces. The day, for Beirut at least, the death blow was struck to the picturesque dress of the Orient. You can't run a 100-yard dash with long, baggy drawers and silk gumbies that flop around your ankles. Even if you "gird up the loins," by tucking your skirts into the sash, the effect is more startling than speedy. So, one by one, the students ordered trousers from the city tailors. At first they were poorly cut and viewed with suspicion; but to-day there are not three men in the collegiate department who wear the old costume, and many of the students dress with taste and an elegance that their professors cannot afford to emulate.

Tennis and basketball soon won their place in the students' favor; and now we have gymnastic apparatus and a regular graduated athletic director, who has learned physical culture and boy nature through a long experience in the gymnasiums of America. But it was football that did the most toward unification. The value of teamwork is a new idea to eastern minds. The old ideal was that of "every man for himself." It has been since the time of Alcibiades and Alon. If it had not been so the history of the world might have been different. It was comparatively easy to see the joy of winning a footrace or a tennis match; but to play an untheatrical part in a football game, obeying a captain and working for the good of the side, that was a very different thing. We always play the "association" game, and it used to be the ideal of every player to get the ball and carry it down the field all by himself, while the audience cheered "Bravo, Julio!" as we arranged matches with the crew of visiting British frigates, and thus sad experience our boys learned the value of back plays and frequent passes, and began to see dimly the truth that good football is played, not with the legs or the mouth, but with the head, and that hard teamwork is far better than grandstand plays. That lesson may change the map of Asia some day.

The Advantage of Being Ill.

One of the greatest difficulties in life is illness when the hands are full of work, and of business requiring attention. In many cases the strain and anxiety, which causes resistance to the illness, is even more severe, and makes more trouble than the illness itself.

Suppose, for instance, that a man is taken down with the measles, when he feels that he ought to be at his office, and that his absence may result in serious loss to himself and others. If he begins by letting go, in his body and in his mind, and realizing that the illness is beyond his own power, it will soon occur to him that he might as well turn his illness to account by getting a good rest out of it. In this frame of mind his chances of early recovery will be increased, and he may even get up from his illness with so much new life and with his mind so much refreshed as to make up, in part, for his temporary absence from business. But, on the other hand, if he resists, worries, complains and gets irritable, he irritates his nervous system and, by so doing, is likely to bring on any one of the disagreeable troubles known to follow measles; and thus he may keep himself housed for weeks, perhaps months, instead of days.—Little's Monthly.

Confidential.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a remote period?

Pa—A remote period, my son, is the period due at the end of your mother's remarks. Remember, however, I am giving you this explanation in strict confidence.

In an Assured Position.

Mrs. Cobwigger—So your husband thinks his position in society is now secure?

Mrs. Newrich—Yes. He is so sure about it that he has stopped hiring a dress suit and is having one made to order.—Judge.

He who serves his friends is a good man.