

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE,"

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

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"My peerless darling, would I need not leave you. But a very few weeks will reunite us, never again to be parted. As soon as I return I shall want my wife. Shall I have her?"

"Yes; Earle, my Earle, will you surely be back by October fifth?"

"Yes; positively. This is but the last of August; I shall have plenty of time to reach here then. But what is to happen on that date?"

"It will be my twenty-first birthday, and then, as I told you once, a package I hold is to be opened, and I shall learn my true name, and receive a small sum, enough for my support. Had you forgotten this? Will the uncertainty of my relationships cause any change in your feelings? My dear aunt assured me there was nothing to be ashamed of in my family record."

Ethel asked this question with a sudden timidity of feeling, a dread she could scarcely account for. This dread, however, was instantly dispersed by his answer.

"Change in my feelings? Nothing but my death can change my love for you! I only hope the news you will learn on that date will increase your happiness. Whatever it may be, it shall not delay our union one hour, I promise you that; will you promise me the same?"

"I will," she murmured, "since ours will be a marriage founded on the purest love, no worldly expectations or disappointments shall sever us."

Happy in their reciprocal love, they fondly embraced and parted. Little they thought as they each passed from sight what important changes would take place in the fortunes of at least one of them before they met again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

After Dr. Elfenstein had left the castle he leaped into his gig with a light step and lighter heart, and, touching his horse with a whip, started off at a rapid pace for a village about fifteen miles distant. On the way he passed the post-office, and running in asked for his letters and papers.

Among the letters was one from New York, and the black envelope filled him with dismay, as he felt sure it was the forerunner of sorrowful news. Opening it with a trembling hand, he found his worst fears fulfilled. It contained the dreadful news of his mother's death, just two weeks before.

Poor Elfenstein! the shock was to him a terrible one. He had loved his mother tenderly, and was anticipating the greatest pleasure in soon seeing her again, and perhaps inducing her to accompany him back to his English home. Now all was vain.

Controlling his feelings as best he could, the mourning son resumed his seat and drove onward, resolved, although dazed by the suddenness of this blow, to attend to his duties to the living, even though his own heart bled.

He will not follow him upon that ride, which proved successful—a physician of well-known capability being secured to attend to his patients during his absence—nor will we paint the incidents of his voyage, which proved to be short and propitious, but will present him next to our readers when just entering Mr. Rappeley's house at Yonkers. His appearance was expected, as he had telegraphed of his arrival in New York, and intention of leaving for his residence on the early train.

A bright smile greeted him, and the firm pressure of his hand told that he was truly welcome. The sick man certainly had gained some strength since he had left, for now he sat beside a window, in a large easy chair, and it was evident that he could carry on a conversation without the presence and aid of Mr. Gray, his lawyer.

After a few polite and friendly remarks, Dr. Elfenstein drew a chair close to his side, and laying a finger upon his pulse, smilingly said, as he did so: "I am going to see now, my dear sir, how much news you can bear to be told. Do you feel strong enough to bear a good large amount?"

Grasping his hand in one of his thin ones, the poor man answered, eagerly: "Yes, indeed I do! If you have news that I yearn to hear, it will be better than all the medicines I have swallowed in a lifetime. Doctor, tell me at once, has the mystery been solved? Is my innocence established?"

"Perfectly established. Your brother was not murdered, only terribly abused. He has been found, and died a natural death in my own house."

Clasping his hands together, while large tears rolled over his pallid cheeks, the innocent brother raised his eyes to heaven, and murmured, reverently:

"For this, Thy great mercy, I thank Thee, O God!"

A long pause ensued, Elfenstein purposely refraining from saying more, until his first agitation had passed away. Then, as discreetly as possible, pausing every once in awhile to note the effect on his feeble form, and to watch his varying pulse, he slowly told him the whole story, leaving the reading of the affecting journal until another day.

"Oh, my brother, my poor, dear brother! how terrible must have been his feelings all those years of solitude and despair! Doctor, thus you see my own troubles have been but a sneeze upon the ocean compared with his!"

"Most true; and now, dear sir, you must also be aware that, since both brothers are dead, you have become possessor of title and estate. Allow me to be the first to congratulate Sir Fitzroy Glendenning."

The old man received the kind pressure of his hand and tender words with deep emotion, then suddenly exclaimed: "And to you I owe this speedy discovery and this great joy."

Bowing his head upon his clasped hands, he remained thus silent and thoughtful for several minutes. At length

he broke the spell with these strange words:

"Since God in his great goodness has thus established my innocence, I am no longer afraid to own, and claim my son, and he need never be ashamed to call me father!"

"Have you, indeed, a son, my dear friend? This, then, will be to him also a joy. I did not understand that you had been married."

"I had been secretly married, and my wife, Clara Mowbray, who was the orphan daughter of the late Presbyterian minister in a small village, came with me to America, unknown to any one, for she had no near relatives. She embarked, I say, with me, bringing our little boy, aged two years. A fever broke out on the ship, during our long passage, and my darling wife died, just two days before we arrived in port. It was after she had been laid away to rest in Greenwood, that my sickness came upon me, caused by great grief and trouble, and Mr. Elfenstein came to my relief. It was to him I solemnly gave my only child, my little Earle. I then assumed the name of Rappeley, not even his wife knowing of the change."

"Sir, what can you mean? Did I hear aright?" exclaimed Elfenstein, starting forward, pale with surprise, as this singular assertion fell upon his ears.

"You did! My dear son, you did! You are my own child and heir, Earle Elfenstein Glendenning, and to you will fall at my death my title and my estates. Come to my arms, my dear boy, for it is twenty-five years since I have held you there!"

Clasped then in a close, fond embrace, father and son shed tears together—tears of thankfulness and joy.

Thus, while Earle Glendenning still mourned for the only mother he had ever known, his mother by adoption, the wound, so suddenly inflicted, was partially healed by the gift of a fond father, over whose feeble health and declining days he now had a perfect and tender right to watch and guard.

By the time they reached Glendenning Hall Sir Fitzroy was able to walk around with a cane, and really seemed to have taken a new lease upon health and life.

With joy Earle marked this change, and when he saw how intensely happy he was thus to be restored to his own home and rightful place, and how proud to boast an honorable name and righteous life, he thanked heaven and prayed that he might be spared long to its enjoyment, for his lengthened days he knew would add to his own pleasure, as it was so sweet to own a father's love, a father's blessing.

But in his heart he felt that no hope of permanent change for the better could be possible, as his maladies were innumerable; therefore, he redoubled his watchfulness over his beloved form, standing ready to aid by skill and advice, as far as Providence would permit, to check the great weakness he felt sure would ensue as soon as a reaction, after all this excitement, should take place.

I need not describe the intense delight of the lovers when they were again united, or the surprise Ethel felt on being told that Earle had found a father since he left her, and a new, but rightful, name and inheritance. This news he had not written, preferring to tell it in person.

Sir Fitzroy was delighted with his future daughter-in-law, for Earle could not rest until he had taken Ethel to the hall, in order to make them acquainted.

His feeble health made this visit perfectly proper, and certainly gave great pleasure to the old gentleman. From that time he, as well as Earle, looked forward to the wedding day, which was finally decided to take place by the twentieth of October, with profound pleasure.

A few days after their arrival at the hall, Sir Fitzroy told his son that he felt sufficiently recruited from his fatigue, to visit the ruins, and see the room so long the prison of his unfortunate brother, and, leaning on Earle's arm, he proceeded to the mournful place.

It was well a skilled physician attended him on this sad visit, as he was greatly overcome by all he saw, that so vividly told of the cruel sufferings one he had loved had endured for twenty-five long years.

The tears he shed over each symbol of that long captivity were almost unnumbered, and Earle led him away from the spot, resolving that all these harrowing remembrances should, if possible, be removed from the place. If not in his father's lifetime, at least as soon as he had passed away. But to his great surprise, after he had rested and become calm, Sir Fitzroy said voluntarily:

"I never, never wish to go there again! I have seen it all once, let that suffice. Now I wish the old ruined part with the concealed room torn down as soon as it can be done."

Earle waited for no further orders, but that very day engaged workmen to at once demolish all evidences of that sin-dyed spot, and soon an elegant gallery, for pictures and statuary, stood where had been hitherto but neglect and decay.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The time for opening the package left in Ethel's charge by Mrs. Nevergill was now fast approaching, it being the first of October, and consequently she began to feel exceedingly anxious in regard to the unknown parent, who was to present himself upon the fifth.

What sort of a person should she find in him, and would he be satisfied with her attainments and appearance? These questions were continually presenting themselves to the mind of the poor girl.

On the morning of the second, a letter was placed in her hand by one of the servants, and as "private" was written on the outside, she at once repaired to her own room in order to read it while

alone. The contents, to her surprise, ran as follows:

"Very strange will it seem, my daughter, to receive this, your first letter from an entirely unknown parent. Not from any lack of paternal feeling have I denied myself the pleasure of seeing my only child, until she reaches her twenty-first birthday, but from a train of circumstances which made this course the wisest. I, however, am now counting the days when I shall at last clasp her in my arms, and give to her a father's kisses and blessing. I presume you have in your possession a package to be opened on that eventful day. I have seen Mr. Rogers, and he has told me of the death of your foster mother, and that you are residing at Castle Cairn. My child, I shall leave Liverpool on the morning train, reaching the castle at noon. Until my appearance on the scene, I prefer that you do not open the package. Together we will break the seal. Until then I will only sign myself your affectionate FATHER."

Noon of the long expected day at length arrived, and her grace, the Duchess of Westmoreland, who condescended to feel considerable interest in the young governess of her granddaughter, together with Lady Claire, were seated in the drawing room, striving to calm the unusual agitation of anxious and excited Ethel, who restlessly paced up and down the elegant apartment, or flitted from window to window, in order to watch the drive, to catch the first glimpse of her coming sire.

At length her weary watch was rewarded by seeing a hansom dash up to the entrance, and an elegant looking gentleman descend. One moment passed, then the door opened, and the stranger entered.

Tall, and exquisitely proportioned, with an air at once distingue and easy; handsome features and large, dark eyes; hair and full beard a rich brown, in which blended a few gray threads. This was the picture of the one who paused a moment near the threshold to survey the little group of ladies. Then, as Ethel advanced a few steps to meet him, he exclaimed:

"My darling daughter, I am rejoiced to see you!" at the same time folding her to his bosom in a joyful embrace.

(To be continued.)

GEESSE CATCH FISH FOR HIM.

Canny Way in Which a Scotchman Gets His Dinner.

"An old Scotchman and neighbor of mine," says an enthusiastic angler from Rockland county, "has a method of taking fresh water fish which, to my way of thinking, excels all others for the ease, repose and success with which it is conducted. The fisherman living on the border of Rockland Lake desires, we will say, a mess of pike, perch or pickerel, with which the waters are amply stocked. Well, he simply goes out to his barn-yard and selects a big goose or a half dozen geese as the case may be, and ties a baited line about five feet long to their feet.

"On reaching the edge of the lake with a basket containing one or more geese the fisherman turns the birds in the water. The geese swim out and the old Scotchman lights his pipe and sits down. In a few minutes a fish seizes the bait and seizes it, giving the goose a good pull. The bird starts for the shore at full speed, frightened half to death, dragging the fish upon the bank where it is unhooked."

Taking Life Too Seriously.

Taking life too seriously is said to be an especially American failing. This may be true; but, judging from appearances, it would seem to be world-wide, for, go where you may, you will find the proportion of serious, not to say anxious, faces ten to one as compared with the merry or happy ones. If "the outer is always the form and shadow of the inner" and if "the present is the fullness of the past and the herald of the future" (and how can we doubt it?), how many sad histories can be read in the faces of those we meet every day! The pity of it is, too, that the sadness is a self-woven garment, even as is the joy with which it might be replaced. Ruskin says: "Girls should be sunbeams not only to members of their own circle, but to everybody with whom they come in contact. Every room they enter should be brighter for their presence." Why shouldn't all of be sunbeams, boys as well as girls, all along the way from twenty-five years and under to eighty-five years and over?

The Origin of Pyrography.

About a century ago an artist named Cranch was standing one day in front of a fire in his home at Axminster. Over the fireplace was an oaken mantelpiece, and it occurred to Cranch that this expanse of wood might be improved by a little ornamentation. He picked up the poker, heated it red-hot and began to sketch in a bold design. The result pleased him so much that he elaborated his work and began to attempt other fire pictures on panels of wood. These met with a ready sale, and Cranch soon gave all his time to his new art. This was the beginning of what is now known as pyrography. The poker artist of to-day uses many different shaped tools and has a special furnace in which they are kept heated. The art has been elaborated greatly. The knots, curls and fibers of the wood are often worked into the design and delicate tinting produced by scorching the panel.

Papa's Blessing and a Check.

Willful Daughter—Now, papa, we're married and you might as well give us your blessing.

Papa (resignedly, reaching for his checkbook)—Well, if I must, I must. How much do you want?—Baltimore American.

Not Particular.

"What kind of tobacco does he smoke?" "Well, he never objects to mine."—Detroit Free Press.

Women's Doings.

How to Be a Successful Stepmother.

Few women who become the second wife of a man with a family realize the great responsibility which they are taking upon themselves; and it is mainly on this account that so many stepmothers fail in their duty to fill the place of the one whose position they take in the household. There are great difficulties in the way of fulfilling the position of second wife to a man and second mother to his children, which require more than an ordinary amount of common sense, tact and patience to overcome, and any lack of these virtues is liable to cause much dissension in a home.

The position of a stepmother is by no means an enviable one. One of the greatest tasks which she must set herself to accomplish is to win the love and respect of another woman's children, and in many cases this is an extremely difficult matter. But, unless she does this, a stepmother is bound to be unpopular in a home, and probably be the cause of much unhappiness. It is not sufficient that a stepmother should rely upon her husband to secure that respect from her first wife's children which is due to her.

She must show them that she has their best interests at heart and is desirous of winning their love if they will allow her to do so. There is always a certain feeling of resentment on the part of children against the one who comes to take their mother's position. To a certain extent it is only natural that there should be, and it is a stepmother's duty to try and remove that resentment by proving how much she wishes to become a second mother to them in every sense of the term.

No action can be more mean on the part of a stepmother than to lavish all her love and care on her own little ones while treating her stepchildren with a cold indifference which creates a dislike toward her and makes their lives miserable. Children are particularly sensitive regarding such a matter, and stepmothers would be far more popular if they would only try to treat the children of their husband's first wife as they would their own.

It is, of course, almost impossible for a woman to love the children of another woman in the same way that she would love her own. But the stepmother who values the happiness of her home will conceal, as far as possible, all difference in her feelings toward the children of her husband, and endeavor to make them feel that she is a real mother to them all.

By so doing she will also win still greater love from her husband. Many widowers do not marry a second time for love, but simply for the sake of their children, who need a woman's care. It is, more often than not, a marriage of convenience, the man choosing the woman whom he considers will best fill the place of mother to his children. After he is grievously disappointed. But when he discovers that his second wife is anxious to do all in her power to win the love and respect of her stepchildren, and make their lives as happy as possible, his respect for her turns to true and sincere love.—New York News.

What Is Is Best.

I do not ask that life should be
A bed of ease;
I am not like the child, who wants
Each toy he sees.
And yet 'tis hard, I think, sometimes
To see and know,
When life seems full of bitter things,
The way 'tis so.
'Tis hard to watch the ones we love
Grow sick and die,
To lay them in the grave and make
No moan or cry.
Yet those he loves God chasteneth,
So we are told;
And each in some way doth believe
The story old.
That in this world what is best;
Although we see
A thousand ways in which we think
'T would better be
To have what we have longed for, but
'Tis all in vain;
Each one must learn through care and
grief,
Sorrow and pain,
That God some trials sends to each
That one and all
May come to Him for sympathy;
May heed his call,
'Come all ye weary ones to me,
For here is rest.'
And so we all would fain believe
What is best,
Thus, though like others, I should like
At peace to be,
I only ask that he, in time,
Will give to me
A faith so sure, a love so great,
So strong and true,
That I may look to him for help
In all I do;
Content to know, at last for me
Will come sweet rest;
When life's hard lesson has been learned,
What is best.
—Boston Globe.

Don't Mope.

Don't yield to the "blues." Shake off the attack in a hearty laugh, which is good for body and mind. One way to disperse our own clouds is by getting from under them in the effort to disperse other people's. Try it. When the brain is fuddled with too much care and work, drive out such cobwebs with jokes and stories; it will pay. Glumness is not piety; nor are sour looks a passport to heaven; the best should not only be, but appear to be, the happiest. When depressed seek the companionship of the man with a cheerful heart and sunny face. We all need the sunshine of life; let us bask in it when we may. Some people seem afraid to laugh, or to confess

that they have a sense of humor. Don't think it is praiseworthy to show that you are of a gloomy disposition. When discouraged by difficulties, don't pull a long face and shut yourself up alone. Get with the cheerful minded, the people who do not mope, and you will soon catch a glimpse of a silver lining to your dark cloud. We have outgrown many old notions, but there is truth in the old saying, "early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Dean Swift said he never knew a man who rose to eminence that lay late in bed in the morning.—Selected.



According to a feminine writer, the work of the woman's club is threefold—to educate its members mentally and morally; to create public opinion; to secure better conditions of life. Its worth, personal and social, is in proportion to its effectiveness in securing these ends.

The Dowager Empress of China, that lady of most uncertain temper, is magnificent in her taste and hates all poor specimens of flowers. She is said to constantly scold her gardeners because the colossal chrysanthemums they raise do not appear to her to be large enough and she has also expressed her displeasure that all trees could not be made to produce flowers and fruit simultaneously, as do oranges and lemons.

Flower names have always been in favor for girls, but at present the names of precious stones run them a good second. Lord Edward Churchill's daughters are Ruby and Beryl; there is Miss Pearl Finch, daughter of Mr. George Finch, of Burley-on-the-Hill; Miss Frances Wolsley, only child and heiress of Lord Wolsley, has also the name of Garnet, and the new Lady Hardinge, whose husband has recently been appointed ambassador at St. Petersburg, owns a beautiful baby called Diamond.

How the dainty, almond-eyed Japanese maiden manages to keep her skin in skin and youthful contour on the kind of food she eats must be a mystery to the beefsteak and potato, bread and butter eating girl of the Occident. A cup of tea, accompanied by two little green plums, pickled in vinegar, then rolled in sugar, is the traditional Japanese breakfast. Dinner is preceded by a number of queer appetizers in the form of stuffed prawn, seaweed with sauce, hashed sparrow and salt sweetmeats. Dinner itself consists of plain boiled rice mixed with a little fish sauce. But what a lot of rice the sweet Japanese girl can consume!

How to Clean Waists.

Odd bodices of net and lace are so much worn of late and are usually such delicate and elaborate affairs that the woman who intrusts them to cleaner or maid is extravagant or reckless. The simplest and safest way to have them cleaned is to do it one's self, a feat not at all difficult to accomplish if one but knows the right way. A woman who has done four net and lace shirtwaists in this way declares that they come out as fresh as ever: Pour two quarts of boiling water over a muslin bag, which has been previously filled with bran.

Let the water stand until warm, and well squeeze the bag in it before taking it out. Now take half the bran water and make a lather together with some soap jelly. Put your bodice into it. Knead well, but do not rub. When perfectly washed, put it in the clean bran water and shake until all soap is removed. Fold in a warm, dry cloth and put through a wringer. Take a moderate iron and iron until dry. The bran acts as starch. Before folding to put away hang the garment on the back of a chair, so that no trace of moisture should remain.

New Uses for Old Stockings.

The tops of old woolen stockings make good "every-day" mittens for children. The child's hand may be used for a pattern. Knee protectors for the small boy can also be made from the tops. They cling close to the stocking, and can easily be held in place with a couple of small safety pins at the top, where they will not show.

Leggings to protect the children's limbs from the cold and their stockings from mud can be made from the legs of old stockings.

If the feet of old stockings are put on in place of the shoes, the children may have a romp in the evening without disturbing the rest of the family.

The upper part of women's stockings make good sleeve protectors, as they require no pinning or elastic to hold them up.

The legs of children's heavy ribbed stockings, if worn too much for any other use, make excellent cloths for washing the cook stove, kettles, etc.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Chicago Standard.

Cobwigger—How do you rate and rank your society women in Chicago? Lakeside—By the amount of alimony they are receiving.

Ayer's

Why is it that Ayer's Hair Vigor does so many remarkable things? Because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair, puts new life into it. The hair

Hair Vigor

cannot keep from growing. And gradually all the dark, rich color of early life comes back to gray hair.

"When I first used Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was about all gray. But now it is a rich black, and as thick as I could wish."
—MRS. SUSAN KLOPFERT, Tazewell, Ala.

for
Gray Hair

It Was a Record Breaker.

Three fellow travelers in the smoking room of a fast train were discussing the speed of trains.

"I was in a train once," said the first man, "that beat everything I ever rode in for speed. Why, it went so fast that the telegraph poles at the side of the track looked like an immense fan-toothed comb."

"That's nothing," said the second traveler; "I remember riding in an express on the — and — that went at such a gait that the telegraph poles looked like a solid board fence."

The third man made an exclamation of impatience.

"Ah, you fellows don't know what high speed on a railroad is. Why, I traveled west from Chicago last month in a train that went at such a pace that when we passed some alternate fields of corn and beans they looked like a cotash!"—Harper's Weekly.

Shouting Their Praises.

Friaripont, Miss., Aug. 22 (Special).—Cured of Bladder and Kidney Trouble after 26 years of suffering, Rev. H. H. Hatch, of this place, is telling the people the good news and shouting the praises of the remedy that cured him—Dodd's Kidney Pills. Rev. Mr. Hatch says:

"I have been suffering from Bladder and Kidney Trouble for 26 years and I have tried everything that people said would do me good. But nothing did me any good except Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I haven't felt a pain since I took Dodd's Kidney Pills. They gave me health and I feel like a new man altogether. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best I ever had."

All Urinary and Bladder Troubles are caused by diseased kidneys. The natural way to cure them is to cure the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure diseased kidneys in any stage or place. They always cure Backache and they are the only remedy that ever cured Bright's Disease.

Winding It Up.

Stockholder—You are the receiver appointed to wind up the affairs of the Bushall Company, I believe?

Lawyer—Yes, sir.

"What are the prospects?"

"Well, things looked very gloomy for a while, but they are brightening up now."

"Ah I am glad to hear that."

"Yes, make yourself easy. There is little doubt now that we can realize enough out of it to pay my salary."

Caught on the Rebound.

Wife—John, did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?

Husband—Of course I did.

Wife—How provoking! I wanted to add a postscript.

Husband (producing the letter)—Well, here it is. Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?

Canada produced over \$4,000,000 worth of pig iron last year.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST BEAR SIGNATURE OF Wm. Wood. PURELY VEGETABLE. No Opium.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Cough, Spitting, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Night Sweats, etc.