

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

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

CHAPTER VII.
We will now return to look a little into the welfare of Mrs. Nevergall and her sorrowful niece, after they had reached the home of their relative, Mr. Charles Rogers, in Charles street, Liverpool, and hidden the handsome young physician farewell, who had cared for them both so tenderly during their passage across the Atlantic.

It need only be said, in reference to that farewell, that the tears rushed to the hazel eyes of Ethel as she saw him disappear in the distance, and a great and lonely void seemed suddenly to have dropped into her heart.

She knew not why she had taken such a deep interest in this grave and often pre-occupied stranger, but from the first word of kindness he had spoken to her, the first glance into his earnest eyes, she had felt towards him as she had never done towards any person of the opposite sex before.

But now it was all over, he had gone, and henceforward she can but learn to do without him. For a day or so if her heart most seemed an impossibility, but with the rapid failure of her aunt's strength her thoughts were forced into another channel, and her own lonely feelings had to be pushed aside for the more momentous and important one of their impending separation.

The third week was drawing to a close and the young girl had thrown herself upon her knees by the bedside of the invalid to catch the last words that she had to speak in her ear. At her request, she had been left alone with her child, and now, with her hand in hers, she murmured:

"Ethel, darling, I feel that I have but a few hours more to be with you, but my strength is fast waning; and while I may wish to tell you what I thought might be kept from your ears until your twenty-first birthday; but as I shall not be with you then, I must impart to you now an important secret, and give into your charge some documents not to be opened until that day. My dear, will you take these papers, and promise me that you will not break their seal until that time arrives?"

"I will, dearest aunt; rest assured I will do exactly as you wish."
"The papers I speak of, are in my trunk, inside a small wallet. Take charge of them immediately, and be sure to attend to them at the time I mention. Now, I must tell you a fact that I have withheld from your knowledge for the best of reasons, and in order to keep a solemn pledge of secrecy given to your father when a babe. I took you, as you are aware, when I should be a few weeks old, as my own had died, as well as my husband's sister, who was your dear mother."

"You were so young, and to be so entirely ours until your twenty-first birthday, that all thought it best to call you by our own name. I now tell you for the first time what has been kept secret. Your father still lives, but for various reasons did not wish to claim you or be known to you until that time. I have informed him of my husband's death, my failing health, and of my return to England. I have also given him Cousin Rogers address, who will tell him where you can be found when that date arrives. I will only add that there is nothing to be ashamed of in your birth. You are a true gentleman, and when twenty-one will come into possession of property sufficient for your support; but this fact is not to be generally known. Four months will elapse before that time comes, and I can leave only enough to bury me and purchase suitable mourning apparel for yourself."

tion she had received from those loved, dying lips. The package spoken of was hidden instantly amid her own possessions, and a message dispatched to the baronet.

The next day a telegraphic dispatch summoned the young girl immediately to the presence of the baronet, saying that he was ill, and needed her at once.

An hour later she was seated in a railway train on her way to the Hall. Poor girl; she little knew what awaited her there!

CHAPTER VIII.
"Has she come?" asked Sir Reginald Glendinning of Lady Constance, as he distinctly heard a carriage stop before the door, and his own coachman's voice speaking to the horses.

"She has; shall she be brought directly to your presence?"

"Yes; and see to it that no one enters this room until they are summoned, as I wish to see this girl alone. Do you hear? Alone! entirely alone!" replied the baronet.

Lady Constance withdrew, and very soon reopened the door to usher in and present to her sick husband Ethel Nevergall, his sister's adopted niece, then instantly retired, closing the door behind her. Very beautiful looked the young girl, as she stood by the side of the bed, her heavy crape veil thrown back, revealing her sad, sweet face and large, pitying eyes.

"Oh, sir," said she, after an eager, yet half-awfully greeting, "I grieve to see you so helpless. Have you just been injured?"

"Yes, this morning I was thrown from my horse, and am to lie here helpless for months. I sent for you then, in answer to a letter received a few moments before the accident from my sister, written before her death. In that she asks me to give you a home for four months in return for any service I may wish rendered. I sent, because I need assistance immediately of a very peculiar nature. Are you willing to undertake it at a fair salary?"

"Probably, I can tell better when I hear what the duties will be."
"Before I tell you that, I wish you to hand me the small Bible you see upon that table."

With wondering eyes, Ethel handed him the book.

"The duties to be performed are of a purely confidential nature. No human being must know what I tell you. Wife, nephew, niece, man-servant, nor maid-servant must ever know that you do more than read to and amuse me, write my letters, and attend to my daily business affairs. The true duties will be performed in half an hour each evening, alone. Will you swear on this book to keep my secret?"

"I will swear, if you will assure me that these duties can be done with a pure conscience, and that they are perfectly proper for me to do."

"I assure you you can do them with perfect propriety. Will you take the oath?"

"I will," came from the lips of the trembling girl, reluctantly. It must be confessed, but still came, because of the promise given to her dying aunt that she would not refuse his offer.

"Then kiss that book, and repeat after me these words: 'I, Ethel Nevergall, swear I will tell no person the nature of my nightly duties, and that I will perform them to the best of my ability.'"

Eruptions

The only way to get rid of pimples and other eruptions is to cleanse the blood, improve the digestion, stimulate the kidneys, liver and skin. The medicine to take is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Which has cured thousands.

The July Century will be a fiction number, although the advance announcements give promise of notable features of interest for serious readers. Besides further chapters of the serials, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Youth of Washington" and Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf," there will be nine short stories in the number, Miriam Michelson, author of "In the Bishop's Carriage," contributing another Madigan story. There will be stories also by Margaret Deland, Bertha Runkle, and Gouverneur Morris.

Making Extra Comfortable. New Boarder (shivering)—This stove is too small for this room. Landlady (kindly)—So it is. I'll have it moved into a smaller room for you.

There is more to it than this section of the country than all other places put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure it, have done much to injure the system. It is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Then He Got Busy. Tom—For the last four I have been watching for an opportunity to steal a kiss. Beas—Indeed! Don't you think it would be a good idea for you to consult an oculist?

Mother will send Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

He—I know my income is small, but don't you think we could get along? She—I'm afraid not.

He—You told me that you went to a cooking school. She—Yes, but they did not teach me how to make wind pudding.

Righteous indignation. Mrs. Young—Oh! I'm so boiling over with righteous indignation I don't know what to do. Ed—It's all up to him somebody.

Friend—Whom? Whom? Why, those coarse, brutal, inhuman owners of the St. Quiet flats. They refused to rent to me. Everybody knows that they object to children, my dear. Yes, of course—but they objected to mine.

The tenderest heart may exist in spite of the roughest exterior. A little fox terrier had been left outside a Boston store by its owner. Evidently the dog had not been long in the city for it trembled with fright at being out of the protecting presence of its master. As it lay crouching in the doorway a huge laborer came along. Reaching down pityingly, he stroked the wee animal, speaking a few soothing words at the same time. The result was that the fear in the dog's heart subsided. It wagged its tail knowingly and licked the kind-hearted man's hand. When it was left alone it sat up bravely, as though feeling assured that human beings would do it no harm.

Strong Language. Frederickburg, Ind., June 20.—Rev. Enoch P. Stevens of this place uses strong language in speaking of Dodd's Kidney Pills and he gives good reasons for what he says. "I can't praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too much," says Mr. Stevens. "They have done me so much good. I was troubled with my kidneys so much that I had to get up two or three times in the night and sometimes in the day when starting to the waterhouse the water would come from me before getting there. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me entirely. I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to many people and have never yet heard of a failure. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the things for Kidney Diseases and Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys. Good Kidneys insure pure blood. Pure blood means good health.

Horror of Solitude. Mr. Mink (reading)—The captain's wife was the only one who escaped, and she was thrown by the waves upon the beach of St. Michael's Island.

Warned in Time. Old Dumps—A penny for your thoughts. Young Gumps—Can't you remember what it was my wife wanted me to bring home? Old Dumps—My! Don't do it. Remembering the things a wife wants you to bring home is a mighty bad habit. By the time you've been married ten years, she'll be giving you a list as long as the tariff law.

Keely's LIQUOR-MORPHINE-TOBACCO HABITS PERMANENTLY CURED. THE KEELY INSTITUTE, PORTLAND, ORE.

SLEEPING VOLCANOES

A thin, vapory smoke, lazily ascending from its crater, may be the only visible sign of life in the sleeping volcano; but within is a raging sea of fire, molten rock and sulphurous gases. Those who make their homes in the peaceful valleys below know the danger, and though frequently warned by the rumblings and quakings, these signs of impending eruption go unheeded. They are living in fancied security, when the giant awakes with deafening roars, and they are lost beneath a down-pour of heated rock and scalding ashes. Thousands of blood poison sufferers are living upon a sleeping volcano, and are taking desperate chances for under the mercury and potash treatment the external symptoms of the disease disappear, and the deluded victims are happy in the belief of a complete cure; but the fires of contagion have only been smothered in the system, and as soon as these mineral salts are left off, will blaze up again. Occasional sores break out in the mouth, and warning symptoms, if not heeded, are sores, copper-colored blotches, swollen, sickening symptoms. Mercury and potash not only fail to cure blood poison, but cause mercurial Rheumatism, necrosis of the bones, offensive ulcers and inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The use of S. S. S. is never followed by any such bad results. It cures without the slightest injury to the system.

Bowling Green, Ky., Mar. 24, 1902. Gentlemen: For over four years I suffered greatly from a severe case of contagious blood poison. I went to Hot Springs, staying there four months at a big expense. I then consulted a physician, who prescribed Mercury. Nothing did me any good; in fact, the treatment proved more harmful than beneficial. I mentioned my case to a friend, who said that S. S. S. had cured him. I at once commenced its use, and after continuing it for some time could find no trace of the disease whatever. This was about two months ago. I have not had any more of the disease, and my health is as good as ever.

Offer \$1,000 for proof that S. S. S. is an antidote for contagious blood poison. It destroys every atom of the virus and purifies and strengthens the blood and builds up the general health. We will mail free our special book on Contagious Blood Poison, with full directions for home treatment. Medical advice is furnished by our physicians without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.