

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

No sleep visited her weary eyes until long after midnight, she was so unhappy and so unnerved by all the events of the last twenty-four hours, and again and again she prayed that all might go well, and nothing terrible result from the loss of that dreadful knife.

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

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

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

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

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

The day passed on as usual, and when night brought her to the shelves, she once more found to her satisfaction silence reigning, and felt that now, indeed, all was right. Poor Ethel! She little knew the fearful consequences yet to ensue from her first blunder.

The third afternoon had arrived, and nothing had transpired to lead her to apprehend the least trouble from that unfortunate occurrence. She had, therefore, regained the courage she had lost, and was fast driving the entire circumstance from her mind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No answer came, the only reply she could make being a burst of tears. Mad-

dened by her silence and sobs, the baronet started up until, leaning upon his elbow, a thing he had been expressly forbidden to do, as it would jar his hip, he shook his fist violently in her face, while he demanded in fury:

"Will you obey?"

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

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

There was no escape from the disgraceful duty that awaited her, so at her usual time she took the lighted candle in her hand and started with tearful eyes to attend to the task before her.

CHAPTER XV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lowering his light, he paused to examine this floor, and found to his sur-

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

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

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

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

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

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

The sight of those tears caused him to take one step toward her, but she fortunately did not see him; but drew to the door, after securing the basket, and he then heard her little feet start down the corridor.

Resolved not to be balked in his efforts to unravel this night one mystery at least, Dr. Elfenstein pushed again towards the door, and to his joy, it this time yielded to his touch.

Poor Ethel! this night for the first time had been required by Sir Reginald Glendenning to visit the tower and follow out directions he gave her in full, for producing the illusions that were to terrify the unsuspecting public.

In great agitation then, and still weeping, she had proceeded to the fulfillment of her loathsome duty, and in her grief and excitement, for the first time forgot to fasten the door, after possessing herself of the food.

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

CHAPTER XVI.

Wiping away her tears, poor Ethel placed the basket of food and knife upon the floor, by the entrance of the tower, as Sir Reginald had told her to attend to the business in that quarter before administering to the wants of the concealed quadruped.

At last the weary steps were climbed, and she stood panting on the broad landing, just below the upper windows of the place. It was standing on this landing that her part of the ghostly work was to be performed.

Taking then a long handled torch, with which the colored lights above were to be touched in order to light them, she applied the candle to it, and reaching up soon had every one illuminated and flaming away in the usual unearthly looking glare.

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

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

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

With tears still falling over her pale cheeks, Ethel stood with her eyes fastened above, upon the swaying motions of that frightful looking image, when her heart almost stopped within her, and a wild cry burst from her lips as these words fell upon her ears:

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

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

"Oh, doctor," she wailed, as she buried her face in her hands, and burst into low sobs of shame and dismay, "how came you here to witness my disgraceful work?"

Then suddenly remembering her charge, and true to the interests of her employer, she again seized the crank and, lowering the image, extinguished that head lamp, as well as the others, leaving everything in darkness but for the feeble flare of the one little candle she had placed upon the floor. Then turning, she faced her accuser.

"I came, no matter how; suffice it that I was determined to unmask this daring fraud, and so allay the fears of timid women and children. Certainly in doing this I never expected to discover that Miss Nevergail was the prime mover in this outrageous piece of work!"

Ethel listened to the cold, hard words in utter despair, then fluttering like a wounded bird to the side of the indignant man, she laid one small, white hand on his arm, which was shaken off in disdain before she could utter one of the following words:

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

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

(To be continued.)

Love in a Newport Cottage.
Tess—Poor May! Jack Mistry asked her if she would care to be satisfied with love in a cottage with him.

Jess—And she refused him?

Tess—Yes, and the next day she discovered the cottage was at Newport—Philadelphia Press.



On Rolls.

A little time spent in making rolls for breakfast or dinner always gains great appreciation from the household. This is easily done if a good recipe is at hand and the oven heats rapidly. Sometimes, too, the rolls will bear reheating and be as good as when freshly made. This recipe is simple and excellent. Take two pounds of flour, a little salt, two ounces of sifted sugar, four ounces of lard or clarified beef dripping and two eggs beaten into two tablespoonfuls of yeast and a pint of warm milk. Knead the dough thoroughly and set it to rise near the fire. Then divide into twelve or fourteen rolls, place on buttered-baking sheets and set before the fire to rise to a proper size. Then bake in a steady oven for half an hour and place on a sieve till cooled.

Banana Short Cake.

Make a rich tea-biscuit crust, bake in jelly-cake tins in not too thick layers. When done, split open with forks and butter while hot, three layers being enough for one cake. The two bottom layers and one top make the best shape. Take about three good-sized, thoroughly ripe bananas and shred finely with a fork. Spread a layer of the fruit on the crust, adding the least bit of salt, and sprinkle well with powdered sugar. Add the next layer in the same way. On the last one spread fruit very thickly well mixed with sugar, so as to form sort of icing. Serve with soft custard flavored with vanilla.

Beef Roll.

Two pounds round steak, chopped fine; two well-beaten eggs, one-half teaspoonful rolled crackers, one-half cup warm butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one small onion and a little sage; season with salt and pepper, mix all together with a stiff spoon. Put in a deep, square bread tin and bake one hour in a hot oven. Baste quite often after it begins to brown. The onion or sage can be omitted if not liked, and any kind of other flavoring for meats added. This is very nice hot for dinner or sliced cold for lunch.

Lemon Snaps.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, one dessertspoonful of allspice, two of ground ginger, the grated peel of half and the juice of a large lemon. Mix all well together, add a cup of molasses, beat it well, pour it on buttered sheet tins and spread it thinly over them. Bake in a rather slow oven. When done, cut it into squares, and roll each square round the finger as it is raised from the tin. These are quite as delicious as the best brandy snaps sold by confectioners.

Mutton Pie.

Cut some cold mutton into neat, square pieces, and place them in a deep pie dish, with a liberal seasoning of pepper, salt and pounded allspice. Scatter plenty of flour over, and add a teaspoonful of stock. Cover the dish with pastry, and bake quickly till the pastry is cooked, then cook slowly, for the meat to stew, for three-quarters of an hour.

Short Suggestions.

The woman who keeps house with a cellar should pay it a daily visit and see that it is aired, even if she has to neglect her parlor. Enough germs may lurk in the wilting leaves of cabbage or a handful of decaying potatoes to cause inexplicable illness in her family.

Cooking-school experts say that cabbage, onions and strong-smelling vegetables should be cooked uncovered. There is an odor, of course, but the drafts quickly disperse it, whereas if the saucepan is covered a very strong odor is diffused every time the lid is disturbed, which permeates the house.

After sweeping the carpet rub it over with a cloth wrung out in vinegar and water and if possible do not let it be walked upon until it is dry. The quantity of vinegar is a teaspoonful to a pail of warm water and this treatment often has a wonderfully good effect in reviving the faded color of an old carpet.

The possibilities of common ginger jars as flour vases and plant holders are well known. They are made twice as attractive by woven covers as raffia, either in the uncolored or the tinted varieties. When the jar shows splashes of blue, green or red at the top of the glaze it is well to repeat the tone on the raffia.

In ironing, the laundress should be instructed to hang upon one side of the clotheshorse only such articles as can be put away immediately after airing. By separating those which need a stitch or button the work of searching through the clothes basket and the tumbling of the freshly laundered pieces are avoided.

Ayer's

Losing your hair? Coming out by the comb? And doing nothing? No sense in that! Why don't you use Ayer's Hair Vigor and

Hair Vigor

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Ayer's Hair Vigor is a great success with me. My hair was falling out very badly, but the Hair Vigor stopped it and now my hair is all right. — W. C. LOUGDON, Lindsay, Cal.

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Thin Hair

"Speak for Yourself."

Lord Leicester of Holkham, nearly a hundred years ago, was a widower, and in the latter part of his life nearly blind. He enjoyed an intimate friendship with his neighbor, Lord Albe-Marie, and had, in his own mind, selected Lady Anne, one of Lord Albe-Marie's daughters, as the future wife of his nephew and the mistress of Holkham.

One day Lady Anne came along to join his morning ride, and Lord Leicester seized the opportunity of asking her:

"Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?"

"There is nothing I should like better," answered Lady Anne, drawing herself up in her saddle.

"Then I shall send by nephew William to court you."

Lady Anne drew herself up still more, and tightening her rein, replied calmly but very gravely:

"I shall never be mistress of Holkham on those terms."

It was then the old gentleman's turn to rein in his horse. He looked his companion hard in the face, and asked her, "Why, you don't mean to say you would marry me?"

"Yes, indeed I would. And there is nothing I should wish more."

This was a wooing that was not "long a-doing," and it led to a most happy marriage.

The Radium Atom.

Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, the English physicist, contends that radium has not upset received scientific doctrines. He says that those who thought it was an inexhaustible store of energy, or was generating energy afresh which had not previously existed, were mistaken. The radium atom had in it a large store of energy, just as the sun had. If they could see radium atoms they would find them, as a rule, as quiet as any other atoms; only one in a million would be seen to be, as it were, smashing up, throwing off bits of itself, and the whole property of radium depended upon that. Everything material was in a state of flux—there was birth, culmination and decay; and this was a characteristic of the material universe—a universe which must have had an origin. The birth of matter as well as the death of matter was what they were now looking for.

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