

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 near 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 Huntley 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 glee 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 misfortunes 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.

Today, 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 Nevergail, 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 looks 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 Nevergail, 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 fright. I came to talk with you a little upon your career while in that house. Had you, as I suppose, any especial 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 Nevergail, 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 Nevergail, 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 Nevergail, 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 this animal was discovered, and also 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 clasp.

"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.)

ORIGIN OF TERM "TWO BITS."

Often Heard in New York Where Southerners and Westerners Flock.

"Did you ever hear the expression 'two bits' used as an equivalent for a quarter of a dollar?" asked a New Yorker. "The term is commonly used in the south and west, and one frequently hears it in New York. Not one person in a thousand even of those who habitually use the term knows its origin."

"Even as late as the close of the eighteenth century the silver coinage of the United States had not superseded the Spanish 'milled' dollar in the west and south. Fractional currency was particularly scarce, and to obtain this the Spanish 'milled' dollar was cut up to make change. Halves and quarters, of course, suggested their own names, but when the quarter was cut in two, the word 'eighth' was discarded for 'bit,' a small slug having the value of twelve and one-half cents. Many curio collectors have these slugs in their possession, although, of course, they have long since gone out of use as currency."

"So with 'thrip,' used in New Orleans and the vicinity as an equivalent for the nickel or five-cent piece. 'Thrip' is merely an abbreviation of 'three-pence,' the coin of that value once in general use, representing about the same amount of money as a five-cent piece."

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 there 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. Clinedinst, 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.

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

SINNERS, ALL.

Mrs. Adams was a very young mother, but she had no hesitation in laying down the law about her first baby. This, says the Chicago News, was her most thrilling announcement: "The baby is not to be rocked, not in any circumstances, I know, mamma. Of course you will say you rocked me; but I have attended ten lectures on the way to bring up a baby, and this child is not to be rocked. The lecturer said rocking a child joggles its brain. I'm sure you don't want your son to grow up an imbecile, do you, Harry?"

"Certainly not," said Harry, firmly. He had an idea that it would be fun to rock the baby, but of course Marie must know.

Mrs. Adams had every rocking-chair removed from her room. When it was time for the baby's nap he was simply laid on the bed and left to himself. If he cried he had his cry out unaccompanied. At such times the baby's grandmother would retire from the scene in wrath.

"What's a baby for if not to take a little comfort with?" she asked the nurse; but the nurse, smiling, said nothing.

When the baby was four weeks old grandma carried him up into a vacant bedroom on the third floor. Her daughter was taking a nap. Her son-in-law was down in the library. There was a glitter in her eyes and a red spot on each cheek. She drew a rocking-chair into the middle of the floor, adjusted the wondering baby, and rocked fiercely, triumphantly. After about ten minutes of this indulgence she was brought to an abrupt pause by a voice from the doorway.

"He seems to like it, doesn't he?" asked her son-in-law.

When she saw the covetous glint in his eyes, the erring grandmother took heart. Without a word, she got up, laid the baby in the young father's arms and motioned to the chair.

"You try it," said she.

For the next two weeks their guilty secret drew the two very near together. As often as possible they slipped away and rocked the baby. They marveled at the young mother who had the courage to carry out her Spartan theories.

One day Mr. Adams came home early. There was a low, melodious hum from his wife's room, and he crept to the door. There she was in a low chair, rocking back and forth, her baby in her arms. It was a charming picture. A movement startled her, and she turned. She blushed guiltily, and then took on a look of bravado.

"I—I couldn't help it," she faltered.

GIRL TO TEACH ROYALTY.

Iowa Young Woman Is to Be Tutor to Chinese Noblemen.

A bright Iowa girl, Miss Mary Reynolds, of Sibley, will sail for China to become tutor to the grandnephews of the Dowager Empress.

Her work will be to instruct them in the English language and her duties will consume two years. Miss Reynolds is a graduate of Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., from which she graduated with high honors. She has a deeply religious training and spirit, and a determining factor in leading her to accept the offer was the hope that her influence and example, as well as her instruction, might lead to spiritual results as well as intellectual.

The opportunity to go to China came through the Carleton Mission Board, which has established a mission station in China. Her home will be in the family of a missionary in Peking and her work in the royal palace.

Cabin Boy Solves Puzzle.

"When I was a cabin boy," said an elderly sailor, "I often used to wonder, seein' birds thousands of miles out to sea, what they done for fresh water when they got thirsty."

"One day a squall answered that question for me. It was a hot and glitterin' day in the tropics, and in the clear sky overhead a black rain cloud appeared all of a sudden. Then, out of empty space, over a hundred seabirds came dartin' from every direction. They got under the rain cloud and they waited there for about ten minutes, circelin' round and round, and when the rain began to fall they threw their heads back and they drank their fill."

"In the tropics where the great seabirds sail thousands of miles away from shore, they get their drinkin' water in that way. They smell out a storm a long way off; they travel a hundred miles, maybe, to get under it, and they swallow enough raindrops to keep them goin'!"—Portland Oregonian.

When a girl spends the evening waiting for him, and he doesn't come, she is doubly angry because of the sacrifice she made in refusing to eat onions at supper.

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.

Cavalrymen Who Ride Oxen.

The oddest cavalry in the world is maintained on the west coast of Madagascar by Governor General J. G. Gallieni. While the French troops in that country are ample to meet the occasional revolutions, the governor general makes use of the native talent for police work in out of the way localities. On the west coast of Africa is a tribe of natives, possibly racially connected with the Hovas, who are known as the Sakahova, the most warlike tribe of the country. The natives, in imitation of French troops, organized an oxen cavalry corps, under command of a French officer. They are armed with modern long-handled lances or spears and side arms.

Voice From Arkansas.

Cleveland, Ark., August 18 (special).—Nearly every newspaper tells of some wonderful cure of some form of Kidney Disease by the Great American Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills, and this part of Arkansas is not without its share of evidence that no case is too deeply rooted for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure.

Mr. A. E. Carlile, well known and highly respected here, tells of his cure after nearly a quarter of a century's suffering. Mr. Carlile says:

"I want to let the public know what I think of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I think they are the best remedy for sick kidneys ever made."

"I had Kidney Trouble for 23 years and never found anything that did me so much good as Dodd's Kidney Pills. I recommend them to all sufferers."

There is no uncertain sound about Mr. Carlile's statement. He knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills rescued him from a life of suffering and he wants the public to know it. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease.

In the Wrong Office.

Caller.—We are very rich, and we wish to marry our daughter to a count, a marquis or a duke.

Clerk (with dignity).—You are in the wrong office. This is a matrimonial agency. You will find the International Purchasing Agency two doors to the left.

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