

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, I 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 reciprocated love, they thoughtly 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.

We 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 a while 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 speck 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 descended to feel considerable interest in the young governess of her granddaughter, together with Lady Chaire, 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.)

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 us 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.

The minimum rainfall at which trees will grow is twenty inches.



Fruit Pudding.

Boil in a pint of water until thoroughly cooked a quart of ripe berries, and when nearly done add sugar to suit the taste. Skim the fruit out into a pudding dish, which may be sent to the table. To the juice add a scant cup of granulated wheat, wet in a little cold water. Cook 10 minutes, stirring all the time, then pour the mixture over the fruit. This pudding may be eaten hot with custard sauce, but it is best when served perfectly cold with cream and sugar. Quartered peaches and halved apricots may be taken instead of the berries.

Cream Taffy.

Into a pound of granulated sugar stir just enough milk to dissolve it, add a saltspoonful of cream of tartar and turn into a saucepan. Set at the side of the range and bring slowly to the boil. Stir steadily until a little put into cold water is about as stiff as putty. Pour into a slightly greased pan and let it cool until your finger leaves a dent on the mass. Now beat, turn upon a sugared pastry board, using powdered sugar, and knead, then roll into a sheet a half-inch thick. Cut into squares.

Corn Omelet.

Score down center of grains and press out the pulp from four or five tender ears of corn; beat four eggs just enough to mix the yolks and whites, add the corn, sprinkle with pepper and pour in one tablespoonful melted butter; put another spoonful of butter in a frying-pan and, when hot, turn in the omelet and shake over a good fire until well set; when nearly done, dust with salt; when done but not solid in the center, begin to roll, and then turn out on a hot platter.

Sago Broth.

Cover a half-cup of sago with lukewarm water and soak for an hour. Turn into a double-boiler, add a cup of boiling water and simmer until very soft. Add three cups of hot milk that has had stirred into it two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in flour. Beat well, add celery salt, pepper and a little onion juice, stir up and beat from the bottom for two minutes, pour gradually upon two beaten eggs, beat thoroughly, but do not boil, stirring steadily, then serve.

Cold Peach Pudding.

Boil one cupful of rice in water, to which add half a teaspoonful of salt and juice of one lemon; when tender, press rice through a colander; to this puree add half cupful sugar, one pint fresh peach pulp, half teaspoonful almond extract, one teaspoonful butter, one-half cupful cream; place on stove to become hot, then pack into a buttered mould and set on ice to chill. Serve with whipped cream.

Fish Puffs.

Make in saucepan a white sauce of tablespoonful each of butter and flour, to which, when creamed, add one-half cupful of milk; stir in cup of cold, cooked fish seasoned with salt and pepper and very well flaked; as soon as well stirred in, remove from fire and add two well-beaten eggs; drop this batter by spoonfuls into hot fat; drain puffs on brown paper and serve at once on folded napkin, garnished with water cress.

Lincoln Shortbread.

Beat four ounces of lard and butter to a cream, stir a saltspoonful of salt and the same of soda with just enough vinegar to cover it, then add a pound of dried and sifted flour, mix with milk to a stiff paste, roll quickly half an inch thick, cut into cakes as large as a fruit saucer and prick all over; bake till brown. Split while hot and butter the same as Yorkshire cakes.

Chocolate Loaf Cake.

Cream a half-cup of butter with a cup of powdered sugar, add a cup of milk, four beaten eggs and six tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, dissolved in a gill of cold milk. Flavor with vanilla and stir in lightly and quickly a pint of prepared flour that has been sifted. Bake in a well-greased loaf tin.

Ginger Snaps.

Into a half-pint of warmed molasses beat a half-cup of melted butter. Beat until light in color, add a half-cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger and a quart of flour that has been twice sifted with a teaspoonful of baking soda. Add enough flour to make a dough that can be rolled out, roll very thin and bake.

Meringue for Lemon Pie.

Whip the whites of three eggs very stiff, adding a little powdered sugar as you do so. Heap on the cooked pie, set in the oven until lightly browned, then remove and allow to cool gradually. Sudden cooling is often the cause of a flat, unsightly meringue.

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 nice rich black, and as thick as I could wish."
—MRS. SUSAN KLOPFER, TACOMA, WASH.

50c a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Gray Hair

There Was One Who Did Not Laugh. "Mark Twain" once expressed the following sentiments to a young woman who had not smiled at a thing that he had said during an impromptu reception in his honor at Bryn Mawr College, to which his daughter had invited him. All the young ladies but one were in a state of great glee during the humorist's address—all but one had laughed heartily at every witty remark. Just as "Twain" finished, he turned to the young woman who had not laughed, and said, in an undertone: "You are the only sensible one here. I have not said a single amusing thing. If it were not for the conspicuousness of it I would like to press your hand."—Success.

Ignorance is the night of the mind, but a night without moon or star.—Confucius.

Shouting Their Praises.

Friarpoint, 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."

"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.

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

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

W. D. 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. Purely Vegetable. *W. D. Wood*

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

PRICES THAT TALK.

Best galvanized standard wrought iron pipe 3/4 inch, \$5.90 per 100 feet. Best galvanized standard wrought iron pipe, 1 inch, \$7.90 per 100 feet. All sizes in black and galvanized pipe at lowest market prices. Wood pumps—capacity one barrel per minute, \$8. Rubber, leather and canvas belting, hose and packing at wholesale prices. Write us for your wants in the machinery line. Irrigation plants a specialty. **Reterson Machinery Co., Portland, Oregon.**

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION