

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

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

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

A few days after the promenade on deck Dr. Eifenstein was summoned by Miss Neverall to attend her aunt, who was very ill, owing to the violence of the storm. Pursuing on a sofa, the young physician turned to give it to his companion, and in handing it, their fingers met, and at the touch his heart leaped so forcibly into a delightful thrill that it caused an instant feeling of questioning as to its cause.

Their passage across the Atlantic was an unusually propitious one. It was with relief to both the physician and anxious niece as they saw the termination of the voyage, for in spite of their united efforts, Mrs. Neverall's strength was rapidly departing.

Dr. Eifenstein had an unusually tender and sympathetic heart. He could not see so young a girl in such a condition, not in everything possible lead a helping hand.

He cared for her as a brother, and the eloquent look of gratitude that flashed upon him, as after seeing them both safely in the Liverpool home of their cousin, Mr. Rogers, Ethel placed her hand in his, at parting, and faltered out her thanks, as he bade her farewell, never expecting to see her more, was a reward not soon to be forgotten.

After leaving his fellow voyagers, our hero lost no time in pursuing his own journey. Before a week had rolled by, his way was made perfectly plain, and a short hour was sufficient to bring him to the hotel where he stopped, the landlady of the hotel where he stopped, that the place had just been excited, and almost stunned, by the sudden illness of Dr. Jennings, the only physician on the island.

Need we stop now, after relating such a scene, to describe the wholly heartless characters of these relations of Lady Constance Glendinning? Indulged from infancy by their own parents as much as by the Lady Constance, whose whole affections had centered upon them, in consequence of the cold manner of her mother, passionate husband towards herself, it is not to be wondered at that they were developed with such selfish and unamiable dispositions under her foolishly fond away.

As for Lady Constance, her naturally amiable disposition had grown hardened. Life with her violent temper husband had proved anything but pleasant, and as she finally saw his ugly features of character being imitated by these children under her charge, she became morbidly indifferent and cold to such a degree that her nearest relatives could scarcely recognize in the proud Lady Constance Glendinning the once light-hearted and gay young cousin, whose society was so much sought in former years by the three brothers before their father's death, when life had been so different for each. This morning Lady Constance felt unusually dispirited. Her apathetic heart was moved the night before by a singularly vivid dream, in which she had met her mother, who was weeping and wailing, and the face of Sir Arthur had appeared in that midnight hour with all the realism of life, while she seemed to hear him wail in despair.

Starting from this dreary sleep, she tossed restlessly until morning, and then after rising, found that the impression made upon her mind had not in the least vanished. She sank upon her knees, and weeping bitterly, moaned:

"Oh, Arthur, why was I so unfaithful to thy precious memory? Why did I forget thee so soon, my own, my own? Wretched guilty woman that I have been to wed for a title and inheritance, so unfeeling and heartless a man as I have done! Oh, heaven, forgive this, my sin, and grant me peace with myself after my weary life is ended!"

Long and bitterly she thus wrestled with her own heart, never stirring from her lowly posture until she was suddenly aroused by a horrified scream from lips she knew to be Belle's, while a strange call in tones of anguish for "Aunt Constance" caused her to rise and open the door, where she, too, was startled to see the whole household assembled in the hall, and then the first knowledge of some awful calamity fell upon her heart.

CHAPTER V.
Leaving Sir Reginald to his wild ride on that lovely May morning, we will go back a day or two in our story, and again seek Dr. Eifenstein. In many of his visits which were all professional, he had, by dropping some leading word, succeeded in discovering the public mind in regard to the murder committed in their midst twenty-five years before.

To his surprise, he met everywhere a decided reluctance to talk upon the subject, as the law had acquitted the only one suspected, but the gloomy looks and wise shakes of the head he so often met told him well that the younger brother Fitzroy was still held guilty in the opinions of the general mass of the inhabitants.

Sorry to see that his friend was still so hardly thought of, Earle Eifenstein dropped the subject, jumping into his sleigh and drove away to the village, resolved to go through the extensive grounds of the "Hall" as strangers were in the daily habit of doing.

Glendinning Hall lay next to his own cottage home, and stopping at the gate lodge, he asked permission of the keeper to drive around the premises.

This permission was easily granted, and the son of the gatekeeper, an intelligent boy of fourteen, volunteered to ride with him, to explain the places on the route. So climbing to his side, Sandy began at once to chatter of all that came into his young head.

"You are the new doctor, I know that well," he remarked; "so it is all right for you to know how to get to the Hall, in case you are sent for in a hurry. It is quite a ride, you see, before the mansion comes even in sight. This part of the house is where the family live, and is of stone, very handsome; but all that wing, or part, that runs back, is very old, deserted and almost falling to pieces."

quence of having married, secretly, the man of her choice. Allow me merely to say that when you read this, the sister that you once loved will have passed away, and, therefore, she trusts that all her hard feelings that her marriage may have occasioned will be buried forever. Brother, I write to you now in order to crave a favor at your hands. My only child died in infancy, and just twenty and a half years ago, I, with the consent of my husband, took charge of a little girl of gentle blood and some pleasant future prospects, and gave her the love of a true mother. On her twenty-first birthday she will be at liberty to open certain documents laid aside for her, and then will come into possession of her own property, for some little awaits her majority. Until then, after my death, she will be friendless and alone. Now, I ask if you will care for her until that date, October fifth is reached? Can she not be in some way of service to you, and thus compensate for her board and trouble? Do this for me, my dear brother, and be kind and care for my little girl, Ethel, and my dying gratitude will be yours.

"Your affectionate sister,
"GENTRUDE."
"Of all impudent proposals, that is the climax," ejaculated Belle, indignantly. "Take her into his own family, indeed! The mix don't come here, if I can help it. She is no earthly relation to him!"

"Your opinion will not be asked, sister mine," returned her companion in evil deeds; "and you must remember that you are supposed to know nothing of the contents of that letter. But do not be alarmed. Our relative looked too much like a thunder cloud, to be ejected into receiving her here."

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"There was a murder committed here once, I have been told, my boy. Which part was that done in?"

day, in the wind. See this path leads to a beautiful lake; you can see the water plainly through those parting tree boughs. There the body was supposed to have been hung, to hide it a time; but it must have been carried away the same night, for it never has been found."

"That is very strange!" quoth the doctor. "Where could the murderers have hidden it?"

"No one can tell. People think his brother did the deed, as they had quarreled the night before it happened; but when he was tried it seemed to be proved that he did not."

"It is called 'The Haunted Tower.' Please drive fast past that doctor, for I shiver whenever I think of it, even, much less pass near it!" returned Sandy.

"Why?"

"Because it is a fearful place. It is haunted by the wispereed reply. 'Who says so?'"

"Everybody. No one likes to take this path, even in daylight, such terrible things appear at those windows at the top of the tower on dark stormy nights. 'Who, for one, has seen these things?'"

"I have; and so has every person who lives in a house with windows facing this way, or who is out much nights. You see, that tower is very tall, and goes very above the trees. I saw myself the last time we had a terrible storm. I was staying with Jim Colgrove all night. Jim lives just below you, in the village. It was about ten o'clock and we were in his room. When we were alone, he called a bank of clouds. I ran to the window to see if it still stormed, when, suddenly, a bright light caught my eyes, in the top of the tower, and, looking up, I saw the most frightful object ever beheld, between the shades, plainly seen through the windows!"

"The boy stopped here, while his eyes seemed dilating with horror at the remembrance, and his lips grew pale."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, I don't want to describe it! I screamed, and was as frightened as I, so we both jumped into bed, quick, and covered our heads to shut out the sight. It was terrible, doctor, terrible!"

Dr. Eifenstein said no more, but inwardly resolved to be on the lookout for the specter of the Haunted Tower. Yet, while he resolved, he laughed at himself for putting the least faith in his boy's unlikely tale.

"It is a wild tale these villagers have invented, in order to excite strangers, and draw attention to this quiet, rural place. I do not believe one word about the ghost, yet, for the joke of the thing, I will look this way a bank of clouds, and see what is to be seen."

As if to keep the thing in remembrance, Earle said that the sun was sinking, and the doctor, terrified, concluded that he should take a thunder storm would burst over them that very night. One thing, however, Earle Eifenstein noted, the present barometer's apartment was the same side of the building that concerned with the ghost, while the tall old tower which seemed of more modern build, stood just back of the whole, while its large windows on each of the four sides, could be distinctly seen by the whole village inhabitants, as it rose so far above the houses and even above many of the numerous trees that filled the grounds.

(To be continued.)

What Makes a Gentleman.
Archbishop Temple, the recently deceased primate of the established church of England, and a man of the highest character, gave a short time before his death the following outline of what he considered really gentlemanly conduct:

THE ROMP BEFORE BED.

When Bessie gets her nightie on and waxes to romp with me, And dodges here and scurries there, and abouts with baby gies, I wouldn't change my fortune for the state of any king, I wouldn't give her love for all the joys that wealth may bring! Her laugh is sweeter than the song of any sylvan brook, And I see God's best promise in her smiles, happy look— Her little toes, all pink and white, appear to disappear. Ah, dancing round me with delight, she calls me "daddy dear."

I catch her fondly in my arms and toss her in the air, And set her down to chase her as she hurries round a chair, While mamma calls, "Now, that will do! You're catching cold, I know— It's time that children were in bed!" We don't dispute, we don't dispute, And Bessie makes a rush, while I whoop like a savage chief, And dodge away and keep it up till some one comes to grief— I know a man whose lot is drawn— that's worth my study!

When Bessie gets her nightie on, and comes to romp with me, —S. B. Klier in Chicago Record-Herald.

Leaving the Farm.

It was Sunday afternoon. Hank Peters, dressed in his best clothes, was making a neighborly call at Deacon Pepperton's home. But somehow conversation lagged, in spite of the visitor's brave attempts to keep up a cheerful flow of words. The deacon's face was unusually long, and every now and then he sighed dolefully.

"What's the matter, deacon?" ventured Hank at last. "You seem to have the blues to-day."

"Mebbe I have—'tain't surprisin'." "Let's hear about it," said Hank, sympathetically.

"'Tain't nothing new," returned the deacon feebly, with another sigh. "I'm just sad, that's all—sad, a bit lonesome at times. Mrs. Pepperton is lonesome, too. She's the farm— the pony—and the dog. Everything's lonely. Just you wait till your own boys and girls leave home—then you'll understand how we feel."

For a moment, there was silence. Mr. Peters, thinking his own thoughts, looked curiously at the speaker's lugubrious countenance. There was sympathy in the look, and yet, combined with sympathy, there was something else in the grave blue eyes that studied the deacon's face.

"What made 'em all leave?" asked Hank at last, quietly.

"My deacon. First John went, then Mary, then Tom. Now Harry's gone, and there's nobody left 'cept Mandy and me—the dog on the pony on the farm. Well, the youngsters have all got work in the city, an' they're scrappin' up a bare livin' there, I guess, but they could 'a' done better 'round home on the land 'I calculated to give 'em. But no, they wouldn't stay— said they'd enough 'o' farmin' to last them a lifetime an' longer. Why, to hear them youngsters talk you'd think that a farm ain't a bit of a pleasant place for boys an' girls to live!"

"Some farms are not."

"Eh?" said the deacon, looking up quickly.

"But Hank had an innocent, far-away look in his eyes that disarmed suspicion. The next day was Monday—wash day, of course. In the midst of the usual festivities incident to that week-day occurrence, Mrs. Pepperton made the discovery that her supply of soap had "run out."

"What'll I do," she demanded, as she rushed to the back door and announced the discouraging fact to her husband.

"Snoo! You don't say! Is all the ten cents' worth I bought you gone already?"

"Yes; an' I've got to have more right away."

THE PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION.



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From left to right in rear row: Colonel Frank O. Becker, Wm. Barclay Parsons, C. E. Grunsky, B. M. Harrod. In front row: General Geo. W. Davis, Admiral J. G. Walker (chairman), Wm. H. Burr.

In organizing the commission which is to have charge of the construction of the Isthmian canal, the character of the selections made by President Roosevelt justifies the hope that a high grade of ability will characterize the management of the great enterprise. Admiral Walker, the head of the commission, has had a long experience in dealing with a variety of naval and engineering problems and as president of both the Nicaragua and the Isthmian canal commissions has become intimately familiar with the work now in hand. Major General George W. Davis, who will represent the army, as Admiral Walker represents the navy, will bring to the administrative phase of the commission's work the useful experience acquired as military governor of the Philippines and Porto Rico. William Barclay Parsons is the engineer who supervised the construction of New York's mammoth subway system. William H. Burr, professor of civil engineering in Columbia University, is an expert builder of bridges, docks and other public works, as well as a former member of the commission also engineers it is safe to assume that the canal enterprise will be dealt with as a practical engineering problem. The difficulties to be overcome are not extraordinary or novel, but they call for expert knowledge and hard work. Questions of business methods and finance and of laborers will be involved. The object of the commission should be not only to secure the construction of the canal according to the best standards of modern mechanical science, but to observe wise economy in administration. The President's appointees seem to be in the main men who will keep these ends in view and take a proper professional pride in achieving success.

and thoughtful. The silence of the big, empty house seemed all at once to crowd into the kitchen. The clock ticked nervously, insistently.

"Darn that clock!" cried the deacon, irritably. He, too, seemed to feel the stillness that had suddenly pervaded the room.

He looked at his wife; she looked at him. There was a long pause; her face flushed—grew pale. Heatstaying in the room to where he sat, his eyes fixed moodily on the floor. A moist, soapy, wrinkled hand slipped into his and a soft voice said sadly:

"Mebbe Hank is right, after all."—Indianapolis Sun.

ON THE STREET IN JAPAN.
Some of the Experiences of the Foreigner in Mikado's Land.

When one's work is done there is left the mild excitement of walking up the great alimentary canal of Nikko, says a writer in The World To-day. All that is done in Nikko may be seen. On the veranda of a house madam is having her bath, her head sticking up above the steaming water. The youngsters in their original suits are hailing you, "Sanko san, ohayo!" Mr. Stranger, good-day. An array of great gilt lotus flowers and leaves on long stems shows that a member of the family is dead. In the front room, unprotected from the street, one sees the square kagolike box in which, with knees against the breast, the last journey is taken. A bevy of gayly dressed gelsha girls, with attendants carrying kotos and samisens, are bound for some dinner or entertainment, their hair black and shiny and filled with bright ornaments, their faces and necks white with rice powder and their lower lips bright with scarlet paste. They are chattering in the shrill, penetrating voices which are peculiar to them.

The merchant steps from his shop to tell you he has some new kake-mono or carving to show, antiques from 300 years old to those so recent that the crafter is hardly dry. "Stop in, sir," cries a young man waving his hand in the air as he paints with an imaginary brush an imaginary picture, "and see how Japanese artist uses his brush." He hands you his card and you are pleased to read the motto of his house is "Earnest is the best policy."

"I was waiting for you," says a pretty girl, smiling. "Will you please come in my shop? I have black rackets and red rackets trays. Yes, very pretty." She spreads all her time in front of her shop between the two

Wheat in Algeria.
Practically all the wheat grown in Algeria is hard wheat. The total product in 1902 was 21,000 metric tons. Of the annual crop all but a very small portion is consumed in Algeria. The native population use only the Algerian wheat, which is made into bread, semoule and couscous. The latter is a dish highly esteemed by the Arabs, and very extensively used. The flour used for breadmaking and other cooking purposes by the European population is imported.

Useful Method of Calculation.
"How old would you say she was?" "Well, let's see: When we were in high school together she used to snub me because I was a kid. Now, I'm 37, and, um—um—um, well, I should say she was about 28 by this time."—Town and Country.

Often when fortune knocks at a man's door it is house-cleaning time and he is away from home.

Attack of Cossacks on Chunchuses.
The Chunchuses, the Chinese brigands of the mountains on the borders of Manchuria and Mongolia, are a constant irritant to the Russian troops stationed at Newchwang, Liaoyang, Mukden and other contiguous points. These bandits are different from the Chinese further south, being taller, stronger and much more daring. It is said that they are now in league with the Japanese. At any rate, they bitterly hate the Russians, having fought with them often in the past. The Chunchuses are splendid riders and hard fighters. They are bold fellows, even invading the large cities and demanding booty. Since the beginning of the present war they have been especially active, tearing up the Manchurian Railroad and spreading dismay throughout the nearby provinces. A recent whirlwind fight near Liaoyang between the Cossacks and Chunchuses, depicted in the illustration, is made from a sketch by a Cossack officer.

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On the envelope was written, "To be sent to Sir Reginald Glendinning, Bart., after my death."

"Sir Reginald Glendinning!"
"My Dear Brother—You will doubtless be surprised to receive this letter from one who has been so many years separated from her family, in conse-

A. L. CRAIG,
General Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.
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