A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "Roy Russell's Rule," "Glenroy," "The Fashionable Mother," Etc.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The life of a physician is certainly a very unsettled and unsatisfactory one. No sooner, therefore, had Earle Elfenstein retired to his library, after his lonely supper, and become deeply interested in a book, that a severe thunder shower, now steadily speeding toward them, ushered in, by muttered thunder, and zig-zag lightning, than rat-tat-tat, came at the door, and a call for services about two miles off.

"Well," he thought, as he vaulted upon his faithful horse Sultan, "I can, perhaps, have a view of his ghostship on our way back, if we hasten."

He touched his horse and sped off in the darkness. Before reaching the home of his patient, the storm was indeed over him.

He lingered fully an hour, hoping it would abate, but instead, its fury seemed to increase with every breath. His patient had fallen into a quiet sleep, and he was anxious to be off. Donning his rubber coat, with its protecting hood well drawn over his hat, he started homeward.

Pitchy darkness he encountered all the way, relieved only by the vivid flashes of lightning that darted hither and thither, over the inky sky, while the wind, eerie like, soughed through the tall trees of the grounds surrounding Glendenning Hall; then, seeming to gather force with each lull, broke loose again into fury, lashing, and thrashing the branches in a fearful manner.

Suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning caused his horse to shy to one side, while a crash of thunder almost appalled him. Raising his eyes instinctively towards the sky, they fell by accident upon the windows of the Haunted Tower.

CHAPTER VI.

We left Sir Reginald Glendenning dashing in a wild and furious way, while in a fit of vexation, down the ramble or carriage way leading from the Hall. The horse he sat upon was almost a colt, very wild and fiery, and as he had not been ridden for several days was particularly spirited on this memorable morning.

The pathway over which they almost flew was very beautiful, surrounded on either side by grand old trees, whose soft boughs meeting, made a perfect canopy of green above, through which flecks of bright blue sky might be seen, and through which also, rare slants of sunshine glinted, falling on drops of dew that lay upon the nodding grasses, or upon little clumps of flowers, whose cups lay open, ever turning skyward for a fresh supply of light or moisture.

But Sir Reginald saw not, and cared not for the beauty that lay so ravishingly around him. He had received an unwelcome letter, one presenting to him a duty, which he meant not to fulfill, and now he was sullen, morose and angry.

On, on they flew, past fountain, statuary, groves and hedges, until they bounded by the porter's lodge, and dashed into the open road away, away.

Suddenly a large dog roused from a drowsy mornig ap by the heedless clatter of the horse's hoofs, sprang from a doorway almost to the flanks of the startled animal, barking savagely as he did so.

The suddenness of his appearing proved too much for the nervous organization of young Tempest, who, at the sight and sound, gave such a sharp, quick, sideward jump that he dashed his rider from the saddle, and pitched him over

THE RIDER WAS DASHED UPON A PILE OF STONES.

What terrific spectacle was this that met his eyes?

The words of the boy were fully confirmed; the most horrid creature fancy could picture was surely dancing just within the tower in full, plain view. A hideous figure was jumping up and down, amid a glare of what seemed sulphurous light, while every now and then it sank down only to reappear, going through the same wild motions and capers, each one appalling enough to strike terror to the hearts of the superstitious beholder.

But Dr. Elfenstein was by no means a superstitious man. Ghosts, goblins, specters, all were to him mere vagaries of a crazed brain. Therefore, while startled and horrified for one moment by this singular apparition, the next, he coolly reined in his horse, and thus stood still, calmly contemplating the scene.

While still sitting there upon the back of his horse, lost in conjecture, the demoniacal hobgoblin, apparition, or whatever the evil genius of the Haunted Tower might be called, dropped from sight; the strange, lurid light disappeared; darkness reigned over the place, except as revealed by the lightning flashes, and the puzzled but undaunted physician was free to urge his horse onward once more towards the peaceful cottage that he called his home.

Once within the cheerful shelter of the library, he seated himself beside the table, drew nearer the wax candles, and again took up his book to read another chapter before retiring for the night. But he soon found that reading was impossible, for ever before the page flitted the impish figure he had seen, with its horns, its flaming eyes and hideous contortions. Closing the book then he leaned his head against the tall back of his chair, and thought long and deeply. At the close of his cogitations, as he laid himself down upon his bed for the night, one result alone was reached, namely:

"There had been a murder committed years before within Glendenning Hall, and the murderer was still unknown and at large. For some unaccountable reason the tower was made to appear in the possession of evil spirits by some parties, also unknown."

In his soul Dr. Elfenstein believed the dreadful apparition he had himself witnessed that night was the work of some wicked person, wrought out, probably, to keep up the superstitious notoriety such a mystery would bring upon a place.

Finding sleep impossible, the doctor again arose and, drawing aside the curtain from the window, gazed forth into the darkness of the night. But while the storm still raged furiously, and the sky was shrouded by an inky pall, no light appeared from the direction of the hall to whisper forebodingly of the specter of the tower.

The young physician soon found himself pursuing another and an entirely different train of thought. This time the storm passing before his eyes was transferred to the wildly lashed and foaming billows of the sea. His peaceful home had changed to the cabin of an ocean steamer, and the goblin of night into the graceful form of Ethel Nevergall, his lovely fellow passenger of a few weeks before.

Ah, beautiful, lost Ethel! How he longed to see her, to speak to her, to be near her, but he knew that for him such a pleasure would never again be, so with a weary sigh he dropped the curtain and turned to his pillow, but not to sleep even, but to toss around, and strive in vain to banish from his mind thoughts of the girl who had unconsciously succeeded in leaving so indelible an impression upon his heart.

his head, exactly upon a pile of stones that had been left by the roadside for removal, where he lay in a moaning heap.

While the horse paused not in his mad course, human eyes saw the misfortune, and kind human hands went to the assistance of the wounded baronet.

The slightest touch created the deepest agony, but that he must be carried home was evident to all, therefore a litter was easily constructed, and with as much tenderness as possible the sufferer was softly raised, placed upon it, and so taken to the Hall, to which a messenger had been sent ahead with the news, while another had rushed off for the doctor.

By the time the sad procession had reached the grounds of the mansion Dr. Elfenstein was on hand, ready to superintend their entrance, and to manage their progress up the stairs to his bed chamber.

After a thorough and careful investigation, which caused great anguish, made evident by groans, mingled with curses, the doctor hastened to reply to an impatient demand, to know the exact truth.

"I am happy to inform your lordship that the injuries, while severe, are not necessarily fatal," was the honest reply.

"Shall I soon be over them?" was the next question that issued anxiously from the pale lips of the sufferer.

"You will not, I am grieved to inform you. Your hip is so injured that you will be helpless for weeks, nay, months, while your spine also has received a terrible wrench."

"Doctor, I cannot lie here a single night; I must get up, and go around my house," returned the patient in great excitement, striving to raise himself in vain, while great drops of perspiration gathered upon his pale brow.

"You see yourself that it is impossible. You must obey orders, and lie perfectly quiet, if you ever expect to walk again."

"I tell you I cannot lie here," shouted the sufferer, in the greatest agony of mind. "You don't know what you say when you demand it. I must, I will be around by night. It is of vital importance."

"I cannot help it. The dealings of Providence are mysterious, but also are inevitable. Your hip is broken; your spine is injured, and you are a prisoner for months," was the doctor's serious but firm reply.

"Doctor, answer me one question, and, at your peril, answer truly. Is there danger of delirium? Will my mind give way under this awful pain?"

"I think not. Your constitution is a good one, and your nervous system not at all shattered; but of course I do not say for a certainty, as these things are beyond a physician's knowledge."

"If there is the least danger of that within twenty-four hours I must know it, as I have business of vital importance to transact."

"There is no danger within that time, rest assured; so try and calm yourself, for the sake of your friends," returned the doctor.

Sir Reginald was silent a moment; then his eyes rested half inquiringly upon his weeping wife and niece, then fixed themselves, as if in deep study, upon the face of his nephew, while bitter sighs escaped his white, trembling lips.

"Drink this, my dear sir, and it will, I hope, relieve you," said the doctor at last, advancing to his side with some liquid medicine in a glass.

"Answer, first, will it deaden thought? If it will I cannot swallow it, as I have a terrible problem to be solved before my mind can rest," was the strange reply.

"Drink it. It may soothe pain, but, I assure you, not prevent reflection."

So the trembling baronet swallowed the potion, and then became silent and thoughtful. Dr. Elfenstein waited until he saw his patient calmed and more pliable, then proceeded to replace the bone of the broken hip and arrange the sufferer in the position most important for the success of his surgery.

After giving explicit directions to Lady Constance and Mrs. Fredon, an old family nurse, for his further treatment, he withdrew, promising to return by evening.

No sooner had the door closed upon his retiring form than Sir Reginald ordered every soul to leave the room except Lady Constance, merely explaining to the wondering ones that he must consult his wife upon a matter of importance.

"Constance," said he, when he saw that his order had been obeyed and that they were alone. "Go to my library and get me from the locked drawer of my bookcase, a letter which lies upon the very top. The key you will find in my vest pocket."

Lady Constance instantly did as he directed, and the letter from his dead sister was once more in his hand. This time he read it in a different mood. Instead of anger, one could see intense satisfaction in his eager eyes.

"Now, I will tell you the request made of me in this letter," and he repeated to her the words read by his niece and nephew, as they stealthily possessed themselves of itsh contents. "This girl needs a home for a few months. I need some private assistance, and you need some person to aid you and the nurse in taking care of me, or at least, in amusing me. If this Ethel is willing to do as I wish, I will pay her for her services well, and thus my sister's desires will be carried out. What say you to the arrangement?"

"I am perfectly willing to acquiesce in what you think best," was the meek reply of the wife.

"Then give me a paper and pencil while I writes a telegraphic dispatch. "There," said he, handing her the following message, addressed to the person alluded to:

"Sir Glendenning is ill. You can be useful here if you wish, so come instantly. Answer. Will be met at station."

"Call the coachman; tell him to take Jerry and go with all speed to the office and see that this is sent at once. Have him wait for an answer."

A short time elapsed only, when Matthew returned with this message: "I will come to you on the four o'clock train."

A few words concisely written, but on them hung a long train of terrible events that the movements of the dread future could alone unfold.

(To be continued.)

CAVE MEN IN AMERICA.

Prehistoric Skulls Discovered in a Cave in Southwestern Missouri.

Prof. C. N. Gould, of the University of Oklahoma, recently visited a cave in Southwestern Missouri where excavations have been going on for a fortnight, and will last as much longer before they are completed. The cave is seventy feet long in the solid rock, and the bottom is covered with a layer of ashes over three feet deep, and this is being dug up and searched. Out of the debris of ashes and clay have been dug four human skeletons, together with bones of other animals. The arms are unduly long and the legs unduly short, which argues that the skeletons belong to an ancient period. Flint instruments of all kinds, knives, spear heads, drills, as well as bone and stone instruments, are found in great abundance.

The surface of the cave is of limestone, worn perfectly smooth, probably by long generations of use by the cliff dwellers. Dr. Peabody tells of a sheepfold at Mycene of similar limestone worn smooth in a like manner by long use by the sheep. Along the back wall of the cave the water pouring off the limestone has formed huge stalactites which Prof. Gould says must have been in process of formation for thousands of years. As these stalactites have formed above the coat of ashes in which the human skeletons and other relics of ancient times have been found, the cave must be one of extreme age.

As far as known, the discovery of these four skulls in Southwestern Missouri is the first positive discovery of a cave man in America. Their antiquity is yet to be proven. The stalactites, however, the three-foot coating of ashes, and other evidences of like kind seem to prove that the discovery is indeed an important one. Prof. Gould was the only geologist present at the investigation of that cave, and as almost the whole question of antiquity must be settled by a study of the geological formation his opinion in the case is of great value. Prof. Gould is of the opinion that the cave is the greatest find of its kind ever made in America. The work of excavation has only begun, and the greatest discoveries are yet to be made in all probability. He thinks there is little question as to its antiquity, and that the discoveries being made in the cave will be of invaluable aid in solving the problem of the prehistoric race of man which inhabited the American continent at one time.—New York Evening Post.

Melting Snow.

During the past winter a new device for removing snow from city streets was put in use. It is called a snow-melter, a huge machine for thoroughly cleaning the streets. Popular Mechanics says that the melting is done rapidly and economically by means of a hot-air blast which is brought into direct contact with the snow.

The melter consists of a double-end furnace with a large grate area surmounted by a horizontal water-jacket and a crescent-shaped cross-section with two inverted L-shaped flues. The dimensions of the melter are the same as those of an ordinary truck.

The melter is mounted on wheels, and can be easily moved from place to place by a team of horses. The water-jacket forms the bottom of an iron frame or box into which the snow may be shoveled direct from the street, or into which a load of snow may be directly dumped.

The furnace burns coke, and is large enough to hold a cartload at a time. The snow is placed in direct contact with the heated flues, and is melted as fast as a gang of laborers can shovel.

The wise man who is looking for a job never gives his next-door neighbor as reference.

Speaking terms are to be found on a card in the telephone booth.

IN CELIA'S GARDEN.

When Celia seeks her garden ground,
With smiling blue above her,
The little blossoms all around
Do lift their heads to love her;
And they with kisses cool and sweet
In fond embraces linger,
At rest upon her dainty feet,
Or on her snowy finger.

Now shall a thing of green and white,
That hath nor sense nor seeing,
Be held more dear in Celia's sight
Than some poor mortal being?
Shall blue and red that fades apace,
In rainy breezes rocking,
Be counted worthy Celia's grace,
And I be made her mocking?

Ye foolish buds, that all a-row
With feigned smiles cajole her,
I pray you now on me bestow
The charm that shall control her.
My heart, that doth each storm survive,
Nor any frost can harden,
May flourish yet, and bloom, and thrive,
A flower in Celia's garden.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A CASE OF GRIP.

DR. LOUISE ALDEN, I ask you for the last time, will you marry me?"

"Attorney Bernard Holme, I answer you for the last time, NO!"

There was a slamming of doors and a scurry of feet on the stairs. There was also a gleam of wrath in a pair of fine black eyes and a smile of amusement in a pair of tranquil blue ones. The question and answer had been repeated so often that they had lost much of their significance and all of their romance.

Before the young attorney had gone half a block he halted abruptly, turned and retraced his steps. Louise had meanwhile taken up a ponderous tome on nervous diseases and was intent on the study of a perplexing case when a series of vociferous sneezes greeted her from the outer office.

"I didn't come here to make a fool of myself," Mr. Holme began as he thrust his head in at the door. "I came to get you to dose me up. I have taken a wretched cold—sneezed seventy times by the clock this afternoon, and I ache all over in spots as if I had been sleeping on the rock pile. Now don't you dare tell me that it is the grip."

"Poke out your tongue, little boy. Here, you may smoke up while I count your pulse," and she placed the bulb of a tiny thermometer beneath his tongue. "Call it what you like, but it is influenza just the same, and a good round case of it, with danger of pneumonia, heart disease and other complications. Go straight home this minute and have your mother make you a barrel of hot lemonade with a big stick in it. Boil your feet for an hour and then turn into bed and stay there until you sweat it out. Yes, and you must take one of these every two hours," and the woman counted out twelve huge tablets.

"All right, Doctor. I'd as soon die by your hand as by that of any other member of your murderous profession. By the way, you must have me well before Trix comes. So you were in earnest when you said I must fall in love with her?"

"Certainly, and marry her—if she'll have you. She looks exactly as I did when you proposed to me a dozen years ago. Trix is 18 and ought to have no difficulty in curing you of your ridiculous infatuation for an old maid of 30. I neglected to tell you that she will arrive to-morrow instead of next week."

"And I neglected to tell you that I have already met your niece," her companion returned in a tone that seemed to her as unnecessarily flippant. "She was in the same sleeper with me when I went from Albany to Boston last week. While the porter was making up her berth she came and sat with me, and of course we chatted. I recognized her by her resemblance to you, and had no difficulty in verifying my suspicion. I'm afraid I should have fallen in love with her on the spot if it had not been for the contemptible disloyalty to you."

"Nonsense!" Louise ejaculated. "Go home and take your medicine or you won't be able to see her to-morrow evening," and she resumed her study as if she were quite alone. For an hour after the door closed behind her too persistent lover, she tried to read. For some unaccountable reason the words conveyed no meaning. A sentence that at any other time would have been perfectly lucid had to be read again and again before she could grasp its significance. At length, disgusted with herself, she threw aside the book, ordered her carriage and went out to make some professional call. When she returned it was quite dark and the telephone was ringing furiously. It was Mrs. Holme, and in a voice full of excitement she announced that Bernard was very ill, in a raging fever, and that he was going on like a crazy man."

"Bernard in delirium!" the physician cried, and for the first time in her professional career she lost her wits. The carriage had been dismissed, and in a tremor of fright she ran—yes, actually ran to the home of the man for whom, not an hour ago, she had told herself she cherished only a sincere friendship. As she entered the sick man's room, he stretched out both his hands, and with a hollow laugh he exclaimed, "Trixie, my darling, have you come at last!" With that he seized her hand and pressed it to his fevered cheek. "How I have been longing for you," he continued. "And to think that she thought all the time I wanted her. Bah, she's a cranky old maid, and a blue-stocking in the bargain. I was foolish enough to think I was in love with her before she studied medicine. She can go on rolling pills till the crack of doom as far as I am concerned. No sane man would want her after he had seen you."

For a moment the physician vanished and a jealous, wounded woman took her place. Louise drew her hand away, and it was fortunate for a certain Miss Beatrice Alden that she was still in Albany. Then the physician returned and set to work to quiet the ravings of her patient. Together she and the little mother labored and soon the sick man fell into a tranquil sleep. Then she sent the mother off to bed and alone she kept the vigil. The gray light of morning was creeping in at the windows when the sleeper awoke to perfect consciousness.

"Mother," he began faintly, "I have had such wretched dreams the blessed night long. I thought Louise was here, and she had the faculty of changing herself first into a fascinating young girl and then into a sour old hag. Mother, do you think she cares even a little bit for me "

"She loves you more than anything in the world, even her darling profession," a trembling voice whispered in his ear, for Louise was on her knees at his bedside and had her arms around him. "I never knew how I loved you until I saw you so desperately ill," the voice continued, and in her heart of hearts Louise Alden knew that she was lying.

When the little mother came in, some three hours later, Bernard informed her that Dr. Alden said he might be ill a long time, with suspicious stress on the "might," and, that she could the better care for him, they had decided to be married at once. Mrs. Holme was willing. More than that, she went herself to secure the license and the preacher, for she had no notion of giving Louise an opportunity to change her mind. She had always believed that some day the willful girl would come to her senses and do the rational thing. Now that she was in the humor, the consummation of a 12-year-old devotion could not be brought about too quickly. "If he ever tells her that he wasn't delirious a bit and that we plotted the whole thing, she'll want to murder us both," the old lady reflected.

That afternoon Louise sat, happy and radiant, at the bedside of her husband, who was already clamoring to get up, when guests were announced.

"Can I go right up " a merry voice in the hall below asked. "I thought she would be at the station, and when I could not find her in the crowd we went to her office and the maid sent us over here."

It was Trix; but whom had she brought with her? Overcome with curiosity, Louise went to the head of the stairs. The young girl was at her side in a moment and had both arms around her neck.

"Oh, Auntie darling," she whispered, her face crimson with blushes, "we've eloped. Isn't it simply too delicious? What will papa say? Frank begged so hard, and you know it is impossible to resist the man you love. He met me at Buffalo and we were married between trains this morning. His mother was there to swear that I was of age. Now, Auntie, won't you be good to poor Mr. Holme? I met him on the train last week and I think he is charming. And, besides, it would make things so much easier for me if I could write papa that you were married, too."

"Mr. Holme is suffering with a severe case of grip," Louise said earnestly, "and you are a foolish child to run away and get married. You will never halfway appreciate your love because you will never see it slipping away from you. But, come, bring Frank upstairs and present him to his new uncle. Then, when my husband gets well we will all go to Albany and persuade your father that you have far better sense than your aunt had at your age."—Valley Magazine.

Valise Boat.

A boat large enough to carry six persons may be carried in a valise or corner of a trunk. This is because the principle of the pneumatic tire has been applied with such success to boat building. These boats are of two kinds, either of rubber cloth inflated with air and divided into two compartments, or of a series of inflated tubes coiled lengthwise. These are fitted with pneumatic seats, and the oarlocks are buckled on the sides. When deflated they are reduced to the smallest conceivable weight and compass, and the process occupies only a few moments.

Experiments prove that these craft will not founder in the heaviest seas. They are so buoyant when filled with air that they will float a weight of several hundred pounds, while the rubber of which they are constructed is absolutely proof against puncture. This invention promises an entirely new era in boatbuilding for purposes of sport and travel.

Grewsome Violin.

A violin owned by a resident in North London consists of the greater part of a human skull, over which is stretched a piece of sheepskin acting as the soundboard. The finger-board is formed of a human thigh bone, while the pegs were once the small bones of the hand of a South African native.

Some men's wealth is fabulous and that of others a mere fable.

Some families keep a servant girl and several of her relations.

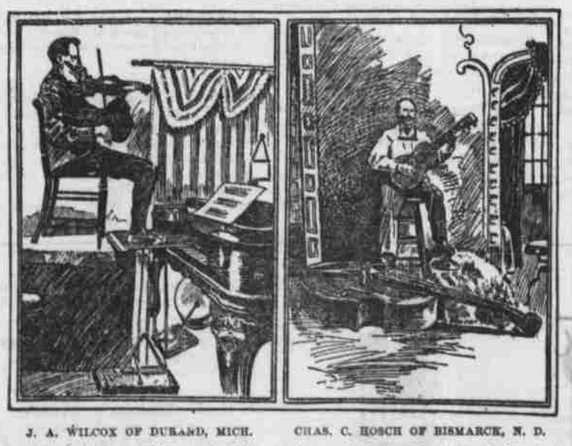
THE JINRICKSHA IN JAPAN.

In the latter part of the year 1869, writes a correspondent of the Honolulu Star, I was in business in Yokohama, and as my knowledge of the Japanese language was limited to a few words, I employed when necessary, the Rev. Mr. Goble as my interpreter. Mrs. Goble was a confirmed invalid and could walk about only a little. Happening to see in J. R. Black's auction room an English bath chair for sale, I mentioned the circumstance to Goble, telling him it would do for Mrs. Goble, as a few coolies could pull it along. I purchased it and presented it to him, but the machine was so heavy when it came to drag it up hill a few extra coolies had to be employed.

Mr. Goble was a bit of a carpenter and possessed a fair share of ingenuity, so he took off the heavy leather-covered frame and forward wheel with all its attachments and made two shafts so that a man might get inside of them. This reduced the weight about two-thirds, a light awning was then put on the body, and was sufficient to pull it along and two would pull it up Heght's hill. Shortly after he placed a front bar to connect the shafts together. A carpenter who had a small place at Homoro did the work, and that was the first "Jinriky." The Japanese were quite taken with the outfit and they started in with a vengeance, and now it is not only the national conveyance of Japan, but also in China and India.

Mr. Goble was an American, born in Massachusetts, employed as a Baptist missionary—original occupation, a shoemaker, but as he seldom got a remittance from his church in America he was glad to do anything to procure a subsistance for himself, wife and two daughters. Mrs. Goble had a small school where she taught Japanese children and Mr. Goble, with the aid of Otormo Sadagiro, made the first translation of the gospel of St. Matthew. As the Japanese are claiming the invention of this handy little vehicle, I write these few remarks to place credit where credit is due.

A PAIR OF MUSICAL WONDERS.



J. A. WILCOX OF DURAND, MICH. CHAS. C. HOSCH OF BISMARCK, N. D.

J. A. Wilcox, of Durand, Mich., is known as the "One Man Orchestra." Plays first and second violin, piano, drum, harmonica, bells and triangle, all at the same time. When appearing in public he generally performs the following program: Overture, violin, piano and harmonica. 2. Light-foot pianist—playing piano, harmonica, drum, triangle, tunes violin, rosins bow, all these at the same time. 3. Plays second violin with one hand and in five different positions, imitating dulcimer on violin and harmonica. 4. Full combination—two violins, piano, triangle, drum, harmonica and bells. Repertoire—Waltz, quadrilles, jigs, polkas, quick-steps. Many special features the musical world never dreamed of. A novelty and a musical treat to all.

Charles C. Hosch performs simultaneously upon harmonica, guitar, bass viol and bells. As will be seen in the picture, Mr. Hosch plays the bass instrument with his right foot. With left foot he plays two bells. The guitar and harmonica he plays with hands and mouth. Mr. Hosch loves music and studied the four-instrument combination for his own amusement.