

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER XI—(Continued.)

"O my dear Miss Nevegal, the fact certainly has befriended me this time! To think that I should have met this your beautiful self, just as you start on a ramble, is too fortunate for belief! Which direction shall we go for, I do not constitute myself your devoted attendant."

"Mr. Glendenning, you will excuse me if I decline your services. I came out for a quiet walk by myself, and therefore shall not certainly trespass upon your time."

"Fardin me, my angel, my time is of no consequence at all. I must insist upon accompanying you, as I could never allow so lovely a lady to stroll around without a protector."

"Sir," said Ethel, now really losing patience, "there is no danger certainly to be met in the short walk I intend to take in your uncle's grounds. But since you aver otherwise, I shall instantly return."

"You will do no such thing," returned the handsome man, who, although he made no further comments upon the subject, but Ethel felt that without a direct command she was not required to remove it.

"Therefore it remained, and when Dr. Elfenstein returned in the afternoon for his usual second visit to the sick man, he smiled, as his eyes rested upon it, but never was told the fate of the rest of his offering, nor heard of the hard words she had endured on account of his friendly gift."

"The sight of the flower she still wore seemed to aggravate him, although he made no further comments upon the subject, but Ethel felt that without a direct command she was not required to remove it."

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CHILDREN STILL.

We seek no more a daily prize,
Nor triumph in our dreams,
So changed the luster of the skies,
So faint and few the gleams.
Yet come anew, when others play,
That unforgetten thrill,
And are we dull and old to-day,
Or only children still?

We loved the battle once, but now
We are not overbold,
There's wisdom on the weary brow
And in our hearts the cold.
Yet in the light of eager eyes
We lose the watery chill,
And then we are not overwise,
But simple children still.

The visions of our glorious youth
Have faded long ago;
We hope no more to find the truth,
And should we care to know?
Not ours to scale the viewless height,
But there's a purple hill,
And still we gladden at the sight
And climb as children still.

How much of all the good we planned
Is perfect or begun?
Who watched the lifting of God's hand,
And waits for his "well done"?
But when the children whom we love
The good we missed fulfill,
Thank God our hearts prevail to prove
The hearts of children still.
—London Saturday Review.

Her Inconsistency.

FROM the open windows came music by the orchestra in the ballroom on the further side of the house, softened by distance. Moonlight, broken up by intervening trees into bars and splashes of golden radiance, lay all about them as they walked up and down the veranda.

"The right kind of a woman always appreciates a proposal of marriage from any man as a great compliment. Coming from you it is the much more to be valued, but I cannot marry you," said the woman.

"I have to thank you for having listened to me so patiently. Might I trespass a little more upon your good nature and ask permission to discuss the matter further with you?"

"No amount of discussion can profit either of us, so far as I can see. But as I have said, in asking me to marry you a great compliment was paid me, and in return for that compliment, I suppose I owe you permission to indulge your love for discussion or argument."

"Thanks for the permission," said the man, still in his stolid manner. "I cannot recognize my proposal as, in any sense, a compliment, but I am willing that you should, if you wish, take the manner in which I made it as a compliment. Recognizing the splendid development of your own logical faculties, I have made my offer of marriage in perfectly business-like form. I have heard you often declare that a contract of marriage is like any other contract, and should be entered into only when both parties are fully aware of what they are doing."

"Do you think women are ever entirely consistent?" interrupted the woman.

The man looked a trifle surprised and replied:
"At least I give you credit for having a splendidly consistent mind. You do not mean that I have erred in my manner of proposing, that you would have preferred more of an air of romance, and all that sort of thing?"

"Now the situation is something like this," continued the man in very much the same tone of voice that he would have used in arguing an important case before the Supreme Court. "You are twenty-nine—or is it thirty?—years old, have a reputation as a beauty, and all that. You can, I know, marry any one of two or three men who can offer you at least as much as I, but modestly was never a prevailing characteristic of mine, and I have not feared to measure myself with these other men."

"On the other hand, I can give you pretty much anything you desire that costs money. I stand well in my profession, and have prospects of soon being near the top of it. Altogether, I am satisfied that any one would call it a very suitable match all around."

"Does the prosecution here close its little?" inquired the woman, laughing a little.

"I hardly care to regard the matter as one of prosecution and defence," said the man imperturbably, "but if you wish to use the terms I am forced to admit their applicability. With the defence rests its case on the testimony submitted by the prosecution, or will it object to submit an argument?"

"The defence will submit an argument," replied the woman. "I admit that the match would be, as you say, pronounced suitable to every one. As for the two or three other men whom you aver that I can marry at any time, I cannot answer. I have noticed that the number of my proposals has been falling off of late, and attributed the fact to advancing age—you were right when you said I was thirty. I may close the discussion by saying that I have made up my mind to become an old maid."

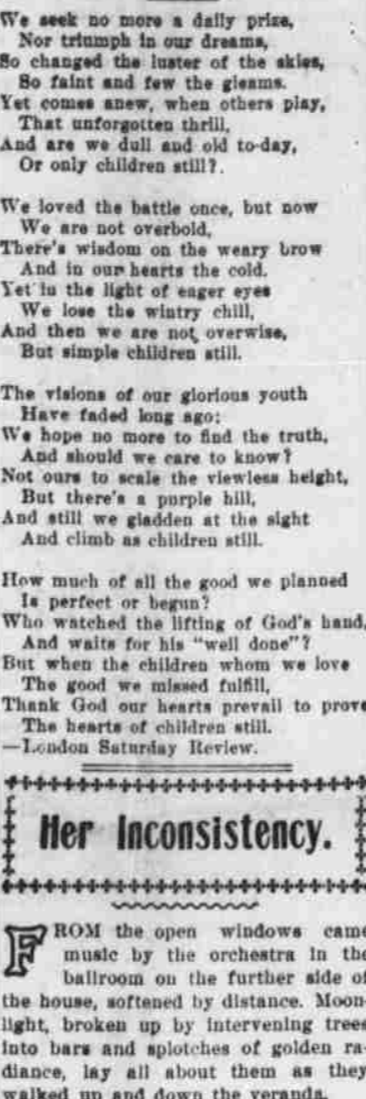
"Far be it from me to say anything against those estimable members of society—the old maids," said the man, "but I do not think you will ever be one of them. A wise man once said that the cow of a monk hides either a disappointed lover or a great rascal, and while I do not endorse his opinion unqualifiedly, I am firm in the belief that every old maid is a woman who was disappointed in love or who was too cold-bloodedly selfish ever to marry. Surely you do not come in either class?"

"No," said the woman, reflectively. "I can't say that I do, and yet—" "Perhaps," said the man, and now his voice was very gentle, as though he feared he might have touched some old wound unwittingly, "there is in your life some romance which I have not guessed. Believe me, I would not wound you for worlds, and I trust you will pardon my clumsy speech."

"Oh, I am not a blighted being, never fear," this with a laugh that did not ring altogether of merit.

"Then your refusal to marry me is not based upon the ground that you prefer some other man?"

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Atlantic	Portland, Or.	6:30 p. m.
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