

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON
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"GLIMMER," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)
But the road seemed very rough. Great ruts had been made in the earth, softened by the long rain, and it took her to trip and fall twice. Both times it had jarred her arm and drawn forth tears of anguish. At last the gate was reached and opened with difficulty, then a dizzy feeling came over her, and just as her feet stepped on the porch she fell forward in a long, death-like swoon.

Dr. Eifenstein had gone into the country, after his call at the baronet's, to visit a rather critical case, and did not return until quite late.

He had reached his home, given his horse to the man in waiting, and then turned to enter his door. But what was this he saw lying in a heap upon the porch? Stooping to discover if it might not be a large, strange dog, his fingers came in contact with a human hand, and from its small size he knew it belonged to child or woman.

Throwing open the door with his latch-key, the light from the hall revealed Ethel Nevergal's pale, unconscious face to his astonished gaze.

"Ethel, here senseless! Oh, my darling, my darling!" he murmured, as he lifted her in his arms and bore her to the parlor sofa.

"What can this mean?"

"Placing her there, under the foot of the stairs and called Mrs. Plum to his assistance. With joy, at last, they saw her eyes open; but the cry of pain that followed filled both with surprise.

"My arm! my arm!" she cried.

"You hurt my arm! I cannot sit my hand on my arm, and fear it is broken. I came here to show it to you."

"Then it was hurt before you left the hall?" returned the doctor, passing his hand over the useless member, in order to see the nature of the injury.

"In order to replace it, I fear I must ease you pain. It will be impossible for you to go out again in this storm, therefore Mrs. Plum, my housekeeper, must prepare you a room, and you will remain here tonight. After the rain has made you comfortable in your bed, I must replace the bones, and then you must keep perfectly quiet, or, after all this excitement, you will be thrown into a fever."

Giving Mrs. Plum several instructions, he saw her leave the parlor to prepare one for poor Ethel's reception; then, and not until then, he bent over the sofa where she lay, and asked her in a low voice:

"Why did you not tell me this, instead of coming out in the storm, when I was at the hall this evening?"

"I did not know you were there, and could not have seen you if I had known it. Sir Reginald flew into a furious passion as soon as he saw me to-day, and made me instantly leave his house. As my arm was hurt, I was obliged to come to you."

"Miss Nevergal, how was your arm dislocated? and what means the mark of those fingers, which I see upon the surface?"

"Do not ask me, doctor, for I cannot tell you!"

"Well, if you cannot tell me that, why did Sir Reginald bid you leave his house?"

"I cannot tell you" was still her only reply.

"Was it for any willful fault you had committed?"

"No! oh, no! I had met with an accident the nature of which I cannot explain. In short, I had, without intending it, neglected a duty he had charged me with on the day of my flight by the railroad. My nervousness then caused me to forget something. He had just discovered it and flew in a rage."

"Then the brute seized your arm and dislocated it?"

"Yes, he did. He was so angry that he would have killed me, had he not been restrained by his men, who, I know, I know by instinct. It is well I was not there, for one reason."

"Why?"

"I should have struck him as he lay helpless in bed. I could not have helped it! But you are safe now; he shall not touch you again. Stay here, of course, until you are well; then a place will be provided, never fear! Promise me one thing now, which is, not to worry about the future. Leave everything of that nature for time and Providence to make plain, and try to compose yourself in order to recover the sooner. Will you do this?"

He took her well hand kindly, almost tenderly, as he spoke; and, meeting his anxious, beseeching gaze bent upon her, she blushed faintly and gave the required promise.

CHAPTER XVIII.
That night an urgent call came for the doctor. It was to attend a rich and capricious patient whose home he had formerly known in the village, but now very ill at a town nearly a hundred miles away.

Before he departed, Eifenstein saw to it that Ethel's arm was well cared for. Leaving explicit instructions as to her case with Mrs. Plum, he left home, expecting to return the next day.

But in this he was disappointed. His patient was quite ill; he insisted on the doctor remaining constantly at his side, and policy and real concern for him kept Eifenstein away for nearly two weeks to engage a vast surprise greeted Eifenstein when he returned home—a perfect series of them, in fact. During his absence two very important things had occurred. Sir Reginald had died suddenly, death probably being hastened by his recent great excitement, and Ethel was no longer an inmate of the doctor's home.

Mrs. Plum told him how the young girl had remained two days. Her arm had come to rights quickly. The death of Sir Reginald had shocked her, and she seemed nervous, worried, eager to get away from the scenes that had horrified her. She had left a tear-stained note, fervently thanking the doctor for all his kindness, and saying that she felt she must get work and support herself.

In this she had been successful. A few miles distant was the home of the Duchess of Westminster. Ethel had somehow learned that the duchess was engaged a governess for her daughter, Lady Claire Linwood. She had applied for the position, and had secured it.

One day Dr. Eifenstein rode over to the sumptuous baronetial home. He passed an hour in the company of Ethel. When he left his heart was hard and cold, and she, poor child, was tortured with the anguish love only can feel.

In fact, Eifenstein had asked for an explanation of her seeming partial siding with Sir Reginald to frighten the simple natives with the superstitious idea that the tower was haunted. Ethel remembered her solemn promise. She dared not break it. The doctor grew from suspicion to distrust, so a beautiful cloud arose between them. About three days after the burial of the baronet, Ethel Never-

gal, with Lady Claire Linwood, accompanied by a groom, started out for their usual horseback ride. Both were skillful horsewomen, and both were extremely fond of the saddle. This morning they had resolved to follow a wild looking path, leading through a deep wood, one they never had noticed, in rides past the spot, until the day before.

Suddenly, after an advance of about half a mile, both girls noticed at once that footpaths had diverged from the beaten path, and looking towards the point to which they seemed directed, they were astonished to see the opening entrance to what seemed a large cave, overhung with vines of thick luxuriance. These vines seemed lately to have been parted. Reining up their horses, they paused before the spot, in order to survey it more closely, when all distinctly heard low moans of pain, issuing from a point near the entrance.

Smiling at once that some fellow-being was in distress, Ethel requested the groom to dismount and investigate the place, and immediately return to report the cause of the apparent suffering within. The man dismounted as requested and disappeared from view, only to return with the news that an eccentric bookseller, who had recently made his appearance in the neighborhood, and who was known as the Rev. Edwin C. Styles, was very ill in that remote and hidden spot. Bidding Roger assist her to the ground, Ethel at once hastened to the side of the sick man.

She found him stretched upon an old cot bed in this damp and gloomy retreat, far away from the haunts of men. She noticed a few articles of furniture, and a few utensils for daily use, but saw no trace of fire or food.

On a rude bed lay stretched the form of the eccentric being who had been much talked of during the past few days. His cheeks were flushed with fever, while the weary movements of his head told of intense pain in that region. Clasped in his thin, white hands upon his breast lay a small wallet.

Seeing at once that the poor creature was very low, perhaps near death, Ethel stepped back to the entrance of the cave and requested Roger to ride with all speed to summon Dr. Eifenstein to his aid. She also requested Lady Claire to remain within call, while she herself would watch over the sufferer until all should come.

At once Ethel returned to her self-assumed charge, and endeavored to arouse him from the stupor he was in, in order to ask of his relatives and home. The effort was vain. A low, incoherent muttering, in which the words "brother" and "save me," were mingled, was all she could hear.

It seemed a long and weary while to the anxious girls, before voices were heard in the distance. Dr. Eifenstein was the first to enter the cheerless place, while two men beside Roger followed, ready to bear the sufferer in their arms away from the distance down the road, beyond the narrow pathway the girls had pushed over on the backs of their gentle horses.

The doctor paused a moment to examine the patient, but looked very grave as he did so, and whispered to Ethel:

"I think we are too late to save him. He will live but a few hours, as death is even now upon him. He must be removed, however, at once, and as I know of no other place, I shall take him to my own house."

Taking the wallet in his hand to draw it away, he found it impossible to do so, as the death clutch of the dying fingers upon it was tight and still strong; so leaving it where it was on his breast, the doctor summoned the men, who gently raised the slight form in their arms, and bore him forth. Soon the poor man was lying on blankets and a soft pillow upon the floor of an easy wagon, while the doctor sat by his side, carefully fanning away the heat that might arise, and thus they wended their way back to their homes.

A few hours later, in the comfortable guest chamber at the young physician's home, the poor wayfarer breathed his last, and as the sympathizing physician closed his eyes and straightened his form he drew away the wallet carefully and folded the poor, thin hands upon his breast.

After dispatching a messenger for an undertaker he summoned Mrs. Plum as a witness, and passed to his private office in order to examine the mysterious wallet, that should, he hoped, reveal the secret of the wanderer's family and home.

CHAPTER XIX.
"Miss Nevergal," said Andrew, a pompous footman at Castle Cairn, as he knocked at the door of Lady Linwood's boudoir, and was bidden to enter. "A gentleman is in the drawing room who wishes to see you."

"Do you know him?" queried Ethel.

"I cannot call his name, yet I have often seen him."

"It is of no consequence. I will be with him presently," returned the governess, as she resumed her book, and continued the lesson she was giving her charges.

On no account would she neglect a duty for any person whatever. When the task was finished, and not until then, she descended the grand broad staircase, and entered the drawing room of the castle. There a surprise, indeed, awaited her, in the presence of Robert Glendinning.

Certainly she had never anticipated a visit from her former tormentor, and the sight of him now brought back many unpleasant recollections. The young man started forward and placed himself between the door and her slight figure, thus completely preventing her flight.

"Pardon me, Miss Nevergal," he remarked in a perfectly respectful manner, very different from his former unpleasantly familiar one. "I am very anxious to have a little conversation with you, before leaving this place, forever, and therefore I beseech you to remain a few minutes. I promise not to detain you long."

"Very well," returned the young girl, gravely, taking the seat he offered her. "Why do you leave?"

"The death of my uncle has, of course, deprived my sister and myself of his care and guardianship. As the title and estate now fall to his younger brother, Fitzroy, the present incumbent must resign and leave the hall, to be occupied, or not, by the new baronet, as he sees fit. Lady Constance will seek a residence with some relatives in London, and we shall make a home somewhere together, unless—unless—"

Here the young man paused, greatly embarrassed for a proper conclusion to

the sentence he had commenced. Breaking the silence again, for it was becoming oppressive, he resumed:

"Miss Ethel, I miss this morning to say before you a proposition that I hope will meet with your sanction. I must first, however, express to you my deep regrets for the offensive manner in which I used to treat you. I know not why I was led to make myself so disagreeable. I was probably prompted by a spirit of mischief, but as soon as you left the hall so suddenly I became aware of my great mistake. I loved you, but I felt it was without hope. In my egotistical haste I knew that I had won, perhaps, what I merited, your contempt. To-day I feel that I could endure this misery no longer. I resolved to see you, to ask forgiveness for my course in the past, and to crave the privilege of retrieving my former mistake by being allowed to visit you as a friend until I can win your love, and ask you to become my wife."

"Mr. Glendinning," interposed Ethel, "what you propose is an utter impossibility. I can do no more than forgive the annoyance I confess your conduct occasioned me in other days, but the proposed visits I must positively decline. It could never result as you seem to imagine, for I assure you my affections could never be won."

"You are hasty in this answering," interrupted the lover. "You surely cannot thus foretell what your feelings would be under such different auspices."

"Indeed, indeed, Mr. Glendinning, I must interrupt you by distinctly saying that, as I am situated, I cannot receive visits; therefore, I must beg you to retrace this, my final answer. It would be the same after years of friendly intercourse. I do not love you, and I never can love you, forgive you, and will ever think of you kindly; beyond that we can never go."

"Then there is no necessity for my remaining," he said, sadly, as he arose to leave.

"None whatever," was the firm reply.

"Miss Nevergal, believe me, as long as I live I shall regret having made your residence at the hall so disagreeable. You certainly had enough to endure in being under obligations to amuse an irritating invalid. I will bid you good-bye, but your words were dismissed excited my deepest sympathy."

"For which I am very grateful," kindly returned the young girl.

"If ever, as a friend, I can serve you in any manner, will you allow me to do so?"

"I will, if I know your address."

"That is not quite decided, but I will leave it with the postmaster of this place. And now, thanking you for your kind forgiveness, although feeling deeply my unrepented fault, I will bid you good-bye. Robert Glendinning held out his hand as he spoke, and seeing that genuine tears were floating in his eyes, Ethel laid hers in it without hesitation. Stooping over the little white hand, he pressed his lips upon it, then hurriedly left the room, and she saw his face no more.

"That night the whole family left the hall, and the grand old mansion was closed, waiting for the arrival, or orders, of Sir Fitzroy Glendinning.

The residence of this gentleman was unknown, but it was believed that he went to America, therefore every effort was made by the proper ones to discover his retreat, in order to make known to him the honors that awaited his acceptance.

Yet, while this resolve and duty was to be immediately put in force, many hearts rebelled against his return.

All united in feeling that, although acquiesced by law of any knowledge of his unhappy brother's fate, circumstances still looked very dark where he was concerned.

(To be continued.)

HEALTH IS WELL GUARDED.

Substantial Progress in Sanitation Is Being Made of Late Years.

People hear so much about health institutes nowadays that they are apt to be a little skeptical as to their efficacy, and to regard them as largely money-making arrangements.

In England almost all matters concerning the public health are treated at institutes, like the British Sanitary Institute, for instance, and every public man thinks it his duty to patronize it.

At a late meeting of the institutes the question was raised as to what had been accomplished by these institutes, and it was found that since public health became a science at the beginning of the late queen's reign the average life of a man has been increased by three years and that of a woman by five years.

That the doctors do know something is evidenced by the fact that thirty years ago typhoid fever killed 574 people out of every 1,000,000 in Great Britain. To-day, with an enormously increased population, it kills a bare 200 per 1,000,000. Typhus, which sixty years ago struck down another 300 per 1,000,000, has been literally stamped out by sanitation. Statisticians compute that the London County Council has saved 20,000 lives, mostly infants, since its creation.

In the days of "Good Queen Bess" the death rate was 80 per 1,000 per annum. Deaths from fever have fallen by 85 per cent, typhoid by 60, scarlet fever by 81, and consumption by 45 per cent. From 1801 to 1895 scarlet fever killed 482 persons per 1,000,000; the death rate by consumption is also declining. During 1891-95 death by consumption claimed 2,525 persons yearly out of every 1,000,000 living. To-day a better acquaintance with the laws of health has cheated death of half the harvest of 1891-95 from this disease.

So that the various institutes of medicine and sanitation do much good even if no more than to induce better modes of living.—Boston Globe.

Too Late.
Kitty—What did you do when he threatened to kiss you?
Blanche—I didn't do anything. Why should I? I just waited until he had committed an overt act.
Kitty—And then?
Blanche—Why, then, it was too late to punish him.—Himself Transcript.

Didn't Make Him Sick.
Arthur—I was given my first cigar last night and it didn't make me sick.
Horace—That was because you did not smoke it.
Arthur—By George! What a chap you are to find out things!—Boston Transcript.

When a boy is given permission to go on a trip, he begins to scheme around for a plan to get without bidding the kin good-bye.

The average man boasts seventeen times as much about what he's going to do as he does about what he has done.

STICK TO IT.

O prim little postage stamp, "holding your own in a manner so winning and gentle, that you're 'stuck on' your task—(is that slang?)—you'll own, and yet, you're not two-cent-invaluable. I have noted with pride that through thick and through thin you cling to a thing till you do it, and, whatever your aim, you are certain to win because you seem bound to stick to it.

Sometimes when I feel just like slinking a task Or "chucking" the work I'm pursuing, I recall your stick-to-it-iveness and I ask "Would a postage stamp do as I'm doing?" Then I turn to whatever my hands are about And with fortified purpose renew it, And the end soon encompasses, for which I set out, If, only, like you, I stick to it.

The sages declare that true genius, so called, Is simply the will to "keep at it." A "won't-give-up" purpose is never forestalled, No matter what foes may combat it, And most of mankind's vaunted progress is made, O stamp! if the world only knew it, By noting the wisdom which you have displayed In sticking adhesively to it.

—Nixon Waterman, in Success.

THE END OF A RAINBOW

THE sudden summer shower was over and two children stood on the hotel veranda gazing wistfully at the glorious bow that spanned the sky.

"I wish we could touch it," the girl said longingly; "it is the most beautiful thing in all the world."

"Well," the boy returned practically, "I don't care much about touching it, but I'd be mighty glad to find the end of that rainbow."

"Why?"

"Don't you know, goose? There's a great pot of gold at the end, and it will belong to the person who can find it. Jimminy, but I wish I had it here this very minute."

"Let's go and get it."

The boy stared at his tiny companion in surprise. The feminine mind was much more daring than his own. It appeared. Did the girl really mean that they should go off alone into that limitless forest when they were never entrusted near it? It was accompanied by some older person? Still, he took another look at the brilliant bow. This was certainly the chance of a lifetime, and, of course, he would not refuse to go any place that a girl was willing to go.

Besides, it was her suggestion anyway, not his, and if there were future reprimands and scoldings in store he could just say that it was she who proposed going.

"Come on," he said briefly, holding out his hand, and of the two trudged toward the alluring, treacherous bow, giving no heed to the awful error which their absence would surely inspire.

It was nearly twenty-four hours later that they were found. The boy's father, heading one of the many search parties that were scouring the woods, stumbled over them, and his pale lips set forth a triumphant shout.

"For the children were safe, and in view of the fact all minor matters sank into insignificance.

Death had hovered too near to leave room for any feeling save that of deepest thankfulness. There were no scoldings in store for the culprits, though both were questioned closely regarding the escapade.

The girl always remembered with fervent gratitude the day she never told any one that it was she who had proposed seeking the pot of gold.

The boy rather wondered at his own reticence, but after all it seemed rather a mean sort of trick to palm the responsibilities of his misdeeds on a girl! He kept a discreet silence on that point, and by doing so exhibited considerable more manliness than a certain ancestor of his all once displayed.

Two weeks later the hotel closed for the season, and the girl and the boy went their different ways. Off in the eastern home the girl did not quite forget the boy who had done his best to comfort her in the terrible forest, and who had protected her by his silence when they were found.

Off in the West the boy remembered with a feeling of pride that the girl had never cried during that awful experience, and that she had never reproached him for allowing her to go into such peril. Of course, he should have known better, for was not he a boy, and the elder, too?

The girl had been a casual summer acquaintance and the two were effectually separated when the brief summer season ended. For several years the boy begged his mother each June to go back to that place, but she had a shuddering horror of the valley and the mountains, and nothing would induce her to return.

So at last the boy gave up asking, and the experience was crowded into the background by a hundred new interests and aims.

Long years after, when he was a man playing a man's part in the world, the old desire suddenly seized him to return to that place. The hotel was still there, very modern in every way, but somehow he felt bored and missed an intangible something which he had imagined he would find. He stood it for a week, then the quiet became intolerable. He resolved to leave the place. That day she came.

He knew it was fate from the very first. He was not ordinarily inclined to be shy, but he felt like a raw school-boy in her presence.

She had many friends at the hotel, but he managed by sheer persistence to monopolize a good share of her time.

He could not tell whether he was friendly but very elusive, and the time had come when he must go back to his work, for there were obligations which he could not ignore.

He hired her out that morning for a row, with the promise of a lovely spot which she had never seen. He was unusually silent and she leaned back in her corner of the boat watching him

with speculative eyes. Apparently he was searching for some particular nook. At length his quest appeared ended, for he drew the boat carefully to the shore and held out his hand to her. Then they wandered over a woody knoll near the water.

"This is the place," he said at last, "I have seen it often in my dreams, and here is just where the end rested."

She stared at him in mild surprise.

"No, I am not out of mind," he assured her. "I wanted to tell you a story, and I had an unaccountable fancy for telling it to you in this spot. Will you hear it?"

"Is it interesting? Does it commence 'Once upon a time'?"

"Of course it does. It would be an exceedingly poor story if it didn't. I hope," and the man's face grew very earnest, "that you will be interested in the poor little story—but I cannot be sure."

"Once upon a time' when the world was nearly two decades younger than it is now, a boy and girl started from the hotel down in that valley to find a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow—at least the boy, who must have been a very mercenary creature, was thinking only of the gold, but the girl was much more poetic, for she cared nothing at all for the gold. She only wished to see more closely that wonder of mist and light which held and enthralled her fancy. They got lost; of course, that was a foregone conclusion, you know, and they were only discovered and saved by a kindly miracle of fate. The girl was a genuine bric-a-brac, and never taunted the boy with his rashness and wickedness in leading her into such peril. The boy should have known better, you see, for he was considerably older, but he was always a good bit of a fool. He did not find the end of the rainbow, but for years he dreamed of it, and in some mysterious way he came to fancy that the treasure was not gold after all, as his nurse had told him, but that it was something infinitely more precious than gold. He never quite sure what the mysterious treasure might be, but he knew that when he was a man he must seek it here—just on this very spot, for it was here that the rainbow seemed to end as the children looked up to it from the valley below—just here by this little hill."

There was a silence. Her face was turned quite away. The man looked at her keenly and then went on with his story in a low voice which, perhaps, shook just a trifle.

"And so—and so—he came here to-day. He knows now what the treasure is at the end of the rainbow. A woman's heart and a woman's love. He does not know whether he dare claim it or not, but it is the gift which he most covets from life. And—can I have it, dear?"

Her face was still turned away. The man's heart had time to grow very heavy before she spoke.

"I was always wildly grateful to you for not telling that it was actually I who had proposed the expedition—"

"You don't mean—" he interrupted breathlessly, "that you were—"

"And—and—I did want to find the end of the rainbow, too, and if you think that we could, perhaps, find it—together—why—"

He was holding her hand in a tight clasp, and was looking down at her with eyes full of reverent, incredulous joy.—Everywhere.

Chief of the Sky Scrapers.
The Park Row building in New York is the tallest inhabited building in the world. It covers 15,000 square feet of ground and is thirty stories high. The distance from the curbing to the cornice is 336 feet, to the top of the towers, 390 feet, to the top of the flagstaff, 447; the depth of the foundations below curbing is seventy-five feet, making a total distance from the foundations to the top of the flagstaff 552 feet.

Some 9,000 tons of steel was used in the frame, the weight of the structure is 20,000 tons, and with the live load it is estimated to be 65,000 tons. The building stands so firm that a plumb line falls to show the slightest tremor, even during the highest gales. The number of offices in the building is 650; windows 2,180; doors 1,770; electric lights 7,500; tenants 3,500. By actual count the ten elevator cars travel sixteen miles an hour and carry in ten hours 8,140 passengers. It is said that one of the car starters knows each tenant and clerk and the floor and room in which each is located. The cost of the building was \$3,500,000, and the rentals each year are \$318,000. The expenses, including interest, are \$281,525, and the surplus is \$36,475.

Bachelors and spinsters marry because misery loves company.



The Remedy.—Obedience to the law of love and brotherhood is the only remedy for our industrial life.—Rev. H. W. Pinkham, Baptist, Denver, Col.

The Christian Standard.—The perpetuity and security of a nation, race or community depends upon the high Christian standard attained.—Rev. J. S. Caldwell, Methodist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Unity.—God is not a unit, but a unity. So is every true man and every true organization. What is wanted in all true life is plurality in unity.—Rev. W. H. Nugent, Episcopalian, Chicago, Ill.

Love and Passion.—Passion wants selfish gratification, but the joy of love is in sharing with the beloved object, even in emptying ourselves for that dear one.—Rev. E. D. Wardfield, Baptist, Easton, Pa.

Feeling and Judgment.—Religion must be founded on both feeling and judgment. Without the one it will be fanaticism; without the other it will be formality.—Rev. L. S. Wilkinson, Methodist, Pittsburg, Pa.

Temptation.—The man who makes up his mind to put himself in a place to be tempted has already half fallen. In the realm of trial one is best—too much is ruin.—Rev. H. S. Bradley, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

The Music of Life.—Life's music is never in the white keys nor black, but in the soul that sweeps them with skilled fingers. Rall not at the keys, but bid your soul to the divine mastery.—Rev. T. S. Eldridge, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Eulogy.—Don't wait until a man is gone to express your sympathy and eulogies. The flowers and kind words will not do him any good then. The world now has too much epitaphy and too little taffy.—Rev. Thomas Uzzel, Independent, Denver, Col.

Know Thyself.—None of us knows another perfectly; perhaps we do not know ourselves. The mathematical table we know, but the knowledge of manhood is higher and more secret and difficult to gain.—Rev. W. S. Baer, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Holiness.—The history of mankind shows that we must not seek holiness in order to God, but God in order to holiness. Christ must come into the soul of man with His divine life, and not till then, are we in harmony with the holiness.—Rev. R. B. Hull, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Strenuous Life.—To live the strenuous life, the rough rider's life, in the saddle, and pistol in hand, is accepted as the ideal worthy of a true man, while faith is regarded as pusillanimous and destined to contempt as well as failure.—Rev. T. H. Lewis, Lutheran, Westminster, Md.

Content.—There is much pleasure in this life for even the man of small means, if his soul is right with God. No one is poor who is rich in contentment. No one is wealthy, even though he may be rich, whose soul does not dwell in this jewel—content.—Rev. L. R. Wyatt, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Commercialism.—Commercialism presents a good side if it yields the common experience of life with hope and foregoes the better day of the idealist. More things help in making more man. Manhood is the supreme test of the ultimate goal of effort.—Rev. T. E. Potterton, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Devil.—Never before in the history of the world has the devil had so much power as now. With an experience of 6,000 years behind him, and with his increase of knowledge and wisdom, he is working greater destruction in the world than ever before.—Rev. A. R. Holderby, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

Greatness.—People to-day, sometimes judge greatness by physical standard. Men who command armies are great. Largeness is often taken up for greatness, but physical force is not necessarily greatness. True greatness, however, is composed of moral, ethical and spiritual elements.—Rev. I. J. Peritz, Methodist, Syracuse, N. Y.

Preachers.—The small preacher is the servant of a sect and the special pleader for its dogma; the great preacher is he who is the servant of the spirit of truth, who brings to us something greater and larger than any sect or scheme, who brings us face to face with the Eternal that is in Him, and in us.—Rev. W. H. Ramsay, Universalist, Louisville, Ky.

Destiny.—Little men complain of destiny and think they have been hardly treated. Great men like Grant look upon the employment of life with a different eye, and Thomas Carlyle beheld the bridge his father built at Auldgarth and declared "it would last longer than most books—that one book in a million."—Rev. S. P. Cadman, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Parent and Child.—When parents are lax in their morals, careless in their family devotions and indifferent to the services of the church and Sunday school, what may be expected of the children? The responsibility is with the parents and God will bring them to account for their parental charge in the day of judgment.—Rev. F. M. Dewees, Congregationalist, Denver, Col.

Character and Laws.—How ridiculous it would seem if a man tried to make water run up hill without providing that it should do so by reaching its own level, and then got indignant because he did not succeed, and wondered if there was not some "cure" by means of which his object might be accomplished. And yet it is no more strange for a man to disobey habitually the laws of character and then to suffer for his disobedience, and wonder why he suffers.—Leslie's Monthly.

GEO. P. CROWELL,

(Successor to E. L. Smith,
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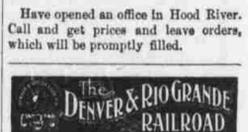
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7:00 a. m.	Yamhill River. Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
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