

# A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"My poorest darling, would I need not leave you. But a very few weeks will reunite us, never again to be parted. As soon as I return I shall want my wife. Shall I have her?"

"Yes, Earle, my Earle, will you surely be back by October fifth?"

"Yes, positively. This is but the last of August; I shall have plenty of time to reach here then. But what is to happen on that date?"

"It will be my twenty-first birthday, and then, as I told you once, a package is to be opened, and I shall learn my true name, and receive a small sum, enough for my support. Had you forgotten this? Will the uncertainty of my relationships cause any change in your feelings? My dear aunt assured me there was nothing to be ashamed of in my family record."

Ethel asked this question with a sudden timidity of feeling, a dread she could scarcely account for. This dread, however, was instantly dispersed by his answer.

"Change in my feelings? Nothing but my death can change my love for you! I only hope the news you will learn on that date will increase your happiness. Whatever it may be, it shall not delay our union one hour, I promise you that; will you promise me the same?"

"I will," she murmured, "since ours will be a marriage founded on the purest love, no worldly expectations or disappointments shall sever us."

Happy in their reciprocated love, they fondly embraced and parted. Little they thought as they each passed from sight what important changes would take place in the fortunes of at least one of them before they met again.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

After Dr. Eifenstein had left the castle he leaped into his gig with a light step and lighter heart, and, touching his horse with a whip, started off at a rapid pace for a village about fifteen miles distant. On the way he passed the post-office, and running in asked for his letters and papers.

Among the letters was one from New York, and the black envelope filled him with dismay, as he felt sure it was the forerunner of sorrowful news. Opening it with a trembling hand, he found his worst fears fulfilled. It contained the dreadful news of his mother's death, just two weeks before.

Poor Eifenstein! The shock was to him a terrible one. He had loved his mother tenderly, and was anticipating the greatest pleasure in soon seeing her again, and perhaps inducing her to accompany him back to his English home. Now all was vain.

Controlling his feelings as best he could, the mourning son resumed his seat and drove onward, resolved, although dazed by the suddenness of this blow, to attend to his duties to the living, even though his own heart bled.

We will not follow him upon that ride, which proved successful; physician of well-known capability being secured to attend to his patients during his absence—nor will we paint the incidents of his voyage, which proved to be short and propitious, but will present him next to our readers when just entering Mr. Rappely's house at Youkers. His appearance was expected, as he had telegraphed of his arrival in New York, and intention of leaving for his residence on the early train.

A bright smile greeted him, and the firm pressure of his hand told that he was truly welcome. The sick man certainly had gained some strength since he had left, for now he sat beside a window, in a large easy chair, and it was evident that he could carry on a conversation without the presence and aid of Mr. Gray, his lawyer.

After a few polite and friendly remarks, Dr. Eifenstein drew a chair close to his side, and laying a finger upon his pulse, smilingly said, as he did so:

"I am going to see now, my dear sir, how much news you can bear to be told. Do you feel strong enough to bear a good large amount?"

Grasping his hand in one of his thin ones, the poor man answered, eagerly:

"Yes, indeed I do! If you have news that I yearn to hear, it will be better than all the medicines I have swallowed in a lifetime. Doctor, tell me at once, has the mystery been solved? Is my innocence established?"

"Perfectly established. Your brother was not murdered, only terribly abused. He has been found, and died a natural death in my own house."

Clasping his hands together, while large tears rolled over his pallid cheeks, the innocent brother raised his eyes to heaven, and murmured, reverently:

"For this, Thy great mercy, I thank Thee, O God!"

A long pause ensued, Eifenstein purposely refraining from saying more, until his first agitation had passed away. Then, as discreetly as possible, pausing every once in a while to note the effect on his feeble form, and to watch his varying pulse, he slowly told him the whole story, leaving the reading of the affecting journal until another day.

"Oh, my brother, my poor, dear brother! how terrible must have been his feelings all those years of solitude and despair! Doctor, tell me at once, have my troubles been but a speck upon the ocean compared with his?"

"Most true; and now, dear sir, you must also be aware that, since both brothers are dead, you have become possessor of title and estate. Allow me to be the first to congratulate Sir Fitzroy Glendenning."

The old man received the kind words with deep emotion, then suddenly exclaimed:

"And to you I owe this speedy discovery and this great joy!"

Bowing his head upon his clasped hands, he remained thus silent and thoughtful for several minutes. At length he broke the spell with these strange words:

"Since God in his great goodness has thus established my innocence, I am no longer afraid to own, and claim my son, and he need never be ashamed to call me father."

"Have you, indeed, a son, my dear friend? This, then, will be to him also a joy. I did not understand that you had been married."

"I had been secretly married, and my wife, Clara Mowbray, who was the orphan daughter of the late Presbyterian minister in a small village, came with me to America, unknown to any one, for she had no near relatives. She embarked, I say, with me, bringing our little boy,

## TROUBLES OF HERMIT CRAB.

Having No Shell of Its Own, It Must Fight for One.

The most disconsolate fellow that walks the beach is the hermit crab whose shell has become too snug for comfort, says Country Life in America. If it were his own, as the clam's is, it would grow with his growth and always be a perfect fit; but to the hermit there comes often a "moving day," when a new house must be sought. Discouraging work it is, too. Most of the doors at which he knocks are slammed in his face. A tweak from a pincer larger than his own will often satisfy him that the shell he considers "distinctly possible," and hopefully ventures to explore, is already occupied by a near but coldly unympathetic relative.

Finding no empty shell of suitable size, the hermit may be driven to ask a brother hermit to vacate in his favor. The proposition is spurned indignantly and a fight ensues. The battle is to the stronger. Often the attacking party has considerable trouble in cleaning out the shell, having to pick his adversary out in bits. A periwinkle or a whelk may be attacked in a like manner by a hermit who is hard pressed, and has taken a fancy to that particular shell. If the householder be feeble, the conquest is easy. If lusty, he holds the fort.

At last the search is over. The shell is cleaned and ready.

"Yes, this will do. But how my back does ache! I mustn't delay a minute! Is anybody looking? Here goes, then; and may I never have to do again!"

In the twinkling of an eye, the casual looks let go their hold deep in the spiral of the old shell, and have safely anchored the weak and flaccid body to the inner convolutions of the new one.

It is all over; an empty shell lies on the sand, and a larger one is near it with a sleepy looking hermit crab in it. Poke him and he jumps languidly out over his perial balcony, as it is said, "If this deadly monotony is not broken soon, I shall die!"

But, behind this "society mask," the cramped muscles are stretching out and adjusting themselves in absolute contentment to the roomy spaces of their new home.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

Aqueducts of Old Rome Surpassed by Those of New York.

The aqueducts of old Rome were nine in number, extended 249 miles and furnished the city at a period when its population was largest with 230,000,000 gallons of water a day, equivalent to 100 gallons for each inhabitant.

That was the standard of water service under conditions not easy to duplicate in any large modern city and never rivaled during many centuries in any European city. New York today, remote from high mountains and obliged to go a long distance for its source of water supply, has a system not equaled anywhere.

The average daily consumption of water in New York is 400,000,000 gallons, which is greater than any city of ancient or modern times has ever attained, and which is thus divided: Manhattan and The Bronx, 275,000,000 gallons; Brooklyn, 100,000,000; Queens, 20,000,000; and Richmond, 5,000,000.

There are 950 miles of water mains in Manhattan and The Bronx, and the maximum daily supply of water for Manhattan and The Bronx is 280,000,000 gallons—nearly enough to supply the whole five boroughs. The Brooklyn water mains are 700 miles in length and there are over 7,000 water hydrants in Brooklyn, the number in Manhattan and The Bronx being 13,000—20,000 in all.

The maximum daily supply of the Brooklyn water system is 300,000,000 gallons. There are 223 miles of water mains in Queens and 140 miles of mains in Richmond, the water supply of these two boroughs being furnished in part by wells.

Over \$150,000,000 has already been expended for the construction and development of New York's water supply, and the constant increase of the demand for water makes it probable that other expenditures in large amounts will be necessary each year for many years to come.—New York Sun.

AN ATTACK AT SEA.

How Expedition of Small Boats Goes About Capturing Hostile Ship.

Imagine a hostile ship lying at anchor in an apparently secure position on a dark and cloudy night. There is just enough breeze and sea to make sounds on the water indistinct. Around a low headland half a mile away from the anchored vessel steal four or five boats, pulled with muffled oars and filled with armed men. They approach noiselessly.

Perhaps they are not discovered and thus reach the sides of the ship. The next instant the armed men were pouring over her bulwarks and a desperate fight takes place on her decks. Perhaps they are discovered before they reach the vessel's side. The alarm is given. The men in the boats hear it, and lash their oars through the water in a determined effort to reach the ship before the rapid-fire guns can open upon them. Flashes of fire illumine the night. The searchlights send out shafts of blinding white. The sharp peals of the six three-pounders, the rapid banging of Hotchkiss revolving cannon, the vicious sputter of gatling, break upon the frightened air. "Give way with a will!" shout the officers of the boats, as the men bend to the oars and the light guns in the bows hurl their defiant answers back at the wall-sided ship. As the boats sweep up to the vessel's side, gongs clang and rattles sound, calling away the riflemen to repel boarders from the boats. If the boats' crews can board the ship and clap down her hatches before the crew gets on deck, theirs is the victory; but if her secondary battery is manned and her riflemen stationed before the boats are alongside, then good-bye to the boat expedition; for there is nothing more pitiless than Gatling and revolving cannon.—St. Nicholas.

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