

# A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S ROLE," "GLENNOV," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)  
Holding her away from him, at length for another look at her beautiful face, he added:

"My child, you are the perfect image of your mother, and to my partial eyes she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

These words were spoken in so low a tone that the ladies present had not caught their meaning, and murmuring in return that she must introduce him to the waiting duchess, he allowed her to lead him forward while she presented him as "my father."

Drawing close to her grace, on being thus introduced, he turned a half quizzical look full upon her, which caused her to spring up instantly as she met it, exclaiming:

"Edward! Can this be my son Edward?"

"My own, dear mother! then you do know me after all these years?" was the answer as he held forth his arms to embrace her.

Amazed at this unlooked for revelation, Ethel and Lady Claire clasped hands in mutual sympathy, and looked on in silent wonder.

After this fond greeting, the duke turned and saluted his sister's child, whom he had never seen, but which he took Ethel's hand and leading her to his mother, said:

"Now, dearest mother, let me ask for a share of your love to be given to my daughter, Lady Ethel Worthington, for in her you see your own granddaughter."

"Edward, this is a surprise, indeed," returned her grace, as she pressed the sweet girl to her bosom and kissed her bright young brow. "Ethel has already won our affections during her brief residence here, without knowing that she could lawfully claim them. But now, please, tell your mother who you married, and why you kept your marriage so long a secret?"

"Before answering your question, my dear mother, we will proceed to open the packages left in Ethel's charge."

Taking the small bundle of what seemed papers and letters from his daughter's hand, the duke cut the strings and drew forth the contents.

The first thing to meet the eye was a marriage certificate, bearing date on Oct. 18, 18—, just twenty-two years before, in New York City, Edward Worthington, only son of Charles, tenth Duke of Westmoreland, was united in marriage to Florence Nevergall, daughter of the late John Nevergall, of London, by Rev. Henry Morris, D. D.

Next came to view a magnificent circle diamond ring which he had given to her at the time of their engagement and a plain gold band, containing their joint initials and the date of their marriage. The lady was his wife's wedding ring.

Then appeared a small packet, set with diamonds, containing the likenesses of both; and as he threw the gold chain, to which it was attached, over Ethel's neck, he bade her wear it henceforth, "for the sake of her parents."

As the duchess and Lady Claire looked at the beautiful face of Ethel's poor, young mother, they were each struck with the likeness she bore to the picture, and thought she might almost have been its original.

"Now, my dear mother and daughter, I will tell you why I have so long concealed the fact of my marriage. You, mother, can scarcely blame me, when you remember the sad and stern disposition my father ever possessed. His will was law, his rule a rod of iron, and a child daring to disobey him was sure to be punished with the utmost severity."

"When I was only a stripling of nineteen years I had accompanied my father to a fox hunt, and after the chase was over, on our return ride he commenced talking about my being heir to his title and wealth, and about the intense desire he had that when I married I should select a wife from a certain number of ladies belonging to the nobility."

"Father, I replied, 'I have always expected to love some sweet young girl, and on that account solely to marry her.' Then your expectations will meet a sudden and grievous disappointment, was his stern reply.

"Wheeling his horse so that he faced me in the road, he extended his right hand towards heaven, and then and there took this solemn oath:

"Once for all, Edward, hear me and mark what I say; I solemnly call on heaven to witness that never will I consent to your wedding any person not in your own rank in life! Never, boy, remember that! Never!"

"From that hour matrimony and ladies lost all charms for me. I, as you know, mingled little in society, and found my chief amusements in study, hunting and traveling. When about twenty-six years old I went to America, and while in New York I accidentally met Gertrude Nevergall, who was the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Glendinning, our neighbor at the hall. She, in making what, they considered a plebeian marriage, had been cast off and disowned by her proud father and all her friends and relatives.

"With her husband and his young orphan sister, Florence Nevergall, they had left England; and Nevergall soon became a talented lawyer, respected, and received into the best society in New York City.

"It was then, at their house, I first met and passionately loved my beautiful Florence. Infatuated to the wildest degree with this young lady, I could not leave the place, and before many weeks passed I discovered that she reciprocated my warm devotions.

"When she did confess her feelings, I saw at once that asking for the consent of my father would be useless, so I urged a private marriage. To this she consented, if I could gain the approbation of her brother and his wife.

"The remembrance of their own happy life, brought about by a marriage solely for love, their consent was soon given, and in their presence we were united. I lived with her the happiest year of my life, under the simple name of Edward Worthington.

"But, alas! our joy was but for a brief period, for when our little girl was only three weeks old, she left me for a brighter world—a never-fading heritage on high.

"After her death I was inconsolable. Life for me was aimless; as I cared not what became of me. Then Mrs. Nevergall came with her stately advice and consolations, and in her pious efforts I again regained my outward composure.

"Mrs. Nevergall, with the consent of her good husband, then offered to take charge of my infant child, saying that perhaps at present I might not desire to

announce my marriage, or her existence, to my mother and stern father.

"After giving the matter consideration I consented to their plan, and made up this package at that time, to be kept until this birthday. I charged them to keep my secret secretly, and to give my little one their own name and bring her up in every respect as they would had she been actually their own."

"I informed them that on this birthday she might be told this story, but until I reclaimed her I desired her to remain with them. If at this date my father still lived, I should settle upon her a suitable allowance, and perhaps visit her occasionally in New York without his knowledge.

"One year ago he died; and I at once wrote to Mrs. Nevergall the fact, and told her that I had now inherited the dukedom, and should consider myself free to recall my child.

"She instantly answered to the address I had given her, communicating the fact that she was a widow, very near her end, and begged me to leave Ethel with her until she should pass away, or until, at any rate, the fifth of October. She told me she should sail for England very soon, taking Ethel with her, and said that I could hear of her at the residence of her cousin, Mr. Rogers, at any time. I called there last week, as directed, only to hear of my kind friend's death, and the astounding news that my sweet daughter was even then an inmate of Castle Cairn.

"Gladly I repaired hither to meet at once my daughter, mother and niece. May we never more be parted!"

"Amen, say I to that!" ejaculated the happy duchess. "I have been lonely, indeed, without my son. Now I am old and need a son's care and attention."

"Which care, rest assured, shall always be yours," again repeated the duke, as he stooped and pressed a warm kiss upon her still handsome cheeks.

When in the morning Dr. Glendinning called and was told the news that the poor governess was no other than Lady Ethel Worthington, acknowledged daughter of the Duke of Westmoreland, his heart sank within him, and he could only whisper in trembling tones:

"Will this noble relationship cause you to regret our engagement? Oh, Ethel, Ethel, will this part us?"

"Never!" was the glad reply. "My father knows too well the value of a true love, and he surely will not refuse his consent to our union. If he does, I am of age, and have promised that nothing shall stand in the way of our marriage."

"Nothing did separate them. The duke was much pleased with Dr. Glendinning's manly demeanor, and when he timidly asked for his daughter's hand he smiled brightly and gave his consent.

So Lady Ethel Worthington married Dr. Robert Glendinning, and amid great rejoicings and vast display of wealth, beauty and fashion, after which the "bonnie" bride was welcomed gladly to the remodeled and greatly improved hall, a place that still bore so strange a likeness to her parents' home.

Sir Fitzroy lived nearly two years after the marriage of his son, and these years were unclouded by a single sorrow. He died at last quite suddenly, and was laid to rest beside his brother Arthur in the family vault.

Sir Eralis Elfenstein Glendinning, M. D., and his beautiful wife, Lady Ethel, were ever regarded with true affection by all their neighbors and tenants; and when, at last, the duke, after his mother's dear death, in his loneliness, love and wed a second time, a lady of rank, the Countess Teresa Lovell, they found in the new duchess a rare addition to their circle of dear ones, and the most happy intercourse ever existed between the two families.

Poor Constance Glendinning, in losing husband, title and wealth, became a melancholy invalid. The fate of her former lover, whom she dearly loved, was so impressed upon her heart and imagination that after she heard it in all its bitterness the very name of her husband in her presence brought on nervous tremblings to such an extent that the subject had to be banished entirely from her hearing.

The horrible exposure of her husband's sin produced at length another revulsion of feeling, and with deep remorse her heart returned to her early love, clinging ever to his memory, only to shed tears over his sorrowful fate and devotion to herself, tears of unavailing regret.

So she had lived and so at last she died. Just two years after she left the hall she breathed her sad life away, and her last words were:

"Arthur, Arthur, my only love, I come to thee now, nervous to be parted."  
(The end.)

A Perplexed Porter.  
One certainly meets with queer experiences while traveling. "One time, for example, when on my way to Chicago, I awoke in the morning to find a boot and shoe under my berth instead of the pair I had left there the night before. Not wishing to appear thus in public, I called the porter and showed him the error. He appeared somewhat bewildered, and finally remarked in a tone of mingled perplexity and surprise:

"Well, dat suitably am might peculiar. Hit's de second time dat's happened dis mornin'!"

Value of Storks to Egypt.  
Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng Egypt every winter there would be no living in some parts of the country, for, after every inundation, frogs appear in devastating swarms.

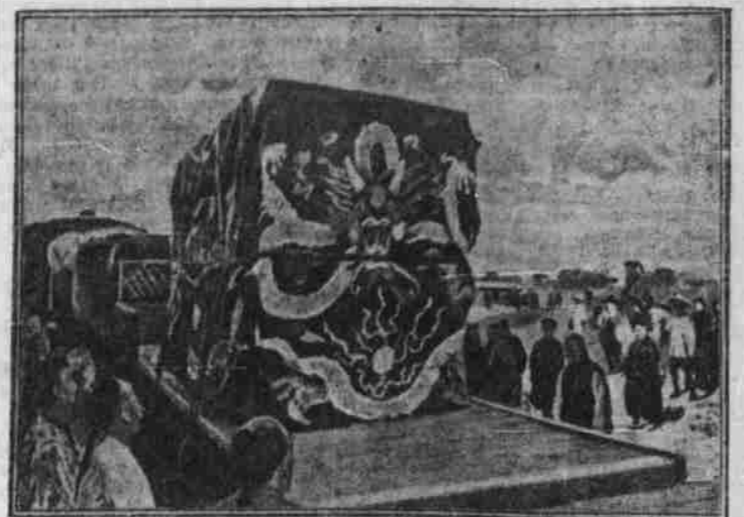
As to Figures.  
"Do figures ever lie?" he asked. "As he looked out to sea." "Some may—but mine does not," she said.

The blushed delightfully.  
—Cincinnati Tribune.

Too Hasty.  
"Jones has a new addition to his family."  
"Indeed? I must congratulate him!"  
"Hold on—it's a son-in-law!"—Atlanta Constitution.

There is something about a mother-in-law which every wise son-in-law recognizes, and that is that she is of great strategic value.

## DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA'S PORTRAIT, SENT TO ST. LOUIS.



The portrait of the Dowager Empress of China, painted by the American artist, Miss Carl, was shipped to St. Louis, and it is here shown packed and in transit from Peking to Tongku. It was wrapped in a yellow satin covering bearing strange devices. A special line was constructed to carry it from the Palace to the station in Peking, as the Empress would not allow it to be carried by coolies. The soldiers on guard at the various stations through which the train passed went on their knees and covered their heads.

### CAMPING OUT IN SUMMER.

How a Joyous and Economical Outing May Be Held.

There are a great many families who spend their summer in town under the mistaken impression that they "cannot afford" to go away from home. If they only knew it there is one sure means of passing the heated season in a most enjoyable way and even at less expense than is entailed by keeping house in town. Camping out will solve the problem, as many people can gladly testify. It is always an easy matter to find a pleasant camping site within a few miles of home, and it is astonishing what fun can be derived from leading the life of the gypsy, to say nothing of the resultant benefits to health.

The first thing to do is to decide just where the camp shall be located. If possible it should be near a lake or a limpid stream of water, far apart from

agrees that they have had "the best time of their lives."

### TAGGART'S POLITICAL RISE.

Began Life at a Lunch-Room Pic Counter in Indianapolis.

Tom Taggart, of Indianapolis, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was born in Waterford, Ireland, in 1856. On coming to this country he went to Ohio first, and then to Indiana with his parents, and when he was old enough to cut a slice of bread straight he was given a position at the pie counter of a lunch room in the Indianapolis station. It was only a question of time until he was manager of the restaurant and he was mixing in the politics of his ward. He was popular with the traveling public, and that is how he came to be backed as the proprietor of a small hotel near the Indianapolis depot. He watched his business closely and became inti-



SCENE IN A SUMMER CAMP.

the pleasures of boating and bathing fresh water is one of the great necessities of the camp just as it is a necessary of the house. In any event care should be taken to see that the summer home "in the wilderness" is in a healthy spot, not too difficult of access and yet removed from anything that may serve to remind the campers of the town they have deserted—for nobody can really enjoy camping out until he can unrestrainedly enter into the spirit of the woods and mountains.

The site of the camp finally decided, father and mother should hold a consultation to determine just what is needed in the way of accoutrements and food supply.

They will do well to consult, if possible, somebody who has had experience in spending a summer in a tent, else they may fall into the grievous error of taking more things along than they really require, and while it will not do to go into camp empty handed it is almost equally inconvenient to carry so much baggage that one does not know what to do with.

In pitching the tent select a knoll in preference to a low or hollow spot of ground and be sure to dig a shallow trench, five or six inches wide, around the spot on which the tent is to stand, getting the trench as close to the tent as possible. This will insure the tent floor being perfectly dry. The tent should stand in an open space where the sun shines freely. If possible have the ground slope from back to front, unless you are using a "conical" tent, in which case a slope will be found very convenient. Pull the canvas taut and see that it stretches to the ground, but do not pull the guy ropes too tight, for the first rain will cause them to shrink, and if there is no yield to them something will have to give way, and mayhap the tent will come crashing to the ground.

Just how the days shall be spent by the campers must be left to their individual tastes and to the varying recreations offered by their surroundings. But in order for everybody thoroughly to enjoy the outing it is incumbent on each to perform cheerfully the duties allotted by the head of the camp—usually the mother of the family, for the father is hard at work in town getting the pennies that make the camp possible. Unquestionably the most onerous task is to keep the fire well supplied with wood, for the way in which even the most modest camp fire will devour wood is something remarkable. But Bobby, Johnny and Tommy can easily devise many schemes to turn this part of the work into actual fun. The girls of the party will take charge of the culinary operations—always under the watchful eye of materfamilias—and of the washing and cleaning of dishes and clothes. There will be plenty of work for all to do, but all will have time for recreation if the camp is managed on the right lines. And when the summer is at an end, and the time comes to bid adieu to the streams and lakes and woodland, the campers will one and all

mately acquainted with the traveling public. Their comfort was his aim in life. Naturally, traveling men went that way. Taggart made money, and with more money he became more ambitious to get more. He espied the proprietorship of Marion County, with the July \$50,000 of fees each year.

Marion County, however, was hopelessly Republican, and it had been since the death of Lincoln. Taggart set up his delegates, however, and at the convention the leaders were quite willing that he should try his hand. That was in 1886, and only thirty years had passed over his head. Taggart was nominated, and he set about in his vigorous way to get elected. He



THOMAS TAGGART.

worked among the young men and enlisted them in his cause. A great many poked fun at the young man for his temerity, but he got the \$50,000 job for four years, and as a matter of fact he overthrew precedent and took it for another four years.

Taggart's first election as County Auditor gave him prestige and he was made chairman of the Democratic County Committee in 1888. It was in keeping with Taggart's nature that he should aspire to be Mayor of Indianapolis. He secured the nomination and was elected. That was the year after he gave up the office of Auditor—1893. He had become a member of the Democratic National Committee and was a Bryanite. McKinley whipped Bryan by fully 6,000 votes in Indianapolis, but Taggart displayed his remarkable strength and popularity by whipping his opponent for re-election for Mayor by 4,000 votes.

Mystery of the Rain Tree.  
The mystery of the rain tree of the Canaries is a cloud that hovers about it constantly; this is condensed to water, which saturates the leaves and, falling from them in constant drops, keeps the stems which are in excavation beneath them always full of water.

After working the political boss for a job a man can afford to take it easy. The good man who goes wrong is a bad man just found out.

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