

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON
Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE,"
"GLENNOV," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)
Holding her away from him at length for another look at her beautiful face, he said:
"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, she 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 fall 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, after 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 hair. "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 package 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, setting forth that 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 Neveggail, daughter of the late John Neveggail 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 last was his wife's wedding ring!
Then appeared a small locket, 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 hereafter, "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 set and stern disposition by 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 Neveggail, who was the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Glendenning, 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 Neveggail, they had left England; and Neveggail 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 devotion."
"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 mother and his wife."
"In 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; so I cared not what became of me. Then Mrs. Neveggail came with her sisterly advice and consolations, and in her pious efforts I again regained my outward composure."
"Mrs. Neveggail, 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 proud 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 sacredly, 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. Neveggail 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 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 scooped and pressed a warm kiss upon her still handsome cheeks.
When in the morning Dr. Glendenning 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. Glendenning'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. Earle Elfenstein Glendenning, amid great rejoicings and vast displays 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 history.
Sir Fitzroy lived nearly two years after the marriage of his son, and these years were unclouded by a single sorrow. He loved his children fondly, and was greatly beloved by them in return. He died at last quite suddenly, and was laid to rest beside his brother Arthur in the family vault.
Sir Earle Elfenstein Glendenning, 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 death, did, 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 Glendenning, 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 hideousness 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, nevermore to be parted."
(The end.)
Value of Stocks to Egypt.
Were it not for the multitude of stocks 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.
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.

ATLANTIC COAST SINKING
Facts Shown by Recent Geological Observations.
The slow sinking of the Atlantic coast is a fact well known to American geologists, but the definite measurements of the path of that subsidence is a matter of scientific interest. As long ago as 1828, the late Prof. George H. Cook, state geologist of New Jersey, investigated this matter very carefully, collecting numerous observations indicative of the encroachment of the sea on the New Jersey shore. Later investigations made by the United States geological survey have demonstrated that this is no local occurrence, but a condition characteristic of the entire Atlantic seaboard.
In other parts of the world similar observations have been made. Along the eastern coast of England the sinking of the land relative to sea level has been a serious matter during recorded history; villages lie buried under the salt marshes and the waves now sweep over submerged forests. On the other side of the North sea, the Norwegian coast is rising rapidly, that is, geologically speaking. Observations show that the Scandinavian coasts are being elevated at a mean rate of 2.5 feet per century; the maximum rate at the North Cape being nearly twice as much. The Pacific side of South America is rising rapidly. Charles Darwin, when on the Beagle, having been one of the first to draw attention to the raised beaches on the coast of Chile, where plated reeds and other evidences of human handiwork were found buried among marine shell deposits at a height of 85 feet above tide-water.
Such observations as these, usually disregarded by the non-scientist, become impressive to the average man when he finds, by the evidence of landmarks, that the ground under his feet is very unstable. It brings home the great facts which underlie the study of geology, and suggests that even the apparently catastrophic events of geologic history, as written in the pages of rock and stone, are the result of quiet forces acting with that unwearied patience which hardens the ruby in a million years. When Sir Charles Lyell saw the stupendous folds and inversions of strata which characterize the Swiss Alps, he remarked that all such apparently violent events might well have taken place without any interruption of the habitable state of these mountains, had man been then in existence, which he was not. Considerations such as these enlarge the imagination and serve, as astronomy does, to illustrate the poetry which lies often buried deep in dust, amid the dry pages of science.—Engineering and Mining Journal.
SCOTCH MINISTER'S REBUKE.
Public Lecture for His Wife, Who Went to Sleep in Church.
W. E. Burghardt du Bois, the author of "Souls of Black Folk," was educated at Harvard and Berlin, and has traveled much. At present M. du Bois is a member of the faculty of Atlanta University, says the Kansas City Journal.
"About as different from my own people as the day is from the night," he said the other day, "are the Scots. I cherish a story I once heard in Scotland—a story that is, I think, typical of a certain portion of the people."
"This story concerns a minister who sought a member of his congregation sleeping and rebuked him from the pulpit. 'Awake, Saunders,' he said, 'Man, it's a disgrace to sleep in the kirk.'"
"Saunders was much hurt. He spoke up and said:
"Look to yer ain pew, an' maybe ye'll find thers sleepin' here besides mysel'."
"The minister looked and there was his wife slumbering soundly. He awakened her, and he told Saunders that if she fell asleep again he might call attention to her by holding up his hand. Then he proceeded with his sermon.
"Some weeks went by and one Sunday Saunders, sure enough, put his hand up. The wife was asleep again. The minister thundered out her name, bade her rise to her feet, and said to her, before the whole congregation:
"Mrs. MacGregor, anybody kens that when I got ye for a wife I got no beauty; yer friends ken I got no siller; now, if I dinna get God's grace, I shall have a pair bargain indeed!"
Not Deterred.
A New York clergyman, who was one of the guests at a beautiful seashore home, was asked to supply the pulpit one Sunday. He had done so the year before, during his visit, and the congregation had been large.
On Saturday afternoon, as he sat in his room, he heard two of the grooms talking as they returned to the stable after having delivered two riding horses at the front door.
"I don't know but I'll go to 'ear 'im at that afternoon service," said one of them.
"There! I knew you'd come around," said the other, in a tone of approval. "He's a well-meaning man, and as I told you, I've heard him twice, and what harm has it done me?"
To Be Considered.
"It looks to me as if some of these trust magnates felt themselves superior to the government itself."
"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "you must not overlook the fact that a trust magnate is a great deal surer of his job than a government official."
—Washington Star.
When the average man writes his name on a hotel register it looks like a Chinese prescription for chills and fever.

SLEEVES ARE ORNATE
ELABORATION REACHES ALMOST TO THE LIMIT.
Early Autumn Outlook that New Skirt Fashions Were to Favor Slender Figures Only Has Been Changed for Benefit of Stout Sisters.
New York correspondence:
SLEEVES remain remarkably ornate, especially in the field of dressy attire, and in current evening bodices dressmakers are keeping pretty close to the limit of elaborateness. Little of these evening sleeves comes below the elbow, but between there and the shoulder edge of the cut-out all is complexity. Lace ruffles fill this space fluffily in many handsome gowns, and very often the double or triple rulle of delicate lace is not considered enough, but over this must come other trimming.
The outlook of early fall was that all the new skirt fashions were to favor slender women to the great disadvantage of the plump sisterhood. What a cry was there, my countrywomen! And the response was quick, for two out of three fashionable dressmakers went right to work to get up new skirt fashions that would be more kindly to the complainers. With so many schemers there resulted many skirt models that were acceptable, and the styles outlined at first were so modified and so largely interpreted by means of effects that there is no longer good reason for fault finding. So it comes about that the dressmaker is heard now pointing out certain models as favoring slenderness, which shows conclusively that characteristic isn't having it all its own way. One of these designs is sketched in the first of the accompanying pictures. It was in fuchsia voile and heavy white lace, and with such bulk added about the hips that no woman of ample girth could bear it off well. But a thousand and one ways are current for lavishly, yet are kept away from the hips. As put on in horizontal lines their width is impressive, and enough of them are used at times to cover more than half of the dress material. In such skirts, too, the hems are often made billowy with ruffles and pleatings.
The zibelines and novelty suitings of the many rather pronounced sorts that have very stylish standing loo especially fine when made up in long coat suits. You'll see many such in any fashionable gathering. Take a good look at the next showing to see if this long coat is just what it appears to be. There is a trick in many of these setups, an entirely justifiable one, if it is so well concealed that few but the wearers of such suits are up to it. It lies in the fact that the "long coat" really consists of a short jacket and a separate long skirt. The latter is usually open in front, being se-

little help is given for the wearer whose figure isn't almost all it should be. Making as fine a disclosure of natural curves as ever at sides and in back, these gowns are planned to present the stylish straight front in all its glories. From neck to hem in front in some models there is one band of trimming, though more often its top is finished in yoke fashion, but the characteristic of all is the flatness of this section. From bust downward all possible curve is eliminated, and that means that no more is left than a very slight concaving. A gown of this type appears in the second illustration. It was dark green cloth trimmed with iridescent beading. Velvet often is the choice for the princess dress and makes up finely in the severity that is most becoming to this cut.
Skirt trimmings at or about the knees suffice in many cases to give an elaborate appearance where the upper portions are left untrimmied. Strappings, appliques, embroideries—no end of mediums—are available for this purpose, and all are seized upon, for the entirely plain skirt is unusual. The white and red embroidery on the green cloth of the skirt at the center of the second picture was a simple treatment. So was the arrangement of handbags and fillings of the suit beside it. Naturally a walking suit would not have highly wrought finish. Then in the next picture is an odd trimming, coming in the combination of plain brocade and plaided wool stuffs. The companion to this in the sketch was a different type, with skirt trimming in vertical lines. They were black brocade lace over white cloth, in this case, the main goods being royal blue cloth. In elaborate skirts lace bands are applied very

HUMOR OF THE WEEK
STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.
Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.
Smith—Say, do you know Long? Tail chap with a spare figure?
Jones—Yes; he's tall, but he hasn't a spare figure.
Smith—What's the reason he hasn't? Jones—Don't know the reason, but when I asked him one day last week if he had a spare five he said he hadn't.
Poor Proof.
"Where have you been this time of night?" asked the stern woman.
"To an oyster supper given by the church," replied the little man.
"I don't believe you."
"Well, I've brought an oyster home that I found in the stew to prove it."
"Another fib. Who ever found a real oyster in a church supper stew?"
Mind vs. Matter.
"Uncle William, do you ever pause to wonder where those clouds are going?"
"I think maybe they're goin' to thunder. I'm glad I brought my umbrella."
Highly Accomplished.
Ida—Jack says the girl he marries must be accomplished.
May—Well, Ernie would suit him. She can play "Hilawatha" on the violin and make fudge.
At the Head of the Class.
Ethel—What makes you look so pleased?
Edith—Oh, Jack says I'm the first girl he ever proposed to on his automobile.
An Infallible Rule.
"He's a son for a mother to be proud of."
"Did you ever know a son whose mother didn't think him a son for a mother to be proud of?"
Woman of It.
"But," protested the man, "I have admitted that I was wrong. Isn't that enough?"
"No," replied the woman. "You must also admit that I was right."
In the Forest.
They were hunting chestnuts.
"Dear me," said the pretty girl, "it is chilly. I wish I had something around me."
"I'll let you have my coat," spoke up the gallant young man. "Perhaps just the sleeve would do."
Poetry vs. Prose.
"Oh, for the wings of a dove!" sighed the poet with the unbarbered hair.
"Order what you like," rejoined the prosaic person, "but as for me, give me the breast of a chicken."
Bubble Reputation.
"Dey say dat professor of mathematics kin carry 80,000,000 figures in his head at once?"
"Den I must be a wonder! I just beat him out of 8 cents' change for a paper!"
He Never Smiled Again.
"I know an idiot," said the masculine boarder in the flashy apparel, "who believes in spiritual marriages."
"Huh!" rejoined the female on the opposite side of the mahogany as she fixed her optics on his new wear, "I thought you were inclined to lean that way yourself."
"Because why?" asked he of the gaudy garments.
"Because you seem to have a penchant for unearthly ties."
Thought He Owned It.
"That's all right," said the hotel guest as he paid his bill, "and to begin with, I'll discharge you."
"Discharge me?" exclaimed the clerk, "why, what do you mean?"
"Mean just what I said. Didn't I just buy the hotel?"—Baltimore News.



WITHOUT FAVOR FOR SLENDERNESS.



CONTRASTED SKIRT TRIMMINGS.



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