

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

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 "GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Thrusting the pistol quickly in his pocket, the young man sprang towards her so suddenly that she could not defend herself, and clasping her slight form to his strong arms, he lifted her as soon as the waiting conveyance, placed her in it, then leaping to her side, seized the reins, and drove rapidly off, while the poor girl was in almost a fainting condition, from displeasure and fright.

After a few moments of intense stillness, broken only by the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as he bounded on, Robert turned to her with laughing triumph in his eyes and exultingly exclaimed:

"You see, my charming young friend, that when I say I will do a thing, I intend to do it. Now I decided this afternoon to have you for a companion on a little drive, and you see I have carried the day, and here you are, seated cozily by my side, while we are dashing away in grand style. Confess now, is not this just splendid?"

"It is not, Sir, I think your conduct ungentlemanly and cruel in the extreme."

"Not at all, I assure you, I regard you as the cruel one, when you declined to favor me with your company. Why you treat me so strangely is an enigma. You ought to feel honored to be allowed to ride with well-known, wealthy and kind-hearted man."

"It is no honor, Sir, but a deep insult, to be thus forced to do what is disagreeable."

"I suppose it would be very disagreeable also to have me kiss you?"

"Sir," was the indignant exclamation that fell upon his ear.

"Well, disagreeable or not to you, it would be extremely agreeable to me. I tell you candidly, I would like to do it, you are so sweet and beautiful, but I will refrain, and deny myself that pleasure, if you keep perfectly quiet, and just try to enjoy this ride while you have the chance. If you do not—if you make the least fuss, I vow I will do it!"

Ethel made no reply. She realized fully that the eccentric individual beside her had her in his power, therefore acknowledging to herself that it was best under the circumstances to make no further resistance, she sank back in her seat and remained silent and motionless.

Away they flew over the long and lonely road, passing brooks, ponds, trees, rocks, indeed everything but houses and inhabitants. During the whole drive not one word more was spoken by either victor or vanquished.

Ethel's face was deadly pale, however, during the hour that elapsed before the head of the horse was turned homeward, while Robert's was illuminated by a glow of intense satisfaction and triumph.

When at length the shades of evening began to gather, they once more neared Glendenning Hall. Stopping the horse before they reached the place, in a sheltered and obscure spot, Robert jumped out, then turned to assist Ethel from the vehicle.

Springing past him to the ground, Ethel darted away. Breathing a prayer of fervent thanksgiving for her safe return, when she had once more reached her room, the poor girl brushed away the tears that had relieved her excited feelings as soon as she had entered, and then with a sinking dread at her heart at once repaired to the sick man's room.

A volley of spiteful, hard words saluted her entrance from the irritable invalid, and it was some time before she could utter one word in her own defense. When at last he gave her an opportunity to speak she informed him truthfully of the outrageous conduct of his wife's nephew.

"Robert! Did you say Robert did so insolent a thing? Was he guilty of so unpardonable an act?" exclaimed the astonished baronet.

"Do not believe her, uncle," immediately interposed Belle, who had made it her business to be present. "What she says is utterly false. I do not doubt but that she spent the time riding with some beau; but, I assure you, it was not with my brother, for he was with me the entire afternoon. She is a wicked girl to impose such a falsehood upon so sick a man."

As Belle uttered this cruel fabrication she glanced spitefully, yet with ill-concealed triumph, towards the amazed Ethel who was not at all prepared for such an artful and malicious attack.

"Sir Reginald, I assure you I speak only the truth. It was Robert Glendenning who forced me into his carriage, and thus detained me against my will."

"You know better," roared Sir Reginald. "I will never believe it. Leave the room instantly. I do not wish to see your face again until morning."

With a cold, dignified bow Ethel left at his bidding—left, too, without another word, knowing well that contradictions would only enrage and excite the passionate and unjust person before her.

After she had disappeared Belle also at once took her departure, chagrined that her uncle had not instantly dismissed her rival from his service and house.

She did not know that this her lordship would on no account do, as he had intrusted to her keeping a secret which made her services far too valuable to be easily dispensed with. He might be enraged, and so dismiss her for a night; but no fault she might be guilty of would induce him to part with her while all went well in the concealed room.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next afternoon, Ethel felt that she could safely start to the village, to make a few purchases for herself, as at the lunch table Robert had told Lady Costance she should have come at two that afternoon to visit her young friend, and should remain away until noon the next day.

As she had not ventured beyond the grounds of the Hall since her arrival, except on this afternoon, before she did not know in which direction the place of business lay; therefore, using Lady Costance, the lady's young friend, as a guide, she left her room, and just beyond the place, she stopped and inquired of him.

"Oh, yes; I can tell you, certainly. Go straight forward, pass Dr. Elfenstein's cottage; when you will come to a grove of willows; pass that, and then the railroad track, and about one quarter of a mile beyond, you will see a row of houses; that is the commencement of the real village proper, and there you will find several stores."

Thanking the boy, Ethel opened her parasol, for the afternoon was warm and sultry, and followed the path pointed out. When she reached the cottage, her eyes wandered over its small flower-bordered garden, its pretty vine-covered porch, and open windows, with their bowed blinds, that revealing the dainty, cool-looking, lace curtains within, that wafted back and forth, gently, in the faintest of all breezes.

"How differently Dr. Elfenstein impresses me, with his manly bearing, his open countenance, and kindly eyes, even though his manners are reserved and quiet, from that vain, egotistical Robert Glendenning," she thought. "I cannot understand exactly why I detest that person so thoroughly, nor why I admire the young physician so much. One thing, perhaps, influences me; I always loved usefulness in a man; Dr. Elfenstein labors for the welfare of others; young Glendenning is an idle spendthrift, living merely to gratify the pleasures of his own handsome self. One, constantly doing good, the other—I should judge by his looks and acts, evilly disposed, and reckless in all his ways."

While thus thinking she passed the willow grove, and the railroad track, and soon reached the stores, where the purchases were made to her entire satisfaction. Then she retraced her steps, walking slowly, in order more fully to enjoy a cooler breeze that was springing up; but as she neared the railroad she quickened her steps, for she knew that a train was nearly due.

Soon the place was reached, and in stepping over it, to her horror she found the heel of her shoe fastened tightly in one of the frogs. With a desperate haste she strove to loosen it; in vain! Every struggle only made it, as it seemed, more firmly wedged.

"Hark! What was that rumbling? With pallid lips and trembling form, she heard a distant whistle tell of the swiftly coming train.

In despair, she stooped to unbutton the shoe; but it was a new one, and therefore hard to manage, while her trembling fingers sought to undo the fastenings, but she found them powerless to accomplish the task.

On, came the engine. She could feel the rails vibrate with their motion, and still her foot was fast and she could not move. Then, one wild shriek of terror rang out upon the air, and even before it died away a man's feet came running to the spot.

"Be calm! I will save you! Do not struggle—stand perfectly still!" said a voice in her ear.

On came the cars; even then they could be seen in the distance. One moment more and she would be under the fearful wheels; but a strong hand caught the foot, wrenched open the buttons, then, as the hot breath of the engine was almost upon her, she was drawn from the perilous position and knew no more.

When she opened her eyes, she was lying on the green grass, a short distance from the spot, while her head reclined upon some gentleman's shoulder, and the same person was gently fanning her with a folded newspaper. Looking up, she met the earnest eyes of Dr. Elfenstein bent upon her, and saw that he was thus kindly supporting her.

"It is all right now, Miss Nevergill. You are safe, and will be yourself in one moment," he said.

"Oh, but that was terrible, terrible!" she murmured, with a shudder, as her eyes closed again, at the mere remembrance.

"It was, truly! While I got to you in time, thank heaven, there was not a second to spare!"

"Oh, doctor, I can never thank you, for I know now that it was you who saved me!"

"Do not try, Miss Nevergill; I will not be thanked. My fright, I assure you, was nearly equal to your own."

"How did you get the shoe off?" she asked, at length, as she raised herself from her arm, and glanced at her foot.

"I never can tell; it was so stiff and tight it took all my strength. But now, since you are better, I will tell you what has become of that obstinate little boot."

In a few moments, he smilingly returned with its dispirited remains in his hand.

"You will scarcely know your own property," he remarked, "it is so crushed and torn. The action of the heavy train loosened it, and thus I came off with the spoil."

"My poor, poor shoe," said Ethel, a faint smile hovering around her pale lips.

"Well, it may better be crushed than my foot; but, really, though scarcely wearable, I must put it on," and she reached out her hand for the torn object.

"Nay, allow me to restore it to its place," said the doctor, kneeling beside her. "My poor child, you have scarcely strength enough yet for such a task."

With the greatest tenderness and care, he drew the boot over one of the smallest little feet he had ever seen supporting a woman, and as he finished buttoning the very few buttons that remained, he arose, and begged her to keep seated until he brought hither his horse and rig, as he told her he should insist upon carrying her home, as she was, he knew, still weak from fright.

Looking around, Ethel saw, for the first time, his horse standing quietly by the roadside, a short distance from the track, where he had left him, to rush to her assistance.

Bringing the animal and conveyance to her side, Belle turned, and before she fairly understood his intention, gathered her in his arms from the ground, and lifting her into the seat, sprang lightly to her side.

"You must not be startled at my presumption, Miss Nevergill. Remember physicians have privileges others have not. You are my patient now, and until I see the color re-established on your lips and cheek, I am in duty bound to care for you. You are not offended?"

He bent to gaze into her eyes as he asked the question, and his earnest look brought the tell-tale blood back to her cheeks.

"Oh, no, no! That would be ungrateful indeed!" was the low reply.

The ride really revived her, and as the doctor took her quite a roundabout way, in order to prolong it, assuring her it would be beneficial to do so, she was able to give a natural spring as he held out his hands to assist her to the ground, when at length they drove up to the entrance of Glendenning Hall.

There was a happy smile still upon her lips as, after thanking and bidding her kind friend adieu, and seeing him lift his hat as he drove off, she ran up the piazza steps to pass to her room.

But the smile vanished instantly as Belle came forward from behind the heavy screen of vines, and with an angry look in her eyes, exclaimed:

"What does this mean? I wish to know if Sir Reginald pays you a salary to ride around the country with young men? I shall inform him of this ride."

"As you please, Miss Glendenning. It certainly is not my intention to keep secret the fact that I have just narrowly escaped death by being crushed by the cars. As Dr. Elfenstein risked his life to drag me from danger, and then employed his skill to bring me from a dreadful swoon, he certainly thought it no harm to restore me safely to your uncle's aid as I was too weak from fright to walk."

So saying, Ethel passed on, leaving the angry, but astonished girl to her own reflections. That these were not of a very pleasant nature, the following whisper gave evidence:

"It is always the way. Wish to keep one person away from another, and something is sure to happen to bring them together. One thing I am determined, however, he shall never marry Ethel Nevergill, if I can possibly prevent it."

CHAPTER XIV.

Ethel did not entirely recover from the effects of her fright, until after the night's sleep had served to calm her nerves, and all the evening that followed she was excited and scarcely able to control herself.

When she bade the family good night and locked herself into her room, in order to proceed to her nightly task, it was with a dazed feeling, and an aching head. Nervous herself for her duty, however, as well as she could, she proceeded to light her candle, and taking the indispensable knife, she passed through the wardrobe and passageway, into the corridor beyond.

Possessing herself of the basket of food, she remembered to fasten the door with the iron hook, a precaution the baronet had charged her always to observe, that by no possibility could she be surprised while accomplishing her task, then passing onward, she opened the panel as usual, and placed the plate of food upon the shelves.

As she did so she heard distinctly a movement on the other side, which, being rather unusual, for silence alone ordinarily reigned, started her already excited nerves so much that she gave the shelves the required shove, and just as they whirled away, she saw, to her horror, when too late to stop them, that she had dropped the knife from her hand, and it had gone around with the food.

Breathlessly she waited for the return movement, hoping that the creature within would not observe it, and that it would come back with the plate.

As she waited, a singular loud, shrill noise or cry came from within. The next moment the shelves had revolved, and the plate alone appeared.

Appalled with her own carelessness, and fancying she knew not what as the result, the terrified, half frantic girl, could only draw to the panels, with all the expedition possible, and then hastily return the basket, fasten the door and seek the safety of her own apartment.

What was now her duty? Should she immediately seek the baronet, who was probably asleep by this time, and telling him the mishap, ask what was to be done?

No! she could not think this course a wise one. The baronet was an exceedingly passionate man. Such a tale, at this hour, would throw him into a whirl of nervous anger that might cause damage to the broken hip, the bones of which, all hoped, had by this time commenced to unite.

(To be continued.)

TRIM ON TRIMMINGS.

ELABORATIONS ON WINTER EVENING GOWNS ARE NUMEROUS.

Simplicity Set at Naught by Stylish Dressers—No Plainness in Their—Description of Some Dresses that Are Not Extraordinarily Expensive.



ANY new enrichments are appearing for winter evening gowns, and a host of more fanciful ones hold over with more or less of modification. And the use of these fancies is so lavish and the trick of combining two or more of them in one dress is so often seen in model gowns, that elaborateness is as impressive as ever. Entirely new trimmings are made of circles or buttons of cloth caught together with thread mesh, and such applications are to be had in considerable variety of design. Unhappily there is little variety in the prices of the various sorts, for all are high, combining as they do outright newness with a deal of painstaking hand work. Akin to this trimming is another where

cost of the completed product, is handiwork. Verily, great is hand work! Embroidery is by no means the whole story, nor do the erstwhile fagotting, couching and kindred tricks tell half the rest. The liking for this general sort of trimming is so pronounced among stylish dressers that any sort of it is voted an addition, and consequently dressmakers for fashionable women are busy at it. It is expensive trifling in any form, and when it is remembered that it usually is added to gowns of costly material otherwise richly trimmed, it will be understood that the whole foots up an alarming total.

To do without all these extravaganzas, and yet to rival the attire in which they figure is a difficult problem. It calls for much study of what is available, and then for excellent judgment in selecting and in planning. Some can, others must do without such finery. Those who want to get in line with it have ahead an amount of looking about in the shops that is likely to become tedious, but the case isn't hopeless. To-day's pictures are from grades of gowns that aren't of the wholly unattainable class, and are but very few of a great many. The first three pictured models were in the simple way, "simple" being taken in its current sense for dressy attire. The first gown was pale blue gauze over blue silk, its fancy light blue passementerie finished with gold beads. Next see a blue soft silk depending for novelty on its yoke of crisp-crossed blue velvet ribbon. Beside this is a white mousseline de soie trimmed with madeup ruffles headed by white silk ribbon flowers, an embellishment that the artist has repeated in the head dress, as is a fashionable trick.



SIMPLE ACCORDING TO CURRENT STANDARDS.

in the cut-out pieces are silk. In case of the latter the meshing is complex, and the central pieces, if sizeable, are made to bear ornamentation on their own account. This is, in effect, putting trimming on trimming, and it hardly need be pointed out that doesn't spell simplicity. This is only one of many straws that show the current stylish dressers have set. It's no plainness for theirs this winter.

By the one item of laces the composite dress-up gown of the winter, if such a composite could be got at accurately, would be kept out of the plain or even of the simple classification. The lace meditation craze is past, though even this

Two lace-trimmed gowns appear in the remaining picture, a white plain and fancy figured tulle combined and trimmed with black chauntilly.

Substitution must be a resort of the copyists who would reproduce evening models cheaply. Gowns prepared for display as expressions of new fashions run to costly stuffs and trimmings, much of which is wholly beyond the means of the average shopper, but by accepting less expensive goods or trimming, or both, there often—yes, usually—may be secured a gown that will reflect strongly and faithfully the original's beauty at a small fraction of its cost. In laces along these show window evening gowns are



SAMPLE LACE EMBELLISHMENTS.

embellishment is not altogether left behind. It may not with entire safety combine the dominating feature of a gown's trimming, but in a modest way, as an accessory to other perhaps more striking trimming, it still is seen in good company. But in bonnquets, edgings, bands and falls it is used very freely, and with an ingenuity of treatment that radiates many pleasing surprises. Passementeries are used quite as freely and with equal degree of novelty in application. Being in vast variety, many of the kinds exceedingly rich, they are productive of fine results by themselves, but when combined with laces and elaborations, as they so often are, the complete gown is more than likely to convey an impression in which complexity and unity join. In addition to these two general forms of embellishment, and added to both to the beauty and to the



enough to dishearten most women who study them. But there are all sorts of laces, and while the very cheapest won't serve, something far less costly than the newest excruciation will do nicely. The same is true of passementeries, and here the skimpier's course is easier, for many of the inexpensive passementeries are perfect beauties, and what is best in the manner in which the trimming is arranged. So copying the arrangement in the cheaper trimming is a comparatively easy way of securing a satisfactory result.

There is a renewed craze for gold and silver tissues as a foundation for evening toilets.

Accordion-plaited skirts will continue in favor.

THE SHRINKING OF WU.

He Was a Great Man Here, but in China It's Different.

Wu Ting-fang has shrunk. He is no longer "it." He is now reduced, in his own land, to his own level, where Wu Ting-fang has a job.

Here, the affable, clever, talkative, humorous Chinaman was supposed to be the biggest and finest representative of his race who has ever existed. In Washington he was a show. Next to the President, he monopolized public attention at the capital. In Kansas City he was the whole of the show about a year and a half ago, when the Commercial Club gave a banquet and had him as its guest. No one here will ever forget the incidents of that affair—the wild ride across the United States in a private car, when engines were ordered as one would call for hard-boiled eggs, and the record-breaking special pulled in just in time to give Wu a place at the waiting board. No one will ever allow to fade from his mind the gorgeous robes worn by him at the reception to the women next day; interminable questions, embarrassing and racy often; his persistent ogling of the fair women, and his disgruntled exclamation when they were ill-favored; his erratic emotional stunts; and his ride home, when he turned himself into a human interrogation point and became to his escorts the human "Why?"

After seeing him, one could fancy him at home, bossing the Dowager Empress or telling the weak-kneed boy Emperor what was what. Yes, sir, there wasn't a doubt that in China Wu must be as big a man as Mark Hanna, and maybe as big as Morgan.

And in fancy one could see the crowds hurraing for Wu and beating cymbals and burning red fire, while the Peking Silver Carnet Band played what sounded like the strains that come from the pig-killing section at the stock yards and take the place of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," in China.

Well, all were wrong. Not one item of the dream was based on fact.

When Mr. Wu got home the band didn't play and there was no parade. His job is so small that it is doubtful if it even gives him license to chat with the office stenographer during the lunch hour.

Evidently the United States was gold-bricked in the urban Mr. Wu.

There is a proverb somewhere that reminds one that if one wants to know just how much like a man really cuts and discover the facts about a woman's disposition. See them at home.—Kansas City Journal.

Mount Cens Tunnel.

The gradients are very severe in the Mount Cens tunnel, and trains coming from France, with an incline of one in forty against them for several miles at a stretch, when followed by a current of air in the same direction, produce what might almost be described as an inferno. For here, as in all other steep tunnels, engines drawing heavy loads steam along with their regulators wide open, emitting huge volumes of smoke and steam, and with an atmosphere of, say, 90 degrees Fahrenheit the discomfort of the custodians of the tunnel may be imagined far better than it can be described.

At regular intervals of a kilometer in the tunnel there is a refuge, or "grande chambre," for the workmen. This refuge is supplied with compressed air, fresh water, a telephone in each direction, a medicine chest, barometer and thermometer. As it is the practice of these custodians to go in pairs, if one man succumbs to the lack of oxygen or dense smoke his companion can render assistance or telephone for further help. If a man can manage to close the door, turn on the store of compressed air, and wait either for the tunnel to clear or for a locomotive to come to their rescue.—Strand Magazine.

World's Output of Minerals.

The total amount of coal products in the world in 1901 was 789,000,000 tons, of which the United States yielded rather more and the whole British Empire rather less than a third. Germany's output was almost one-fifth. The United States, the British Empire and Germany, taken together, produced six-sevenths of the world's supply. Of the total output of minerals the British Empire yielded about one-third of the coal, one-ninth of the copper, one-half of the gold, one-eighth of the iron, one-fifth of the lead, one-seventeenth of the petroleum, one-quarter of the salt, one-ninth of the silver, five eighths of the tin, and one-fifth of the zinc. More than 4,500,000 persons are engaged in mines and quarries the world over. One-fifth of them are employed in the United Kingdom and one-third in the British Empire.

The Bone of Contention.

"One government insists on pulling me one way," said the Sultan, gloomily, "and the next is tugging in the opposite direction."

The eminent counselor bowed his head as an indorsement of the opinion.

"Well, what I want to know is this: What am I in this Turkey—the wild bone?"—Washington Star.

Oldest Map of Rome.

The oldest map of Rome which is preserved is the Forum of Urbis, cut in 140 pieces of marble.

American Shoes for Britons.

Within a year the United States sold 253,983 pairs of shoes to British subjects.

When the average woman is ill, she is fond of impressing it upon people that her illness was brought on by "over-doing."