

# A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

## CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Things began to mend with him after this and business prospered, and before six years passed away, speculation had so enriched him that he found himself the possessor of millions. Retiring then to private life, he bought this place in Yonkers, in order to enjoy himself in a quiet way. But ill health visited him; a stroke of paralysis rendered him side comparatively helpless, while the asthma, which he had been subject to for many years, increased to an alarming extent.

"During all this time one wild wish has been his, and that was to solve the mystery of his brother's fate, and so clear his own good name of the unjust suspicions that still cling to it. Lately this wish has become uncontrollable. He prays that he may not die with this stain still clinging to his name. He has therefore decided to ask you to undertake the case for him."

"But," here interrupted the amazed listener, "there must be some mistake. I am no lawyer, simply a physician; and as such, what can I do?"

"Everything. We think far more than a lawyer," replied Mr. Gray. "Of course, you would have to sell your practice in New York and settle in England. There you, as a growing physician, would gain the confidence of the people. You would be admitted to places where no one else would, and could study the characters of rich and poor.

"Sir Reginald Glendinning married, two years after the disappearance of his brother, the same lady who was to have been his bride, Miss Constance, and they now occupy Glendinning Hall. You will probably be called to attend their family, and so can see the room where poor

of the hour, but at the breakfast table he met her.

"Good morning, my son," she said, pleasantly, on his entrance; "so you have returned in safety!"

"I have, and in a pecuniary point of view, the visit brought a great change for the better. From this day I am to receive five thousand dollars annually, as I have entered into an engagement to that effect."

"My dear Earle, you do surprise me!" "This engagement obliges me to sell my practice, and sail in about one week to settle in a country village in England."

"Oh, Earle!"

"Mother, dear, you shall have your choice now; whether to accompany me at once, or allow me to board you at your brother's in this city for a few months, until I survey the ground, and fully establish myself. In case you remain, I can any time come for you, after I see whether it will be a permanent home. Perhaps I shall not care to remain after a few months."

"Earle, I dread the ocean, and I shall dread a foreign home. Perhaps I had best remain, as you say."

By the close of the week Mrs. Eifenstein was comfortably established in a room furnished with her own familiar things, while the son succeeded in disposing of the rest, as well as his practice, and had engaged a passage on the Oceanian.

A short visit was then paid to Mr. Rappelye, who gave him full directions how to proceed, and many minute details of the place and inhabitants. Promising to write weekly, keeping him informed of every movement, the young man a few hours later was upon the outward bound

matter with my aunt. Do you think there is a physician on board?"

"I am one myself. My name is Eifenstein, of New York. Shall I see her?"

"If you will be so kind."

Stepping inside, our young friend advanced immediately to the berth, where he found Mrs. Neveggill in a fainting condition, caused by extreme exhaustion. With the greatest sympathy, the doctor at once applied proper restoratives, which fortunately had the desired effect, and soon the young girl's fears were calmed.

"Your aunt is better now, and I think immediate danger has passed. But I will not deceive you; her case is beyond human skill to cure."

"I know it, doctor, and she also is well aware of her condition. My uncle died in New York a few months ago, and in taking care of him she contracted the cold that has ended in consumption. Our family physician thought she might live to reach the only relatives we have on earth, residing in Liverpool and vicinity. Do you think, doctor, that she will survive until our passage is made?"

"I trust so. Good nursing often accomplishes more than medicines. We will do all we can. Our staterooms are fortunately near each other, so any time that I can be of service, do not hesitate to inform me," said the doctor, as he bowed and left the narrow quarters.

One afternoon as Earle was standing upon deck looking out upon the vast ocean, he became conscious that a light step had approached and halted quite near. It was Miss Neveggill. While hesitating to consider whether his presence would be acceptable to her, an exclamation of terror startled him, and glancing toward the spot where she stood, he saw that she was striving to steady herself, being dizzy from a sudden lurch of the steamer. Springing to her side, he instantly offered his arm, saying, as she gratefully accepted it:

"Allow me to assist you to a more quiet place where motion will not be so perceptible."

"Thank you," returned the young girl, "I suppose I ought not to venture upon deck alone, unused as I am to the sea, but I am so completely fascinated by all this restless scene, Aunt is sleeping."

"I never look upon a scene like this," said Earle, thoughtfully, "without feeling my own littleness, when compared to the All-ruling hand that holds the bolts in its grasp, and rules the winds and storms. But it seems quite calm again. Will you not join me in a prom-

## OLD FAVORITES

### The Akhond of Swat.

What! What! What!  
What's the news from Swat?  
Sad news,  
Bad news,  
Comes by the cable led  
Through the Indian ocean's bed,  
Through the Persian Gulf the Red  
Sea, and the Med.  
Herranean—his dead,  
The Akhond is dead!

For the Akhond I mourn;  
Who wouldn't?  
He strove to disregard the message stern,  
But he Akhond't.

Dead, dead, dead!  
(Sorrow Swats)  
Swats, who live with Akhond died,  
Swats, whom he hath often led  
Onward to a gory bed,  
Or to victory,

As the case might be,  
Sorrow, Swats!  
Tears shed,  
Shed tears like water;

Your great Akhond is dead  
That's Swats the matter.

Mourn, City of Swat,  
Your great Akhond is not,  
But lain 'mid worms to rot,  
His mortal part alone; his soul was caught  
(Because he was a good Akhond),  
Up to the bosom of Mahound,  
Though earthly walls his frame surround  
(For ever hallowed be the ground)  
And sceptres mock the lowly mound,  
And say, "He's now of no Akhond!"  
His soul is in the skies—  
The azure skies that bend above his loved  
Metropolis of Swat.

He sees with larger, other eyes  
A thwart all earthly mysteries—  
He knows what's Swat!

Let Swat bury the great Akhond  
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!

Let Swat bury the great Akhond  
With the noise of the mourning of the Swatish nation!  
Fallen is at length  
'Tis tower of strength—  
Its sun is dimmed ere it had mooned;  
Dead lies the great Akhond!  
The great Akhond of Swat  
Is not!  
—George T. Lanigan.

### Leedle Yawcob Strauss.

I haf von funny leedle poy,  
Vot games schust to mine knee;  
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue  
As efer you dit see;  
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes  
dimes.

In all bars of der house—  
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,  
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumps,  
Und eferding dot's out;  
He shills mine glass off lager beer,  
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;  
He fills mine pipe mit Limbrg cheese—  
Dot vas der roughest chouse;  
I'd dake dot vrom no oder boy  
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk ban for a dhrum,  
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,  
To make der selticks to beat it mit—  
Mine cracions, dot vos drue!  
I dinks mine head vas schplit abart,  
He kicks out soch a touse—  
But nefer mind, der boys vas few  
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions soch as dose:  
Who baints mine nose so red?  
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodh black  
out!

Vrom der hair upon mine hed?  
Und there de plaze goes vrom der lamp  
Vene'er de glim I douse—  
How can I all dose dings eggsblain  
To dot schmull Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I sehall go viid  
Mit soch a crazy poy,  
Und vish vonce more I gould haf raf  
Und beaufend dimes ensloy;  
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,  
So quiet as a mouse.

I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,  
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."  
—Charles Follen Adams.

### MINT CROP OF MICHIGAN.

Campania Farm of Congressman Todd

the Largest Field in the World.

There is a plot of ground in southern Michigan which probably not many generations ago formed part of the lake of that name. In course of time it became a fresh-water swamp, as valueless a piece of property as might be found. To-day it is a prosperous, fertile farm, upon which one of the most interesting industries of the world is conducted on a large scale. Ditch digging reclaimed this swamp, says the New York Times, the ditches serving first as drains, later for irrigating purposes.

Campania farm, as it has been named by its owner, Congressman Todd, is about two miles wide and is as flat as a duck pond. There are no fences around it, but the ditches are laid with mathematical precision. At the exact center of the farm are the buildings, from which the whole is operated and in which live as many people as are found in many villages.

As the visitor draws near the farm he sees stretching before him what appears to be a lake of green, crinkly leaves, which at nightfall is covered with a thick vapor. He becomes conscious of a smarting in the eyes and a tingling sensation in the nose. Memories of the big peppermint drops and sticks of striped candy of childhood pass through his mind.

He is, in fact, entering the largest mint field in the world, where is raised most of the peppermint that is used in the manufacture of oil for flavoring confections in the United States.

Campania farm is a busy place. The

workmen all live on the grounds. It is conducted on model plans. A large boarding house accommodates 100 men, and Congressman Todd has a summer house near by. There are leech-houses, farm buildings, warehouses and a library, and a clubroom for the workmen. There is a barn which is said to be the largest in the world.

This barn solved one of the earliest problems, and the most embarrassing which confronted Mr. Todd when he set out to conquer the swamp and reclaim it from the wastes and make it useful. This was the question as to what was to be done with the hundreds and later thousands of tons of mint hay after the oil had been extracted from it. He determined upon an experiment. He purchased 1,000 acres of farm land in the northern part of Michigan and put out to a pasture a herd of 500 shorthorn cattle. In the fall the herd was brought south and housed for the winter in the big barn.

The experiment proved successful, as the peppermint plants are excellent fodder when dried. Besides there was the advantage of giving employment to the workmen in the winter months.

The barn is built on unique plans. It is in the shape of a star, there being half a dozen arms radiating from a six-sided rotunda in the center.

Mint grows from roots similar to hops and spreads by runners. The entire ground is soon covered after the roots are planted, and as soil which is suitable for mint is also good for weeds a large crop of these must be tirelessly extracted. After the season is well advanced and cultivation is no longer practicable the weeding is done by hand and the amount of labor required is very large.

At harvest time the mint is combed and carded in one direction by means of a powerful two-horse rake. It is full of snags and crinkles, like a head of tousled hair. Mowers are then run in the opposite direction and the plants cut.

The best yield, in quality, comes from the first year's crop, as the oil is made from the leaves and the tender ends of the stems, but the second and third year's crops are said to be the most profitable, as they do not need replanting, nor so much weeding. Each fall the ground is plowed six inches deep and the crop comes without resetting.

STORING STEAMER PANTRY.

Large Quantities of Supplies Needed

to Meet Demands.

Probably not one passenger in a hundred gives a thought to the magnitude of the catering done by the firms who keep the pantries and storerooms of ocean steamers stocked with foodstuffs. And yet the question of meals, says the New York Times, is always a vital one to travelers, and the quantity and quality of the food supplied while one is crossing the Atlantic interests ascetics as well as gourmets.

Recent inquiries brought to light the fact that the largest steamship afloat uses 100 tons of food every month. This enormous quantity is none too much for hungry passengers and for the crew, who alone number over 500 individuals. The ocean steamships contract with the caterers for a year's supplies, stipulating that the provisions must be of the best quality procurable.

One of these caterers is of a statistical turn of mind, and has figured out that if it were incumbent upon him to fill the storerooms of a modern ocean liner with foodstuffs sufficient for a whole year's voyage it would require a procession of carts drawn by 1,000 horses to convey them to the ship, and that this procession would be about four miles long.

He says that the supply of meat for a twelve-month would comprise 180 tons of beef, 3,400 sheep, representing ninety tons of mutton, 120 tons of lamb and 10,000 pounds each of pork and veal. This would mean an allowance of nearly twenty tons of meat for each voyage, assuming that the ship crossed the Atlantic twenty times (single voyage) during the year.

In addition to this, chickens, ducks and other poultry and game to the number of 60,000 are used, and forty-five tons of fish, fresh and dried, including lobsters and sardines, are needed to satisfy the appetites of the passengers. The morning rusher of bacon or ham condemns 600 innocent pigs to their last squeal and represents an addition of twenty-five tons or over to the ship's refrigerator.

Six hundred tons of potatoes are eaten during the year by the ship's patrons.

A supply of flour for this same steamer makes 280 tons of bread, and the quantity of butter used to spread on the staff of life should make the average traveler ashamed to look a cow in the face. Eggs to the number of 300,000, turning the scale at the approximate weight of thirteen tons, are also supplied, and 10,000 gallons of milk represent a light estimate of the quantities of lactical fluid consumed.

The caterer produced bills and papers to prove that he was not exaggerating, and pointed out one document showing that twenty-five tons of coffee were used during 1902 on one liner, the dimensions of which are at present the marvel of the shipbuilding world.

He explained that the items mentioned represent only a few of the foodstuffs which he supplies, and he figured out on paper that the tea consumed during a year's voyages would fill a swimming bath six feet deep and fifty feet long.

The wise missionary secureth an apartment among the vegetarian type of heathen.

## LITERARY LITTLE BITS

"The Oldest Code of Laws in the World," imported by the Messrs. Scribner, is a translation by C. H. W. Johns of the recently discovered Hammurabi code.

F. S. Dellenbaugh, author of "The Romance of the Colorado River," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is now traveling in Utah and Arizona collecting material for forthcoming books.

Russell Sturgis has just handed in to Dodd, Mead & Co. the manuscript of his rewritten, paraphrased, augmented and translated version of Wilhelm Lubke's "Outlines of the History of Art."

"The Moth Book," by W. J. Holland, is to be a companion volume to the author's work on butterflies. It will appear in the fall with the imprint of Doubleday, Page & Co. Dr. Holland has been at work on the book for several years.

The author of "His Daughter First," Arthur Sherburne Hardy, was United States minister to Servia from 1890 to 1901, but those were less exciting times there than the present. He is now at the head of the American embassy at Madrid.

Professor Percival Lowell, head of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Ari., has just published a book of six popular lectures on "The Solar System," in which he has much to say about Mars, having made a special study of this planet for some years.

Jean Webster, a girl whose first book, "When Patty Went to College," has been favorably received, is a grandniece of Mark Twain. Her father, Charles Webster, was one of the partners of the ill-fated publishing firm of which Mark Twain was a member.

Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul's" is imported by the Messrs. Scribner in the "Caxton" thin paper reprints of famous English novels. We have also Evelyn's "Diary" in similar form. Both volumes have flexible leather covers and are exceedingly attractive in execution.

Street & Smith, New York, has issued in attractive paper cover, "Wee Macgregor," the widely read story of the emmy Scotch youngster, who diplomatically wins over his parents to his way of thinking. Parents will get many a good laugh from this little book, which can be had for 25 cents.

I feel like saying to any young girl who inclines to rhyme, "Don't sentimentalize! Write more of what you see than of what you feel, and let your feelings realize themselves to others in the shape of worthy actions. Then they will be natural, and will furnish you with something worth writing."—Lucy Larcom.

Charles Battell Loomis, in addition to "Cheerful Americans," expects to have a boys' book published in a few weeks through the Lothrop Publishing Company. It is entitled "A Partnership in Magic." "You see," he adds in a recent communication to a friend, "it is three years since my last book came out and so I feel justified in coming out double."

"The Novels and Poems of Charles Kingsley" are being reissued in a "library edition" by J. F. Taylor & Co. Four volumes are now at hand, two of them being "Hereward the Wake" and the other "Alton Locke." The special feature of this edition is found in the introductions to the several works, prepared by Maurice Kingsley, the eldest son of the author.

Here are some of the gifts showered upon Anthony Hope the other day when he wedded his American bride, Miss Elizabeth Sheldon; Edmund Gosse, a liquor set; Mrs. Humphry Ward, a set of Matthew Arnold's poems; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie, an antique cabinet; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Courtney, a coal box, and the Authors' Society, a silver punch bowl.

The Power of Congress.

During the blizzard which struck Kansas at the end of April the Globe of Atchison published a good Ozark story.

Down in the Ozark regions of Missouri by some chance a newspaper strayed into a beighted neighborhood. The natives got hold of it, and lost no time in finding a man who could read, all being anxious to hear the news. One man asked the reader: "What are they doing down there in Washington, now?"

"They are doing lots of things," the reader replied. "Congress has just passed a law adding two more months on to the year, and they are both winter months."

The questioner jumped from his seat saying, "Gee-mine, whiz! And I am just out of fodder."—Des Moines Register.

Enough to Kill Him.

Hobo Charley—Say, loidy, if dat dawg bites me he dies, see?  
Lady—I believe you; I don't see how he could recover.—Baltimore American.

How It Happened.

Gladys—So Beatrice is finally married? How did she come to take the plunge?  
Ethel—She didn't. She was shoved off by six younger sisters.

The young man who figures on marrying an heiress is apt to overlook the fact that the heiress may also have some knowledge of mathematics.



A FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALED A FRIGHTFUL SPECTACLE.

Sir Arthur met his sad fate, and can study the location of the place. "For all this trouble Mr. Rappelye, as we will still call him, will pay you handsomely. Five thousand per annum shall be yours as long as he lives; and at his death you will, if successful, be munificently rewarded, as his will, still unsigned, can testify.

"Are you willing to serve him as he wishes? Will you undertake the task of clearing his good name of the foul aspersions cast upon it?"

There was a long pause, during which the pale face of the invalid seemed to grow a shade paler, and his eager gaze, at length the silence was broken by Dr. Eifenstein, who said in a calm, steady tone:

"I will undertake it!"

"Thank you," murmured the sick man, as he reached forth his hand to clasp that of his visitor. "For this your solemn pledge, I as solemnly promise to place in your hands, through my banker, the yearly sum of five thousand dollars, and I will also provide for your future, should my death occur before your task is completed. This will of mine is already dictated, and only awaits my signature. Mr. Gray, I will now summon Mrs. Stebbins and one of my servants to act as witnesses, while I write my name to my last will and testament."

Mrs. Stebbins and Harriet Bevier then placed their names opposite as witnesses to the solemn transaction, and again withdrew, after Mr. Rappelye had desired them to bid the coachman prepare to carry Dr. Eifenstein back to the depot, as he had declined passing the night with them.

"When shall you be ready to leave for England?" asked Mr. Rappelye, as he held his hand at parting.

"In about one week's time I think I can settle my own affairs, and arrange a home for my mother during my absence. I shall take the first steamer I can, and will come again to receive further instructions before I leave, if you wish it."

Thus ended an interview which was destined to be the cause of bringing to light events of the most startling character, the developments of which would place our hero amid scenes and circumstances so terrible and tragic in their nature that could they have been foretold might have caused many moments of hesitation.

## CHAPTER III.

Dr. Eifenstein did not see his mother on his return, on account of the lateness

of the steamer. Surrounded by strangers, it is not a matter of surprise that a feeling of wariness and almost desolation crept over him. He turned away from his post of observation on deck and sought the more lively saloon. Taking a book from one of the tables, he affected to read.

Presently his eyes rested upon a middle-aged lady, who seemed in feeble health, as she leaned back languidly in an easy chair, while her pale face and attenuated figure spoke of prolonged sufferings, but a patient spirit. Her dark eyes continually wandered towards the door.

Dr. Eifenstein looked at her with increasing interest.

Suddenly a brighter look floated into the lady's eyes. Following the range of her vision, he was surprised at beholding the most perfect picture of youthful beauty he had ever yet beheld. It was all embodied in the person of a young girl of about twenty summers, who smilingly drew near. She spoke, and the melodious accents of her voice filled Earle with delight.

"Aunt Gertrude, are you weary? I stayed out longer than I intended, but I could not bear to lose sight of the faintest speck of the land we have left behind us. It has all disappeared now, and the sea, the sea, the deep blue sea, at this moment is on every side, rising and sinking in all its beauty. Shall I lead you to your stateroom, auntie? Perhaps it would be as well for you to lie down before you become seasick and faint."

"I feel rather dizzy now, my love, and will take your advice."

Rising slowly, the feeble woman leaned on the strong young arm of her niece, and so passed to a stateroom quite near the one engaged by herself, and the young physician smiled contentedly, that they were to be close neighbors during the voyage.

Several days passed in rather an uneventful way, brightened occasionally by a glimpse of the young girl, whose name he found to be Ethel Neveggill.

One rough and stormy day was damped to a close when, leaving the damp atmosphere of the deck, where he had passed a couple of hours watching the leaden sky and the storm-lashed waves, Dr. Eifenstein, in passing to his stateroom, was startled by a low cry of dismay coming from the room of Mrs. Neveggill, followed immediately by the pale, frightened face of her niece, who exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, something dreadful is the

nade? The fresh sea breeze will do you good after your confinement to the sick room of your invalid aunt."

Dr. Eifenstein found his young companion an intelligent and brilliant conversationalist. The fascination of her cultivated manners imperceptibly wore a feeling of intense admiration about his heart, of which he was ignorant, until too late to avert what, had he realized the mischief it would bring to future feelings, he would have made a duty at once to suppress.

(To be continued.)

### Outwitting the Police.

Her Wolf von Schierbrand, for a long time chief correspondent of the Associated Press in Berlin, tells a story of his last weeks there. The Argonaut repeats the tale. Schierbrand had given information of a too intimate nature about the kaiser, and was ordered to leave.

The American ambassador secured a respite of two weeks for him, during which he could wind up his affairs, but he was a marked man, and the police shadowed him night and day.

At last he hit upon the expedient of placing a stuffed dummy of himself on the front porch, with his back toward the street, and while the police zealously watched the dummy he was daily slipping out by a side door and going unobserved about his business, disguised in a pair of blue goggles and an old slouch hat.

The mankin sat in the chair, with occasional interruptions, from nine in the morning till ten at night, and was pulled inside by a string at bedtime.

On the morning of Herr von Schierbrand's departure for the United States it was turned with its wooden face toward the street, displaying a small placard for the edification of the police, reading:

"Thanks; I'm off."

### Eye to Economy.

Mother—Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear? Daughter—I certainly do, mamma. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two-dollar hat than in the one that cost twenty.—Judge.