

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

The life of a physician is certainly a very unattractive and unprofitable one. No sooner, therefore, had Earle Eifenstein retired to his library, after his lonely supper, and become deeply interested in a book, that a severe thunder shower, now steadily speeding toward them, ushered in, by muttered thunder, and zigzag lightning, than rat-tat-tat, came at the door, and a call for services about two miles off.

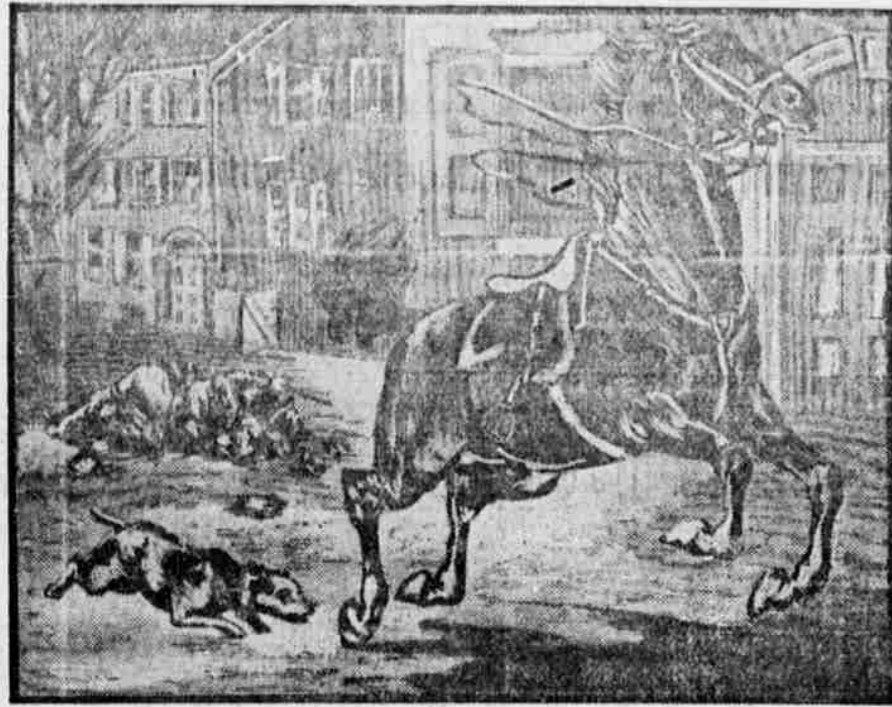
"Well," he thought, as he vaulted upon his faithful horse Sultan, "I can, perhaps, have a view of his ghostship on our way back, if we happen."

He touched his horse and sped off in the darkness. Before reaching the home of his patient, the storm was indeed over him.

He lingered fully an hour, hoping it would abate, but instead, its fury seemed to increase with every breath. His patient had fallen into a quiet sleep, and he was anxious to be off. Donning his rubber coat, with its protecting hood well drawn over his hat, he started homeward.

Pitchy darkness he encountered all the way, lit only by the vivid flashes of lightning that darted hither and thither, over the inky sky, while the wind, eerie like, soured through the tall trees of the grounds surrounding Glendenning Hall; then, seeming to gather force with each gust, broke loose again into fury, lashing, and thrashing the branches in a fearful manner.

Suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning caused his horse to shy to one side, while a crash of thunder almost appalled him. Raising his eyes instinctively towards the sky, they fell by accident upon the windows of the Haunted Tower.



THE RIDER WAS DASHED UPON A PILE OF STONES.

What terrific spectacle was this that met his eyes?

The words of the boy were fully confirmed; the most horrid creature fancy could picture was surely dancing just within the tower in full, plain view. A hideous figure was jumping up and down, amid a glare of what seemed sulphurous light, while every now and then it sank down only to reappear, going through the same wild motions and capers, each one appalling enough to strike terror to the hearts of the superstitious beholder.

But Dr. Eifenstein was by no means a superstitious man. Ghosts, goblins, specters, all were to him mere vagaries of a crazed brain. Therefore, while startled and horrified for one moment by this singular apparition, the next, he coolly reined in his horse, and thus stood still, calmly contemplating the scene.

While still sitting there upon the back of his horse, lost in conjecture, the demoniacal hobgoblin, apparition, or whatever the evil genius of the Haunted Tower might be called, dropped from sight; the strange, lurid light disappeared; darkness reigned over the place, except as revealed by the lightning flashes, and the puzzled and undaunted physician was free to urge his horse onward once more towards the peaceful cottage that he called his home.

Once within the cheerful shelter of the library, he seated himself beside the table, drew nearer the wax candles, and again took up his book to read another chapter before retiring for the night. But he soon found that reading was impossible, for ever before the page flitted the impish figure he had seen, with its horns, its flaming eyes and hideous contortions. Closing the book then he leaned his head against the tall back of his chair, and thought long and deeply. At the close of his cogitations, as he laid himself down upon his bed for the night, one result alone was reached, namely:

"There had been a murder committed years before within Glendenning Hall, and the murderer was still unknown and at large. For some unaccountable reason the tower was made to appear in the possession of evil spirits by some parties, also unknown."

In his soul Dr. Eifenstein believed the dreadful apparition he had himself witnessed that night was the work of some wicked person, wrought out, probably, to keep up the superstitious notoriety such a mystery would bring upon a place.

Finding sleep impossible, the doctor again arose and, drawing aside the curtain from the window, gazed forth into the darkness of the night. But while the storm still raged furiously, and the sky was shrouded by an inky pall, no light appeared from the direction of the hall to whisper forebodingly of the specter of the tower.

The young physician soon found himself pursuing another and an entirely different train of thought. This time the storm passing before his eyes was transferred to the wildly lashed and foaming billows of the sea. His peaceful home

had changed to the cabin of an ocean steamer, and the goblin of night into the graceful form of Ethel Nevogait, his lovely fellow passenger of a few weeks before.

"Ah, beautiful, lost Ethel! How he longed to see her, to speak to her, to be near her, but he knew that for him such a pleasure would never again be, so with a weary sigh he dropped the curtain and turned to his pillow, but not to sleep even, but to toss around, and strive in vain to banish from his mind thoughts of the girl who had unconsciously succeeded in leaving so indelible an impression upon his heart.

CHAPTER VI.

We left Sir Reginald Glendenning dashing in a wild and furious way, while in a fit of vexation, down the ramble or carriage way leading from the Hall. The horse he sat upon was almost a colt, very wild and fiery, and as he had not been ridden for several days was particularly spirited on this memorable morning.

The pathway over which they almost flew was very beautiful, surrounded on either side by grand old trees, whose soft boughs meeting, made a perfect canopy of green above, through which flecks of bright blue sky might be seen, and through which also, rare slants of sunshine glinted, falling on drops of dew that lay upon the nodding grasses, or upon little clumps of flowers, whose cups lay open, ever turning skyward for a fresh supply of light or moisture.

But Sir Reginald saw not, and cared not for the beauty that lay so ravishingly around him. He had received an unwelcome letter, one presenting to him a duty,

inevitable. Your hip is broken; your spine is injured, and you are a prisoner for months," was the doctor's serious but firm reply.

"Doctor, answer me one question, and, at your peril, answer truly. Is there danger of delirium? Will my mind give way under this awful pain?"

"I think not. Your constitution is a good one, and your nervous system not at all shattered; but of course I do not say for a certainty, as these things are beyond a physician's knowledge."

"If there is the least danger of that within twenty-four hours I must know it, as I have business of vital importance to transact."

"There is no danger within that time, rest assured; so try and calm yourself, for the sake of your friends," returned the doctor.

Sir Reginald was silent a moment; then his eyes rested half inquiringly upon his weeping wife and niece, then fixed themselves, as if in deep study, upon the face of his nephew, while bitter sighs escaped his white, trembling lips.

"Drink this, my dear sir, and it will, I hope, relieve you," said the doctor at last, advancing to his side with some liquid medicine in a glass.

"Answer, first, will it deaden thought? If it will I cannot swallow it, as I have a terrible problem to be solved before my mind can rest, was the strange reply.

"Drink it. It may soothe pain, but I assure you, not prevent reflection."

So the trembling baronet swallowed the potion, and then became silent and thoughtful. Dr. Eifenstein waited until he saw his patient calmed and more pliable, then proceeded to replace the bone of the broken hip and arrange the sufferer in the position most important for the success of his surgery.

After giving explicit directions to Lady Constance and Mrs. Fredon, an old family nurse, for his further treatment, he withdrew, promising to return by evening.

No sooner had the door closed upon his retiring form than Sir Reginald ordered every soul to leave the room except Lady Constance, merely explaining to the wondering ones that he must consult his wife upon a matter of importance.

"Constance," said he, when he saw that his order had been obeyed and that they were alone. "Go to my library and get me from the locked drawer of my bookcase, a letter which lies upon the very top. The key you will find in my vest pocket."

Lady Constance instantly did as he directed, and the letter from his dead sister was once more in his hand. This time he read it in a different mood. Instead of anger, one could see intense satisfaction in his eager eyes.

"Now, I will tell you the request made of me in this letter," and he repeated to her the words read by his niece and nephew, as they stealthily possessed themselves of its contents. "This girl needs a home for a few months. I need some private assistance, and you need some person to aid you and the nurse in taking care of me, or at least, in amusing me. If this Ethel is willing to do as I wish, I will pay her for her services well, and thus my sister's desires will be carried out. What say you to the arrangement?"

"I am perfectly willing to acquiesce in what you think best," was the meek reply of the wife.

"Then give me a paper and pencil while I write a telegraphic dispatch. There," said he, handing her the following message, addressed to the person alluded to:

"Sir Reginald is ill. You can be useful here if you wish, so come instantly. Answer. Will be met at station."

"Call the coachman, tell him to take Jerry and go with all speed to the office and see that this is sent at once. Have him wait for an answer."

A short time elapsed only, when Matthew returned with this message: "I will come to you on the four o'clock train."

A few words concisely written, but on them hung a long train of terrible events that the movements of the dread future could alone unfold.

(To be continued.)

Melting Snow.

During the past winter a new device for removing snow from city streets was put in use. It is called a snow-melter, a huge machine for thoroughly cleaning the streets. Popular Mechanics says that the melting is done rapidly and economically by means of a hot-air blast which is brought into direct contact with the snow.

The melter consists of a double-end furnace with a large grate area surmounted by a horizontal water-jacket and a crescent-shaped cross-section with two inverted L-shaped flues. The dimensions of the melter are the same as those of an ordinary truck.

The melter is mounted on wheels, and can be easily moved from place to place by a team of horses. The water-jacket forms the bottom of an iron frame or box into which the snow may be shoveled direct from the street, or into which a load of snow may be directly dumped.

The furnace burns coke, and is large enough to hold a cartload at a time. The snow is placed in direct contact with the heated flues, and is melted as fast as a gang of laborers can shovel.

"Gulling" the Public.

Plovers' eggs are now in season, and the managers of the few remaining galleries of the United Kingdom are doing their best to keep the market supplied, says the London Sporting Dramatic News. One gallery never sends less than 2,000 gulls' eggs to London every spring, and these are all retailed to a credulous public as the eggs of lapwings. Of course, the men in the trade know better, and equally, of course, they pay nominal prices and make big profits.

Practical Philanthropy.

"Very often, I suppose," said the inquisitive person, "you are deceived by apparently deserving objects of charity whom you quietly help."

"Yes, indeed," replied the wealthy philanthropist; "it's just like throwing money away. Sometimes the very people you think will advertise your money never say a word about it."—Philadelphia Press.

Speaking terms are to be found on a card in the telephone booth.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Enterprise of Medicine.

VERY neat and ingenious way of increasing the number of the diseased is to widen the definition of disease until it becomes all-embracing. Here stands John Doe, in the year 1903, sound in mind, limb and brain. He is not a patient of any physician, and he never takes medicine. But the great and profitable scheme of modern business (and everything is business nowadays) is to give people new wants and then supply those wants. Teach a man to smoke and then you may sell him tobacco. Give him a disease, and then you may sell him attendance and medicine. Medical science, therefore, must invent a disease to fit John Doe and make him a patient. A neurologist (the technical name for the drummer or trade-builder of medical science) is set to watch John Doe. He observes that John, once in a while, crosses his legs mechanically and pulls at his shin. "Aha!" exclaims the neurologist. "I've got him. John Doe, you are a kratopodomaniac!"

Poor John Doe is then in the toils. What a horrible affliction, this mania with the sesquipedalian name! A form of degeneracy! May lead to serious conditions unless checked at the start! Thus say his wife and family, echoing the doctor, and thus John thinks. Away to the doctor and the drug store! Vanish peace of mind, gone after departed health. Behold John Doe, henceforth a poor valetudinarian, turning over his income to prosperous gentlemen of the medical profession. And yet John Doe is exactly the same as he was before the habit of crossing legs and pulling at one's shin was denominated a disease.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Farmers Need Help.

THE Orange Judd Farmer calls attention to the labor famine on the farms of the West. Farmers everywhere are confronted by a most discouraging lack of farm labor. Agricultural operations are greatly curtailed simply because it is impossible to get the services of the necessary human labor. The farm household as well as the farm suffers for lack of labor. There is a great demand for domestic servants, and they are even scarcer than "hired men." The Farmer suggests that the city people who need or desire country life but are without funds should take advantage of the situation and offer themselves as help for farmers and their wives.

The suggestion is an excellent one. The anemic, nervous clerk would do well to quit his employment and go to the country and try hard manual work. The city is full of dissatisfied persons who probably never will be satisfied in the city. Why should not some of these break away from the delusive attractiveness of the city and set out where there is need of them; go from where they are not wanted to where they are in demand? Why would it not be good for ailing shop girls and nervous teachers to go to the country households? Hard work? Of course, but hard physical labor is just what mentally tired and nervous people often need.

The social relations of farmers and their help are not such as to offer a bar to the most high-toned. On the farms the help, whether men or women, are part of the household. There are no distinctions. Everybody works hard and the fare is the same for all.—Minneapolis Journal.

Get-Rich-Quick.

POSSIBLY because its cause has so far remained unrecognized, the Get-Rich-Quick habit continues to spread. The art of steady workmanship and thorough knowledge of the crafts shows signs of dying out. The young man of to-day is no longer the probable millionaire citizen of five-and-thirty. He aims at being a millionaire at 30, and rails bitterly at fate if his golden dreams be shattered in the ward of a workhouse.

Rush for luxury and rush for money are synonymous. In its endeavor to keep pace with this increased cost of luxury, the modern generation succumbs to the Get-Rich-Quick habit. Men of this stamp cover the maximum amount of ground in their business in the hope of striking a gold-bearing patch. They become jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none. They try to run before they are compe-

A REFORMED IDLER.

Wonderful Change in the Life of Lord Balfour, England's Premier.

Those who twenty years ago knew Arthur J. Balfour, the present English premier, well never expected that he would attain the high office which he fills to-day.

None of us dreamed, said an old associate of his in 1885, that he would ever become a successful politician, let alone a great statesman. As president of the local government board and secretary for Scotland he had managed to make a name for himself, but he was never expected to rise to the top of the tree in British politics. He is a politician, by family influence and chance, not by choice. The nephew of Lord Salisbury, Arthur J. Balfour was "born to the purple" and destined for Parliament from his Eton days. But his tastes are literary and academic, not political and practical. He cares more for the honors which have been showered upon him by all the British universities in recognition of his achievements in philosophy than he does for his political fame.

Strange to say, this man who has risen to the top of the tree in British politics is no lover of politics. He is a politician, by family influence and chance, not by choice. The nephew of Lord Salisbury, Arthur J. Balfour was "born to the purple" and destined for Parliament from his Eton days. But his tastes are literary and academic, not political and practical. He cares more for the honors which have been showered upon him by all the British universities in recognition of his achievements in philosophy than he does for his political fame.

"Give me my books, my golf clubs and leisure," he once said to a friend, "and I would ask for nothing more. My ideal in life is to read a lot, write a little, play plenty of golf and have nothing to worry about. If I could give up politics and retire to-morrow without disorganizing things and neglecting my duty I would gladly do so."

BIT OF FRENCH HISTORY.

An Empire Lost for Want of the Right Sort of Riding Habit.

An old legend which makes no pretense to truth tells how a kingdom was lost for want of a horse-shoe nail. But a recent volume of sober historical and biographical purpose, written by Count d'Harcourt, makes it appear that

the Empress Eugenie, after the battle of Sedan, lost the chance to preserve the empire of her husband by not possessing exactly the right sort of riding habit. It was the evening of September 3, 1870.

The news of the surrender of the French army and of the Emperor Napoleon at Sedan had spread about Paris, continues a writer in London Society. The city was excited, and there was talk of a revolution and the banishment of the imperial family. At this juncture Emile de Girardin, a man who was trusted by the empress and who had had no little experience during previous changes of government, arrived at the Palace of the Tuilleries. "If your majesty were to appear on horseback in the midst of the people," Girardin said, "and announce the abdication of the empress in favor of the prince imperial, your own assumption of the title of empress regent, and the appointment of Thiers as prime minister, the empire might be saved. Something must be done to turn the tide."

The empress accepted the advice. But when this leader of the world's fashion sought for a proper costume for her performance it could not be found! The only riding habit in the Tuilleries was a fantastic one of green embroidered with gold and silver, made for a festive hunting occasion; and the hat was a no less fantastic three-cornered affair of the epoch of Louis Quinze. The empress felt that it would not do to appear in this sort on such an occasion. Her appearance in it might have the opposite effect upon the people from that which she intended. The plan had to be given up, the empress and the prince imperial were banished, and the Napoleonic empire was at an end.

London's Birth Rate 400 a Day.

In London each day 400 children are born and 250 enter school for the first time.

A chaperon goes to a girl's picnic to see that the girls behave; a chaperon goes to a boy's picnic to see that the boys don't eat the refreshments too

tent to walk—forgetting that an intimate knowledge of the parts is essential to an engineer.

We have no wish to deaden the call to a more strenuous life, which, happily, seems to be reaching the ears of our captains of commerce. But we would point to the dangers of unchecked ambition which the rank and file run in their race to Get-Rich-Quick. Men who learn the spending end of a business first are apt to form the waste products of a State. In their hurry to build their private Rome in a day, and to enjoy all its costly pleasures before they have had any time whatever to realize whether it is firmly set upon its foundations, disaster often befalls the impatient wealth-seekers of to-day. They do not grasp that the odds are all with sound principle and systematic method as against mere pace. Too often, in consequence, they profit neither themselves nor the community.—London Express.

The Home Influence.

THE family and the home are the foundation stones of civilization, and in an especial sense are they the props of a free government. It is the home training that makes the virtuous citizen, and if the right family influences are lacking, the results are bad citizenship and bad men. Nothing can take the place of home training or make up for the loss of it. The school, the college, even the influences of religion, are the aids and complements of the home training. The family guidance and instruction begin from the earliest years, when the child is most impressionable, and when its mind and character are most plastic, and continues until the years of discretion. The most rigid self-discipline, the most careful and long continued education which falls to the lot of the most fortunate youth, can scarcely eradicate the tendencies formed in early youth in an evil home; and the great, simple lessons of honesty, truth, love, mercy and virtue, whether taught by formal instruction or unconsciously imbibed in the atmosphere of a sound, honorable household, leave their impress upon the man or woman till the end of life, and have their powerful, determining influence upon character and destiny.

It is, therefore, of the highest importance, both for the sake of the individual and of the nation, that the beneficent home influences of a good family should encircle the young completely, and even follow them wherever they go out into the world. We are so busy that in too many instances, where the parents are intelligent enough to know the value of binding their children to the home and keeping them close under its sheltering care, the young are permitted, through mere carelessness, to drift away insensibly from the home and loosen its sacred ties. This often happens because children and parents do not have amusements, diversions and interests in common, and sometimes because the elders do not make due allowance for the nature of youth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Should Ministers Learn a Trade?

CLERGYMAN of Philadelphia who has examined the statistics of the various Protestant denominations, and has been disturbed by the number of ministers who are without a charge, strongly urges all young men who intend to enter the ministry to learn some trade either before or after their ordination. His idea is that besides giving the minister a certain experience, which would make his ministrations in or out of the pulpit more sympathetic, a trade would in many instances, be a good thing to fall back upon. It is certainly important that in some way or other a young theological student should come into practical contact with the busy world. In some cases, however, it would be a distinct loss for the church to have a young man who is very evidently called to the ministry spend months in bread-and-butter work at an age when his time would better be given to other things. More generally, perhaps, if the present indifference with respect to the maintenance of churches in a large number of small communities is to continue, the young minister will feel justified in protecting himself against possible poverty in the future by first making himself proficient in some trade or professional line before he seeks ordination.—New York Observer.



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR miss all his chances of doing anything remarkable. He was clever enough, but he simply couldn't take the trouble to work. It seemed to be almost too much bother to him to live. He seldom got out of bed before the afternoon, and often he would not go to his office for three or four days at a time. Dispatches bored him, Parliament was a nuisance, and the officials of his department tore their hair over his neglect to keep appointments and sign important documents. They never expected him to read them; if they could get him to sign them a week late they thought themselves lucky.

Well, this was the man whom Lord Salisbury appointed chief secretary for Ireland in 1884—one of the stormiest periods in the modern history of that country. Of course, everybody raged and said that Salisbury had appointed the most unfit man he could have found in a day's march, simply because that man happened to be his own nephew. The Irish members were delighted. They thought they had got a man of straw for their chief opponent. Parnell alone saw the truth. "Don't deceive yourselves," he told his colleagues. "Salisbury knows what he is doing. There's a great deal more in Balfour than he has shown us yet. He will turn out to be the strongest

chief secretary for generations past."

And so it proved. Faced at last with an immensely difficult and important task, Balfour altered his habits completely. There was no more lying abed until noon, no more neglect of business, no more scorn for petty details. He rose with the lark even after a hard night's session in the House of Commons and worked hard all day and every day at his office. When he became chief secretary he knew no more about Irish affairs than the average man in the street, but in less than a month he surprised the permanent officials by his thorough knowledge of every branch of Irish government.

And as he worked and learned his character and will grew stronger. The lazy, vacillating philosopher who couldn't make up his mind about anything became in a few short weeks the stern administrator.

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