

# A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"O, my dear Miss Nevergail, the Fates certainly have befriended me this time! To think that I should have met thus your beautiful self, just as you start on a rambles, is too fortunate for belief! Which direction shall we go, for I at once constitute myself your devoted attendant."

"Mr. Glendenning, you will excuse me if I decline your services. I came out for a quiet walk by myself, and therefore shall not certainly trespass upon your time."

"Pardon me, my angel, my time is of so consequence to all, I cannot ever allow so lovely a lady to stroll around without a protector."

"Sir," said Ethel, now really losing patience, "there is no danger certainly to be met in the short walk I intend to take in your uncle's grounds. But since you ever otherwise, I shall instantly return."

"You will do no such thing," was the insolent reply, as Robert sprang to her side, seized her hand, and drawing it firmly under his arm, held it tight, and thus drew her back to the walk. "When I propose walking with a charming girl, I usually do it."

"Sir, release my hand. I have no desire to go further. I shall merely add that your presence is disagreeable, and your words of flattery almost insulting."

"Notwithstanding that, my dearest girl—"

"I am neither your 'dearest girl,' nor your 'angel,' and you have no right to address me in that style. I am your uncle's secretary and amanuensis, and am here merely to carry out his wishes, and work, not to be attended by you in any way whatever," returned the indignant Ethel, disengaging her hand, and returning towards the house.

"Miss Nevergail, go, since you are so determined, but remember, although you decline my friendship, nothing you may do will provoke my enmity, and before many days you will spend hours in my company, voluntarily."

Ethel made no answer, and the next moment, re-entered the hall, leaving the chagrined youth to his bitter reflections. In one of Dr. Elfenstein's visits he had been presented with a quantity of exceedingly choice flowers by a grateful patient, and suddenly remembering the dismal life Ethel Nevergail was leading, he resolved to divide them with her.

Driving, then, first to his own home before seeking the hall, he selected the most beautiful, and forming them into a graceful bouquet, drove into the rambles with them in his hand.

Belle was in the drawing room and saw him leap from the gig, with his floral prize, so stepped quickly from the window that reached to the floor, in order to attract his attention, supposing, in her extreme vanity, that he would instantly present them to herself.

But to her deep chagrin, he merely made a few passing observations, and walked on, carrying the coveted flowers with him. Biting her lips in keen vexation, she muttered as she retreated to the room she had left:

"I will stay here and watch for his return. Something seems to tell me that those flowers are for that odious Ethel Nevergail. If they are—"

She did not finish her sentence audibly, but the ominous look in her eyes told of bitter feelings that would seek some petty revenge.

Ethel was passing through the upper hall to her room when Dr. Elfenstein ran lightly up, and as he pronounced her name to detain her, she tarried until she reached her side.

"Miss Nevergail, I do not know whether you are as fond of flowers as I am, but I have brought you a few, hoping they may cheer you in your lonely duties."

"O, thank you, doctor! They will, indeed, as I love them dearly. These are perfect beauties and I shall prize them highly."

"That rose, I think, will adorn your hair to perfection. Allow me to fasten it there. May I?"

With a pleased blush the young girl bent her head, and with skillful fingers Earle placed it just above her small, white ear where it nestled lovingly, adding a new charm to her bright young face.

Just as he was finishing a step approached, and Belle, who could not restrain her curiosity another moment, as she heard him pause on the floor above, and then make some remark in a low tone, came upon the scene.

Just in time to see his hand leave the rose, and to see Ethel turn toward her own room, and disappear with the bouquet in her hand and a gratified smile hovering around her lips.

Waiting until she had seen the doctor leave the premises, and Ethel again repair to Sir Reginald's side, the malicious girl proceeded directly to that room, where she found the flowers carefully bestowed in a fancy vase upon the dressing case.

Seeing them without a moment's hesitation, she turned directly to the baronet's room. Ethel sat by the bed, and at his request was striving to cool his heated brow by gently moving a fan. Raising her eyes, to her astonishment, she recognized her flowers, but before she could claim them, Belle's angry voice arrested her attention.

"Sir Reginald," she exclaimed, "I think it is my duty to inform you that Miss Nevergail seems to have forgotten her position as your assistant nurse, and paid dependent, and seizes every opportunity that offers to carry on sly flirtations with gentlemen. I just surprised Dr. Elfenstein placing that rose in her hair outside your door, while at the same time he gave her these flowers. Do you approve of such behavior?"

"Approve? No! Of course not!" he returned, flying into a passion at once, as she well knew he was sure to do. "Miss Nevergail, what business have you to conduct in that style? Did I bring you here to form intrigues with gentlemen?"

"You certainly did not," was the calm reply, "nor have I done so. Dr. Elfenstein is an old friend, and as such he presented me with the flowers Miss Glendenning has taken from my room. Being my own property now, I will thank her for their restoration." So saying, she reached forth her hand for them.

But Belle drew back, and scornfully replied:

"You shall never have them again. I assure you, as I shall instantly see that every stem, leaf and bud is destroyed. If you do not know your place better in this house than to put yourself on an equality with its visitors, you must be taught. Do you not think so, Sir Reginald?" she added, appealing to him.

"Certainly. Just take the trash away, and see that it is destroyed. I shall myself inform Dr. Elfenstein."

"You will not do that, surely, uncle. He would then be vexed with me," Belle hastily exclaimed. "I will destroy them, since you wish it also, but not until you promise to say nothing to him about it."

"Well, have it your own way; but if I do not, perhaps Miss Nevergail will."

"She dare not! she knows it would seem unbecomingly to mourn over the loss of a few flowers that were his gift, in his presence. I am not at all afraid of her doing so."

So saying, regardless of Ethel's beseeching words and looks, the spiteful girl left the room with her ill-gotten treasures, and Ethel saw them no more.

Sir Reginald remained excited, cross and nervous, for some time after this scene, and poor Ethel found it almost impossible to please him in anything she attempted.

The sight of the flower she still wore seemed to aggravate him, although he made no further comments upon the subject, but Ethel felt that without a direct command she was not required to remove it.

Therefore it remained, and when Dr. Elfenstein returned in the afternoon for his usual second visit to the sick man, he smiled, as his eyes rested upon it, but never was told the fate of the rest of his offering, nor heard of the hard words she had endured on account of his friendly gift.

## CHAPTER XII.

After Robert Glendenning had been so justly repulsed by Ethel in the grounds of the hall, he felt exceedingly ill used, and the more he pondered over the coldness of this beautiful girl towards himself, the more he felt inclined to punish her want of appreciation of his merits as a handsome, wealthy and popular young man.

Immediately after his last adventure with Ethel, while yet chafed and sore on account of it, his sister gave him a graphic account of the presentation of the flowers by Dr. Elfenstein, and her own bold destruction of them, then concluded by saying:

"She is a proud, stuck-up thing, and I do delight in humiliating her lofty feelings. I intend to do all I can to bring her from the high pedestal on which she has perched, and if I can only incense Sir Reginald against her, so that he will send her away, I shall be delighted. Bob, I wish you would help me."

"I will do all I can to reduce her amiable pride, I assure you, though I do not care to have her sent away. She shall, however, repent snubbing me as she did yesterday."

"Snubbing you! What do you mean? Did she really dare to do that?"

Robert then related his experience with the subject of their discussion.

"The idiot! She does not deserve your further notice! However, if I see a chance to lower her in Sir Reginald's esteem I shall do it. If needful, I shall also call on you for assistance."

That afternoon the wished-for opportunity arrived.

Belle happened to be in her uncle's room a few moments, when she heard the following conversation take place, which gave her a plan upon which to work.

Sir Reginald had received a note from a neighbor in reference to some very important private business, which he found necessary to attend to immediately. Wishing some intelligent person to see and converse with Mr. Perkins in regard to the matter, he had explained his views to Ethel before Belle had entered, and was just saying:

"Do you think you could find Perkins for me, and attend to this important work, Miss Nevergail?"

"I do. I understand your wishes perfectly now; so if you can direct me there, I will go at once."

"You had better not go around the road, as the walk would be a full a mile and a half, but go from the rear of the hall and take a short cut through the fields. There will only be a couple of bars to lower, and the path is direct and plain."

"Then I will start at once."

"It will only take you until five o'clock to go and return. Please be as quick as possible in getting back, as I shall need you by that time. You understand, I wish you to hurry. I never like a person to loiter when I send them upon an errand."

Seeking Robert at once, Belle informed him of the errand Ethel had to transact for Sir Reginald, and his strict injunction that she should hasten back to his side.

"He told her the whole work could be accomplished by five o'clock. Now, Robert, I think it will be worth your while greatly if she were detained until seven. Can you not intercept her on her return and manage to keep her away?"

"Yes, indeed. It will be splendid fun. I will do it. If I cannot keep her in any other way I will force her into a phaeton and take her off upon a ride."

"Do; then I will inform his lordship that she was seen riding with some strange young man."

"Ha, ha! good; and if she says it was this chap, I will deny it in full."

"And I will come in to prove an alibi. Where will you meet her?"

"Just the other side of the Perkins wood. I will have a horse and phaeton waiting on this side. There is a woodman's road there that leads to the main road; we can take that, and have a jolly long ride. But I shall have a fuss to get her into the vehicle, I expect; however, I shall manage it some way, never fear."

Laughing gayly over the fun in prospect the two separated to put in force the mischief they had brewed.

Poor Ethel left the house without a suspicion of what awaited her; glad, in fact, that she could thus enjoy a stroll after the confinement of that close, hard day.

She found Mr. Perkins at home, and soon explained the cause of her visit, and transacted the business with which she had been intrusted.

This completed, she turned her face homeward. All went well with her until she approached the woods. At their entrance she found, on consulting her watch that it was quarter past four.

"I shall reach the hall just about five," she thought, "and so please Sir Reginald, I would not have liked being late, after what he said."

Suddenly she was startled by a sound at her side, then, to her surprise and chagrin, Robert Glendenning stepped directly in her path.

"My dear Miss Nevergail, this is a delightful meeting in a delightful place. Where may your curiosity have taken you?"

"My curiosity, Mr. Glendenning, took me nowhere. I have merely been to transact a matter of business for Sir Reginald and am now on my way home. Being in a hurry, I would be glad to pass on."

"Not so fast, not so fast, my pretty girl; surely you will linger awhile in this romantic place, now that you have some one to enjoy the beauties of the wood with you?"

"No, Mr. Glendenning," was the dignified reply; "I cannot linger a moment. Sir Reginald desired my immediate return, and I cannot keep him waiting."

"Nevertheless, my sweet creature, he will wait; for you cannot return just now, as I intend for once to fully enjoy your society."

So saying, the bold young man attempted to take her hand, to draw it under his arm.

Snatching it instantly away, Ethel fixed upon him a stern look and ordered him to stand aside.

Not heeding her in the least, he impudently slipped his arm around her waist, exclaiming:

"Perhaps you would like this way of walking better. It makes no difference to me."

Shaking off his arm, Ethel pushed him aside indignantly, then with rapid steps spoken onward. Not a word more was spoken by either, although, to her dismay, Ethel found that he kept perseveringly by her side.

As they emerged from the woods, Robert grasped her arm firmly with one hand, while with the other he produced from his pocket a pistol, which he instantly pointed at her.

"Now, Miss Nevergail," he said, "you stand still and hear what I have to say, or take the consequences. I do not intend to harm you, if you keep perfectly quiet; but I do intend to show you that I am master of the situation at this time. You need not look round for assistance, for I assure you, no soul comes this way at this hour."

"Robert Glendenning," at last issued from the girl's pale lips, "put up that pistol instantly and allow me to pursue my way unmolested. Sir Reginald requires my presence immediately."

"So do I; and what is more, I intend to have it, so he must wait. Do you see that horse and phaeton, behind those trees? They are there expressly to take you riding. I ask you therefore, politely, will you favor me with your company?"

"No, sir, you mean. If you do not mean it, it makes no difference, as ride with me you will. Go forward now, at once, to that conveyance, and let me assist you in! I assure you I will bring you back to the Hall in good season. Go on! I am determined you shall obey me!"

These words he enforced by planting the cold mouth of the weapon against her forehead. Now this pistol, though it looked formidable, was not loaded, and he knew it, but for the sake of carrying his point, he intended fully to frighten her into complying with his strange wish. But Ethel was a brave girl, and though pale, she never even shuddered. Fixing her eyes fearlessly on his, she said in a firm, stern voice:

"If you think it manly, or wise, to shoot, shoot away! But I will not stir one step towards that phaeton."

(To be continued.)

## Cristobal's Joke.

A Genoa paper tells this delightful story at America's expense: When the Duke of Veragua, the descendant of Christopher Columbus, visited Chicago he inquired at the telegraph office the charge for a telegram to the city of Columbus of ten words.

"Fifteen cents," answered the official, "not including the signature, which is wired free."

Whereupon the Duke wired: "Mayor, Columbus: Shall visit your city next Monday or Tuesday." And he signed it: "Cristobal Colon de Toledo y Laareatugal de la Cerda Ramirez de Baquedano y Gante Almirante y Adelantado Mayor de las Indias, Marques de Jamaica, Duque de Veragua y de la Vega, Grande de Espana, Senador del Reino, Caballero de la insignia orden del Tolson O'oro, Gran Cruz de la Concepcion de Villaviecosa, Genil Hombre de Camara del Rey de Espana."

## Pumping a Ship's Cargo.

The "grashopper" or derrick elevator now in use by the London Grain Elevator Company at the London docks has been specially designed for transshipping the corn from the holds of the largest types of American liners engaged in the grain trade into lighters for conveyance to other coasting vessels or warehouses. Its spout, in which travels an endless belt covered with buckets, will draw 150 tons of corn an hour from the hold of a vessel. When ready for action it suggests the great stomach pump that it is.

An old bachelor says that a marriage dowry is a lump of sugar intended to nullify the bitterness of the dose.

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## Many Suicides Due to Ignorance.

THE new suicide statistics from Yale College and the increasing tendency to self-destruction which marks the hot season are reminders that a large number of suicides are really preventable, and are only due to lack of physiological education. If college lecturers upon hygiene and teachers of physiology would take pains to widely impress one simple lesson a large and definite class of suicides would cease to be and the general average of happiness would be distinctly augmented. This lesson is that despair is a temporary state, and in many cases is entirely due to physical or bodily causes. The best remedy for "the blues" is a liver pill. That gloomy, hopeless outlook in events which drives many to suicide is due not to the events themselves, but to bodily conditions which set up the state called "despair" in the mind. Any dependent persons whose troubles are really trivial may prove this by looking backward for a day or a week to the last day on which he was abundantly happy. He will find in many cases that events and conditions have not altered in the least, that the existing gloom comes, therefore, from some cause within himself, and he may come to believe that hope for the hopeless can be purchased at a drug store. Love, particularly among those young people who have been executing themselves so recklessly of late, is, to the physician, merely a definite state of bodily congestion, whose natural mental result is melancholy, and which can easily be alleviated, if not cured, by simple treatment. And if any lover or pair of lovers who are thinking of death will consult an intelligent doctor, they will save their lives at the expense of a very moderate fee.—New York American.

## The Handicap of Lack of Education.

ANY men of wonderful natural endowments are dwarfed and hampered in their life work because of their lack of education. How often do we see bright minds in responsible positions, serving on boards of directors, as trustees of great business houses or banking institutions, men who control the affairs of great railroads and manufactories, who have good judgment and great natural ability, but who are so stunted and cramped by their lack of early development that life does not yield them one-tenth of what it might had their intellectual and aesthetic possibilities been unfolded in youth. In social life, on public platforms, in debate, in the higher fields of the world's work, enjoyment, and progress, they are constantly baffled, embarrassed and handicapped by the limitations of ignorance.

Again, thousands of young men and young women are working to-day in inferior positions because of their lack of mental culture. Conscious of dormant powers which they cannot get control of, many of them fret and chafe under the restraint imposed upon them by their own ignorance. They are in the position of the Chinese and other non-progressive peoples, who have great mineral, agricultural and other natural resources, which, however, do not yield them a hundredth part of their value because they do not know how to utilize them. In the very midst of potential wealth and vast possibilities, these people live in poverty and degradation, just as an uneducated man or woman who has never developed his or her mental wealth, is doomed to perpetual ignorance and its consequences.—Success.

## Influence of Land.

THE causes which control the ebb and flow of humanity between city and country are among the most subtle and obscure of social phenomena. The characteristic of the people of all new countries is vigor. It is due to the abundance of land for all the people, and the action and reaction between land and man. The life of new countries is rude, but the nourishment is abundant, and the pure air sends pure blood coursing through the veins. The

## CURIOUS PLACES TO DWELL

Some People Have Homes in Caves and Others in Craters.

Many thousands of the people of the earth dwell beneath its surface. There are human habitations in caverns where the light of day never penetrates, and the crater of extinct volcanoes furnish shelter to scores. The people of Tappuseel have no need to travel far when they want to take a salt water bath. The town is built on piles, which have been driven into a submerged coral reef situated far out in the Torres straits to the south of New Guinea. Opposite this extraordinary settlement, on the mainland, is another village that is perched high in the air among the gigantic palm trees with which the coast is fringed. The object of both communities in choosing these curious sites for their dwellings is identical. They desire to assure themselves against being surprised by their numerous enemies, and especially they seek safety from the prowling Dyak head hunters.

People afflicted with diseases not infrequently develop strange fads as regards the choice of their abiding places. Not long since, for instance, a number of consumptives agreed together to dwell within the dismal depths of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. In pursuance of this extraordinary project, building materials were actually carried into the cave at considerable trouble and expense, and a tiny subterranean village sprang by degrees into existence. When it was completed it was inhabited by thirteen families.

But, as might have been foreseen, the profound silence and eternal darkness of the place exerted upon the unfortunate inhabitants a deleterious effect which far outweighed any benefit derived from the undoubtedly pure, dry air and equable temperature. Some of the invalids died, others gave up the experiment in disgust, and the houses so strangely and laboriously built are now given over to tramps, outlaws and other similar chance sojourners.

Better luck has attended the little colony of people similarly afflicted, who, a few years back, settled within the handlocked crater bay which constitutes practically the whole interior of the volcanic island of St. Paul, in the Indian ocean. Here they are en-

tirely protected against all wind, no matter from what quarter of the compass it may chance to blow, while hot natural baths at varying temperatures are always available. The very ground, too, is kept at a constantly equable heat by the latent volcanic fires within. And, lastly, food of all kinds is plentiful and varied, and includes such curious and unusual delicacies as sea elephants' fins and tails, crayfish and other succulent "Kerguelen cabbage." No wonder that many of those who have been cured have preferred settling on the island to returning to their homes.

## Timely Warning.

A novelist who was giving a lecture on the characteristics and surroundings of the class of people with whom some of his books deal, noticed a disapproving face in the front row of listeners. It was the face of an elderly Scotchman, and at the close of the lecture the man waited upon the speaker.

"Sir," he said slowly, after a solemn shake of the lecturer's hand, "I've read all your books up to this, and liked them fairly. Man, you wouldn't gie up writing and tak' to speaking to get your living, would ye?"

"No, indeed," said the lecturer, soberly. "You think it would be unwise, don't you?"

"It would be sae great a mistake that I felt I must tell ye ma thoughts as an honest man," said the Scotchman, with great earnestness. "I said to myself, 'He may need just a word to set him right, and I'll not deny it to him.' There was one of your books I found a bit dull, but as I listened I ye to-night I said to myself, 'Twas na so dull as it might ha' been, that book, after all.'"

## A Subterfuge.

"Don't you know that it is wrong to gamble?"

"Yassir," said Pickaninny Jim as he shook the dice. "I knows it's wrong to gamble, but dishere isn't gamblin'; dishere is a guessin' contest."—Washington Star.

## Accounting for the Trouble.

She—The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

He—Possibly that's why so many poor devils have dyspepsia.—Baltimore American.

result is a race of strong men. When class distinctions are marked the gentry gain culture without losing strength. That is the highest type of manhood. It was seen in the pre-Augustan age of Rome, in the chivalry of medieval Western Europe, in the planters of our own Southern States in the first half of the nineteenth century. The development of the highest type of manhood involves the condemnation of the majority to a rude and laborious life. But such men can be propagated from generation to generation only so long as they remain in their rural environment. In the cities degeneration occurs. Here and there vigor is transmitted through several generations of city bred men, at least in individuals who maintain the family name and standing. The tendency is to degeneration, and the mass yields to the tendency. The result is seen in the slums and the potter's field. The new men who dominate the cities—at least in America—are country bred.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Future of the Automobile.

SOME people have regarded these machines as likely to become formidable competitors of the street and the steam railroad as regards both passenger and freight transportation, and there have appeared magazine articles to this effect, whose writers should know better. As is pointed out in the current number of the Engineering magazine, four or five times as much power would be required to move a given weight over the best macadam road as over steel rails, and power is the great cost of transportation. Hence it can never be that the automobile, on the common public roadway, will be able to compete with the railroad car either in tonnage movement or speed.

Accordingly the automobile must remain a vehicle for pleasure or for transportation in competition with the horse where a railway is unavailable or inconveniently inaccessible. The only way to bring it into direct competition with the railway is to put it upon rails itself, and in that case it may be said to have lost its present character, and become a railway car for private or public use. In this aspect the question of the automobile and its future merges into that of the railway car, whether moving over high rails or broad flat rails, laid in the common public highway, or on a private way. Considered in this character, the auto car or vehicle mechanically propelled by its own power no doubt has a great future, just as the electric street car has.—Springfield Republican.

## Misapplied Charity.

THE question arises from time to time whether, after all, much of the charity which stands ready and willing to aid almost whosoever shall ask is not doing deadly work for the people. It was this thought which impelled Carlyle to say that among the most futile of the sons of men was the professional philanthropist. The great curse of the cities of to-day is the congestion of population in the poor and squalid districts, and this constant and increasing rush from the country to the city is not only a source and cause of crime and suffering, but of economic waste of the most dangerous and costly kind. While the farmers of the West plead for help in their fields, the cities are filled with the wretchedly poor who will not leave the city, where they subsist largely on charity. It is not alone in the West in harvest time that labor is needed in the country; the demand for labor at good wages comes from every farming district in every State in the Union all the year, and one of the most serious problems confronting the farmer is the scarcity of workers.

The rush to the cities continues nevertheless, and the poor and idle find the course of nature and the basic economic laws reversed by those who are actually seeking ways of helping those to live who deliberately will not work.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## RADICAL CURE FOR LOCKJAW.

Severe Nature of the Remedy Calculated to Inspire Fear.

A large number of deaths from tetanus that have recently come to light invests with great interest any report of a cure of the much-dreaded disease. The severity and radical nature of the remedy, however, are well calculated to inspire almost as much fear as the original attack of the malady. Unlike other kindred infectious ailments, there is usually no calculation for results until the poison has done its work by attacking the brain and nervous centers and producing the fatal spasms. Hence the only hope rests in the injection of the tetanus anti-toxin directly into the brain substance. The operation is a severe and dangerous one, but is the only means at hand that appears to be founded on the rational scientific basis of directly neutralizing the poison. The successful case reported from San Francisco is one in point in which it was necessary to bore into the skull of the victim for the purpose of introducing the neutralizing agent. No more forcible argument in favor of prevention of lockjaw could be urged than that afforded by the necessity of the situation.

Although of late a large majority of the cases of tetanus have been charged to the toy pistol and poisoned cartridge, it is well to bear in mind that the real cause is the accidental presence of the bacillus on dirt-soiled hands, and that the microbe, being naturally developed in damp and fertilized earth, can thus be easily driven into wounds by an explosion. Rusty garden implements, nails and the like are also frequent causes of infection, especially when they produce punctured lesions. When such conditions are present obviously the only course to pursue is to endeavor to anticipate lockjaw by immediately cleansing the wound and by injecting the anti-toxin locally, knowing full well that with such an opportunity lost the last, most desperate remedy is all that is left. In connection with such facts, too much stress cannot be laid upon the avoidance of all wounds from soiled or rusty instruments.

If our neighbors had as few faults as ourselves, what a pleasant old world this would be to live in!