

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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"GLENROV," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(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 tightly in his strong arms, he lifted her at once to the waiting conveyance, placed her in it, then leaning 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 so well-known, wealthy and kind-hearted a man."

"It is no honor, Sir, but a deep insult, to be thus forced to do what is disagreeable to me. I would have been very glad to see you, but I cannot do so."

"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 ensued 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 Ethel, 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 man; 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 his lordship would on no account do, as he had entrusted 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 XVIII.

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 Constance he should leave home at two that afternoon to visit a 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 places of business lay; therefore, seeing Stanley Staples, the lodge keeper's son, just be-

yond 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 sunny, and followed the path pointed out. When she reached the cottage, her eyes wandered over its small flower-bordered porch, and open windows, with their bowed blinds, just 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 fastening, 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 hers, and saw that he was thus kindly supporting her.

"It is all right now, Miss Nevergail. 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 Nevergail; 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 his 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 see what has become of that obstinate little boot."

In a few moments, he smilingly returned with its dilapidated 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. "Were it any better he crushed than my foot; but, really, though scarcely wearable, I must put it on;" and she reached out her hand for the torn object.

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 Nevergail. 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 Nevergail, 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. Nerving 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 onward 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 healed, had by this time commenced to unite.

(To be continued.)

Ambassador Choute's Joke.

Ambassador Choute, at the dinner recently given him in London by the Pilgrims' Club, said:

"My elation here to-night is great. It is great as it was on the occasion of my first lawsuit. That was a happy time. I remember that I had sat brooding and idle. The afternoon was gray. The law as a career seemed hopeless. Suddenly there was a caller and an excellent case offered me by a wealthy man. An hour after I got a second case. It was incredible. Two cases, my first two cases, and both given me the same day.

"How I worked that night over my two cases! How I thought about them as I walked off toward with my green bag the next morning! I remember that a shabby person, accosting me as I walked, said:

"'Old clothes? Any old clothes to sell?'"

He seemed to be regarding the green baize bag. I held it up for him to see.

"'Oh, no,' said I, 'no old clothes, my friend. New suits.'"

All Knew the Answer.

The teacher was telling her class things not found in the text-books.

"When anything is repeated by many persons it gets to be called a 'saying,'" she said. "Now, when a thing is repeated and accepted as a fact by everybody, what do we call it?"

The intelligent pupils answered in chorus, "A chestnut!"—New York Press.

There are more fugitives from justice than there are from justice.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Saves and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Hardupp—My wife is sick, doctor. What will you charge for attending her?

Physician—Three dollars a visit. Hardupp—Well—er—we don't care to entertain visitors. Couldn't you make it a ten-minute call for a dollar?

Preparing for the Bill.
Wedely—I'm learning to swear in French.

Singleton—Because why?
Wedely—Because my wife has transferred her patronage to a French milliner.

He Was Near-sighted.



Barngomaster (bowing politely to scarrow)—The man is certainly ragged-looking, but he is indeed polite.

Wherein They Differ.
Little Willie—Say, pa, what's the difference between a lunch and a luncheon?

Pa—A lunch, my son, is a light dinner and a luncheon is a light lunch.

Natural Deduction.
"As for me," said the boastful stranger, "I don't know what fear is."

"Ah," observed the man who carried one eye in a sling, "then you are a bachelor?"

Great Salvation.
"Superstition is a great thing," said the returned explorer.

"Speaking from experience?" asked the close friend.

"Yes, sir. Why, on the last voyage, when we were just about to famish, every man discovered a rabbit's foot in his pocket, and we had rabbit-foot soup."

Marks.
"They are a family of marked social distinction."

"Why marked?"
"So people will know it, I suppose."

A Reminder.
Clerk—Here is an order from Smiths for two quarts of berries, but it doesn't say what kind.

Grocer—Send them bilberries. They owe us over a hundred dollars.

Victimize' at Last.



The Footpad—Lummy, bowed if some blonin' thief ain't bin and pinched my pocket 'ankercher.

Caught on the Rebound.
"No," said the fair proprietor of the refrigerator heart, "I cannot be your wife, but I'll be a sister to you."

"Thanks, awfully," rejoined the youth who was left at the post. "If there is one thing I need more than another it is an elderly slater to look after me and prevent me from making a fool of myself."

Ingenious Artist.
Friend—How did you ever get that beautiful red sunrise?

Artist—I sketched a tomato.

Which is Wisest.
The Optimist—Sunshine always follows rain.

The Pessimist—Rain always follows sunshine.—Somerville Journal.

Sharp Travel.
The Actor—Do many actors come to this locality?

The Farmer—Should say so. Why, I can't keep a fence because the boys use all the rails to ride them out of town on.

A Young Anatomist.

Some days ago two little fellows of 7 and 8 years heard older people speaking of skeletons. The 7-year-old boy listened intently to the conversation, when the elder boy, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly:

"You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do."

"So do I!" replied the younger. "I do know. I know for certain, I do!"

"Well, now, what is it?"
"It's bones with the people off!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Spare Room.
"We're a trifle upset," said the man who lives in a flat. "Had to take all our winter clothes out of the hall closet."

"Why, how was that?"
"To put up a cot in it; friend from out of town dropped in yesterday and spent the night with us."—Philadelphia Press.

Paid for Her Trouble.
Tess—Roxley's young widow has \$2,000,000, I hear.

Jess—Yes; but just think of earning that much money in one year.

Tess—Why, she didn't earn the money herself.

Jess—Of course she did. Wasn't she married to him for a year?—Philadelphia Press.

Apprehensive.
Willie—Er—darling, w-w-hat are those heavy sounds on the stairs?

Madge—That's only papa walking in his sleep.

Willie (skeptically)—Does—er—does he sleep with his shoes on?—Baltimore American.

Worse than Lottery.
"Love, after all is a lottery."

"It's worse than that, my boy, for when a man draws a prize it frequently costs him all he's got."—Detroit Free Press.

One of Many.
Mifkins—How does your friend Hooker spend his time since he retired from active business?

Biffins—Oh, he fishes all summer and lies about it all winter.

Putting Him Wise.
He (on the beach)—What a pity to go into the water with that pretty bathing suit.

She—Oh, I am not going into the water. This is the suit I take my sun bath in.

Never Wore Them.
"That chap must have come out here to starve," said Amber Pete.

"Why so?" asked the new arrival in the Western town.

"He's a collar salesman."

Accommodating.

Mendicant—Can you help a poor man out, Sir?

Fat Party—I am sorry I am too stout to grant your request, but I have a big bouncer in the other room, and he will give you any assistance you need.

What Always Happens.
She—Your proposal was quite unexpected.

He—That being the case, you should have been prepared for it.

She—Because why?
He—Because it's the unexpected that always happens, you know.

All in the Family.
He—Will you be my wife?
She—Certainly not.

He—Then will you grant me one favor?
She—What is it?
He—Be a mother to me. Father is going to propose to you to-night.

Then He Pondered.
Rose—Isn't it funny, Mr. Sapp, how one person's feelings affect others?

Charlie Sapp—How do you mean?
Rose—Why, you said you felt better when you traveled, and so did every one around here.

Grief.
When the postman brought the widow only a bill for her mourning gowns she burst into tears.

"How cruel and indelicate to make me think of earthly things when my grief is so new!" she wailed. "Besides, the gowns don't fit!"

His Knowledge of Eggs.
"Some physicians declare," remarked the statistician, "that there is a much strength in a couple of eggs as in a pound of beef."

"Huh!" snorted the actor, "are you sure they mentioned beef or Limburg er cheese?"—Philadelphia Press.

Her Last Chance.
"That man, my dear, who courts Miss Sere

is rather fast, they say."
"He'd have to be quite fast or she won't let him get away."—Baltimore Press.

About Women.
Some women are close observers and all women are clothes observers.—Somerville Journal.

A Long Job.
Newsam—I suppose you heard that Bragg had committed suicide.

Grewsum—You mean Bragg, the self-made man?

Newsam—Yes.
Grewsum—Well, well; so he finished himself at last, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

The Ounce of Prevention.
Cholly—What makes you think old Niggard thought you had come to him to borrow money?

Jack—Oh, he began talking right away about how hard up he was.—Somerville Journal.

What Happened to Muldoon.
O'Toole—Muldoon struck his wife fisthidy.

McKlick—Is he in jail?
O'Toole—Naw; he in th' harspittles!—Baltimore American.

A man is punished so much for talking too freely that an old man usually talks less than a young one.

HOW TO CRIPPLE RUSSIA

They Powers Can Make It Helpless by Cutting Off Its Money Supply.

An article on Russia published in "European, a Journal of International Influence Issued in Paris, has attracted little attention in the European press. The author is the Danish publicist, Bjornstjerne Bjornson. He assumes that Russia is an undesirable and dangerous element in Europe and Asia, and as a means of thwarting her further advance proposes that other nations stop supplying her with money.

Since 1899, the writer estimates, Russia has borrowed abroad \$700,000,000 with which to build fleets and to maintain an army no less than to establish the gold standard and build railways, and M. Bjornson seems to make it very much to heart that "the larger part of this foreign gold, which has maintained the Russian institution and served its plans of oppression and of conquest, has flowed from the country of liberty, equality and fraternity."

"It is admitted in France and America," M. Bjornson goes on to say, "that without French gold the Russian institution would have gone to smash long ago. No centralized power, even the best, is for any length of time, capable of governing so many and varied peoples. No hand, no matter how powerful, can stretch over such an enormous territory or unite so many contrary destinies, created by varied climates and by numerous racial and religious differences. But what the best government, what the most powerful hand cannot perform becomes chaos and misery under a feeble autocratic power or a bureaucratic institution that is mercenary and mendacious, unstable and oppressive. Without the foreigner's aid it would have destroyed itself, whether by revolution or by apoplexy. What, however, would have been the most natural would have been a general disintegration of the administration of the colossal masses of Russia according to a scheme of federalization."

"With the aid of the foreigner's gold all the inflammable material of this formidable accumulation of in justice and distress has been able to subsist until it has become a danger to us all. Unless a war precipitates her upon her neighbors—a war which would be followed through long years by thunderings and tumults—she will continue to court them as of yore. On this point Russian and foreigner agree. But war will come. If up to the present time the all-powerful Russian institution has not recoiled before any of the means taken to prolong its existence, why should it recoil before war? Whatever the result of the war, one thing is certain—the payment of interest will cease. Russia will thank the aid given her by state bankruptcy."—Public Opinion.

Typical City of America.
The results of recent investigations show that Philadelphia is pre-eminently the American city. In 1790, when the first census was taken, and for at least two decades afterward Philadelphia contained