

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EMILY THORNTON

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

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)
Holding her away from him at length for another look at her beautiful face, he added:

"My child, you are the perfect image of your mother, and to my partial eyes she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

These words were spoken in so low a tone that the ladies present had not caught their meaning, and murmuring in return that she must introduce him to the waiting duchess, he allowed her to lead him forward while she presented him as "my father."

Drawing close to her grace, on being thus introduced, he turned a half quizzical look full upon her, which caused her to spring up instantly as she met it, exclaiming:

"Edward! Can this be my son Edward?"

"My own, dear mother! then you do know me after all these years?" was the answer as he held forth his arms to embrace her.

Amazed at this unlooked-for revelation, Ethel and Lady Claire clasped hands in mutual sympathy, and looked on in silent wonder.

After this fond greeting, the duke turned and saluted his sister's child, whom he had never seen, after which he took Ethel's hand and leading her to his mother, said:

"Now, dearest mother, let me ask for a share of your love to be given to my daughter, Lady Ethel Worthington, for in her you see your own granddaughter."

"Edward, this is a surprise, indeed," returned her grace, as she pressed the sweet girl to her bosom and kissed her bright young brow. "Ethel has already won our affections during her brief residence here, without knowing that she could lawfully claim them. But now, please, tell your mother who you married, and why you kept your marriage so long a secret?"

"Before answering your question, my dear mother, we will proceed to open the package left in Ethel's charge."

Taking the small bundle of what seemed papers and letters from his daughter's hand, the duke cut the strings and drew forth the contents.

The first thing to meet the eye was a marriage certificate, setting forth that on Oct. 18, 18—, just twenty-two years before, in New York City, Edward Worthington, only son of Charles, tenth Duke of Westmoreland, was united in marriage to Florence Nevergall, daughter of the late John Nevergall of London, by Rev. Henry Morris, D. D.

Next came to view a magnificent circle diamond ring which he had given to her at the time of their engagement and a plain gold band, containing their joint initials and the date of their marriage. The last was his wife's wedding ring!

Then appeared a small locket, set with diamonds, containing the likenesses of both; and as he threw the gold chain, to which it was attached, over Ethel's neck, he bade her wear it hereafter, "for the sake of her parents."

As the duchess and Lady Claire looked at the beautiful face of Ethel's poor, young mother, they were each struck with the likeness she bore to the picture, and thought she might almost have been the original.

"Now, my dear mother and daughter, I will tell you why I have so long concealed the fact of my marriage. You, mother, can scarcely blame me, when you remember the set and stern disposition my father ever possessed. His will was law, his rule a rod of iron, and a child daring to disobey him was sure to be punished with the utmost severity."

"When I was only a stripling of nineteen years I had accompanied my father to a fox hunt, and after the chase was over, on our return ride he commenced talking about my being heir to his title and wealth, and about the intense desire he had that when I married I should select a wife from a certain number of ladies belonging to the nobility."

"Father," I replied, "I have always expected to love some sweet young girl, and on that account solely to marry her!"

"Then your expectations will meet a sudden and grievous disappointment," was his stern reply.

"Wheeling his horse so that he faced me in the road, he extended his right hand towards heaven, and then and there took this solemn oath:

"Once for all, Edward, hear me and mark what I say: I solemnly call on heaven to witness that never will I consent to your wedding any person not in your own rank in life! Never, boy; remember that. Never!"

"From that hour matrimony and ladies lost all charms for me. I, as you know, mingled little in society, and found my chief amusements in study, hunting and traveling. When about twenty-six years old I went to America, and while in New York I accidentally met Gertrude Nevergall, who was the daughter of Sir Geoffrey Glendenning, our neighbor at the hall. She, in making what they considered a plebeian marriage, had been cast off and disowned by her proud father and all her friends and relatives."

"With her husband and his young orphan sister, Florence Nevergall, they had left England; and Nevergall soon became a talented lawyer, respected, and received into the best society in New York City."

"It was then, at their house, I first met and passionately loved my beautiful Florence. Infatuated to the wildest degree with this young lady, I could not leave the place, and before many weeks passed I discovered that she reciprocated my warm devotion."

"When she did confess her feelings, I saw at once that asking for the consent of my father would be useless, so I urged a private marriage. To this she consented, if I could gain the approbation of her brother and his wife."

"In remembrance of their own happy life, brought about by a marriage solely for love, their consent was soon given, and in their presence we were united. I

lived with her the happiest year of my life, under the simple name of Edward Worthington.

"But, alas! our joy was but for a brief period, for when our little girl was only three weeks old, she left me for a brighter world—a never-fading heritage on high."

"After her death I was inconsolable. Life for me was aimless; so I cared not what became of me. Then Mrs. Nevergall came with her sisterly advice and consolations, and in her pious efforts I again regained my outward composure."

"Mrs. Nevergall, with the consent of her good husband, then offered to take charge of my infant child, saying that perhaps at present I might not desire to announce my marriage, or her existence, to my proud and stern father."

"After giving the matter consideration I consented to their plan, and made up this package at that time, to be kept until this birthday. I charged them to keep my secret sacredly, and to give my little one their own name and bring her up in every respect as they would had she been actually their own."

"I informed them that on this birthday she might be told this story, but until I reclaimed her I desired her to remain with them. If at this date my father still lived, I should settle upon her a suitable allowance, and perhaps visit her occasionally in New York without his knowledge."

"One year ago she died; and I at once wrote to Mrs. Nevergall the fact, and told her that I had now inherited the dukedom, and should consider myself free to recall my child."

"She instantly answered to the address I had given her, communicating the fact that she was a widow, very near her end, and begged me to leave Ethel with her until she should pass away, or until, at any rate, the fifth of October. She told me she should sail for England very soon, taking Ethel with her, and said that I could hear of her at the residence of her cousin, Mr. Rogers, at any time. I called there last week, as directed, only to hear of my kind friend's death, and the astounding news that my sweet daughter was even then an inmate of Castle Calra."

"Gladly I repaired thither to meet at once daughter, mother and niece. May we never more be parted!"

"Amen, say I to that!" ejaculated the happy duchess. "I have been lonely, indeed, without my son. Now I am old and need a son's care and attention."

"Which care, rest assured, shall always be yours," again repeated the duke, as he stooped and pressed a warm kiss upon her still handsome cheeks.

When in the morning Dr. Glendenning called and was told the news that the poor governess was no other than Lady Ethel Worthington, acknowledged daughter of the Duke of Westmoreland, his heart sank within him, and he could only whisper in trembling tones:

"Will this noble relationship cause you to regret our engagement? Oh, Ethel, Ethel, will this part us?"

"Never!" was the glad reply. "My father knows too well the value of a true love, and he surely will not refuse his consent to our union. If he does, I am of age, and have promised that nothing shall stand in the way of our marriage."

Nothing did separate them. The duke was much pleased with Dr. Glendenning's manly demeanor, and when he timidly asked for his daughter's hand he smiled brightly and gave his consent.

So Lady Ethel Worthington married Dr. Earle Elfenstein Glendenning, amid great rejoicings and vast displays of wealth, beauty and fashion, after which the "bonnie" bride was welcomed gladly to the remodeled and greatly improved hall, a place that still bore so strange a history.

Sir Fitzroy lived nearly two years after the marriage of his son, and these years were unclouded by a single sorrow. He loved his children fondly, and was greatly beloved by them in return. He died at last quite suddenly, and was laid to rest beside his brother Arthur in the family vault.

Sir Earle Elfenstein Glendenning, M. D., and his beautiful wife, Lady Ethel, were ever regarded with true affection by all their neighbors and tenants; and when, at last, the duke, after his mother's death, did, in his loneliness, love and wed a second time, a lady of rank, the Countess Teresa Lovell, they found in the new duchess a rare addition to their circle of dear ones, and the most happy intercourse ever existed between the two families.

Poor Constance Glendenning, in losing husband, title and wealth, became a melancholy invalid. The fate of her former lover, whom she dearly loved, was so impressed upon her heart and imagination that after she heard it in all its hideousness the very name of her husband in her presence brought on nervous tremblings to such an extent that the subject had to be banished entirely from her hearing.

The horrible exposure of her husband's sin produced at length another revulsion of feeling, and with deep remorse her heart returned to her early love, clinging ever to his memory, only to shed tears over his sorrowful fate and devotion to herself, tears of unavailing regret.

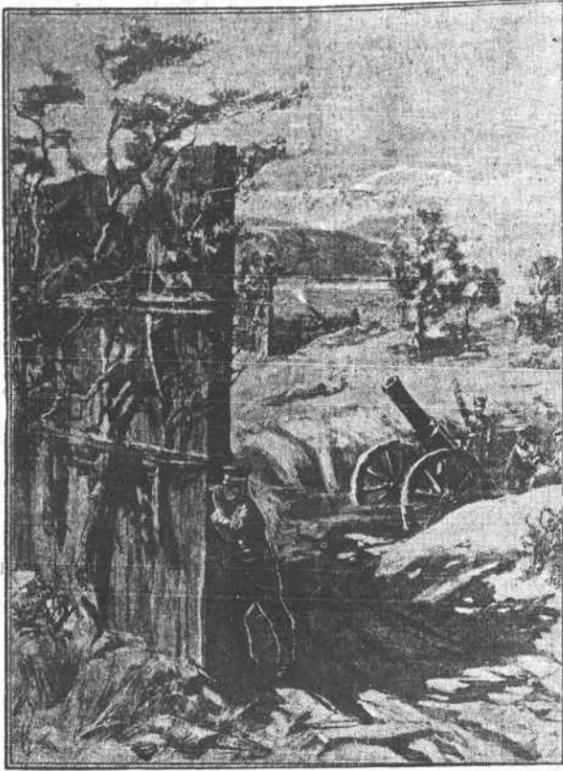
So she had lived and so at last she died. Just two years after she left the hall she breathed her sad life away, and her last words were:

"Arthur, Arthur, my only love, I come to thee now, nevermore to be parted."
(The end.)

Value of Storks to Egypt.
Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng Egypt every winter there would be no living in some parts of the country, for, after every inundation, frogs appear in devastating swarms.

There is something about a mother-in-law which every wise son-in-law recognises, and that is that she is of great strategic value.

A CLEVER JAPANESE RUSE.



MASKED HOWITZERS ON KINTATO ISLAND DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE YALU.

The genius of the Japanese for preserving secrecy in all that pertains to military operations is exemplified by the manner in which they mask all their positions, both for guns and men. The howitzers, which furnished such a terrible surprise to the Russians during the battle of the Passage of the Yalu were situated on Kintato Island, and were placed in pits dug in the sand, in front of which enormous barks of timber had been sunk upright in the ground and covered with boughs of trees and scrub lashed to the timber by grass ropes. At a very slight distance these erections could not be distinguished from the surrounding trees, and the high angle of fire precluded the flash of the guns—using smokeless powder—from being observed by the enemy.

WAS POPULAR IN AMERICA.

The Late Wilson Barrett, English Actor, Dramatist and Manager.

The death of Wilson Barrett, which occurred recently in London, following an operation for cancer, removed a popular English actor, dramatist, novelist and theatrical manager. Barrett was well known in this country, where he had made several tours, and established a reputation for himself on this side of the Atlantic which placed him among the most popular of the foreign dramatic artists.

Barrett was the son of an English gentleman farmer and was born in Essex fifty years ago. He became fascinated with the stage while still a boy.



WILSON BARRETT.

At 12 he was thrown upon his own resources and going to London, with barely a penny in his pocket, determined to become an actor. Utilizing his spare moments and what little money he had he began to prepare himself for a dramatic career. He was playing small parts in a theater when 15 and three years later he studied and played twelve characters a week. His first attempt at managing a theater was a failure, but later he met with success as the lessee of different London playhouses. The great epoch of his life opened when he became manager of the Princess Theater and here founded the great school of modern melodrama.

In 1884 he gave London his new Hamlet. Startlingly original in his conception, Barrett's performance of Hamlet became a topic of discussion in two hemispheres. As joint author of several of his melodramas he gave evidence of considerable genius as a dramatist. Mr. Barrett gave up the lease of the Princess Theater in 1886, but remained the lessee of theaters at Leeds and Hull, and began the construction of a theater of his own in London which became the finest in the great metropolis.

Mr. Barrett's advent in New York in 1886 was something like an invasion. Three ships brought the scenery. A big Atlantic liner transported the company with its ninety monumental baskets of wardrobes, and more than fifty people comprised the dramatic army. It was a failure, however, and resulted in losing him his London theater and, indirectly, his foothold in the great city.

His financial failure was followed by his scoring a big success in the religious play, "The Sign of the Cross,"

which he wrote himself. He visited America four times following his first disastrous invasion and was well received. In 1899 he took charge of the Lyceum Theater in London, which had long been under the direction of Henry Irving.

LACE-MAKING IN BELGIUM.

Hordes of Women, Children and Grown-up Boys Found in the Vocation.

Belgium has indeed become the great lace-making center of the world. With its one thousand lace-schools and one hundred and fifty thousand workers—chiefly women, though tiny children and even grown-up boys are by no means exempt from this dainty duty—it is turning out millions of dollars' worth of hand-made lace each year. The women lace-makers are called dentellieres.

Though the shop in the Belgian city is the mecca of the fair purchaser, it is the little town with its horde of lace-makers that also interests the tourist. It is common all over Belgium, in fact, to see the humble lace-maker working away in front of her cottage door. Usually there is a row of them—probably a score—who have gathered from one street before one particular house, where all day long "the needle piles its busy task." Between turns of the needle or twists of the bobbin the worker sings a song commending Saint Anne, patron saint of the dentellieres, which concludes, after declaring work a burden, with the wish that "every day was the fete of Saint Anne." It is as natural for these poorer women in Belgium to make lace as to eat, and even the babies are brought up on the bobbin, as it were. The little ones are placed in a low chair at one end of the row of lace-makers, and given a simple pattern to do, that perhaps another franc may be secured for the family pocketbook.

There they work, day after day, at exceedingly low pay. From seven in the morning until seven at night the toiler bends over the pattern, usually receiving daily one franc and twenty-five centimes—the whole amount equal to about twenty-five cents in American money—or even less, only fifty centimes a day, or ten cents, being not uncommon remuneration.—Woman's Home Companion.

Habit.

"This talk of us being creatures of habit is all bosh," declared Uncle Eli, with whom his rich son-in-law from the city was spending the summer.

"Possibly," laughed the younger man, "but why is it that you always will carry an ox gad when I take you for a ride in the auto?"—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Man.

Mrs. Delancey—Men are so apt to jump at conclusions. Last night my husband acted awfully because he imagined he had stepped on a tack.

Mrs. McKenzie—What was it?
Mrs. Delancey—Only a hat-pin.—Woman's Home Companion.

Locality Makes a Difference.

"Is it true, pa, that storks can fly 100 miles an hour?"
"Well, not in Utah; they have too many stops to make."—Town Topics.

"The thing you hate most to do; that's your most important duty, as a rule," one man says. It isn't true; duty is not unpleasant, as soon as you are convinced that it is best for you. And a trial will soon convince you of it.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

<p>A Pessimistic View. "Say, pa," queried little Johnny Bum-pnickle, "I often read about poor but honest people; why don't they sometimes say rich but honest?" "It would be useless, my son," replied the old man. "Nobody would believe it."</p>	<p>As Explained. Brownovitch—Old Blowitz never attends church, does he? Smithinsky—No. It isn't necessary. Brownovitch—Because why? Smithinsky—Oh, he's one of those self-made men who are always praising their maker.</p>
<p>FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free 24 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 527 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.</p>	<p>Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.</p>
<p>Between Friends. Mrs. Hix—I wouldn't like to be in your shoes when your husband sees the bill for your new gown. Mrs. Dix—Of course not, dear. No. 1 shoes would be awfully uncomfortable on No. 3 feet.</p>	<p>Such Is Fame. Piker—Who is that solemn-looking woman? Hilow—Why, that is Mrs. DeSwynn, the acknowledged society leader. Piker—Society for the suppression of what?</p>



Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My friend endorsed it highly and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. It took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine."

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—MRS. IDA HASKELL, Silver Lake, Mass. Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me"?

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain if I had known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a few months sooner, for I tried many remedies without finding anything which helped me before I tried the Vegetable Compound. I dreaded the approach of the menstrual period every month, as it meant much suffering and pain. Some months the flow was very scanty and others it was profuse, but after I had used the Compound for two months I became regular and natural, and so I continued until I felt perfectly well, and the parts were strengthened to perform the work without assistance and pain. I am like a different woman now, where before I did not care to live, and I am pleased to testify as to the good your Vegetable Compound has done for me. Sincerely yours, Mrs. TILLIE HART, Larimore, N. D."

Be it, therefore, believed by all women who are ill that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they should take. It has stood the test of time, and it has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit. Women should consider it unwise to use any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—It costs nothing.