

PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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(CONTINUED)

The room in which she ushered me was an old fashioned library where her father, the doctor, had gathered together many rare books and curios. The heavy woodwork, the dark paper and furnishings of the library cast a gloomy aspect over the sole occupant, and her white face gleamed out of the darkness like an old fashioned picture in a somber setting. In spite of her surroundings she was still beautiful—more beautiful it seemed to me than when fully exposed to broad daylight. Hers was a beauty that did not fade in light or shade.

"You come from Mr. Goddard with a message for me?" she said interrogatively as I entered the room.

"Yes, ma'am. He sent to inquire after your health," I replied, bowing respectfully.

"And he trusts you without a written message?" she continued.

"In this matter he does, for he considered you too ill to write, and he did not wish to put you to any unnecessary trouble."

"That is the true reason," she said quietly. "He is always very considerate to me."

"He is to every one," I added, wishing to show my devotion to him.

"Yes, yes; he is kind to all. He is a good man."

"I have never met a better, ma'am, if you will permit me to say it, and I've seen many kinds of men in the world. He is always thinking of other people, and if he does wrong I believe he has some good reason for it."

She looked at me as if she liked to hear me praise him, and when I stopped her expression seemed to say, "Go on, go on; it's music to me." But I knew my position and would say no more.

"Is Mr. Goddard well himself?" she asked when she found that I was mute.

"Yes. Except for an attack of poison, which has now gone away entirely, he has been very well."

She turned a shade paler and then flushed a little as she remembered that I had been present on the day when she fainted.

"Oh, yes; I remember he spoke of the poison the last time I saw him," she said in a moment, recovering her mental poise. "Have the spots or eruption entirely disappeared?"

"Entirely, ma'am. There are no signs of any left."

"I suppose Dr. Squires gave him something to cure them."

I knew that she was thinking of the doctor's cure for leprosy and that she imagined he had given my master something which would drive away the first symptoms of the disease, at least temporarily. But I knew differently, and I courted the opportunity to disabuse her mind of the mistake.

"No, ma'am; the doctor did nothing for my master," I answered. "I gave him something which cured the eruption."

"You? What did you know about the matter?"

"Not very much, ma'am, except that I had been poisoned once, and I remembered what helped me. I asked my master to let me get him a bottle."

"A bottle of what?"

"Witch hazel. It was one of my mother's cures for poison from ivy or sumac."

"And that cured him?"

Her face brightened wonderfully. She began to realize that she had been a victim of her imagination.

Almost Racked to Pieces.

MISS SADIE E. RUSK,
OF RUSKVILLE, ONT.,
HAS A
TRYING EXPERIENCE.

Ruskville, Ont., March 1st, 1902.—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the excellency of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. About a year ago I was attacked by a hacking cough. It was so distressing that I was almost racked to pieces by its violence. I saw DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP highly recommended for coughs like mine, so I purchased a bottle, and it completely cured me. I find it equally beneficial for colds in the head, and any obstruction of the nasal passages. It is an excellent preparation, and too much cannot be said in its favor.—Sadie E. Rusk.

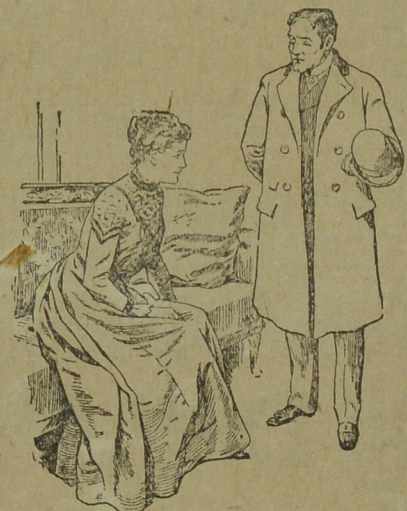
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COMPLETLY ANSWERED.

"Then it was not—nothing more serious than ordinary poison," she added, with a sigh of relief.

"Nothing, ma'am."

She gave expression to her relieved feelings in a short laugh. The sweet-



"You come from Mr. Goddard?"

ness of it made me turn my head to look at her. The beautiful face had suddenly lighted up so that it seemed almost divine in its expression. Here, I thought, was true love, and I willingly adored her for it.

"Pardon me," she said after a moment of silence. "I was thinking of something else which amused me. You must take a message to your master."

She walked toward the library table and drew pen and paper from a drawer. She hesitated a moment and then added:

"No; I won't write. I will send a verbal message by you. Charles has trusted you to bring one, and I will return it in the same way."

"Thank you, ma'am. I shall endeavor to prove worthy of the trust."

"Well, tell Mr. Goddard that I am quite recovered and that I expect to have him call on me today. Be sure to tell him that I must see him at once. He must give up every other engagement to come to me. Now, do you understand? Can you put it so he can't say no?"

"I can, ma'am, and I'll venture to give you my word of honor that he will be here before the sun sets."

"Go, then, and prove your words."

As I left her presence I felt that my mission had been one of mercy that morning, for I had, apparently unconsciously, been the means of lifting a burden temporarily from one heavy heart. I knew also that I carried a message that would bring a ray of sunlight into the life of another.

I might have stretched the importance of this interview to my master or I might have given him the literal truth. I know not which now. However, I delivered the message. It was sufficient to make him obey it.

The result of their meeting was manifest at once. Both of them appeared happy and normal again, and the old relationship seemed to be re-established. How much Miss Stetson explained to him about her fears and knowledge of his case I never knew, but for a time at least she was determined to put down all feelings of aversion for my master because of her knowledge that he was a doomed leper. Or perhaps—like another self sacrificing virgin that I have read about—she had decided to consecrate her life to him, to live by him and nurse him through the coming years of pain and suffering and mental agony which must ever be the lot of a leper.

CHAPTER XIII.



I HAD now been in my position about six months. The interesting events which I have recorded had kept me from any longing to return to the exciting experiences of my profession. During this time I had grown somewhat stouter, and my countenance had begun to assume a kindly, benevolent, well fed appearance. Necessarily I had grown a trifle lazier. Several times I had almost decided to return to my old methods of life, but a certain inertia, undoubtedly bred and

nourished by my new existence of ease, always prevented. I would keep deferring the time until a more convenient period.

A genuine fear that I would lose my skill through lack of practice occasionally tormented me, but each time I put it aside with the thought that my profession was no longer an absolute necessity. It did not mean bread and butter to me as it did at one time. I was a full fledged butler, and I could

GIRL WOMEN.

The general standard of measurement for womanhood is "grown-up-ness." When a girl is emancipated from school and arrives at the dignity of trailing skirts and elaborate hair dressing she is looked upon as a young woman.

But nature knows nothing of such standards. When the womanly function is established womanhood is attained according to her standards, and there is need of womanly care and caution. It is girlish ignorance or neglect at this critical timewhich often results in long years of after misery.

Mothers who perceive the evidences of functional derangement in young girls should promptly have them begin the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, tranquilizes the nerves and tones up the whole system.

"My troubles started during my girlhood," writes Miss Flora I. Greer, of 107 Howe Street, Akron, O. "but did not prove serious until 1893. From that time I did not see a well day. I suffered at every monthly period with terrible headache, irritation of the spine and pains in my heels. I had soreness through my hips and ovaries all the time and constant backache. One doctor would tell me one thing ailed me, another would say something altogether different, but they only relieved me. I then wrote you and followed your advice. I took five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and five vials of 'Pellets.' Have not had a single symptom of my old trouble so far. Can sleep good, work hard, and eat solid and substantial food without distress."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the sluggish liver.

secure a good recommendation from my master any time I chose to leave.

Warned by my own experiences, I never let an opportunity pass to help a young man just starting on the downward road to get back to the main highway. I never entertained any serious thoughts of getting back there myself, but I hate to see others straying from it.

Nevertheless I now found myself slowly drifting back to an honest life. This had been accomplished through no choosing of my own. Circumstances again were responsible for this change. I did not make any resolves to remain thus for any length of time—in fact, I rather expected that the time would be brief.

As I just remarked, I never liked to see another, especially a young man, taking the downward road, and it was this strange feeling that gave me a little worry and anxiety in my idle life as butler for Mr. Goddard. I realized that my master was leading a double life; that he was pursuing his burglary tendencies systematically and that he was committing crime even while he was making love to Miss Stetson. This circumstance at first puzzled me; then it worried and irritated and finally disgusted me. I could not fathom its meaning. I saw my own crime, illustrated in him, in its true light, and it positively made me ashamed of my record. I longed to speak of the matter to him, but our peculiar relationship prevented it.

An Extremist.

"Is Mr. Fusse much afraid of microbes?"

"Well I should say. He washes the antiseptic gauze gloves he wears in an antiseptic fluid before he even handles the sterilized glass that contains the boiled and filtered mineral water he intends to drink!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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And all kinds of Blacksmith Coal. I have a few cords of Light Wood yet on hand.

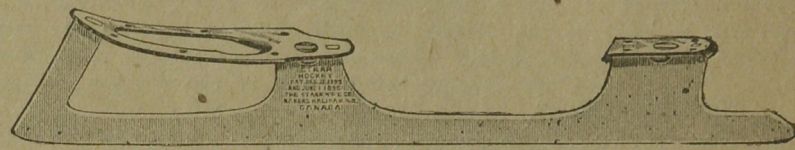
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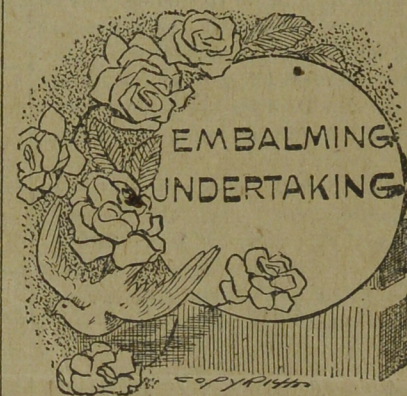
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