



A QUIET SPELL.

BY W. H. S. ATKINSON.

MAN with a very red bique,
And legs that were some-
what oblique,
Tried to bleach out his
nose
And to straighten his
toe,
By a hundred mile walk
every wique.

But he struck a big keg
With a lique,
Which only made him
to rage
With the odor of gin
That is quickly sucked
in
Until quite unable to
spike.

When Noah was sailing his arque
He never walked out after darque;
He knew if he did
The world would be rid
Of the builder of that noble barque.

But once, just by way of a lark,
He hauled in a mighty big shanque;
To prove this is true
The remains can view
On the lake shore, just down by Hyde
Parque.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

A PESSIMIST'S SONG.

BY ROBERT YULEE TOOMBS.

What is worth living for, anyway?
Inventory your sweet by-and-by,
Think over-to-day and yesterday—
What can the world give to satisfy?

Money and wine, and woman and song—
There is the lot; they are all tools' toys.
We prize of right and we prize of wrong,
And ignorance craves still knowledge cloys.

Money and women while sought are dear,
Once tasted, bright wine leaves pain be-
hind.
The sweetest love-song wearies the ear—
All life is cruel, and death is kind.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"How that garment came there is that condition, or how that dagger left the case in his dressing bureau, ever remained a mystery to Fitzroy Glendenning.

"All he could conclude, after the deepest study, was that some unknown enemy had struck the fatal blow, and after stealing these articles from his private rooms, had left the dagger purposely upon the floor, and returned the torn and bloody gown to the closet, in order to fasten suspicion upon him, and thus shield themselves.

"It did shield them effectually, while the poor, innocent youth was arrested and committed to prison on the charge of murder.

"To make a long story short, in due time the trial took place, and Sir Reginald Glendenning, who had succeeded to the title, testified to the bitter feeling that had existed between the brothers. He also identified the dagger and dressing-gown as belonging to the prisoner.

"Antoine Duval testified as fully to the threatening language used to the deceased, on the day previous to the murder, by his brother.

"The trial was quite lengthy, but resulted in his acquittal and discharge from custody.

"But although freed by law, the popular opinion remained unchanged, and, unable to endure the cold, averted looks of his former friends, he left his home and embarked for America under an assumed name.

"Arriving in New York, the strain of grief that he had undergone so told upon his nervous system that he was laid up a bed of severe illness.

"Then it was that your father sought him out and nursed him so tenderly. After his recovery, he resolved to devote himself to business, and thus forgot his troubles and misfortunes.

"Things began to mend with him after this and business prospered, and before six years passed away speculation had so enriched him that he found himself the possessor of millions.

"Retiring then to private life, he bought this place in Yonkers, in order to enjoy himself in a quiet way. But ill-health visited him; a stroke of paralysis rendered one side comparatively helpless, while the asthma, which he had been subject to for many years, increased to an alarming extent.

"During all this time one wild wish has been his, and that was to solve the mystery of his brother's fate, and so clear his own good name of the unjust suspicions that still clung to it.

"His object was, before this, to have returned to his native place, in some disguise, and so work unknown toward the accomplishment of this desired end.

"But his return was effectually prevented by his ill-health and helplessness.

"Lately this wish has become uncontrollable. He prays that he may not die with this stain still clinging to his name. He has therefore decided to ask you to undertake the case for him."

"But," here interrupted the amazed listener, "there must be some mistake. I am no lawyer, simply a physician, and as such, what can I do?"

"Everything. We think far more than a lawyer," replied Mr. Gray. "Of course you would have to sell your practice in New York and settle in England. There, as a growing physician, you would gain the confidence of the people. You would be admitted to places where no one else would, and could study the characters of rich and poor."

"Sir Richard Glendenning married, two years after the disappearance of his brother, the same lady who was to have been his bride, Miss Constance, and they now occupy Glendenning Hall. You will probably be called to attend their family, and so can see the room where poor Sir Arthur met his sad fate, and can study the location of the place."

"For all this trouble Mr. Rappelye, as we will still call him, will pay you handsomely. Five thousand per annum shall be yours as long as he lives, and at his death you will, if successful, be munificently rewarded, as his will, still unsigned, can testify."

"Are you willing to serve him as he wishes? Will you undertake the task of clearing his good name of the foul aspersions cast upon it?"

"There was a long pause, during which the pale shade of the invalid seemed to grow a shade paler under his eager gaze. At length the silence was broken by Dr. Elfenstein, who said, in a calm, steady tone:

"I will undertake it."

"Thank you," murmured the sick man, as he reached forth his hand to clasp that of his visitor. "May God bless your efforts!"

"Amen!" was the low response. "I am sure He will. A great wrong has evidently been done, and I bind myself by a most solemn vow to endeavor to right that wrong and restore an honest name to an honest man. I solemnly dedicate myself to your cause to act for you and let nothing stand in my lawful way in order to unravel this mystery and discover the fate of your unhappy brother."

"For this, your solemn pledge," slowly returned the invalid, "I as solemnly promise to place in your hands, through my banker, the yearly sum of five thousand dollars, and I will also provide for your future, should my death occur before your task is completed. This will of mine is already dictated, and only awaits my signature. Mr. Gray, I will now summon Mrs. Stebbins and one of my servants to act as witnesses while I write my name to my last will and testament."

Mrs. Stebbins and Harriet Bevier then placed their names opposite as witnesses to the solemn transaction, and again withdrew, after Mr. Rappelye had desired them to bid the coachman prepare to carry Dr. Elfenstein back to the depot, as he had declined passing the night with them.

"When shall you be ready to leave for England?" asked Mr. Rappelye, as he held his hand at parting.

"In about one week's time I think I can settle my own affairs and arrange a home for my mother during my absence. I shall take the first steamer I can, and will come again to receive further instructions before I leave, if you wish it."

"Do; till then, my dear friend, au revoir."

Thus ended an interview which was destined to be the cause of bringing to light events of the most startling character, the development of which would place our hero amid scenes and circumstances so terrible and tragic in their nature that could they have been foretold might have caused many moments of hesitation.

CHAPTER IV.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Dr. Elfenstein did not see his mother on his return, on account of the lateness of the hour, but at the breakfast table he met her.

"My son, good morning," she said, pleasantly, on his entrance; "so you have returned in safety?"

"I have; and in a pecuniary point of view, the visit brought a great change for the better."

"Indeed! that is good news."

"From this day I am to receive five thousand dollars annually, as I have entered into an engagement to that effect."

"My dear Earle, you do surprise me!"

"I fear, however, my next remark you will not like so well."

Mrs. Elfenstein's bright looks faded on her instant.

"This engagement obliges me to sell my practice, and sail in about one week to settle in a country village in England."

"Oh, Earle, you surprise me!"

"Mother, dear, you shall have your choice now: whether to accompany me at once, or allow me to board you at your brother's in this city for a few months, until I can survey the ground, and fully establish myself. In case you remain, I can at any time come for you, after I see whether it will be a permanent home. Perhaps I shall not care to remain after a few months."

There was a long pause, broken at length by the mother.

"Earle, I dread the ocean, and I shall dread a foreign home. Perhaps I have an opinion that I had better remain?"

"If you think you can endure the separation, I shall dislike it as much as you."

"I know that, dear."

"You like Uncle John's family?"

"Oh, yes."

"And would be happy there?"

"As happy as I can be, away from my son."

"It may not be a long separation."

By the close of the week, Mrs. Elfenstein was comfortably established in a room furnished with her old familiar things, while the son succeeded in disposing of the rest, as well as his practice, and had engaged a passage on the Oceanica.

A short visit was then paid to Mr. Rappelye, who gave him full directions how to proceed, and many minute details of the place and inhabitants.

Promising to write weekly, keeping him informed of every movement, the young man bade him farewell, and in a few hours later was upon the outward-bound steamer.

Standing there alone, surrounded by strangers, it is not a matter of surprise that a feeling of weariness and almost desolation crept over him.

With a desperate effort, the young man at length succeeded in dissipating this gloom. He knew full well that it would not answer to faint on the very threshold of his new duties.

He knew, also, that, to accomplish his work, he must be courageous and brave, so he turned away from his post of observation on deck, and sought the more lively saloon.

Taking a book from one of the tables, he affected to read.

Presently his eyes rested upon a middle-aged lady, who seemed in feeble health, as she leaned back languidly in an easy chair, while her pale face and attenuated figure spoke of prolonged sufferings, but a patient spirit.

She was evidently waiting for the appearance of some person, as her dark eyes continually wandered towards the door.

Dr. Elfenstein looked at her with increasing interest.

Silently he recalled face after face of his friends and patrons, in vain; he could not place the likeness that had so suddenly attracted him, and his failing to do so caused him both annoyance and chagrin.

Suddenly a brighter look floated into the lady's eyes.

Following the range of her vision, he was surprised at beholding the most perfect picture of youthful beauty that he had ever yet beheld.

It was all embodied in the person of a young girl of about twenty summers, who smilingly drew near.

Small, with a figure exquisitely molded, and movements of perfect grace, a pure, white skin, with a rosy tint of health just tingling each soft cheek, eyes of a languid hazel, large, dreamy, yet full of intelligence and gentleness, a sweet mouth whose tender red lips disclosed, when speaking or laughing, teeth even and pearly white, with, as the

crowning beauty of her whole appearance, a profusion of golden hair, that uncommon golden shade that is seldom seen, yet never disregarded, on account of its very rareness.

She spoke, and the melodious accents of her voice filled Earle with delight.

He had always placed great stress upon the tones of the human voice being a reflection in a great degree of the nature of its possessor.

"Aunt Gertrude, are you weary? I stayed out longer than I intended, but I could not bear to lose sight of the faintest speck of the land we have left behind us. It has all disappeared now, and 'the sea, the sea, the deep blue sea,' at this moment is on every side, rising and sinking in all its beauty. Shall I lead you to your state-room, auntie? Perhaps it would be as well for you to lie down before you become sea sick and faint."

"I feel rather dizzy, now, my love, and will take your advice."

Rising slowly, the feeble woman leaned on the strong young arm of her niece, and so passed to a state-room quite near the one engaged by himself, and the young physician smiled contentedly that they were to be close neighbors during the voyage.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

Several days passed in rather an uneventful way, brightened occasionally by a glimpse of the young girl, whose name he found to be Ethel Nevergall, as she fitted out and in the state-room of her aunt, who seemed ill and restless. Dr. Elfenstein had not sought an introduction, as he knew the admiration he involuntarily felt, while she remained unknown, might ripen into a warmer relationship.

Providence, however, had planned differently, and had decided that these two should be, at least, friendly.

One rough and stormy day was drawing to a close, when leaving the damp atmosphere of the deck, where he had passed a couple of hours watching the leaden sky and the storm-lashed waves, together with sea-gulls that skimmed over their surface, Dr. Elfenstein, in passing to his state-room, was startled by a low cry of dismay coming from the room of Mrs. Nevergall, followed immediately by the pale, frightened face of her niece, who on seeing him so near, exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, something dreadful is the matter with my aunt. Do you think there is a physician on board?"

"I am one myself. My name is Elfenstein, of New York. Shall I see her?"

"If you will be so kind."

Stepping inside, our young friend advanced immediately to the berth, where he found Mrs. Nevergall in a fainting condition, caused by extreme exhaustion.

With the greatest sympathy, the Doctor instantly comprehended the situation, and turning quickly to his own state-room, reappeared with his small medicine wallet, and at once applied proper restoratives, which fortunately had the desired effect, and soon the young girl's fears were calmed, and she had the pleasure of again seeing her aunt comfortable for the time.

"I know it, Doctor, and she also is well aware of her condition. My uncle died in New York a few months ago, and in taking care of him she contracted the cold that has ended in consumption. Our family physician, Dr. Munsey—perhaps you know him as you also are from New York—thought she might live to reach the only relatives we have on earth, residing in Liverpool and vicinity. She was eager to return to her native land, in order that I might not be left entirely alone after she is taken away. Do you think, Doctor, that she will survive until the time of my return?"

"Your aunt is better now, and I think she will be a permanent home. Perhaps I shall not care to remain after a few months."

"I trust so. Good nursing often accomplishes more than medicines. We will do all we can, and perhaps the good Lord will favor us with his blessing."

"I pray that he may. It would be terrible to have her die at sea, and I all alone with her, not a single friend near to aid me."

"Allow me to correct you, Miss Nevergall, for you see I know your name. You have one, surely, if you will allow me to such to you. Anything I can do, either as physician or friend, rest assured shall be done."

"Thank you, I shall accept your proffered advice and friendship gratefully. The thought that I have one kind friend on board this steamer, in this emergency, is the greatest comfort."

"Our state-rooms are fortunately near each other, so any time, by night or day, that I can be of service, do not hesitate to inform me," said the Doctor, as he left the narrow quarters. "I will stop in again, in one hour, to see how she appears on waking."

One afternoon as Earle was standing upon deck looking out upon the vast ocean, he became conscious that a light step had approached and halted quite near.

It was Miss Nevergall.

While hesitating to consider whether his presence would be acceptable to her, an exclamation of terror started him, and glancing toward the spot where she stood, he saw that she was striving to steady herself, being dizzy from a sudden lurch of the steamer.

Springing to her side, he instantly offered his arm, saying, as she gratefully accepted it:

"Allow me to assist you to a more quiet place, where motion will not be so perceptible."

"Thank you," returned the young girl. "I suppose I ought not to venture upon deck alone, unused as I am to the sea, but I am so completely fascinated by all this restless scene. Aunt is sleeping."

"Never look upon a scene like this," said Earle, thoughtfully, "without feeling my own littleness, when compared to the all-ruining hand that holds the billows in its grasp, and rules the winds and storms. But it seems quite calm again. Will you not join me in a promenade? The fresh sea-breeze will do you good after your confinement to the sick-room of your invalid aunt."

Placing her hand once more upon his arm, the two turned and quietly paced the deck, while an earnest and interesting conversation ensued, which occupied them for another half hour.

Dr. Elfenstein found his young companion an intelligent and brilliant conversationalist. Where she was not an awkward pause could ensue, and the fascination of her cultivated manners imperceptibly wove a feeling of intense admiration around his heart, of which he was ignorant, until too late to avert what had been realized. The mischief it would bring to future feelings, he would have made it a duty at once to suppress.