

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

A little crumbling path led round the rock and along the edge of the ravine. I chose it because from it I could see all the fantastic shore, bending in a semi-circle towards the lake of Breckhou, with their, untroddden bays, covered at high tide with only glittering ripples, and with all the soft and tender shadows of the head-lands falling across them.

I was just giving my last look to them when the loose stones on the crumbling path gave way under my tread, and before I could recover my foothold I found myself slipping down the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, and finding myself clinging at every cranny and tuft of grass growing in its crevices.

I landed with a shock far below, and for some time lay insensible. As nearly as I could make out, it would be high water in about two hours. Tardif had not yet returned, but before starting he had said something about returning at high tide, and running up his boat on the beach of our little bay. If he did that he must pass close by me. It was Saturday morning, and he was in the habit of returning early on Saturdays, that he might prepare for the services of the next day.

At last—whether years or hours only had gone by, I could not then have told you—I heard the regular and careful beat of oars upon the water, and presently the grating of a boat's keel upon the shingle. I could not turn round or raise my head, but I was sure it was Tardif.

"Tardif!" I cried, attempting to shout, but my voice sounded very weak in my own ears, and the other sounds about me seemed very loud.

He passed then, and stood quite still, listening. I ran the fingers of my right hand through the loose pebbles about me, and his ear caught the slight noise. In a moment I heard his strong feet coming across the beach towards me.

"Man's name," he exclaimed, "what has happened you?"

I tried to smile at his honest, brown face bent over me, full of alarm. It was so great a relief to see a face like his after that long, weary agony.

"You fallen down the cliff," I said feebly, "and I am hurt."

The strong man shook, and his hand trembled as he stooped down and laid it under my head to lift it up a little. His agitation touched me to the heart.

"Tardif," I whispered, "it is not very much, and I might have been killed. I think my foot is hurt, and I am quite sure my arm is broken."

He lifted me in his arms as easily and tenderly as a mother lifts up her child, and carried me gently up the steep slope which led homewards. It seemed a long time before we reached the farmyard gate, and he shouted, with a tremendous voice, to his mother to come and open it. Never, never shall I forget that night. I could not sleep; but I suppose my mind wandered a little. Hundreds of times I felt myself down on the shore, lying helpless. Then I was back again in my own home in Adelaide, on my father's sheep farm, and he was still alive, and with no thought but how to make everything bright and glad for me, and hundreds of times I saw the woman who was afterwards to be my stepmother, stealing up to the door and trying to get in to him and me.

Twice Tardif brought me a cup of tea, freshly made. I was very glad when the first gleam of daylight shone into my room. It seemed to bring cheeriness to my heart.

"Mam'ella," said Tardif, coming to my side, "I am going to fetch a doctor."

"But it is Sunday," I answered faintly. I knew that no boatman put out to sea willingly on a Sunday from Sark; and the last fatal accident, being on a Sunday, had deepened their reluctance.

"I will be right, mam'ella," he answered, with glowing eyes. "I have no fear."

"Do not be long away, Tardif," I said, sobbing.

"Not one moment longer than I can help," he replied.

CHAPTER III.

Martin Dobree, come into the Grange, belonged to Julia; and fully half of the year's household expenses were defrayed by her. Our practice, which he story to tell my remarkable share in its events. Martin, or Doctor Martin, I was called throughout Guernsey. My father was Dr. Dobree. He belonged to one of the oldest families in the island, but our branch of it had been growing poorer instead of richer during the last three or four generations. We had been gravitating steadily downwards.

My father lived ostensibly by his profession, but actually upon the income of my cousin, Julia Dobree, who had been his ward from her childhood. The house we dwelt in, a pleasant one in the island and I shared between us, was not a large one, though for its extent it was luxurious enough. But there always was an immense number of medical men in Guernsey in proportion to its population, and the island is healthy. There was small chance for any of us to make a fortune.

My engagement to Julia came about so easily and naturally that I was perfectly contented with it. We had been engaged since Christmas, and were to be married in the early summer. We were to set up housekeeping for ourselves; that was a point Julia was bent upon. A suitable house had fallen vacant in one of the higher streets of St. Peter-port, which commanded a noble view of the sea and the surrounding islands. We had taken it, though it was farther from the Grange and my mother than I should have chosen my home to be. She and Julia were busy, pleasantly busy, about the furnishing.

That was about the middle of March. I had been to church one Sunday morning with these two women, both devoted to me and entering all their love and hopes in me, when, as we entered the house on my return, I heard my father calling "Martin! Martin!" as loudly as he could from his consulting room. I answered the call instantly, and whom should I see but a very old friend of mine, Tardif, of the Havre Gosselin. His handsome but weather-beaten face betrayed great anxiety. My father looked charged and irresolute.

"Here's a pretty piece of work, Martin," he said; "Tardif wants one of us to go back with him to Sark, to see a woman who has fallen from the cliffs and broken her arm, confound it!"

"Dr. Martin," cried Tardif excitedly, "I beg of you to come this instant, even. She has been lying in anguish since midday yesterday—twenty-four hours now, sir. I started at dawn this morning, but both wind and tide were against me, and I have been waiting here some time. Come, doctor! If she should be dead!"

The poor fellow's voice faltered, and his eyes met mine imploringly. He and I had been fast friends in my boyhood, and our friendship was still firm and true. I shook his hand heartily—a grip which he returned with his fingers of iron till my own tingled again.

"Ah, I'll go, Tardif," I said; "only I must get a snatch of something to eat while Dr. Dobree puts up what I shall have need of. I'll be ready in half an hour."

The tide was with us, and carried us over bravely. We anchored at the fisherman's landing place below the cliff of the Havre Gosselin, and I climbed readily up the rough ladder which leads to the path. Tardif made his boat secure, and followed me; he passed me, and strode on up the steep track to the summit of the cliff, as if impatient to reach his home. It was then that I gave my first serious thought to the woman who had met with the accident.

"Tardif, who is this person that is hurt?" I asked, "and whereabouts did she fall?"

"She fell down yonder," he answered, with an odd quaver in his voice, as he pointed to a rough and rather high portion of the cliff running inland; "the stones rolled from under her feet so," he added, crushing down a quantity of the loose gravel with his foot, "and she slipped. She lay on the shingle underneath for two hours before I found her—two hours, Dr. Martin!"

Tardif's mother came to us as we entered the house. She beckoned me to follow her into an inner room. It was small, with a ceiling so low, it seemed to rest upon the four posts of the bedstead. There were of course none of the little dainty luxuries about it, with which I was familiar in my mother's bedroom. A long low window opposite the head of the bed threw a strong light upon it. There were check curtains drawn round it, and a patchwork quilt, and rough, home-spun linen. Everything was clean, but coarse and frugal, such as I expected to find about my Sark patient, in the home of a fisherman.

But when my eye fell upon the face resting on the rough pillow I paused involuntarily, only just controlling an exclamation of surprise. There was absolutely nothing in the surroundings to mark her as a lady, yet I felt in a moment that she was one. There lay a delicate refined face, white as the linen, with beautiful light almost as white; and a mass of light, shining silky hair tossed about the pillow; and large dark gray eyes gazing at me beseechingly, with an expression that made my heart leap as it had never leapt before.

"That was what I saw, and could not forbear to notice," I tried to close my eyes to the pathetic beauty of the face before me; but it was altogether in vain. If I had seen her before, or if I had been prepared to see any one like her, I might have succeeded; but I was completely thrown off my guard. There the charming face lay; the eyes glistening, the white forehead tinted, and the delicate mouth contracting with pain; the bright silky curls tossed about in confusion. I see it now, just as I saw it then.

CHAPTER IV.

I suppose I did not stand still more than five seconds, yet during that pause a host of questions had flashed through my brain. Who was this beautiful creature? Where had she come from? How did it happen that she was in Tardif's house? and so on. But I recalled myself abruptly to my senses; I was here as her physician, and common sense and duty demanded of me to keep my head clear. I advanced to her side and took the small, blue-veined hand into mine, and felt her pulse with my fingers.

"You are in very great pain, I fear," I said, lowering my voice.

"Yes," her white lips answered, and she tried to smile a patient though a dreary smile, as she looked up into my face; "my arm is broken. Are you a doctor?"

"I am Dr. Martin Dobree," I said, passing my hand softly down her arm. The fracture was above the elbow, and was of a kind to make the setting of it give her sharp, acute pain. I could see she was scarcely fit to bear any further suffering just then; but what was to be done? She was not likely to get much rest till the bone was set.

"Did you ever take chloroform?" I asked.

"No, I never needed it," she answered.

"Should you object to taking it?"

"Anything," she replied passively, "I will do anything you wish."

I went back into the kitchen and opened the portmanteau my father had put up for me. Splints and bandages were there in abundance, enough to set half the arms in the island, but neither chloroform nor anything in the shape of an opiate could I find. I might almost as well have come to Sark altogether unprepared for my case.

I stood for a few minutes, deep in thought. The daylight was going, and it was useless to waste time; yet I found myself shrinking oddly from the duty before me. Tardif could not help but see my chagrin and hesitation.

"Doctor," he cried, "she is not going to die?"

"No, no," I answered, calling back my wandering thoughts and energies; "there is not the smallest danger of that. I must go and set her arm at once, and then she will sleep."

I returned to the room and raised her as gently and painlessly as I could. She moaned, though very softly, and she tried to smile again as her eyes met mine looking anxiously at her. That smile made me feel like a child. If she did it again I knew my hands would be unsteady, and her pain be tenfold greater.



"HE PAUSED THEN."

WAR ON THE HOPPERS

THE GOVERNMENT PREPARES TO FIGHT THE INSECTS.

Part of the Great Farming Regions of the West and Southwest to be Battled Against by Plague—Cause Great Annual Damage.

That the United States' great farming regions in the West and Southwest may be rid of a pest which annually threatens the crops with destruction and causes an enormous financial loss, the government has adopted a new and extraordinary means. Grasshoppers exist in untold numbers in New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska, but the situation in Southern Texas seems to be worse than anywhere else. To relieve the distress occasioned by the grasshoppers, government entomologists are putting up in bottles disease germs of a fungus kind, deadly to grasshoppers, and is sending them to parts of the country where the damage threatens to be particularly severe.

The fungus is obtained from South Africa, where it has been used with great success recently, vast armies of grasshoppers being literally wiped out by it. It is propagated artificially by applying a bit of it to a sterilized preparation of gelatine and blood serum, on which the germs multiply rapidly. Thus prepared, the "cultures" are sent out in glass tubes, corked with absorbent cotton and sealed with red wax, each one being enclosed in a pasteboard cylinder. Directions for use accompany the package.

In Colorado last summer there was an outbreak of fungus disease among grasshoppers, and quantities of the dead insects were shipped to Washington and utilized here for making "cultures." A whitish, thread-like growth on the bodies of the victims furnished

there is plenty of food in the neighborhood he does not move about much, but when the available provender is exhausted he starts out to look for another spot.

It is in this way that the great migrations are begun, an army of grasshoppers on the march being often as much as a mile wide. They covet the ground densely, devouring as they go, all grass, grain and garden truck. Sometimes two armies cross each other, but each keeps right along in its own course.

Some grasshoppers are among the most beautiful insects in the world, with wings resembling in beauty and delicacy of hue the petals of flowers—pink, green, blue and otherwise tinted with many variations.

There are some of huge size, which have a spread of nine inches or more from wing tip to wing tip. Anybody who will examine a grasshopper cannot fail to admire the beauty of its construction, and particularly of the armor in which it is clad, though it is a peaceable creature and by no means inclined to combat.

OW DEFENDED HER CALF.

Pat a Hungry Fear to Flight After a Battle Royal.

The calf, having nursed sufficiently and feeling his baby legs tired of the weight he had not yet learned to carry, laid himself down. On this the cow shifted her position. She turned half round and lifted her head high. As she did so a sense of peril was born in upon her fine nostrils. She recognized it instantly. With a start of anger she sniffed again, then stamped a challenge with her fore hoofs and leveled the lance points of her horns toward the menace. The next moment her eyes, made keen by the fear of lava, detected the black outline of the bear's head through the coarse screen of the juniper. Without a second's hesitation she swung up her tail, gave a short belch and charged.



LARGEST KNOWN SPECIES OF GRASSHOPPERS. (The picture shows him one-half life size.)

the requisite germs. These "cultures" have been distributed during the present year in Colorado, experimentally, while the disease from South Africa is being tried in Texas.

Infecting the Grasshoppers. On receiving a bottle of the fungus, the farmer is directed, by an accompanying printed slip, to put a number of live grasshoppers in a wooden box, together with a portion of the germ material. They will quickly become infected, when he may liberate all but half a dozen or so.

These, when dead, will serve to communicate the disease to other living grasshoppers, placed in the box for that purpose. As fast as they are infected the "hoppers" are to be set free in the fields to distribute the plague among their fellows.

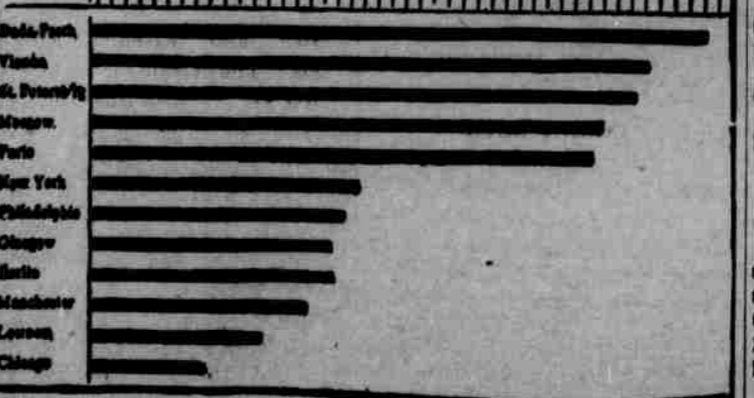
The grasshopper is one of the most serious problems encountered by the farmer in the West. Owing to the settlement of great areas which formerly were its permanent breeding grounds, producing regular and enormous crops of the voracious pests every year, the insect no longer appears in those mighty swarms that used to arrive like devastating armies and devour everything green. But even nowadays not a season passes that the "hoppers" do not appear in alarming numbers in some parts of the country, destroying the crops and bringing great loss or even ruin to the helpless agriculturist.

The "hoppers" sow their eggs, planting on one season those which are to be hatched the next. The female drills a hole in the ground with the horny tip of her abdomen, and in this she lays about 20 eggs, which are bound together by the mother insect. The burrow is filled up with mucus, which makes it watertight.

Fighting the Pest. Now the farmer's best chance is to destroy the unhatched eggs, and this he tries to do in various ways, the most effective perhaps being to slice off an inch of the top soil, dry it and pass it through sieves to separate the egg masses, which are buried in deep pits. In the wheat growing regions burning machines, which are open gates on runners, filled with lighted pitch pine, are drawn by horses across the fields. Another method consists in digging pits, into which the swarms are driven, with the help of widespread wings of canvas stretched on sticks.

The eggs are enveloped in tough little capsules, not easily broken by pressure between thumb and finger, but when ready to hatch the coat of the ovum is dissolved and releases the insect. When new born the young grasshopper is covered with a sort of veil, which presently splits along the back and is kicked off behind. So long as

CONSUMPTION MORTALITY LOWEST IN CHICAGO.



Following the discussions at the recent Tuberculosis Congress in London on the cure and possible eradication of consumption, the London Sphere has compiled the record of deaths in the world's largest cities. From this it prepared the relative diagram above, which shows that Chicago has lowest mortality rate from the disease and Buda-Pest the highest.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

NUMEROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

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

"You cannot fail to note," said the French war expert, proudly, "that we are taking the lead in developing the balloon and the automobile. Think of the races that have been held recently."

"That is a wise precaution," returned the Yankee, "for those who anticipate that they may want to get away in a hurry, but it lacks interest for those who look at the matter from another point of view."—Chicago Post.

The Bald-headed Tyrant. Brown-Well, did your baby enjoy the picnic?

Jones—I guess so; he had five of his own family waiting on him all day—besides all the outsiders he could drag in.

Much the Same. "My wife is a woman of strong will power," said Goldthorpe.

"My wife is a woman of great won't power," added Rickers.

Life-Saving Exercise. "Don't you pay any attention to summer athletics?"

"Oh, yes; I often run a few blocks after the leaman when he has gone by without leaving us any ice."

A Condition. "You say you want to get off this afternoon to go to a funeral?"

"Yes, sir; if it doesn't rain."

The Proper Time. "Amy," said Mabel, "when do you intend to wear that stunning bathing suit of yours?"

"When the men arrive," replied Amy.

Propagators. "Mosquitoes are accused of propagating disease," said Spokes.

"Well, I know that they propagate profanity," said Spokes.

True Resignation. The Splinter (an invalid)—Is it really true that marriages are made in heaven?

The Parson—Yes, I believe so. The Splinter (resignedly)—Oh, then I'll tell the doctor he needs't call again.—Chicago News.

A Paradoxical Taleman. Judge—Have you formed any opinion on this case?

Would-be Juror—No, sir; I haven't mentioned it to my wife.—The Smart Set.

Trouble Not Far Off. First Back-Yard Farmer—Have you spaded up your garden yet?

Second Back-Yard Farmer—No, but my next-door neighbor has let out all his hens.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

His Status. "Whooper seems to have nearly finished fitting himself for active membership in a trained animal show."

—???

"Oh, he was an Elk, and then he became a White Hat, and last night he joined the Buffaloes and they made a monkey of him."—Puck.

Complaisant. Miss May—I do not know any better way to describe my embarrassment in your presence than to say that I feel as if I were about to be examined at school.—Bombe.

Sorry He Lied. De Garry—You are the only woman I ever loved.

Madge—In that case I can't be your summer girl. I don't want any amateur.—Judge.

Exclusiveness. Mrs. Purseproud—I see where several millionaires chartered a whole steambath in order to come across the ocean.

Mr. Purseproud—Well, when we go over we will lease the ocean for a week.—Baltimore American.

Turned Down. "I have written my autobiography," said the ex-politician who had seen better days. "I suppose you would be willing to advance a few dollars on it, eh?"

"Not on your life," replied the soulless publisher.—Chicago News.

The Same To-day. "In old times, when a man committed a mistake he was put in the stocks."

"It's sometimes that way now," sighed the fellow who had been dabbling on a falling market. "To be caught in the stocks means you've done something you shouldn't have done."—Philadelphia Times.

A Whole Lot Short. "Bay, pop!" said Willie, "is 'gent' short of 'gentleman'?"

"Yes, my boy," replied the old man, "a 'gent' is far short of a gentleman."—Philadelphia Record.

A Fallacy. "There is a great deal to be said on both sides of every question," said the broad-minded man.

"My dear sir," answered Mr. Meekton, "it is very plain that you have never engaged in an argument with Henrietta."—Washington Star.

Appropriate. "I wonder why they put 'He Rests in Peace' over Jones' grave. I understand that he led a very bad life."

"True—but you don't know Mrs. Jones."—Life.



He Sympathized. The Summer Girl (to her companion)—What do you suppose it is, dearest, that makes the sea murmur so?

Teaty Old Gentleman (who has encountered a mooning couple in every secluded nook along the shore)—Lord, Miss, you'd murmur if you had to hear all the sentimental rot the sea bears!—Detroit Free Press.

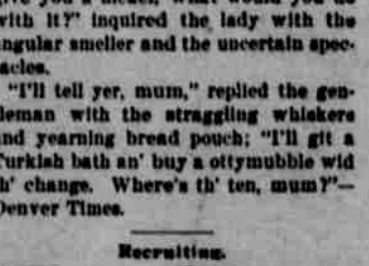
Looked Like Her. "Sir," said the gentleman, angrily, as he burst into the photograph gallery, "you have insulted my wife and I demand satisfaction!"

"Believe me, sir," said the photographer, soothingly, "I am innocent of any intended offense. What have I done?"

"You will have to fight, sir," went on the man; "you took a picture for my wife and it looks like her!"—Boston Post.

What He Would Do. "My poor hungry man, if I were to give you a nickel, what would you do with it?" inquired the lady with the angular sniffer and the uncertain spectacles.

"I'll tell you, mum," replied the gentleman with the straggling whiskers and yearning bread pouch; "I'll get a Turkish bath an' buy a ottomubible wid th' change. Where's th' ten, mum?"—Denver Times.



Recruiting. "The Rider—Hang it, man, I've been on half a dozen times since then.—The King.

"Why dear, what's the matter with you? Bad news from your husband?"

"Oh, worse than that. He writes me that he is longing for me and kisses my picture every day."

"That's no reason for crying."

"Yes, but I said I put mother's photograph in his trunk in mistake for mine."—Brooklyn Life.

Water at a Discount. "Is it not beautiful to see the moon shine across the water?" inquired the romantic young woman.

"Well, miss," answered Col. Stillwell, "moonshine is very acceptable in an emergency. But I don't know as I especially care about the water."—Washington Star.

Appearance Against Him. The Parson (leaning over the fence, shocked)—Makin' garden on Sunday, brother! I is pained beyon' measure, Brother Johnson!

Rastus Johnson (fustered)—Dead I ain't makin' garden, pahson. I's only diggin' bait to go fishin'.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Noncommittal. "Senator," asked the interviewer, "do I understand you to say there is very little money made in politics?"

"Well—er—you might say," replied the Senator, "there is a great deal of money made out of politics."—Philadelphia Press.

The Brutality of Man. A correspondence full of eloquence and a speaking moral has been brought to light by a trade journal in St. Paul. The lady received the first letter, and it read thus:

"Dear Madam: I take pleasure in shipping to your address a rug valued at \$50, for which I shall be glad to receive your check. If you do not desire the rug please return it. Very sincerely, and so forth!"

"The idea!" exclaimed the indignant woman, and thereupon she sat down and dictated the following reply:

"Dear Sir: I have ordered no rug from your establishment, and I see no reason why I should go to the expense of returning that which I do not want, and which was sent to me unolicited. To this complaint she received the following gently sarcastic rejoinder:

"Dear Madam: I will send for the uncollected rug, and I trust you will do me the favor to send for the uncollected charity tickets which now lie with about twenty-eight others on my desk. Very sincerely, and so forth."

"The discourteous boor!" shrieked the lady.

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