

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I do not know why terror always strikes me dumb and motionless. I did not stir or speak, but looked steadily, with a fascinated gaze, into my husband's face—a word, white, enlivened face, with eyes peering cruelly into mine. It was an awful look; one of dark triumph, of sneering, cunning exultation. Neither of us spoke.

He sank down on the seat beside me, with an air of exhaustion, yet with a low, fenshish laugh which sounded hideously loud in my ears. He looked at me, still as a statue.

"I've found you," he said, his hand tightening its hold—and at the first sound of his voice the spell which bound me snapped—"I've tracked you out at last to this cursed hole. The game is up, my little lady. By heaven! you'll repent of this. You are mine, and no man shall come between us."

"I don't understand you," I muttered. He had spoken in an undertone, and I could not raise my voice above a whisper, so parched and dry was my throat.

"Understand!" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I know all about Dr. Martin Dobree. You understand that well enough. I am here to take charge of you, to carry you home with me as my wife, and neither man nor woman can interfere with me in that. It will be best for you to come with me quietly."

"I will not go with you," I answered, in the same hoarse whisper. "I am liv-



"THIS MAN IS MY ENEMY."

ing here in the presbytery, and you can not force me away. I will not go."

"The silly raving of an ignorant girl!" he sneered. "The law will compel you to return to me. I will take the law into my own hands, and compel you to go with me at once. If there is no conveyance to be hired in this confounded hole, we will walk down the road together, like two lovers, and wait for the omnibus. Come, Olivia."

Our voices had not risen much above their undertones yet, but these last words he spoke more loudly. Jean opened the door of the sacristy and looked out, and Pierre came down to the corner of the transept to see who was speaking. He lifted the hand Richard was not holding, and beckoned Jean.

"Jean," I said, in a low tone still, "this man is my enemy. Monsieur le Cure knows all about him; but he is not here. You must protect me."

"Certainly, madame," he replied. "Monsieur, have the goodness to release madame."

"She is my wife," retorted Richard Foster.

"I have told all to Monsieur le Cure," I said.

"Monsieur le Cure is gone to England; it is necessary to wait till his return: Monsieur Englishman."

"Fool!" said Richard in a passion; "she is my wife, I tell you."

"Ah!" he replied phlegmatically, "but it is my affair to protect madame. There is no resource but to wait till Monsieur le Cure returns from his voyage. If madame does not say, 'This is my husband, how can I believe you?' she says, 'He is my enemy.' I cannot confide her to a stranger."

"I will not leave her," he exclaimed. "Good! very good! Pardon, monsieur," responded Jean, laying his iron fingers upon the hand that held me, and loosening its grip as easily as if it had been the hand of a child. "Madame, you are free. Leave Monsieur the Englishman to me, and go away into the house, if you please."

I did not wait to hear any further altercation, but fled as quickly as I could into the presbytery. Up into my own chamber I ran, drew a heavy chest against the door and fell down trembling and nervous upon the floor beside it.

But there was no time to lose in womanish terrors; my difficulty and danger were too great. Why should I not write to Tardif? He had promised to come to my help whenever and wherever I might summon him. I ran down to Mademoiselle Therese for the materials for a letter, and in a few minutes it was written, and on the way to Sark.

The night fell while I was still alone. Suddenly there was the noisy rattling of wheels over the rough pavement—the baying of dogs—an indistinct shout. A horrible dread took hold of me. Was it possible that he had returned, with some force which should drag me away from my refuge and give me up to him? I heard hurried footsteps and joyous voices. A minute or two afterward, Minima beat against my barricaded door, and shouted gleefully through the key-hole.

"Come down, Aunt Nelly," she cried; "Monsieur Laurence is come home again!"

I felt as if some strong hand had lifted me out of a whirl of troubled waters and set me safely upon a rock. I ran down into the salon, where Monsieur Laurence was seated, as tranquilly as if he had never been away, in his high-backed armchair, smiling gently at Minima's gambols of delight. Jean stood just within the door, his hands behind his back, holding his white cotton cap in them; he had been making his report of the day's events. Monsieur held out his hand to

BEST TIME TO MARRY.

WHEN A REASONABLY COMFORTABLE HOME IS ASSURED.

Modern Young People Wait Until Too Late in Life—Nearly All "Self-Made" Men Wedded on \$1,000 a Year or Less.

Why should lovers defer their marriage a day longer than the time when, as far as we mortals can discern the future, the prospect of a comfortable home is reasonably assured? asks Cyrus C. Adams in *Ainslee's*. It is senseless to wait for the coming of affluent days. Their lives should be united, and each in his way should help to bring about the advent of easier times if they are ever to come. It is as foolish to wait for a larger income than is really required as it is for parents to slave and drudge that their children may enjoy a degree of affluence they have never known. This is the rock upon which the French nation has split. They are a frugal and a thrifty people. It is interesting to know that many of the tasteful, artistic and costly products of France are made almost exclusively for the foreign trade. Two-thirds of the best chinaware of Limoges, for example, comes to the United States. A well-to-do Frenchwoman is likely to use a preparation of rice flour as a cosmetic, leaving the delicate perfumes and other toilet articles of Paris for her American and British sisters who are willing to spend more money for such things. But the rich father, unfortunately, conceives it to be his duty to leave his children richer than himself; if, on the other hand, he is a poor tiller of the soil, it is disgraceful not to educate his son to a trade or a profession so that the family name may have a higher place in the social scale. This deplorable ambition fixes upon the family a burden almost too great to be borne, and parents deliberately restrict the number of their children. In large districts, particularly in Northern France, families of more than two children are rare. Many of the young people, seeing the hard lives their parents lead, defer their own marriages in order to better their fortunes, till at last even the desire to marry is extinguished. Parents and children of all lands may well heed the lesson in sociology that France is now teaching.

Nearly all our self-made men, leaders in the professions and in business, married young and on very moderate incomes. Many assumed, without the slightest trepidation, the responsibility of supporting a wife on \$1,000 a year or less. These men usually have very pronounced views on the inadequate knowledge of the value of money and how to take care of it possessed by the majority of young men and women. The views of these young persons as to the amount of income upon which they may prudently marry vary, of course, according to the circumstances in which they have lived. Many an intelligent girl who works in New York kitchens has no doubt whatever that she and the steady, industrious fellow she intends to marry will have a comfortable home on \$12 to \$14 a week. A penniless German school teacher who came to Philadelphia when a young man and who in his old age lives in New York on the rentals of apartment houses bought with \$300,000 he earned slowly in manufacturing asserted the other day that \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year in New York would give to young married couples of refinement a comfortable home, books, music and amusements and everything they might need for the rational enjoyment of life. This gentleman has the German ideas of thrift. There is scarcely any doubt that any man and wife, gifted with an ability to disburse dollars to the very best advantage, would be able to realize his idea of comfortable married life on a small income.

DON'TS FOR FATHERS.

Some of the Best Ways to Treat Growing Boys.

Do not expect your son to keep perfectly quiet for any length of time. You could not do it when you were a boy, writes Mrs. M. E. R. Alger.

Do not expect your son to confide and trust in you if you do not meet him half way.

Remember there is no one on earth who has a keener sense of right and wrong than your boy. Remember, also, that naughty, mischievous boys are usually very clever and have the making of smart, reliable men.

Always keep your promises. If you threaten to punish a boy the next time he offends or disobeys, be sure to do it.

Remember your wife had had the care of the children all day. Few men realize the responsibility and unending labor in the care of children, the long, weary hours with the babies, the constant attention, the everlasting patience necessary. Help her in the evening with the boys.

I am a firm believer in "early to bed" for children.

Do not spoil your children with luxuries. Plain food, plain clothes, are what they should have. Silk dresses, diamond rings, trips to the theater and opera in the evening take the zest away from your daughters when they become young women.

Visits to your club, and the keeping of late hours, do not tend to make your sons either healthy or wise. They will know all about life before they are grown up. Keep both your daughters and sons amused and interested in childish things as long as possible; time enough for the care of life later on.

LEFT AND RIGHT HANDEDNESS.

Explained by Anatomical Reasons for Same Quality in Eyes.

It is a well-known fact that the stronger activity of the nerves of the right half of the body (for not only the hand is concerned) must be ascribed to a preponderance of the left side of the brain, whose finer development, especially as the seat of the center of speech, is a matter of common knowledge, says the *London Opinion*.

In a paper by Dr. Luddeckens in the *Allemannische Journal* Dr. Uhrmacher-kunst valuable information regarding the causes of the unequal working of the two hemispheres of the brain is furnished. A sketch touching on the history of evolution leads from the original symmetry of the organism to a subsequent asymmetrical arrangement of the heart and the large blood vessels, from which it follows quite naturally that the two halves of the head are not placed on an equal footing as regards the distribution of the blood, and that, on the contrary, there must be, under normal conditions, a stronger pressure on the arteries of the left side of the head.

Why We Need Hobbies.

Business is not inseparable from higher things. Men may be born grocers, but need not live only as grocers. Solon and Thales, wise men of the Greeks, were merchants; Plato peddled oil; Spinoza, the philosopher, mended spectacles. Linnaeus was a cabinet-maker as well as a botanist. Shakespeare prided himself more upon his success as a manager than as a dramatist. Spenser was a sheriff. It might require a rather strong wrench of the imagination to imagine sheriffs of to-day writing another "Faerie Queen"—but why? Milton taught school, as have almost all great men. Walter Scott, the wizard of the North, was circuit clerk and practical man of affairs; Grote was a London banker, Ricardo a stock jobber and Sir Isaac Newton master of the English mint. Paul was a tent-maker and the Great Gentleman an apprentice at a carpenter's bench.

"I practice law simply to support myself," said one of the greatest of St. Louis attorneys—an attorney-at-law, not an attorney-at-politics—"but my real life is at home in my library." Thoroughly practical people need the help of hobbies to keep them from shriveling up.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

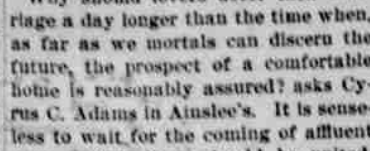
High-Prized Book.

The biggest price ever paid for a book was \$44,500, given for an original copy of the *Psalterium*, published by Faust in 1459. It was bought by Bernard Quaritch.

Tasmania's Mineral Wealth.

Tasmania, in proportion to its area, is the richest in Australasia's colonies in mineral wealth.

Some women are so humble that they think every woman who has more money than they have, good looking.



Science and Invention

Tyndall says 50,000 typhus germs will thrive in the small circumference of a pinhead or visible globe.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

Plants with white blossoms have a larger proportion of fragrant species than any others; next comes red, then yellow and blue, after which, and in the same order, may be reckoned violet, green, orange, brown and black.

Dr. G. L. Johnson, whose studies of the eyes of mammals have recently been published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, calls attention to the fact that men and monkeys alone possess parallel and convergent vision. Squirrels, for instance, and probably hares and rabbits as well, are able to see an enemy approaching directly from behind without turning the head.

The Rev. John M. Bacon, the English balloon expert, insists that light-houses should have warning bells under as well as above water, because in a storm sound travels farther under water than through the air, and experiments both in England and America have proved that a bell struck under water can be heard at a long distance in the hold of a ship. Mr. Bacon is exploring the air over London with balloons, and he has made some interesting observations on the best methods of signaling by sound. By applying a parabolic reflector to a speaking-trumpet he is able to send the waves of sound in a straight, compact beam, resembling in its directness a ray of light.

It is reported that an attempt is about to be made by the aid of Dr. Isaac Roberts' celebrated photographs to determine whether internal movements occur in the spiral nebulae. Miss Dorothy Klumpke, of the Paris Observatory, will conduct the examination of the photographs, her experience in the measurement of the plates for the international photographic chart of the heavens having given her special fitness for the work. Some of Dr. Roberts' photographs were made 10 or 12 years ago, and by comparing these with later pictures of the same objects, it is hoped that any changes that have occurred in the shapes of the nebulae may be detected. The discovery of such changes would possess great interest and importance for astronomers.

The astronomical instruments that were seized and carried away by the Germans after the capture of Peking by the allied European, Japanese and American forces ranked as great scientific curiosities. There were two sets of them, placed on and at the foot of the wall of the Tartar City. One set, of Chinese manufacture, consisted of old armillary spheres, and other out-of-date instruments, of great size and strangely mounted on bronze dragons. The other set comprised a large azimuth, and other similar instruments, together with a celestial globe of bronze covered with stars of gold. These last were made under the direction of the Dutch Jesuit Verbiest, who was official astronomer for the Chinese emperor in the seventeenth century. Some of the instruments were presents from Louis XIV.

Walters Who Speculate.

Stories of the successful speculation of waiters in popular resorts on "tips" received from the patrons are often true; but there is the other side—that of losses. Said Philippe at Delmonico's: "If one of our waiters constantly speculates on 'tips' loss and failure are certain to come sooner or later. As in the case of Beau Brummel's neckties, one never hears of the unsuccessful, and their losses. It generally happens that a waiter is successful at first. If he puts the money he makes into real estate he prospers; but let him continue to speculate and he generally loses his all. I have had some good winnings, but prefer investment in real estate."

"Stock speculation really distracts a waiter," continued the Philippe, according to the New York Times, "and he cannot properly attend to business. As soon as we find a waiter getting too engrossed in speculation we discharge him, as he cannot keep away from the ticker, and confuses his orders. One poor fellow nearly went crazy here last winter in consequence of his stock speculations. He would forget his orders and call for 'one Western Union,' when he should have said 'one steak underdone,' and so on, until we had to discharge him. I do not know what has become of him, but expect to hear he has landed in the insane asylum."

Sheer Nonsense.

Joakley—Queer thing about that tall man over there. All his intimate friends call him "Short."

Coakley—Just because he is so tall, eh?

Joakley—No, because that's his name.—*Philadelphia Press*.

They Didn't Dare to Notice It.

Although the late ameer of Afghanistan was bow-legged, nobody dared to allude to the fact until after he was officially declared dead.

This shows what it is to be a successful autocrat.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The Clash of Brains.

The man of staid and studious turn will struggle day and night to learn; and rival seeds will try to show that all his knowledge isn't so.—*Washington Star*.

Every man hides his deformity.

We are all caught oftener than we imagine.

sequence, imparts to the left side of the body the preponderance over the right one, a condition styled left-handedness. In close connection thereto is the habit of most left-handed persons to sleep on the left side in the unconscious endeavor to relieve the right half of their brain, which is more charged with blood during the day. For right-handed persons the position on the right side is the normal one for the same reason.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Yeast—I see a Philadelphia composer has written a quickstep. Crimmonbenk—Yes, and I hear they are using it in Chicago for a funeral march.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Just Begun. Mr. Figgitt—Are you almost through writing that letter? Mrs. Figgitt—Dear me, no! Why I have only got to the postscript.—*Ohio State Journal*.

Equity. The uncle who has just bought a picture—Now, Billy, how about this pastel—will it last? "Well, Uncle Tom, it will last longer than the check you gave me for it!"—*Life*.

His Price.

Judge—So you voted twice? What did you do that for? Erastus—For a dollar, Judge.

The Other View.

"It seems to me," said the lady with a severe glance, "that the newspapers print some dreadful things." "Yes," answered the reporter; "it often makes me sad to think that people insist on doing shocking things and compelling us to write about them."—*Washington Star*.

Violent Cases.

Gothamite (referring to Stock Exchange brokers doing business)—What do you think of them, uncle? Uncle (from Podunk)—Worst I ever see! Where dew they lock 'em up nights!—*Puck*.

He Wondered.

Mrs. Whyte—She learned to speak French in six weeks. Mr. Whyte—I wonder how long it will take the folks over in France to learn to understand her.—*Somerville Journal*.

Mixed Breed.

X—That dog is a pointer, isn't he? Y—Gad, no! He's a disappointment!

Had No Cause for Fear.

Her Father—He claims to love you and yet is afraid to speak to me. What sort of a goose is he? I was not afraid to ask for your mother. She—Yes, I know. But—but—you see, she did not have the same sort of a father I have.

Just About.

Uncle Jason (at the seaside hotel)—What's the difference between the American and European plans, John? Galey—Oh, about the same difference as between embezzlement and robbery.—*Puck*.

Unappreciated.

Jack—That little girl I'm in love with now is a perfect little wild flower, fresh as a daisy. Why, she's never even been waltzed with. George—Well! well! Jack—That's true. Never been anything but engaged a few times.—*New York Weekly*.

Afraid to Look.

"Are you looking for work?" "Looking! I should say so! In these troublous times a feller has to keep his eyes peeled for work or he'll run right into it!"

The Desired Result.

First Chinese Diplomat—The foreign diplomats are holding another conference to-day. Second Chinese Statesman—Well, let us hope they will reach a misunderstanding.—*Puck*.

She Would Do the Following Then.

"I could follow your footsteps all my life long, dearest!" "Oh, yes; you say that; but when we are married no doubt you'll always walk about ten feet ahead of me, just like all other husbands."—*Stray Stories*.

Harred Out.

"I have decided to be a hospital nurse," said Amy. "I saw it stated that 75 per cent of the unmarried men fall in love and propose marriage to the women that nurse them through severe illnesses."

"I saw that statement, too," added Mabel; "but my recollection is that it said pretty nurses."—*Stray Stories*.

A Hald Assertion.

Barber—Your hair will be gray if it keeps on. Scantlocks—Well, I hope it will keep on.—*Baltimore World*.

Effect on Different Faces.

Mrs. Myles—That hat makes your face look very short. Mrs. Styles—That's funny. It made my husband's face look long.—*Stray Stories*.

A Familiar Illustration.

"Now, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "you may tell us what a prophet is." "Why," replied Johnny, "it's a fellow that's always lookin' for a chance to say 'I told you so.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Will Be Glad to Hear It. Bobba—I see there's a movement on foot to coin half-cent pieces. Slobba—That will be good news for the people who have been putting pennies in the collection basket every Sunday for many years.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Man-Who-Didn't-Get-Off.

"For deep-laid, underground, double-dyed contrary meanness give me a woman." "Goodness—what do you mean?" "They always go to cleaning house just when a man is thinking of going fishing!"—*Chicago Times Herald*.

The Point of View.

"Britannia rules the waves in war," we said to the Boer patriot. "Indeed? I thought Britannia waived rules in war," responded he, with some bitterness manifest in his speech.—*Baltimore American*.

Was Disappointed.

"He said he would kill himself if I would marry him." "Well?" "He didn't do it; the mean thing!"

A Timely Hint.

The women should quit wearing white feathers in their hair. No one admires the white feather, even when it is shown in a whim of fashion.—*Atchison Globe*.

Too Bad.

"Do you know, Miss Friable," said the large-headed young author, "my most brilliant thoughts come to me 15 my sleep?" "It's a great pity that you are troubled with insomnia," added the young lady.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Free Bathing.

"Did you notice, Weary, dat some English doctor says we bathe too freely?" "I'm afraid dat hits me, Limpy. I never paid a cent for a bath in all my life."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

No Golf.

"The pastor said this morning that we should go to church, no matter how bad the weather is." "Why, that is the only time I can go. Then there's nothing else to do."

Poor Sufferer!

Philadelphia Man—Can you do something for me, doctor? I am dreadfully troubled with insomnia. Physician—I am sorry to hear it. Philadelphia Man—Yes, some nights I cannot get to sleep after 9 o'clock.—*Somerville Journal*.

Good Taste.

"It is bad form to dip your bread in the gravy." "Yes, but it's good taste, mamma."

A Better Way.

Dramatist—In my new play the hero gets killed in the last act. Manager—That's a mistake. Dramatist—Why? Manager—He ought to be killed in the first act.

Competitive Examination.

Mr. Hopkins—Would you do if a Boston girl quoted Emerson at you? Mr. Simpson—I'd ask her to name the Presidents of the United States.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Uncle Eph's Crusts a Doubter.

"For all your pretending to be so wise, Uncle Ephraim," said the colonel, who dwelt in the big house on the hill, "you don't know how to bring up children. Look at that young rascal of yours that's always robbing my orchard."

Both Kinds.

A Boston "funeral director" displays in front of his establishment a sign which reads: "Undertaking—wholesale and retail."

Why Not?

Judge—You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed? Intelligent witness.—The dog.—*Stray Stories*.

Her Dearest Friend.

May—Jack was saved by a bullet striking my picture, which he carried in the breast pocket of his tunic. Lucy—Is that so? Well, I should say your picture would stop a four-inch shell.—*Stray Stories*.

To the Astronomers.

Still survey the heavens. For all that you are worth. We may have to hunt a planet. When the trusts own all the earth.—*Washington Star*.

Man's Dress \$80 a Year.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt's statement that a woman can dress well on \$800 a year caused a tailor the other day to discuss the annual cost of a man's dress.

The average man, he said, had two suits, a winter and a summer one, that last him at least two years, and two overcoats, one for fall and one for winter, that last him three years. The suits, at \$30 each, divided by two (the number of years of their endurance), and the coats at a similar figure divided by three, would cost \$50. Two pairs of shoes would cost \$10, two hats \$7, and a moderate amount of linen and underwear about \$30 more. That makes the grand total of the average man's annual expenditure for dress only \$80, and the tailor said he thought many persons got through on even less.

The rich man who goes out a good deal will spend often \$1,000 or more a year on his clothes, and the tailor mentioned, says the *Philadelphia Record*, the names of two young millionaires who each lavish from \$2,500 to \$3,000 annually on their wardrobes.

Some smiles look as though they had been soaked in vinegar.