

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

"My daughter," he said, "I bade you leave your duty in my keeping. Now I summon you to fulfill it. Your duty lies yonder, by your husband's side in his agony of death."  
"I will go," I whispered, my lips scarcely moving to pronounce the words, so stiff and cold they felt.  
"Good!" he said, "you have chosen the better part. Come! The good God will protect you."  
He drew my hand through his arm and led me to the low doorway.  
The inner room, as I entered, was dark with the shadows of the night.  
"Where is Olivia?" he muttered, in a hoarse and labored voice.  
"I am here, Richard," I answered, falling on my knees where Tardif had been kneeling, and putting my hand in his: "look at me. I am Olivia."  
"You are mine, you know," he said, his fingers closing round my wrist with a grasp as weak as a very young child's; "she is my wife, Monsieur le Cure."  
"Yes," I sobbed, "I am your wife, Richard."  
"Do they hear it?" he asked, in a whisper.  
"We hear it," answered Tardif.



"I CAME UPON A GRAVE."

A strange, spasmodic smile fitted across his ghastly face, a look of triumph and success. His fingers tightened over my hand, and I left it passively in their clasp.  
"Mine," he murmured.  
"Olivia," he said, after a long pause, and in a stronger voice, "you always spoke the truth to me. This priest and his follower have been trying to frighten me into repentance, as if I were an old woman. They say I am near dying. Tell me, is it true?"  
"Richard," I said, "it is true."  
His lips closed after a cry, and seemed as if they would never open again. He shut his eyes wearily. Feebly and fitfully came his gasps for breath, and he moaned at times. But still his fingers held me fast, though the slightest effort of mine would have set me free. I left my hand in his cold grasp, and spoke to him whenever he moaned.  
There was long silence. I could hear the chirping of the sparrows in the thatched roof. Monsieur Lauretie and Tardif stood at the foot of the bed, looking down upon us both, but I only saw their shadows falling across us. My eyes were fastened upon the face I should soon see no more. The little light there was seemed to be fading away from it, leaving it all dark and blank.  
"Olivia!" he cried, once again, in a tone of mingled anger and entreaty.  
"I am here," I answered, laying my other hand upon his, which was at last relaxing its hold and falling away helplessly. But where was he? Where was the voice which half a minute ago called Olivia? Where was the life gone that had grasped my hand? He had not heard my answer, or felt my touch upon his cold fingers.  
Tardif lifted me gently from my place beside him, and carried me away into the open air, under the overshadowing eaves.

CHAPTER XXIX.  
The unbroken monotony of Ville-en-bois closed over me again. A week has glided by—a full week. I am seated at the window of the salon, gasping in a breath of fresh air—such a cool, balmy breeze as blows over the summer sea to the cliffs of Sark. Monsieur Lauretie, under the shelter of a huge red umbrella, is choosing the ripest cluster of grapes for our supper this evening. All the street is as still as at midnight. Suddenly there breaks upon us the harsh, metallic clang of well-shod horse hoofs upon the stony roadway—the crackling of a postillion's whip—the clatter of an approaching carriage.  
Pierre, who has been heaving idly under the window, jumps to his feet, shouting, "It is Monsieur le Bishop! Minima claps her hands and cries, 'The Prince, Aunt Nellie, the Prince!'"  
Monsieur Lauretie walks slowly down to the gate, his cotton umbrella spread over him like a giant fungus. It is certainly not the Prince; for an elderly, white-haired man, older than Monsieur Lauretie, but with a more imposing and stately presence, steps out of the carriage, and with salute one another with great ceremony. They entered the house and came directly to the salon. I was making my escape by another door, when Monsieur Lauretie called to me.  
"Behold a friend for you, madame," he said, "a friend from England. Monsieur, this is my beloved English child."  
"You do not know who I am, my dear?"  
"No," I answered, "but you are come to me from Dr. Martin Dobree."  
"Very true," he said, "I am his friend's father—Dr. John Senior's father. Martin has sent me to you. He wished Miss Johanna Carey to accompany me, but we were afraid of the fever for her. I am

an old physician, and feel at home with diseases and contagion. But we cannot allow you to remain in this unhealthy village; that is out of the question. I am come to carry you away, in spite of this old cure."  
Monsieur Lauretie was listening eagerly, and watching Dr. Senior's lips, as if he could catch the meaning of his words by sight, if not by hearing.  
"But where am I to go?" I asked. "I have no money, and cannot get any until I have written to Melbourne."  
"We are going to the next stage of our journey was Guernsey. Martin was welcomed with almost as much enthusiasm in St. Peter-Port as I had been in little Ville-en-bois.  
My eyes were dazzled with the sunshine, and dim with tears, when I first caught sight of the little cottage of Tardif, who was stretching out his nets on the stone casement under the window. Martin called to him, and he hung down his nets and ran to meet us.  
"We are come to spend the day with you, Tardif," I cried, when he was within hearing of my voice, which he was waiting in the village from heaven," he said, taking off his fisherman's cap, and looking round at the blue sky with its sun-flecked clouds, and the sea with its scattered islets.  
"It was like a day from heaven. We wandered about the cliffs, visiting every spot which was most memorable to either of us, and Tardif rowed us in his boat past the entrance of the Goulet Caves. He was very quiet, but I could not think of free talk together, for I could not think of good old Tardif as any stranger; and he seemed to watch us both, with a far-off, faithful, quiet look upon his face. Sometimes I fancied he did not hear what we were saying, and again his eyes would brighten with a sudden gleam, as if his whole soul and heart shone through them upon us. It was the last day of our holiday, for in the morning we should return to London and to work; but it was such a perfect day as I had never known before.  
"You are quite happy, Mrs. Martin Dobree?" said Tardif to me, when we were parting from him.  
"I did not know I could ever be so happy," I answered.  
We saw him to the last moment standing on the cliff, and waving his hat to us high above his head. Now and then there came a shout across the water. Before we were quite beyond earshot, we heard Tardif's voice calling amid the splashing of the waves:  
"God be with you, my friends. Adieu, madame!"  
(The end.)

**A CORPORATION WITH A SOUL.**  
Favors Shows Its Employees by a New York Bank.  
It seems to be certain that ere long the saying, "Corporations have no soul," will be sent into limbo. One incident to help the cynical remark that way, says the New York Times, developed itself to-day.

"Not one better than you," I said, "not one more dear than you. Yes, I am rich; and I have been planning something to do for Ville-en-bois. Would you like the church enlarged and beautified, Monsieur le Cure?"  
"It is large enough and fine enough already," he answered.  
"Shall I put some painted windows and marble images into it?" I asked.  
"No, no, madame," he replied, "let it remain as it is during my short lifetime."  
"I thought so," I said, "but I believe I have discovered what Monsieur le Cure would approve. It is truly English. There is no sentiment, no romance about it. Cannot you guess what it is, my wise and learned monsieur?"  
"No, no, madame," he answered, smiling in spite of his sadness.  
"Listen, dear monsieur," I continued, "if this village is unhealthy for me, it is unhealthy for you and your people. Dr. Martin told Tardif there would always be fever here, as long as there are no drains and no pure water. Very well, now I am rich I shall have it drained, precisely like the best English towns; and there shall be a fountain in the middle of the village, where all the people can go to draw good water. I shall come back next year to see how it has been done. There is my secret plan for Ville-en-bois."  
The next morning I took a last solitary walk till I came upon a grave. It was my farewell to the wrecked romance of my married life. Monsieur Lauretie accompanied us on our journey, as far as the cross at the entrance to the valley. He parted with us there; and when I stood up in the carriage to look back once more at him, I saw his black-robed figure kneeling on the white steps of the Calvary, and the sun shining upon his silvery head.

For the third time I landed in England. When I set foot upon its shores first I was worse than friendless, with foes of my own household surrounding me; the second time I was utterly alone, in daily terror, in poverty, with a dreary life-long future stretching before me. Now every want of mine was anticipated, every step directed, as if I were a child again, and my father himself was caring for me. How many friends, good and tried and true, could I count! All the rough paths were made smooth for me.  
I soon learned to laugh at the dismay which had filled me upon my entrance into my new sphere. It would have been difficult to resist the cordiality with which I was adopted into the household. Dr. Senior treated me as his daughter; Dr. John was as much at home with me as if I had been his sister. Minima, too, became perfectly reconciled to her new position.  
I saw little of Martin. He had been afraid I should feel myself bound to him; and the very fact that he had once told me he loved me had made it more difficult to him to say so a second time. He would not have any love from me as a duty. If I did not love him fully, with my whole heart, choosing him after knowing others with whom I could compare him, he would not receive any lesser gift from me.  
"What will you do, Olivia?" asked Dr. John one day, I said, "I cannot."  
"What can I do?" I asked.  
"Go to him," he urged; "he is alone. I saw him a moment ago, looking out at us from the drawing room window. God bless him! Olivia, my dear girl, go to him."  
"Oh, Jack!" I cried, "I cannot."  
"I don't see why you cannot," he answered gallily. "You are trembling, and your face goes from white to red, and then white again; but you have not lost the use of your limbs, or your tongue. If you take my arm, it will not be very dim"

## DAINGEROUS TOLAUGH

### ROYAL ATTENDANTS MUST COMMAND THEIR FEATURES.

Officer of the Czar Lost \$12,000 a Year and High Position on Account of Inopportune Mirth-Kaiser Also Is Touchy in This Regard.

It was awkward for the Czar's confidential adviser, Baron Endoff, a few weeks ago, that he had not a quicker control over his features, for a laugh at the wrong moment lost him his high position and \$12,000 a year.  
While the royal suite was at Compiègne, soon after the arrival, the Czar was tired, and a little irritable by the effects of the long journey.  
"I believe I should have run away, but I heard Minima's voice behind me, calling shrilly to Dr. John, and I could not bear to face him again. Taking my courage in both hands, I stepped quickly across the floor, for if I had hesitated longer my heart would have failed me. Scarcely a moment had passed since Jack left me, and Martin had not turned his head, yet it seemed an age."  
"Martin," I whispered, as I stood close behind him, "how could you be so foolish as to send Dr. John to me?"  
"On our way"

my on the highly polished floor made a wild attempt to save himself, and clutched at one of his attendants. He nearly brought himself and his standby to the ground, but he just managed to avoid a fall. The spectacle was rather ludicrous, especially in such a stately personage; and when the rather irritated monarch turned round he found his favorite Endoff indulging in a grin of amusement, which he could not suppress.  
The Czar, who detests levity on state occasions, spoke very sharply to the culprit, who, next day, was dismissed his post, and relegated to an assistant secretaryship, with plenty of hard work to do, and wherein he never sees the Czar at all. Although wealthy and of the oldest nobility, the baron dared not refuse the minor service. His former stipend was \$12,000 a year.  
But the Kaiser, on the whole, is the most dangerous person to laugh at, or before, and more than one person has "done for" himself in this way. So did the unfortunate Gough Milbanke find—the clever but bluff Scottish colonial administrator. It was he who used to command the Sultan Abou Din's troops and manage the Arabian trappings.  
The Kaiser took him up, four years ago, as a guest, with a view to making use of him in the new "expansion" policy of the German Empire, and had decided to give him a fine position in the East, to guard German interests in China, at a princely remuneration, of course. The Kaiser sees to these things himself, and anybody who becomes one of his right-hand men is pretty well set up for life.

At one of the audiences given him at Potsdam, Milbanke was giving the Emperor the benefit of his experience and receiving his orders, when the Kaiser made a rather absurd suggestion as to eastern diplomacy, proposing to win the confidence of the Japanese and Kurile Islanders with presents.  
Milbanke, bursting into a guffaw, asked the Kaiser if he thought the Japanese were Congo niggers, who could be bought over with a few glass beads and a flint lock gun? The Kaiser froze at once, wished Milbanke good-night, and never reopened relations with him.  
The moral is, when you are chatting with a king don't forget he is a king, and dig him in the ribs. A still more amusing case of this kind was the mistake of another Scottish administrator, Duncan McVea, who was, next to McVea Brown, of Corea, the most famous of "wandering" governors. Scotland, by the way, supplies 80 per cent of the world's pioneer administrators, as well as its engineers.  
McVea was dealing with that pleasant but touchy monarch, the King of Orizuela, who had proposed to put the rather shaky government of the Cape Verde Islands into his hands, to set things going and pull the finances together. This would have been a big job, and meant some \$25,000 a year to the famous adventurer; but he had too much of what Scotchmen are supposed to lack—sense of humor. At any rate, it was the rule of the finest prospect he ever had.  
The king became a little excited and "tated at the various common-sense objections that McVea, knowing what was talking about, opposed to some of the monarch's plans, and though the king speaks admirable English as a rule, when excited it becomes a very odd mixture indeed. This, finally, worked on McVea's feelings that he niled audibly, with the result that he as promptly ordered away, and the ape Verdes still lack a Scottish governor to look after their affairs.—London Answers.

### GEN. GRANT AND HIS FATHER.

Elder Gentleman, Visiting His Son, Was Entertained by Gen. Dickie. On the authority of the late Judge Dickie, for some time chief justice of Illinois, and during the Civil War chief of cavalry under General Grant while Grant had his headquarters at Memphis, the Chicago Times-Herald tells a remarkable story. It shows how General Grant once fulfilled his sense of honor in a matter in which he believed his own father was improperly concerned, without hurting his father's feelings.  
While at Memphis Grant had received word that his father was coming to visit him. His staff might have perceived that the prospect of this visit did not please him, but it passed without comment. One night very soon before the date set for his father's visit, General Grant summoned General Dickie to him, and said:  
"I have sent for you as a personal friend. My father is coming to visit me, and what I have got to tell you about that visit is not pleasing to me; but something must be done. Some of the money sharks and cotton speculators have gained an unwarrantable influence over him, and he is really coming down here to use his influence over me to gain favors for them."  
"This cannot be. I do not wish to wound his feelings. I do not wish him to know that I understand the object of his visit. I have prepared a plan of action which I wish you to aid me in carrying out."  
He then relieved General Dickie of duty as commander of the cavalry, and told him to devote himself wholly to Mr. Jesse Grant during his stay—to take him to his own tent and entertain him there, and above all to prevent the old gentleman from being alone with

his son, General Grant, for an instant. The general's father arrived, and was very much pleased to accept General Dickie's hospitality, not knowing what it involved.  
General Dickie entertained him most hospitably, but stuck to him very closely. If the elder Grant found himself alone and hastened to see his son, there he found General Dickie.  
Four or five days passed, and he had gained no opportunity for a private interview, and no chance to force one.  
For nearly ten days he kept up the attempt, but had to go away at last without having accomplished his errand. When he was gone Dickie was restored to his cavalry duty. The subject was never again referred to between Grant and Dickie, but General Dickie's death, told of in another column, is a landmark.

**Chances Increased.**  
A boy baby a month old can expect but 42 years of life. If, however, he lives to 5 years his chances of living have increased to 51 years and 6 months.

**Regulation of Price of Medicine.**  
The price of medicine in Prussia is regulated by the state.

The girls who are away at school will return in a few weeks, with new ideas about doing up their hair.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"John," she said, "do you think you can afford a new gown for me?"  
He looked at her sharply.  
"Have you ordered it?" he asked.  
"Yes."  
"Then," he said, with a sigh of resignation, "I can afford it."—Chicago Post.

**Ambiguous.**  
Bella—But why did you refuse him if you loved him?  
Dora—Well, you see, he said he wouldn't live without me, and it aroused my jealousy.—Puck.

**Ante and a Promise.**  
Faded—Ante this goods not to fade?  
"Absolute."—It does we will sell you new goods that match the changed color.—News.

**Prominent.**  
Prominent—What is your name, little girl?  
Little Girl—My name is Mame-M-a-y-m-e.  
Kind Lady—And the name of your dog?  
Little Girl—His name is Fido—P-y-d-o-u-g-h.—Columbus Journal.

**Her First Football Game.**  
She—It is a rough game, isn't it?  
He—Why, yes; but you didn't expect to see it settled by arbitration, did you?  
—Puck.

**Precedent Established.**  
"What makes you think she will marry you?"  
"She has married other men."

**Polite to Them.**  
"I understand that potatoes are very high in price," said Gummy.  
"I should say they are," replied the vendors. "My boarding house keeper calls them anything else but de terre now."

**Sure to Come Down.**  
—Yes, we had quarreled, but I was determined to see her.  
Dick—How did you manage it?  
Tom—When I called I told the maid to say it was a society reporter who wanted to see her.—Philadelphia Press.

**In New York.**  
"Mercy, no! I don't suppose the poor man could scrape up more than two or three million to save his life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Her Idea.**  
Sally Gay—What is your idea of a hero?  
Dolly Swift—A man who doesn't need any mistletoe.—Puck.

**Very Appropriate.**  
"What did he get \$300 back pension for?"  
"Oh, he was shot in the back."—The Smart Set.

**Two Hairy Cats.**  
Little Freddie—Please, Mr. Druggist, papa wants a bottle of liniment, and mamma wants a bottle of china cement, right away.  
Druggist—All right. What's wrong?  
Freddie—Mamma hit papa with the sugar bowl.—Baltimore American.

**His Experience.**  
His Friend—And you can't get moneyed men to consider the matter?  
The Promoter—No. Money talks, but I've found it a mighty poor listener.—Town Topics.

**Giving Him the Tura-Down.**  
He—Now, don't bother to help me on with my coat.  
She—It's no bother. It's a pleasure.—Town Topics.

**Sagacious Cats.**  
South of Fulton street, in New York City, the cat is not a pet but a business investment, an insurance policy against the river rats. Yet, wild as some of these animals are, there is one man, says the Tribune, who they regard with approval. That is the cat's meat man.  
"I don't know all of them," he says. "No man could; and, besides, there are changes all the time. But if I don't know them they all know me, every last cat of them."  
"And they're wise; cats are as wise as any beast that lives. Every cat on the block runs to meet me, but they are always on their good behavior."  
"Now, here's a place where I leave meat for six cats. They all follow me in when I give it to the porter. They are the cats that belong here, and all the rest of the cats are waiting peacefully for me to come out. Now, see those four cats run ahead and into the next place; they're the cats that belong there, and they line up to meet me."  
"But that is a small part of the wisdom of these cats. Five mornings in the week I get around my meat between seven and eight o'clock, but on Saturdays I am always late, and never reach this block before nine. Well, on Saturday mornings the cats know that I'm late, and they don't put their heads outside the doors until I lack only a little of nine."  
"You see there are calendars hanging up in every office to tell the day of the week, and clocks, too, and there's nothing to hinder the cats from consulting them. If they don't find out that way, how do they know when it's nine o'clock Saturday mornings?"

**Dowry of Brides.**  
In almost every country but America there are restrictive conditions in force with regard to the marriage of army officers. In Russia especially this is to be found, so no circumstances will permit the marriage of an officer under the age of 23, and not even between that and 28 years, unless the bride's dowry is a sum sufficient to allow him to keep his money for his personal use. The limit of this dowry is fixed by the government.  
In the Austro-Hungarian army the number of officers authorized to marry is limited by a fixed proportion in each grade, and when these totals are reached further marriages are prohibited until vacancies occur in the married ranks. The Italian army regulations fix the limit of a bride's dowry, but the law is frequently broken, for it has been recently estimated that only about one-eighth of the marriages have occurred under the proper conditions. The other seven-eighths are attended with all the inconveniences of a marriage not recognized by the civil law.

**In the Billville District.**  
"Who's that thundering down the road yonder?"  
"It's Johnson—coming with his shotgun. Run and meet him half-way and tell him that his man's elected!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**To Select From.**  
She—The angels sent me ma two twin babies last night.  
He—Has she picked out the one she wants yet?

The more reasons there are why a man should save money, the less likely he is to save it.  
You just naturally hate to have some people "sell" you.

**Ridiculous.**  
Cholly—She called me a crank.  
Miss Pepprey—The idea! That's ridiculous. A crank is usually a person with one idea.—Philadelphia Press.

**Life Not One Grand Sweet Song.**  
Parson—Why, John, what are you doing there?  
John—It be too wet to work, zur.  
Parson—Well, if it's too wet to work, why don't you go home?  
John—Well, my old 'oman, she do jaw so!—Punch.

**His Task Well Done.**  
"That missionary," remarked the king of the Cannon Ball Islands as he polished off the last rib, "is what I would call a finished scholar."

**Oldest Trade Processes.**  
The two oldest secret trade processes now in existence are considered to be the manufacture of Chinese red, or vermilion, and that method of playing the hardest steel with gold and silver, which seems to have been practiced at Damascus ages ago, and is known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils even to this day.  
Being daughters of Eve, young ladies are of course partial to twilight.

**The Spelling Pad.**  
Kind Lady—What is your name, little girl?  
Little Girl—My name is Mame-M-a-y-m-e.  
Kind Lady—And the name of your dog?  
Little Girl—His name is Fido—P-y-d-o-u-g-h.—Columbus Journal.



**Suppose We Smile.**  
"John," she said, "do you think you can afford a new gown for me?"  
He looked at her sharply.  
"Have you ordered it?" he asked.  
"Yes."  
"Then," he said, with a sigh of resignation, "I can afford it."—Chicago Post.

**Humorous Paragraphs.**  
"John," she said, "do you think you can afford a new gown for me?"  
He looked at her sharply.  
"Have you ordered it?" he asked.  
"Yes."  
"Then," he said, with a sigh of resignation, "I can afford it."—Chicago Post.

**Her First Football Game.**  
She—It is a rough game, isn't it?  
He—Why, yes; but you didn't expect to see it settled by arbitration, did you?  
—Puck.

**Precedent Established.**  
"What makes you think she will marry you?"  
"She has married other men."

**In New York.**  
"Mercy, no! I don't suppose the poor man could scrape up more than two or three million to save his life."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Her Idea.**  
Sally Gay—What is your idea of a hero?  
Dolly Swift—A man who doesn't need any mistletoe.—Puck.

**Very Appropriate.**  
"What did he get \$300 back pension for?"  
"Oh, he was shot in the back."—The Smart Set.

**Two Hairy Cats.**  
Little Freddie—Please, Mr. Druggist, papa wants a bottle of liniment, and mamma wants a bottle of china cement, right away.  
Druggist—All right. What's wrong?  
Freddie—Mamma hit papa with the sugar bowl.—Baltimore American.

**His Experience.**  
His Friend—And you can't get moneyed men to consider the matter?  
The Promoter—No. Money talks, but I've found it a mighty poor listener.—Town Topics.

**Giving Him the Tura-Down.**  
He—Now, don't bother to help me on with my coat.  
She—It's no bother. It's a pleasure.—Town Topics.

**Sagacious Cats.**  
South of Fulton street, in New York City, the cat is not a pet but a business investment, an insurance policy against the river rats. Yet, wild as some of these animals are, there is one man, says the Tribune, who they regard with approval. That is the cat's meat man.  
"I don't know all of them," he says. "No man could; and, besides, there are changes all the time. But if I don't know them they all know me, every last cat of them."  
"And they're wise; cats are as wise as any beast that lives. Every cat on the block runs to meet me, but they are always on their good behavior."  
"Now, here's a place where I leave meat for six cats. They all follow me in when I give it to the porter. They are the cats that belong here, and all the rest of the cats are waiting peacefully for me to come out. Now, see those four cats run ahead and into the next place; they're the cats that belong there, and they line up to meet me."  
"But that is a small part of the wisdom of these cats. Five mornings in the week I get around my meat between seven and eight o'clock, but on Saturdays I am always late, and never reach this block before nine. Well, on Saturday mornings the cats know that I'm late, and they don't put their heads outside the doors until I lack only a little of nine."  
"You see there are calendars hanging up in every office to tell the day of the week, and clocks, too, and there's nothing to hinder the cats from consulting them. If they don't find out that way, how do they know when it's nine o'clock Saturday mornings?"

**Dowry of Brides.**  
In almost every country but America there are restrictive conditions in force with regard to the marriage of army officers. In Russia especially this is to be found, so no circumstances will permit the marriage of an officer under the age of 23, and not even between that and 28 years, unless the bride's dowry is a sum sufficient to allow him to keep his money for his personal use. The limit of this dowry is fixed by the government.  
In the Austro-Hungarian army the number of officers authorized to marry is limited by a fixed proportion in each grade, and when these totals are reached further marriages are prohibited until vacancies occur in the married ranks. The Italian army regulations fix the limit of a bride's dowry, but the law is frequently broken, for it has been recently estimated that only about one-eighth of the marriages have occurred under the proper conditions. The other seven-eighths are attended with all the inconveniences of a marriage not recognized by the civil law.