

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER I.

I think I was as nearly mad as I could be; nearer madness, I believe, than I shall ever be again. Three weeks of it had driven me to the very verge of desperation. I cannot say how what had brought me to this state of mind, for I do not know into whose hands these pages may fall; but I had made up my mind to persist in a certain line of conduct which I firmly believed to be right, whilst those who had authority over me were resolutely bent upon making me submit to their will. The conflict had been going on, more or less violently, for months; now I had come very near the end of it. I felt that I must either yield or go mad. There was no chance of my dying; I was too strong for that.

It had been raining all the day long. My eyes had followed the course of solitary drops rolling down the window panes until my head ached. There was nothing within my room less dreary than that which I had in London, but in what part of London I did not know. The house was situated in a highly respectable quarter; as I judged by the gloomy, monotonous rows of buildings which I could see from my windows. The people who passed up and down the streets on fine days were well-to-do persons, who could afford to wear good and handsome clothes. The rooms on the third floor—my room, which I had not been allowed to leave since we entered the house, three weeks before—were very badly furnished. The carpet was nearly threadbare, and the curtains of dark red moreen were very dingy. My bedroom opened upon a dismal back yard where a dog in a kennel howled dejectedly from time to time, and rattled his chain as if to remind me that I was a prisoner like himself. I had no books, no work, no music. It was a dreary place to pass a dreary time in; and my only resource was to pace up and fro—and to read from one end to another of those wretched romances.

no, and the stranger who had not passed on, turned pleasantly to me. "You have no change, mam'zelle?" he asked slowly, as if English was not his ordinary speech. "Very well, are you going to Southampton?" "Yes, by the next train," I answered, deciding upon that course without hesitation. "So am I, mam'zelle," he said, raising his hat to me. "I will pay this stipend, and you can give it me again when you buy your ticket in the office." I smiled gladly but gravely. I passed on into the station. At the ticket office they changed my Australian gold piece, and I sought out my seaman friend to return the sixpence he had paid for me. I thanked him heartily. He put me into a compartment where there were only two ladies, touched his hat and ran away to a second-class carriage.

In about two hours or more my fellow-passengers alighted at a large, half-deserted station. A porter came up to me as I leaned my head through the window. "Going on, miss?" he asked. "Oh, yes!" I answered, shrinking back into my corner seat. He remained on the step whilst the train moved on at a slackened pace, and then pulled up. Before me lay a dim, dark scene, with little specks of light twinkling here and there, but whether on sea or shore I could not tell. Immediately opposite the train stood the black hulls and masts and funnels of two steamers, with a glimmer of lanterns on their decks. The porter opened the door for me. "You're only to go on board, miss," he said, "your luggage will be seen to all right." And he hurried away to open the doors of other carriages.

fresh air smote upon me almost painfully. The sea was glowing brighter, and glittered here and there in spots where the sunlight fell upon it. I stood on the deck in the bitting wind, leaning over the wet bulwarks and gazing across the desolate sea till my spirits sank like lead. I was cold, and hungry, and miserable. How lonely I was! how poor! with neither a home nor a friend in the world—a mere castaway upon the waves of this troublous life! "Mam'zelle is a brave sailor," said a voice behind me, which I recognized as my seaman of the night before; "but we shall be in port soon."

"What port?" I asked. "St. Peter-port," he answered. "Mam'zelle, then, does not know our islands?" "No," I said. "Where is St. Peter-port?" "In Guernsey," he replied. "If you were going to land at St. Peter-port I might be of some service to you." I looked at him steadily. His voice was a very pleasant one, full of tones that went straight to my heart. His face was bronzed and weather-beaten, but his deep-set eyes had a steadfast, quiet power in them, and his mouth had a pleasant curve about it. He looked a middle-aged man to me. He raised his cap as my eyes looked straight into his, and a faint smile flitted across his grave face. "I want," I said suddenly, "to find a place where I can live very cheaply. I have not much money, and I must make it last a long time. Can you tell me of such a place?" "You would want a place fit for a lady?" he asked. "No," I answered. "I would do all my own work. What sort of a place do you and your wife live in?" "My poor little wife is dead," he answered. "We live in Sark, my mother and I, I am a fisherman, but I have also a little farm. It is true we have one room to spare, which might do for mam'zelle; but the island is far away, and in the winter Sark is too mountainous." "It will be just the place I want," I said quickly; "it would suit me exactly. Can you let me go there at once? Will you take me with you?" "Mam'zelle," he replied, smiling, "the room must be made ready for you, and I must speak to my mother. If God sends

was going to fish, and I had helped him to pack his basket. I could see him getting out of the harbor, and he had caught a glimpse of me, and stood up in his boat, bare headed, bidding me good by. I began to sing before he was quite out of hearing, for he passed upon his ears listening, and had given me a joyous shout and waved his hat round his head, when he was sure it was I who was singing. By 12 o'clock I knew my dinner would be ready, and I had been out in the fresh air long enough to be quite ready for it. Old Mrs. Tardif would be looking out for me impatiently, and she might get the meal over, and the things cleared away, and order restored in her dwelling.

Her Father Was Not a Liar. There is a little girl in Detroit whose passion for the truth under all circumstances embarrassed her father very much the other day. Not long ago he lost a high-salaried place in a business house because of its absorption by a trust, and in the evening denounced all persons connected with trusts as thieves and robbers. But the trust found that it needed him, and he was soon holding his old place, in addition to a good block of stock. It was noticed that the little girl was deeply impressed with the incident, and looked at her father doubtfully when he was home. One evening there was company at the house, and the host became involved in a heated political debate with a peppery guest. The former made a statement which the latter flatly denied. "Why, my dear man," laughed the host, "you don't mean to call me a liar?" "No, he don't," declared the little one, as she sprang in front of the visitor and glared at him with flaming eyes. "I don't want any one to tell me what my face and hands are like, or to say that I am a liar!" The explanation was soon secured from the child, and the hilarity following the exposure was the joy of the evening.—New York Tribune.

File Mania Is for Clocks. One of the most ingenious mechanics in the world is a Frenchman named Le Boullat, living at La Coutances, who has made himself famous for the curious clocks he manufactures. He can make a clock out of almost any conceivable material. Straw and paper are among the raw materials he uses. For twenty years he has been manufacturing freak clocks and most Frenchmen who want something out of the common in that line apply to Le Boullat. A while ago he turned a lot of newspapers into pulp, mixed it with hardening substance and carried the clock out of the compound. Even the wheels and all the machinery of the clock were made of this material. Naturally this curious clock does not keep very correct time, but the wonder is that it goes at all. The newspaper clock is one of Mr. Le Boullat's latest triumphs. Another of his designs appears to be merely a collection of large and small sticks held together by wires. It is only upon close inspection that one sees that it is a clock constructed on excellent principles. It keeps very fair time, never varying more than two minutes in a week. Now and then the clockmaker receives commissions from wealthy Frenchmen for clocks of unique design in silver or gold, decorated with precious stones. Some of these clocks are entirely made of gold, with diamond-tipped hands, and rubies, garnets, pearls, opals and emeralds to represent the figures on the dial. Some of his clocks are beautiful works of art, and a few of the most interesting specimens are among the smallest of timepieces.

How to Catch the Curculio. A Kansas experiment station bulletin says that the curculio has been controlled successfully by jarring the trees in early morning and collecting the insects in the curculio catcher. The can below the canvas into which the insects fall is partially filled with kerosene. A sheet with the seam ripped half the length to permit its being readily placed around the tree is a cheap and effective substitute for the catcher here figured. When the sheet is used, the insects should be collected in another receptacle after jarring each tree. Plants Poisonous to Animals. The bulletin from the Montana Experiment Station gives a list of fourteen species of plants which are known or strongly suspected of poisoning animals. Among them are the lupines, which killed 100 out of 200 bucks fed on hay, and in 1898 some 2,000 sheep from eating ripe lupine on the range. The flesh of such animals should be paralyzed first, and then the whole body paralyzed. Strichnine and whisky seem to be the only remedy having effect. It is better to avoid feeding ergot or smut on any grass or grain.—Exchange. Bad fences have been a trouble to every rural community from the earliest history to the present day. Neighboring rows and fields and aggravating litigation and even bloodshed have resulted from defective fences. Wood fences, whether of rails, poles or boards, are a standing menace to the public peace wherever they exist, and but little better is a wire fence that does not effectively serve its purpose. There are nowadays a large number of patterns of wire fences ready made and sold in rolls ready to be unrolled and nailed to posts. Some of these are good, and some are better, and some are almost perfect. A really good wire fence may cost more to begin with than a wooden one, but on account of its durability alone it is far cheaper. Cabbages as Stock Food. The value of the cabbage as food for stock may be summed up as strong in two points, the large amount that can be grown upon an acre of soil and its succulence, which makes it a milk-producing food easily digested. But it requires strong soil and good cultivation, does not keep well for winter use unless pitted where it will be frozen until spring, and even then having but a short season, while if stumps and any decayed leaves are fed it is almost impossible to prevent it imparting a rank, unpleasant flavor to the milk and butter, or even to the meat, unless its use is discontinued two or three weeks before the slaughtering. As regards the

nutritive value Professor Johnston in Agricultural Chemistry estimated seventy pounds of cabbage to have about the same value as four pounds of oil cake, twelve pounds of pea straw, sixteen pounds clover hay, twenty pounds of meadow hay, 110 pounds of oat straw or 120 pounds of turnips. This last we think he bases upon the flat or English turnip, which are not as nutritious as the rutabaga. The value of the cabbages, as of the roots, is best found when a small amount is given along with coarse, dry fodder and a limited amount of grain.—Massachusetts Ploughman. Destroying English Sparrows. A paper published in New South Wales, Australia, tells how farmers destroy English sparrows on their farms. They make a double coat and put one or more fowl or chickens in one compartment, leaving the other empty. When feeding they scatter a little wheat in the empty compartment, which is soon found by the sparrows. After about a week they soak the wheat in vinegar and sugar. After the sparrows become accustomed to this, they add a little strychnine to the vinegar and sugar, and allow the wheat to soak about twelve hours, then dry it and scatter it in the empty coop. One or two grains is enough to finish any sparrow, and if it is given every day at the same place in the same way, and dead birds removed if any die in the coop, hundreds of them may be destroyed, but if the dead are left it may frighten away the others.—Massachusetts Ploughman. Start Horses Slowly. When the horse has been fed and is taken out to work, it should be started in to labor rather easily to get the most work at the least inconvenience to the horse. The reason for this is not hard to find. It is simply that during the feeding time the organs are getting themselves into condition for digestion and are possibly even digesting the feed. A large quantity of blood is called away from the other members and is poured into the vessels about the stomach. This blood must all be withdrawn when the horse begins to work and be supplied to the muscular organs where it is most needed. This change cannot be done all at once. It requires a little time for the blood to reach the physical demands. If the blood has time to make the change by moderate starting all will be well. If not, then there is a temporary exhaustion from which it may require hours to recover entirely. Running Farm Machinery. No man can be considered an expert in running farm machinery unless he attends to certain points in managing the machines. First, keep every joint and bearing well oiled. Next see that all parts which are liable to collect dust are brushed clean at least every time the team is unhitched, and see then that every nut and bolt is in place and holding the parts snugly. Not only that, but if a rattle is heard when at work, investigate at once and stop it, even if it is necessary to unhitch the team to make it safe to work on it. Keep all cutting parts clean and sharp, and see that the draft is just right to be as easy as possible for both team and machine. The man who does all this will accomplish good work and not injure team or machine. Clover Bloat. Clover bloat can always be prevented by keeping the cattle off the clover while it is wet with rain or dew. The usual cause of death when an animal is bloated is congestion of the lungs from pressure of the stomach against them. The flesh of such animals should be darker in color from the stoppage of blood in the small vessels than the flesh of an animal butchered, but I do not believe it would poison any one to eat the flesh of such animals. The best remedy for clover bloat is to make an opening in the upper part of the left flank with a pocketknife and thrust the fingers into the opening. Then the gas will escape at the sides of the finger. Or use some hollow tube to put into the opening. Black Tongue in Cattle. Black tongue is one of the forms of anthrax. The tongue turns black, and the animal dies in a few hours. It is contagious and infectious and is incurable, and all carcasses should be buried. The flesh of such animals should be vaccinated with anthrax vaccine and not blackleg vaccine. Notes About Fruit. In the market buyers sometimes prefer small but fully ripened strawberries to larger ones picked too green. The grape is considered the most healthful of all fruits. Every one who has a garden, a yard or a wall can grow grapes. In starting a young orchard look after the trees often, and wherever a limb is found crossing another limb cut it out. Plum trees should be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture, but it should be weaker than for apples, or it will burn the foliage. Apple, pear and plum trees should be planted in every poultry yard. They will afford shade for the fowls and the poultry will destroy many insects. Plum trees do not generally require as much pruning as apple trees. Pruning should be done as early in the spring as possible, before the sap starts. There is no section of country where some variety of every kind of fruit will not do well. Experiment with fruit until you find varieties suited to your locality. Most plums should be picked for market a few days before they are thoroughly ripe. Even for home use they are better just before they are perfectly ripe.—Germantown Telegraph. Covetous men live without comfort and die without hope.

A PRIEST'S GENEALOGY. He Can Trace His Forefathers Back Individually to Adam. Queen Wilhelmina's much-heralded ancestry of 2,000 years and her reputed descent from Balthazar, King of Armenia, who some maintain was one of the three wise men who made presents to the infant Saviour, is put to blush by an unassuming Delaware County (Pa.) pastor, who can trace his descent over 5,000 years to the days when Adam and Eve began the history of the human race in the garden of Eden. Indeed, those who have the pride of ancestry should look with envious eye on the Rev. Matthew P. O'Brien, rector of St. Charles' Roman Catholic Church in the little hamlet of Kellyville. Through a long line of kings and noble ancestry Father O'Brien can trace his descent clear back to Brian Boru, who early in the eleventh century was supreme ruler of all Ireland, and who died April 23, 1014. This, however, is only the beginning. Starting with Brian, who is twenty-six generations removed, he goes back twenty-one more till he reaches Oloiu Olum, King of Munster; a jump of forty-seven generations more reaches Milesius, who was King of Spain thirteen centuries before Christ; from Milesius to Adam is thirty-six generations, so that Father O'Brien is 130 generations from Adam, or 5,905 years from the creation of the world. From the information of those who are wont to twiddle their fingers at pedigrees and to make faces when crowned heads are turned away from them, and who affect to despise rather than "dearly love a lord," it may be stated right here that Father O'Brien can put his finger, figuratively speaking, of course, on one and all of his long line of progenitors, can call them by name, and is thoroughly posted on their doings, good, bad, and indifferent. Yet, despite the fact that he can keep tabs on his ancestors away back to Solomon the Wise, the Queen of Sheba, and David and Lot's wife, Abraham himself, the father of the faithful, to say nothing of Moses and his little tramp of forty years in the wilderness, Father O'Brien is democratic in his tastes and bearing, and as faithful a pastor as he is democratic. For the benefit of the unbelievers who perhaps have but little data or accurate information regarding their great-grandfathers Father O'Brien stated the other day that he thought it might be as well, although he was perfectly able to go back 5,905 years, for him to rest his claims of ancestry on the broad shoulders of the giant Brian Boru, who was monarch of Ireland ten odd centuries ago, and chased his enemies across the bogs of the emerald isle a good long while before William the Conqueror subjugated England with his Norman hosts. Father O'Brien has traced his long ancestral tree only after many years of the most careful and painstaking research, and he is positively sure that he has not made one mistake. Ancestry has always been a fad with him, but he is frank to acknowledge that he had no idea when he started to investigate the subject of his own that he could go back, without a break, to Adam, the original progenitor of mankind. Think of a man being able to tell who his ancestor was when Helen of Troy was sweet 16, when the hanging gardens of Babylon were in full bloom and glory, when Achilles was a schoolboy, or when Romulus was still in the care of his she-wolf foster-mother!—Philadelphia Inquirer. Wholesale Weddings. At Plougastel, in Brittany, France, there is but one day a year on which, from time immemorial, weddings are allowed to take place—namely, on the Feast of St. Francis, a model Christian wife and mother, whom the citizens of Plougastel have the greatest veneration, which they chiefly manifest by setting all the weddings for that day. This year not less than forty-four couples knelt before her altar to pronounce the nuptial vows. This day of weddings in the town of the whole village. In the early morning all the couples meet on the town's public square. Thence they go to the City Hall, where the civil ceremony is gone through with. This, a procession is formed, and all the couples, followed by their respective friends, march three times around the village before entering the church, where the religious ceremony is performed. Hereupon follows the banquet, which is held at the common expense. The last wedding feast saw no less than 2,000 guests partaking of the bounteous repast. According to an eye-witness of these fraternal agapes, apart from the tables at which sat the wedded couples, plates were conspicuous by their absence. There was on an average one plate to every four guests. That little deficiency, however, did not prevent the Plougastelites from enjoying themselves capitably during the six days' duration of the ceremonies. Royal Abstainer. The Queen of Holland, it is stated, is a total abstainer, and ostentatiously refuses, on all public occasions, to partake of wine. The Queen is a patron of the Total Abstinence Society and of the Women's Social Purity League, and it is said she is among the most active of workers. Timber in Germany. Germany, although it has 35,000,000 acres of forests, excellently managed and yielding an immense revenue, demands increasingly greater quantities of wood, so that for the last ten years the amount of timber which it buys has doubled and its value trebled. Covetous men live without comfort and die without hope.



"SHOOK HER CLENCHED HAND IN MY FACE."



A CURCULIO CATCHER.