

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER VIII.

Awfully fast time sped away. It was the second week in March I passed in Sark; the second week in May came upon me as if borne by a whirlwind. It was only a month to the day so long fixed upon for our marriage. My mother began to fidget about my going over to London to fit myself out with wedding clothes. Julia was going on east to completion. Our trip to Switzerland was distinctly planned out. Go I must to London; order my wedding suit I must. But first there could be no harm in running over to Sark to see Olivia once more. As soon as I was married I would tell Julia all about her. But if either arm or ankle went wrong for want of attention, I should never forgive myself. It was the last time I could see Olivia before my marriage. Afterwards I should see much of her; for Julia would invite her to our house, and be a constant guest. I spent a wretchedly sleepless night; and whenever I dozed I saw Olivia before me, weeping bitterly, and refusing to be comforted.

From St. Sampson's we set sail straight for the Havre Cosquin. To my extreme surprise and chagrin, Captain Carey announced his intention of landing with me, and leaving the yacht in charge of his men to await our return. "The ladder is excessively awkward," I objected, "and some of the rungs are loose. You don't mind running the risk of a plunge into the water?" "Not in the least," he answered cheerily; "for the matter of that, I plunge into it every morning at L'Ancreuse. I want to see Tardif, who has spread his nets on the grass, and one cannot see such a man every day of one's life."

There was no help for it, and I gave in, hoping some good luck awaited me. I led the way up the zig-zag path, and just as we reached the top I saw the slight, erect figure of Olivia seated upon the brow of a little grassy knoll at a short distance from us. Her back was towards us, so she was not aware of our vicinity; and I pointed towards her with an assumed air of indifference. "I believe that is my patient yonder," I said; "I will just run across and speak to her, and then follow you to the farm."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "there is a lovely view from that spot. I recollect it well. I will go with you. There will be time enough to see Tardif."

Did Captain Carey suspect anything? Or what reason could he have for wishing to see Olivia? Could it be merely that he wanted to see her view from that particular spot? I could not forbid him accompanying me, but I wished him at Jericho. Olivia did not hear our footsteps upon the soft turf, though we approached her very nearly. The sun shone upon her glossy hair, every thread of which seemed to shine back again. She was reading aloud, apparently to herself, and the sounds of her sweet voice were wafted by the air towards us. Captain Carey's face became very thoughtful.

though there was so much beauty lying around us. "Yes, it is a lovely place," she assented, a mischievous smile playing about her lips. "Olivia," I said, taking my courage by both hands, "it is only a month till my wedding day."

"Not at all," I answered, trying to speak gaily; "I do not look forward to any vast amount of rapture. Julia and I will get along very well together. I have no doubt, for we have known one another all our lives. I do not expect to be any happier than other men; and the married people I have known have not exactly dwelt in Paradise. Perhaps your experience has been different?"

"Oh, no!" she said, her hand trembling on my arm, and her face very downcast; "but I should have liked you to be very, very happy."

"You love her very much?" said the quiet voice at my side, not much louder than the rustle of a conscience. "I esteem her more highly than any other woman, except my mother," I said, Olivia, anxiously. "No; she must love you," I said, with warmth; "and I, too, can be a more useful friend to you after my marriage than I am now. Perhaps then you will feel free to place perfect confidence in us."

She smiled faintly, without speaking; a smile which said plainly she could keep her own secret closely. It provoked me to do a thing I had had no intention of doing, and which I regretted very much afterward. I opened my pocketbook and drew out the little slip of paper containing the advertisement.

the indulgence of emotion of any kind. It was impossible for me to remain on the cliffs, bemoaning my unhappy fate. I strode on doggedly down the path, kicking the loose stones into the water as they came in my way. Captain Carey followed, whistling softly to himself. He continued doing so after we were aboard the yacht. "I cannot leave you like this, Martin, my boy," he said, when we went ashore at St. Sampson's; and he put his arm through mine. "You will keep my secret?" I said, my voice a key or two lower than usual. "Martin," answered the good-hearted, clear-sighted old bachelor, "you must not do Julia the wrong of keeping this a secret from her."

"I must," I urged. "Olivia knows nothing of it; nobody guesses it but you. I must conquer it!" "Martin," urged Captain Carey, "come up to Johanna, and tell her all about it." Johanna Carey was one of the powers in the island. Everybody knew her; and everybody went to her for comfort or counsel. She was, of course, related to us all. I had always been a favorite with her, and nothing could be more natural than this proposal, that I should go and tell her of my dilemma.

Johanna was standing at one of the windows, in a Quakerish dress of some grey stuff, and with a plain white cap over her white hair. She came down to the door as soon as she saw me, and received me with a motherly kiss, and a smile that said plainly she had long known something to tell you. "Come and sit here by me," she said, making room for me beside her on her sofa. "Johanna," I replied, "I am in a terrible fix!" "A awful!" cried Captain Carey sympathetically; but a glance from his sister put him to silence.

"What is it, my dear Martin?" asked her inquiring voice again. "I will tell you frankly," I said, feeling I must have it out at once, like an aching tooth. "I love, with all my heart and soul, that girl in Sark; the one who has been my patient there."

"Martin," she cried, in a tone full of surprise and agitation, "Martin!" "Yes; I know all you would urge. My honor, my affection for Julia, the claims she has upon me, the strongest claims possible; how good and worthy she is; and what an impossibility it is even to look back now. I know it all, and feel how miserably binding it is upon me. Yet I love Olivia; and I shall never love Julia."

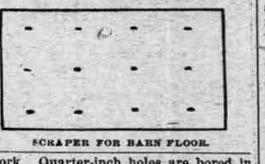
A long, dreary, colorless, wretched life stretched before me, with Julia my inseparable companion, and Olivia altogether lost to me. Captain Carey and Johanna, neither of whom had tasted the sweets and bitters of marriage, looked sorrowfully at me and shook their heads. "You must tell Julia," said Johanna, after a long pause. "Tell Julia!" I echoed. "I would not tell her for worlds!" "You must tell her," she repeated; "it is your clear duty. I know it will be most painful to you both, but you have no right to marry her with this secret on your mind."



Poor Work in Shredding. Considerable complaint has been made against the corn shredder because the shredded material, especially the coarser parts of the corn stalk were not properly cut to pieces. Pieces of stalk from six to ten inches long formed the greater part of the waste that accumulated in the mangers. Much of this material, if reduced to fineness, would be eaten by stock, and a great deal of actual feed could be saved. However, it is true that a portion of the stalk can hardly be reduced by the shredder and cutter head sufficiently to be eaten by animals. A grinding process that crushes as well as cuts is necessary to do this. But the common shredder may be made to do much better work than it has done the past season.

Where the shredder has started fresh with sharp, keen knives, firmly set, the thrashed material was made a great deal finer than after the machine has been used for a considerable length of time without the knives being sharpened. Shredder owners are doing great injury by allowing such careless work. Instances are known where the knives of the shredder have not been looked after during the entire season's work. Such poorly cut up fodder brings the shredder into disrepute; and the districts that have been imposed upon will likely have very little fodder shredded the coming year because the machine did not increase the value of the fodder.—Indianapolis News.

Barn Floor Scraper. The stable scraper is a very handy tool to keep in the barn, and can be easily and inexpensively made. The foundation is an inch board, five inches wide and about eight inches longer than the width of an ordinary four-tined fork.



SCRAPER FOR BARN FLOOR.

The Corn Binder. Saving the corn fodder has become a most important operation on most of the farms. The drought has cut short the oats and hay crop, and the deficiency in coarse fodders must be supplied from the corn fields. The silo has proved to be of great value in converting the green fodder into ensilage. It is not only the most economical method of handling the crop, but gives the best food, not for dairy animals only, but for the production of beef. The making of ensilage is not generally practiced throughout the country. The stover is put up as dry fodder, and is so fed. Corn-cutting has become a general practice, and it is often difficult to obtain help for harvesting the crop, either for the silo or in the dry state. The improvements made in the corn binder have made it a practical and valuable implement for cutting the fodder. The binder not only hastens the work of cutting the forage, but by tying it into bundles the material is much more easily handled when put on wagons or when placed in the shock. The feeding into the shredder is more regular where the fodder has been given to it in bunches of equal size.

Keeping Milk Sweet. If the milk is to be delivered in good condition to the consumer during the summer months, it must be thoroughly cooled and aerated and kept cool, says Hoard's Dairyman. These steps are absolutely necessary with all milks during the hot weather. A great improvement can also be made by looking carefully after the cleanliness of cows, stables and milk utensils, as there is a great difference in the keeping quality of clean and dirty milks. The whole question of keeping milk sweet is in providing a clean article, kept cooled and well aerated. Preservatives should not be used under any condition.

Ricinal Plants Seeding First Year. We have occasionally been called upon to tell our neighbors why some of their plants that are not supposed to produce seed until they have been set in the ground after they have made one year's growth should have gone to seed the first season. They are roots, and we have seen it happen in beets, carrots and celery, probably more often in the latter than in the others. In every case where we have had an opportunity to examine the plants that thus seeded prematurely we have found that some cause had checked the growth in the early part of the season, and when it began a new growth it began as if in its second year to develop the seed stalk instead of perfecting the root. Celery set in the ground too early, or allowed to be chilled in the hotbed where started, does this very frequently, but we have seen beets and carrots do it when a severe late frost went over them after they were well up, and we think parsnips are liable to do so. We have found beets and carrots doing so when examination showed that they had been injured by having been touched with the hoe or weeder, or possibly injured by worms or other insects. There is no remedy but to pull up and destroy the plant. Seed produced on such a plant is valueless for sowing another season.—American Cultivator.

Robbing Farms and Families. The American Sheep Breeder says that it is quite possible that an ounce of mixed food, such as corn and oats ground together, with an equal quantity of wheat middling or bran, will add an ounce or more to the weight of lambs after they are four weeks old, if given daily in addition to other proper food, and as they grow older this amount may be increased, with nearly a corresponding increase in weight gained. To exchange a pound of grain, costing about one cent, for a pound of lamb worth fifteen cents seems to be a trade that almost any farmer would be willing to make, but we have seen those who boasted that they never bought any grain. They did not raise lambs or chickens, sold but little and bought less, and saved money, but we would not have accepted their farms and agreed to make the farm as good as it was when they received it. Such farmers are usually robbers, robbing the land of its fertility, robbing their families of the comforts of life, and their children of the pleasures of youth and nearly all that is desirable in life, unless the children forsake the farm and establish a home where they may earn more, expend more and enjoy more of life.—New England Homestead.

Crop-Bound Fowls. There is more or less trouble with crop-bound fowls in the summer, and during this season it is due nearly always to the bird having got some improper substance in its crop. If the bird is a valuable one and worth treating the best plan is to take her between one's knees with a cup of sweet scalded milk in hand and gently force some of the milk down the throat, at the same time working the crop gently back and forth with the fingers. After giving a few spoonfuls of the milk then give a dose of Rochelle salts in a little milk. If this does not bring relief, go back to the first treatment, which will be more effectual after the use of salts, and will relieve the trouble in the majority of cases. The difficulty may have been caused by eating too much grit or gravel, or eating considerable mud when picking up corn or other grain thrown to the hen. After feeding the fowl as indicated she should be fed bread moistened in milk for a day or two and kept in a clean coop, where she can get no food except that given her.

Value of Forage Crops. Dry pastures and hot weather bring little return to the farmer who has planted liberal quantities of such crops as will give forage in midsummer. The early sweet corn is in condition to feed and the sorghum is coming into head. With these crops to supplement the pastures, the live stock will receive little check in the production of meat and milk from lack of food during the hot weather. If stock is compelled to hunt for a living all day in weed fields with little grass, a loss may be expected, one that will be difficult and expensive to make good later on. The hogs and sheep, as well as the cows, will appreciate an extra ration during the warm days. While the stock is running on pasture, if shade, food and water are together, there is an excellent time to do this special feeding. At this time of day the animals will be in the shade near their watering place, and extra feed may then be given without disturbing them in the cool morning and evening when they enjoy feeding on the grass. A check in growth, whether in summer or winter, is always an actual loss to the owner.—Exchange.

Nails in Apple Trees. Among old-time fruit-growers there exists an opinion that by driving nails in apple trees certain diseases and attacks by insects are avoided. The only possible good that could come from driving a nail into a tree would be that which might come from the rust which would accumulate on the nail, and it is only sensible to suppose that this rust would be of no value anywhere, except in its immediate vicinity. It is a well-known fact that rust has no effect, good or otherwise, on the sap of a tree, and as for the rust in any way destroying or preventing insect life, it is not so.

Profit in Sheep. Under proper handling it costs little to keep a small flock of sheep on the general farm, and they return enough to more than pay good interest on the investment and something over in the shape of wages for the owner. Then the lambs and mutton, whether shipped to market or killed for home use, must count as clear gain.



Katie's Breakfast. "Dear me!" sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning. "What can be the matter?" said mamma, laughing at the doleful face. "Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly. She did not like to be laughed at. "Now, Katie," said mamma, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie. "No. You can have your breakfast first," mamma answered. Katie was very curious to know what this was, and as perhaps you are, too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library. Mamma was sitting at the desk with a big piece of paper and a pencil in front of her. "Now, Katie," she said, "I want you to write down a few of those things

that trouble you. One thousand will do!" "Oh, mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of at least ten things right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma; "put down ten."

So Katie wrote: "1. It's gone and rained, so we can't play croquet." "2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday."

"3. —" Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. "That's all I can think of just this minute," she said. "Well," said her mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive. And oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it! Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: "Oh, mamma, I didn't like Jean at all at first, but she's a lovely seat mate. I'm so glad. Aren't you?" "Oh!" was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper. "I guess I'll tear up that paper now, mamma dear," she said, laughing rather shyly. "And next time," said mamma, "why cry about them? There are so many of them that turn out very pleasant if you'll only wait to see. By waiting, you see, you can save the trouble of crying and worrying at all."

Till I seem to hear, "Good night! good night!" Passed on from door to door. So here is a thought for your small curly head: All over the city you're going to bed. And the thousands of children throughout the land, As westward the sun goes fast, Will say their prayers and climb into bed. 'Till all will be sleeping at last. Now here is a thought for your wise little head: Thousands of children will soon be in bed. And all over the world, as the sun journeys on, An army of girls and boys Will don their nightgowns and say good night. Leaving their games and toys. Oh, here's a big thought for your small curly head: Millions of little ones tucked into bed! —Youth's Companion.

About Spilling Books. If you have any volumes you wish to wear out a good way to make their lives short is to leave them open face downward, so as to break them through along the back. Another effective way is to shut up something thick between the leaves. This latter plan will be sure to crack the glue which fastens the leaves at the back, and the early fate of the hated volume will be assured. If you wish to disfigure the book rather than destroy it there are other methods of bringing this about. Reading white

Advertisement for Grandfather's Glasses. Includes illustration of an elderly man with glasses and a young girl. Text: "Grandfather's Glasses. Oh, look in all the dresser drawers. And underneath them, too. Grandfather's lost his glasses, And he don't know what to do. And look behind the closet door. And on the parlor shelf. There's never mind, grandfather said, I've found them now myself."

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Little Mark's Idea. It had been raining all day and little Mark, on the back piazza, was impatient because he was kept from play. His mother thought she heard him talking to some one, so when he came she said: "To whom were you talking, Mark?" "I was talking to God," replied the little fellow. "I asked him to make it stop raining so I could go out and play, but he never let on he heard me."

Bedtime Thoughts. Our little Blue-Eyes is going to bed, But never alone goes she; For Doris and Dorothy over the way In nightgowns white I see. So here is a thought for your dear little head: Across the street they are going to bed. And all through the town, where we cannot look, They are going to bed by the score.

Patents Compared. The United States grants 25,000 patents a year, England only 8,000. Canada grants 4,000 a year.

New Orleans Crime. New Orleans holds the record for crime. Three hundred police made 18,000 arrests last year.

Many a slow man has been made fast to a widow for the rest of his natural life.