



SEMI-WEEKLY.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1901.

VOL. II. NO. 27.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"I am no phantom!" I said, touching her hand again. "No, we will not go back to the shore. Tardif shall row us to the caves, and I will take you into them, and then we will return along the cliffs. Would you like that, mamzelle?"

"Very much," she answered, the smile still playing about her face. It was brown and freckled with exposure to the sun, but so full of health and life as to be doubly beautiful to me, who saw so many wan and sickly faces.

"Doctor," said Tardif's deep, grave voice behind me, "your mother, is she better?"

"It was like the sharp prick of a pin, which presently you knew must pierce four hearts. The one moment of rapture had fled. The Paradise that had been about me for an instant, with no hint of pain, faded out of my sight. But Olivia remained, and her face grew sad, and her voice low and sorrowful, as she leaned forward to speak to me.

"I have been so grieved for you," she said. "Your mother came to see me once, and promised to be my friend."

"We said no more for some minutes, and the splash of the oars in the water was the only sound. Olivia's air continued sad, and her eyes were downcast, as if she shrank from looking me in the face.

"Parole, doctor," said Tardif in our own dialect, which Olivia could not understand, "I have made you sorry when you were having a little gladness. Is your mother very ill?"

"There is no hope, Tardif," I answered, looking round at his honest and handsome face, full of concern for me.

"May I speak to you as an old friend?" he asked. "You love mamzelle, and you are come to tell her so?"

"What makes you think that?" I said. "I see it in your face," he answered, lowering his voice, though he knew Olivia could not tell what we were saying.

I had been there. Now I was alone in them with Olivia, no other human being in sight or sound of us. I had scarcely eyes for any sight but that of her face, which had grown shy and downcast, and was generally turned away from me. She would be frightened, I thought, if I spoke to her in that lonesome place. I would wait till we were on the cliffs, in the open eye of day.

She left my side for one moment whilst I was poking under a stone for a young plover, which had darkened the little pool of water round it with its lily flid. I heard her utter an exclamation of delight, and I gave up my pursuit instantly to learn what was giving her pleasure.

"It reminds me so of a canal in Venice," she said, in a tremulous voice. "Do you know Venice?" I asked, and the recollection of her portrait taken in Florence came to my mind.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I spent three months there once, and this place is like it."

"Was it a happy time?" I inquired, jealous of those tears.

"It was a hateful time," she said vehemently. "Don't let us talk of it."

"You have traveled a great deal, then?" I pursued, wishing her to talk about herself, for I could scarcely trust my resolution to wait till we were out of the caves, "I love you with all my heart and soul" was on my tongue's end.

"We traveled nearly all over Europe," she replied.

"I wondered whom she meant by 'we,'" she had never used the plural pronoun before, and I thought of that odious woman in Guernsey—an unpleasant recollection.

His lips contracted and his face saddened, but he met my eyes frankly.

"It is true," he answered, "but what then? If it had only pleased God to make me like you, or that she should be of my class, I would have done my utmost to win her. But that is impossible! See, I am nothing else than a servant to her eyes. I do not know how to be anything else, and I am content. She is as far above my reach as one of the white clouds up yonder. To think of myself as anything but her servant would be irreligious."

But there was the pause of the tide, when the waves rushed out again in white floods, leaving the water comparatively shallow. There were still six or eight yards to traverse before we could reach an archway in the cliffs, which would land us in safety in the outer caves. There was some peril, but we had no alternative. I lifted Olivia a little higher against my shoulder, for her long serge dress wrapped dangerously around us both; and then waiting for the pause in the throbbing of the tide, I dashed hastily across.

One swirl of the water coiled about us, washing up nearly to my throat, and giving me almost a choking sensation of dread; but before a second could swoop down upon us I had staggered half-blinded to the arch, and put down Olivia in the small, secure, walled-in space. She did not speak once. She did not seem able to speak now. Her large, terrified eyes looked up at me dumbly, and her face was white to the lips. I clasped her in my arms once more, and kissed her forehead and lips again and again, in a paroxysm of passionate love and gladness.

"Olivia," I cried, "I wish you to be my wife."

"You—wish that?" she gasped, recalling her "oh, no, no—I am already married!"

CHAPTER XV. Olivia's answer struck me like an electric shock. For some moments I was simply stunned, and knew neither what she had said, nor where we were.

"Olivia!" I cried, stretching out my arms towards her, as though she would flutter back to them and lay her head again where it had been resting upon my shoulder, with her face against my neck.

But she did not see my gesture, and the next moment I knew that she could never let me hold her in my arms again. I dared not even take one step nearer to her.

"Olivia," I said again, after another minute or two of troubled silence—"Olivia, it is true?"

She bowed her head still lower upon her hands, in speechless confirmation. A stricken, helpless, cowering child she seemed to me, standing there in her drenched clothing. An unutterable tenderness, altogether different from the feverish love of a few minutes ago, filled my heart as I looked at her.

"Come," I said, as calmly as I could speak. "I am at any rate your doctor, and I am bound to take care of you. You must not stay here wet and cold. Let us make haste back to Tardif's, Olivia."

I drew her hand down from her face and through my arm, for we had still to re-enter the outer cave, and to return through a higher gallery, before we could reach the cliffs above. I did not glance at her. The road was very rough, strewn with huge boulders, and she was compelled to receive my help. But we did not speak again till we were on the cliffs, in the eye of day, with our faces and our steps turned towards Tardif's farm.



Two Kinds of Ears.

Aunt Hetty had a way of looking into the children's rooms, after the folks had all gone to bed. She did this to see if the little ones were comfortable.

It was summer time, and one night her nephew Charlie, who had come from the city on a visit, was tucked away in one of the little beds upstairs.

Charlie was not asleep, and the sight of Aunt Hetty coming in with a lighted candle in her hand made him open his bright eyes wider.

"I hope you are not ill, my dear?" asked aunt, going to the little white bed.

"No, indeed," said Charlie, smiling. "I'm listening to the noise. It's a nice noise, though," he added, thoughtfully, for fear his criticism of his surroundings might offend. This, by the way, was Charlie's first visit to the country.

Aunt Hetty looked a little astonished. "Why, it's as quiet as can be," she said. "Perhaps you have been dreaming. What kind of a noise did you think you heard?"

"It goes whizz, whizz, cheep, cheep, cheep-ty, cheep-ty, and buzz, buzz-z-z, all the time," said Charlie, imitating the sounds that he heard.

Aunt Hetty smiled. "Ah, these are country noises, Charlie. Numberless little insects live in the trees and shrubbery, you know, and they are all stirring now. You will get used to the sound after a while, and not notice it."

The next day some one referred to the noise that had kept Charlie awake, and this made Cousin Mabel laugh.

"To think of a city boy talking about the noise of the country!" she said.

Aunt Hetty smiled. "Ah, these are country noises, Charlie. Numberless little insects live in the trees and shrubbery, you know, and they are all stirring now. You will get used to the sound after a while, and not notice it."

and guffaw when they came to rob a man's field and found that elephants had already destroyed everything, as if they appreciated the joke on themselves. Again, he heard a gorilla, which had found some choice berries, call another that was a long way off. He saw monkeys apparently deliberate for a long time before making some move. These animals, by the way, rarely drink water, but eat juicy berries and fruits instead. Du Chaffin was impressed by the fact that even in a tropical forest animals have to work hard for a living. Some of them travel miles every day to get food and have all kinds of trouble in finding a safe place to spend the night. Even elephants are very careful about their sleeping places. They hate snakes, and before lying down they carefully trample over a large area to kill or drive out reptiles and rodents. And big as they are, they go in herds for greater safety.—Little Chronicle.

Albert knew. "What are the first teeth called?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class. "Milk teeth," answered the class in chorus.

"Correct. Now who can tell me what the last teeth are called?" After a prolonged silence a little fellow raised his hand as if struck by a sudden inspiration.

"Well, Albert," said the teacher, noticing the uplifted hand, "you may answer."

"False teeth," proudly responded the youthful observer.

Cost Enough to Be a Diamond. "Where did you get your pretty ring, Edna?" asked a visitor of a bright 4-year-old miss.

"Brother Will gave it to me," she answered.

"Is it a diamond?" queried the visitor.

"Well, I should think it ought to be," was the indignant retort. "It cost 39 cents."

Too Much of a Man. Ned (aged 9)—Please give me a nickel, Uncle John?

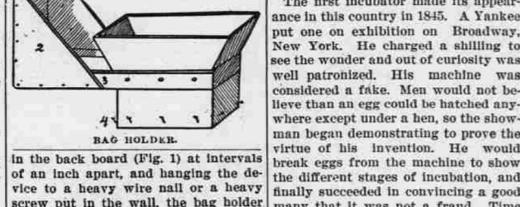
Uncle John—Why, Ned, I thought you were too much of a man to beg for a nickel.



Farms and Farmers

A Handy Bag Holder. A great deal of time is lost in filling grain bags, unless some device is used by which the bag can be kept open and the one filling it have the use of both hands.

The upright board (Fig. 1) is made of inch stuff, two feet long and eleven inches wide. The arms (Fig. 3) which support the hopper are held by two triangular boards (Fig. 2), which are nailed to these arms, and to the upright board (Fig. 1), as shown in the illustration. The arms shown at Fig. 3 are each ten inches long, two inches wide and an inch thick, and the ends are screwed to the side of the spout as shown. The spout is made nine inches square, and both this and the hopper should be made of boards eight inches wide. At Fig. 4 a view of the result is shown, by which the bag is held in place at the bottom of the hopper. By boring a number of holes



in the back board (Fig. 1) at intervals of an inch apart, and hanging the device to a heavy wire nail or a heavy screw put in the wall, the bag holder may be raised or lowered to a convenient height.

Fall Plowing. One trouble with fall plowing is the careless way in which it is done. Often times the land is simply plowed in a careless manner with the thought in mind that it can be finished in the spring if it is to lie fallow. Sometimes the plowing is no more perfect when winter wheat and rye is to be raised. The ground should be as carefully plowed and prepared for grain sown in the winter as for that sown in the spring. As a rule five or six inches is a most satisfactory depth to plow in the fall, although, of course, it depends somewhat on the character of the soil. If the ground is intended for fall seeding, it must be handled in accordance with its character. If inclined to be loose, the harrow and roller should be used until it is well compacted. If the soil is naturally heavy, it should be loosened up just before seeding, by a straight tooth harrow, and if rain should come in a few days after the seed is sown, it always pays to go over the entire plot and loosen up the soil by a light harrowing.

For Scalding Hogs. With the device shown here, reproduced from the Ohio Farmer, one man can handle the heaviest hog with ease. I have scalded 40 hogs with it, and know what I am saying. Place the hog

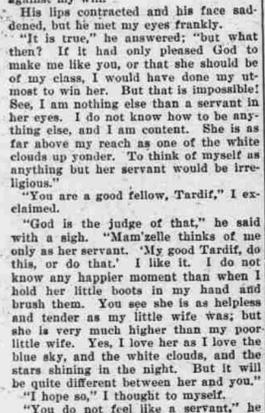


on the rack (Fig. 1), then close it, then proceed as shown in Fig. 2. Lift the hog over the trough by taking hold of the long lever. Lower it into the trough, so that the rack springs clear of the bottom of the trough, then take hold of the cross lever and work it up and down, throwing the carcass from one side to the other, back and forth, until perfectly scalded. Keep trying the hair, so as to know when the proper scalding point is reached. Then swing out on the cleaning rack and take another hog. The figures explain themselves.

Farm Notes. All trees should be examined early in the fall for borers.

Farms are getting smaller; the average size in 1850 was 203 acres, in 1890, 137 acres.

Large profits from farming in Alaska are claimed. It has been suggested that stock farms near the larger settlements would pay.



WAITING FOR THE PAUSE.

We had wandered back to the opening where Tardif had led us. The rapid current between us and Beckhou was running in swift eddies. Olivia stood near me; but a sort of chilly diffidence had crept over me, and I could not have ventured to step too closely to her, or to touch her with my hand.

"How have you been content to live here?" I asked.

"This year in Sark has saved me," she answered softly.

"What has it saved you from?" I inquired, with intense eagerness. She turned her face full upon me, with a world of reproach in her grey eyes.

"Dr. Martin," she said, "why will you persist in asking me about my former life? Tardif never does. He never supplies by a word or look that he wishes to know more than I choose to tell. I cannot tell you anything about it."

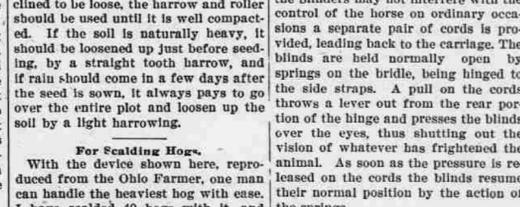
Ed I was Rich. Ed I was rich, I tell you 'at, I'd have a bully time, I'd spend a lot on candy—

I'd have a boat with sails an' things, An' p'raps a train o' cars, An' all the kinds o' jelly 'at Comes all put up in jars.

I'd get a pair o' boatin' gloves, A turbin' lathe an' tools, An' picter books, but not the kind You sees at Sunday schools!

A Friendly Bite. Animals Talk and Laugh. Paul B. Du Chaffin, the explorer, says there is no doubt that animals talk in certain ways among themselves. In Africa, he has heard gorillas laugh

Safety Blind for Horses. When you want to get a frightened horse out of a burning stable a blanket thrown over its head renders it as docile as a lamb. There were no fire, and why shouldn't the same idea be applied to a runaway horse on the road? In the illustration we show this idea carried out under the invention of Daniel SAFETY BLIND.



Money in Scraps. As a rule the best cattle in Texas are bred and raised by the large ranchman who owns thousands of head; the scrubs, as a rule, are bred and raised by the farmer who owns only a few head. While the ranchman is to be commended for the rapid improvement made in the range herds, yet the farmers should be at the head of the procession when it comes to raising good cattle. No man can afford to raise scrubs, and especially is this true as to the farmer.—Farm and Ranch.

Farm Notes. All trees should be examined early in the fall for borers.

Farms are getting smaller; the average size in 1850 was 203 acres, in 1890, 137 acres.

Large profits from farming in Alaska are claimed. It has been suggested that stock farms near the larger settlements would pay.

Rape may be fed to best advantage in the early fall, and hence is of valuable assistance in fattening lambs for the fall or early winter.