

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

### CHAPTER XXV.

"I will send the child to you in a cab on Wednesday," she said, as I rose and moved my way towards the hall. "You have not told me your address."

I paused for a moment. Dared I tell her my address? Yes, my money was paid, and I did not, I should have told it and the refuge I had sought with it. Besides I should awaken suspicion and inquiry by silence. It was a fearful risk to run, yet I seemed safer than a precipitous retreat. I gave her my address, and saw her write it down on a slip of paper.

In the afternoon the little girl arrived quite alone, except that a man had been hired to carry a small box for her, and to deliver her into my charge. This was a great relief to me, and I gladly told the child the story of my life. The child was thin and shabbily dressed for her long journey, and there was a faintness in her face, which I touched me to the heart. We were alike poor, helpless, friendless.

"I'm so small," she said with a deep-drawn sigh of relief. "I was afraid I should never go and school is such a heavenly place."

The words amused yet troubled me; they were so different from a child's ordinary opinion.

"It's such a hateful place at Mrs. Wilkinson's," she went on, "everybody calling me at once, and scolding me, and there are such a many people to be afraid of."

"What is your name, my dear?" I asked, sitting down on my box and taking her up in my lap. Such a little stunted little woman, precociously learned in trouble. Yet she rested in my arms like a true child, and a tear or two rolled down her cheeks, as if from very contentment.

"Nobody has mistle me like this since mother died," she said. "I'm Mary, but father always called me Minima, because I was the least in the house. He kept a boy, called out of London in Frying Forest, and it was so heavenly. All the boys were good to me, and we used to call father Dominic. Then he died, and another died just before him, and he said, 'Courage, Minima, God will take care of my little girl.' So the boys' fathers and mothers made a subscription for me, and they got a great deal of money, a hundred pounds, and somebody told them about this school, where I can stay four years for a hundred pounds, and they all said that was the best thing they could do with me. But I've had to stay with Mrs. Wilkinson nearly two months, because she could not find a governess to go with me. I hate her, I detest her; I should like to spit at her."

"Hush, hush!" I said, drawing her head down upon my shoulder again.

"Then there is Mr. Foster," she continued, "he scolded me so. He likes to make fun of me and tease me, till I can't bear to go into his room. You'd hate Mr. Foster, and Mrs. Foster, if you only knew them."

"Why?" I asked in a whisper. My voice sounded hoarse to me, and my throat felt parched. The child's innocent face and untroubled gaze, a stumbling child within me.

"Oh, they are horrid in every way," she said, "they frighten me. He is fond of tormenting anything, because he's cruel. But they are very poor—poor as Job. Mrs. Wilkinson says, and I'm glad, aren't you glad?"

The question jarred in my memory against a passionate craving after revenge, which had died away in the quiet and tranquility of Sark. Ought I to do anything for him? Was there anything I could do to help him?

"He is ill, too," pursued the child; "I heard him say once to Mrs. Foster, he knew he should die like a dog."

ed more freely the farther we traveled down into the interior. At Palais we exchanged the train for a small omnibus, which bore the name "Noireau" conspicuously on its door. At length we started off on the last stage of our journey.

Finally our omnibus was jolting and rattling down some steep and narrow streets, lighted by oil lamps swung across them. Only at the inn where we stopped was there anything like life. I strove by Minima from her deep and heavy sleep.

"We are here at Noireau!" I said. "We have reached our home at last."

The door was opened before the child was fairly awake. A small cluster of bystanders gathered round us as we alighted, and watched our luggage put down from the roof. Minima was leaning against me, half asleep. A narrow vista of tall houses lay to the right and left, but it was impenetrable darkness. The strip of sky overhead was black with midnight.

"Noireau?" I asked in a tone of interrogation.

"Yes, madame," responded a chorus of voices.

"Carry me to the house of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocat," I said, speaking low and distinctly.

The words, simple as they were, seemed to awaken considerable excitement. The landlady threw up her hands, with an expression of astonishment. Was it possible that I could have made a mistake in so short and easy a sentence?

I said it over again to myself, and felt sure I was right. With renewed confidence I repeated it aloud, with a slight variation.

"I wish to go to the house of Monsieur Emile Perrier, the avocat," I said.

But what they still clustered round Minima and me, giving us signs of complaisance with my request, two persons thrust themselves through the circle. The one was a man in a three-horned brown great coat, with a large woollen comforter wound several times about his neck; and the other a woman, in an equally shabby dress, who spoke to me in broken English.

"Monsieur, I am Madame Perrier, and this is my husband," she said; "come on. The letter was here only an hour ago; but all is ready. Come on, come on."

She put her hand through my arm, and took hold of Minima's hand, as if claiming both of us. A dead silence had fallen upon the little crowd, as if they were trying to catch the meaning of the English words. But as she pushed on, leading to both a titter for the first time ran from lip to lip. I glanced back, and saw Monsieur Perrier, the avocat, hurriedly putting our luggage on a wheelbarrow, and preparing to follow us with it along the dark street.

I was too bewildered yet to feel any astonishment. We were in France, in a remote part of France, and I did not know what Frenchmen would or would not do. We stopped at last opposite the large, handsome house, which stood in the front of the photograph I had seen in London.

"It is midnight nearly," said Madame Perrier, as we came to a standstill and waited for her husband, the avocat.

He walked round the corner of the house, walking softly, as if careful not to disturb the household. At last he reappeared round the corner, carrying a candle, which flickered in the wind. Not a word was spoken by him or his wife as the latter conducted us towards him. We were to enter by the back door, that was evident. She led us into a dimly lighted room, where I could just make out what appeared to be a carpenter's bench, with a heap of wood shavings lying under it.

"It is a little cabinet work of my husband," said Madame Perrier, "our chamber is above, and the chamber for you and little ones is there also. But the school is not there. Come on, mees."

We went down the broad gravel walk, with the pretty garden at the side of us, where a fountain was tinkling and splashing busily in the quiet night. But we passed the front of the house behind it without stopping at the door. Madame led us through a car shed into a low, long, vaulted passage, with doors opening on each side; a black, villainous-looking place, with the feeble, flickering light of the candle throwing on to the damp walls a sinister gleam. Minima pressed very close to me, and I felt a strange quiver of apprehension; but the thought that there was no escape from it, and no help at hand, nerved me to follow quietly to the end.

The end brought us out into a mean, poor street, narrow even where the best

streets were narrow. A small house stood before us, and Madame unlocked the door. We were conducted into a small kitchen. There was an oil lamp here. Madame's face was illuminated by it. There was not a trace of refinement or culture about her, but even the proverbial taste of a Frenchwoman in dress. The kitchen was a picture of squalid dirt and neglect. The few cooking utensils were scattered about in disorder. The stove before which we sat was rusty. Could I be dreaming of this filthy dwelling and this sallow woman? No; it was all too real for me to doubt their existence for an instant.

She was pouring out some cold tea into two little cups, when Monsieur Perrier made his appearance, his face begrimed and his shaggy hair uncombed. He stood in the doorway, rubbing his hands, and gazing at us unflinchingly with the hard stare of a Norman peasant, whilst he spoke in rapid, unsmooth tones to his wife. I turned away my head, and shut my eyes to this unwelcome sight.

"Eat, mees," said the woman, bringing us our food. "There is tea. We give our pupils and instructresses tea for supper at six o'clock; after that there is no more to eat."

We had the same vaulted passage and cart shed to traverse on our way back to the other house. There we were ushered into a room containing only two beds and our two boxes. I helped Minima to undress, and tucked her up in bed. She put her arm round my neck, and drew down my head to whisper cautiously into my ear.

"They're cheats," she said earnestly, "dreadful cheats. This isn't a splendid place at all. Oh, whatever shall I do? Shall I have to stay here four years?"

"Hush, Minima!" I answered. "Perhaps it is better than we think now. We are tired. To-morrow we shall see the place better, and it may be splendid after all. Kiss me, and go to sleep."

I was awakened, while it was yet quite dark, by the sound of a carpenter's tool in the room below me. Almost immediately a loud knock came at my door, and the harsh voice of Madame called to us.

"Get up, mees, get up, and come on," she said, "to the school. Come on, quick!"

The air was raw and foggy when we turned out of doors, and it was so dark

still that we could scarcely discern the outline of the walls and houses. The school, Madame informed me, was registered in the name of her head governess, not in her own; and as the laws of France prohibited any man dwelling under the same roof with a school of girls, except the husband of the proprietor, they were compelled to rent two dwellings.

"How many pupils have you, madame?" I inquired.

"We have six, mees," she replied. "They are here; see them."

We had reached the house, and she opened the door of a long, low room. There was an open hearth, with a few logs of green wood upon it. A table ran almost the whole length of the room, with forms on each side. A high chair or two stood about. All was comfortable, dreary and squalid.

But the girls who were sitting on the hard benches by the table were still more squalid and dreary looking. Their faces were pinched, and just now blue with cold, and their hands were swollen and red with chilblains. They had a cowed and frightened expression, and peeped askance at us as we went in behind Madame.

"Three are English," said Madame, "and three are French."

She rapped one of the swollen hands which lay upon the table, and the girl dropped it out of sight upon her lap, with a frightened glance at the woman. Minima's fingers tightened upon mine. The head governess, a Frenchwoman of about thirty, was now introduced to me.

Breakfast was being brought in by one of the pupils. It consisted of a teacupful of coffee at the bottom of a big basin, which was placed before each of us, a large tablespoon to feed ourselves with, and a heaped plateful of bunches of bread. I sat down with the rest at the long table, and ate my food, with a sinking and sorrowful heart.

As soon as Madame was gone, Minima flung her arms around me and hid her face in my bosom.

"Oh," she cried, "don't you leave me; don't forsake me! I have to stay here four years, and it will kill me. I shall die if you go away and leave me."

"We must make the best of it, Minima," I whispered to the child, through the hum of lessons. Her shrewd little face brightened with a smile that smoothed all the wrinkles out of it.

"That's what father said," she cried; "he said, 'Courage, Minima, God will take care of my little daughter.' God has sent you to take care of me. Suppose I'd come all the way alone, and found it such a horrid place!"

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

### Danger of "Educated Ignorance."



Our government can be no better than a majority of its citizens. Our aim should be to teach our youth that the first duty of citizenship is the exercise of the civic right guaranteed by our constitution through active participation in the selection of their public servants and in deciding upon those policies of government which shall prevail. Our government cannot be made perfect any more than the human mind may attain omniscience, but as education advances we can improve upon old methods, and we can demand from our public servants honesty and ability, and by the exercise of the elective franchise in our primaries and caucuses secure the highest standard of ability. If, however, as is too often the case, the so-called higher education leads us to forego this right, then we deserve misgovernment and spoliation and the arraying of one portion of our people against the other. Ignorance provokes discontent, and, if it may be permitted to use the term, "educated ignorance" provokes anarchy and confusion.



Ignorance; there have been 28,834 over 11,000 Japanese. In fifty years there will be scarcely any Hawaiians left to inhabit the Hawaiian Islands. The old customs and habits of the Hawaiians are dying out faster even than the race itself.

The Hawaiians do not work hard or systematically. In the old days, before the advent of missionaries and traders, all the Hawaiians lived comfortably without the need of working, thanks to the natural resources always available. Civilization brought to them the necessity of working for a living and seeing others occupy the lands which once were theirs. Japanese and Chinese and other alien races have come into the land, and do the better kinds of work, and the Hawaiian is left principally to fishing and boating, though even here the Chinese have intruded, and will soon drive out the poor Hawaiians.

It is sad to watch the passing of any race, and doubly so when the natives are such fine, well made, generous and good-natured souls. But the civilization of the white man is not kind to any of the colored races, and they go out one by one. With the end of the Hawaiians another picturesque race will have disappeared from this earth.

ALFRED STEAD.  
Fellow Royal Colonial Society.

### Capital and Labor.



The most serious and persistent evil that disturbs co-operation among our people is found in the contentions and quarrels between employers and employees. Surely, as an original proposition there should be no antagonism in this country between labor and capital. On the contrary, they should be in one close alliance and friendship. Our instructions forbid that an explanation of such antagonism should be found in class jealousy and abuses.

### Passing of the Hawaiian.

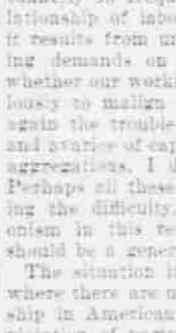


The civilization of the white man is not always a boon to the savage; it means, sooner or later, his doom. The red men are nearly gone, the aborigines of Australia are passing, and the Hawaiian race is rapidly melting away before the sunlight of civilized enterprise.

All these things were 11,000 Hawaiians in the Islands still, even though foreigners had already begun introducing civilization. In 1872 the native population had dwindled to 40,044, to which must be added 1,487 part Hawaiians—children of a Hawaiian mother and a foreign husband.

The next twelve years saw a further drop to 40,144, and an increase of part Hawaiians to 4,218, while in 1890 there were only 34,439 Hawaiians and 6,180 part Hawaiians. Six years later the Hawaiians number 31,019, and the mixed population 8,485. The latest census brings to light the fact that not only has the pure native population continued to diminish, but the part Hawaiian numbers have decreased from 8,485 to 7,855. The Hawaiian population is now actually one-third the number of the Japanese im-

### Ought to Have Pool Tables.



Physiological and mental science demonstrates the primal and universal desire on the part of children to play. The child ought to provide place for its own people to hold social dancing parties. The modern church ought to have billiard and pool tables and to pay money for its members. Instead of harboring legitimate amusements let the church recognize their value and the necessity in life.

### VICTIM OF HER OWN BEAUTY.

Miss Helen Vanderbilt-Wackerman, 11 St. Giles' Infirmary, London, is a young woman in the worst stages of insanity. Her eyes have a terrifying look, her once handsome features have lost much of their beauty, and she suffers from delusions, refusing to eat because



MISS VANDERBILT-WACKERMAN.

she believes that some one has attempted to poison her.

A year ago this young woman was a merry creature—one of the most idolized persons in London society. She is Helen Vanderbilt-Wackerman, and her home is in Buffalo, from which city she went to London three years ago to study music and art. Her beauty won men. Her face, forehead, hands and neck were all of a soft ivory tint. Her hair is golden, her eyes are brown, and her shoulders and neck of such formation that artists raved over them. Several painted her and others sought her for a "pose." One of the portraits was by Ellis Roberts, and so strikingly handsome was it that when it was hung in the Royal Academy by the Hanging Committee, of which Hubert von Herkomer was a member, he objected to it, for he said it was "too beautiful to be true." It was not like anything on earth. When introduced to the subject he realized that the portrait was not false and he appealed to her to sit for him. She granted the request, and

while posing for him was treated as a member of the family. In society she continued to be a favorite.

One day, as unexpectedly as the lightning flashes from the sky, there came to her a request from the artist to whom she was sitting to leave his home, because of certain things he had heard concerning her conduct prior to entering his home. Pained and indignant, she demanded the name of her detractor. Herkomer refused to say more than that he himself believed her good, but that the stories besmirching her name compelled him to insist upon her leaving his home.

The matter did not end there. The friends of Miss Wackerman took up her cause, such men as the bishop of London and United States Ambassador Choate demanding an explanation, which was not forthcoming. Herkomer was finally obliged to leave London in disgrace and is now living in Syracuse, N. Y. He at one time lived in Syracuse, N. Y. That was before his departure for Europe.

Despite the magnificent expression of faith in her given by her friends and by eminent persons, Miss Vanderbilt-Wackerman worried about it until her mind finally gave way.

### "VERY WELL FOR WOMEN."

This is Not Good Enough for Lady Henry Somerset's Protectors.



Lady Henry Somerset, who has advised her young women proteges in an English industrial school so to perfect themselves that nobody can say of them, "Oh, they do very well for women," is probably the foremost leader of the feminist movement in Great Britain.

She is the daughter of the Earl and Countess Somers, and is now just 50 years old. In 1890 she first achieved considerable importance by her election to the Presidency of the British Women's Temperance Association, now the largest company of its kind in England. In 1892 she was elected Vice President of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and in 1898, on the death of Miss Frances Willard, she succeeded that famous woman as President of the International

Association, which numbers over 500,000 members in various parts of the world.

She founded the Industrial Farm at Foxhurst, which has grown to remarkable dimensions. She succeeded to her father's vast estates in Hertfordshire, Woresstershire, Surrey, London and since 1884 she has used her wealth for the good of her fellowmen.

### Looked Like Cherries.

There are many varieties of red peppers, or Chili peppers, in the market, many shapes and sizes. They are "hot" to the tongue, but some are hotter than others. One variety resembles cherry in appearance, and these are called cherry peppers, and are hotter than all the others; in fact, no thermometer can go high enough to show their hotness. A box of these peppers was displayed in front of a commission store on Front street yesterday, the layer packed with stems down, so that even an Oregonian might have taken for rather mistaken them for Boy Ash cherries. A passerby stopped and asked the price of the "cherries." It was told \$1.50 per box. He asked how much the expressage would be to a home in Kansas and was told 90 cents. He planked down \$2.40 and the box was marked with his address and handed an express messenger.

When the Kansas man had gone person who witnessed the transaction asked the dealer what he meant by selling him peppers for cherries. "By selling him peppers for cherries was the answer. It then dawned on the dealer that the Kansas man had supposed he was buying Oregon cherries, and he began to wonder what would happen in suffering, blessed Kansas when the peppers reached the end and were tasted. And he is still wondering.—Portland Oregonian.

### Quere.

The prosaic individual who has lived romance finds it hard to stand how two people can dawdle all hours and at their conclusion feel fully certain that only minutes have taken flight.

Lots of people are known as wits because the towns they live in happen to be small.

If there is anything in hypnotism why don't the bill collectors take it?