

# 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; and my wedding suit with waiting clothes. Julia was going on fast 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 friend to her. 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 Gosnell. 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?" "No; in the least," he answered cheerily, "for the matter of that, I plunge into it every morning at L'Ancrese. I want to see Tardif. He is one in a thousand, as you say; 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 the 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 strand 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.

A few steps nearer brought us in view of Tardif, who had spread his nets on the grass, and was examining them narrowly for rents. Just at this moment he was down on his knees, not far from Olivia, gathering some broken meshes together, but listening to her, with an expression of huge contentment upon his handsome face. A bitter pang shot through me. Could it be true by any possibility—that he had heard the last time I was in Sark?

"Good day, Tardif," shouted Captain Carey; and both Tardif and Olivia started. But both of their faces grew brighter at seeing us. Olivia's color had come back to her cheeks, and a sweeter face no man ever looked upon.

"I am very glad you are come once more," she said, putting her hand in mine; "you told me in your last letter you were going to England."

I glanced from the corner of my eye at Captain Carey. He looked very grave, but his eyes could not rest upon Olivia without admiring her, as she stood before us, bright-faced, slender, erect, with the folds of her coarse dress falling about her as gracefully as if they were of the richest material.

"This is my friend, Captain Carey, Miss Olivia," I said, "in whose yacht I have come to visit you."

"I am very glad to see any friend of Dr. Martin's," she answered as she held out her hand to him with a smile; "my doctor and I are great friends, Captain Carey."

"So I suppose," he said significantly—or at least his tone and look seemed fraught with significance to me.

"Tardif," I said, "Captain Carey came ashore on purpose to visit you and your farm."

I knew he was excessively proud of his farm, which consisted of about four or five acres. He caught at the words with alacrity, and led the way towards his house with tremendous strides. Olivia and I were left alone, but she was moving after them slowly, when I ran to her, and offered her my arm, on the plea that her ankle was still too weak to bear her weight unsupported.

"Olivia!" I exclaimed, after we had gone a few yards, bringing her and myself to a sudden halt. Then I was struck dumb. I had nothing special to say to her. How was it I had called her so familiarly Olivia?

"Well, Dr. Martin?" she said, looking into my face again with eager, inquiring eyes, as if she was wishing to understand my varying moods.

"What a lovely place, this is!" I ejaculated.

More lovely than any words I ever heard could describe. It was a perfect day, and a perfect view. The sea was like an opal. The cliffs stretched below us, with every hue of gold and bronze, and hoary white, and soft grey; and here and there a black rock, with livid shades of purple, and a bloom upon it like a raven's wing. Rocky islets, never trodden by human foot, over which the foam poured ceaselessly, were dotted all about the changeful surface of the water. And just beneath the level of my eyes was Olivia's face—the loveliest thing there,

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."

"Was I deceiving myself, or did she really grow paler? It was but for a moment if it were so. But how could the air felt all in an instant! The shock was like that of a first plunge into chilly waters, and I was shivering through every fiber."

"I hope you will be happy," said Olivia, "very happy. It is a great risk to run. Marriage will make you either very happy or very wretched."

"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."

So softly spoken, with such a low, faltering voice! I could not trust myself to speak again. A stern sense of duty towards Julia kept me silent; and we moved on, though very slowly and lingeringly.

"You love her very much?" said the quiet voice at my side, not much louder than the voice of conscience.

"I esteem her more highly than any other woman, except my mother," I said.

"Do you think she will like me?" asked 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 me."

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.

"Read that," I said.

But I do not think she saw more than the first line, for her face went deadly white, and her eyes turned upon me with a wild, beseeching look—as Tardif described it, the look of a creature hunted and terrified. I thought she would have fallen, and I put my arm round her. She fastened both her hands about mine, and her lips moved, though I could not catch a word she was saying.

"Olivia!" I cried, "Olivia: do you suppose I could do anything to hurt you? Do not be so frightened! Why, I am your friend truly. I wish to heaven I had not shown you the thing. Have more faith in me, and more courage."

"But they will find me, and force me away from here," she muttered.

"No," I said; "that advertisement was printed in the Times directly after your flight last October. They have not found you yet; and the longer you are hidden the less likely they are to find you. Good heavens! what a fool I was to show it to you!"

"Never mind," she answered, recovering herself a little, but still clinging to my arm; "I was only frightened for the time. You would not give me up to them if you knew all."

"Give you up to them!" I repeated bitterly. "Am I a Judas?"

But she could not talk to me any more. She was trembling like an aspen leaf, and her breath came sobbingly. All I could do was to take her home, blaming myself for my cursed folly.

Tardif walked with us to the top of the cliff, and made me a formal, congratulatory speech before quitting us. When he was gone, Captain Carey stood still until he was quite out of hearing, and then stretched out his hand towards the thatched roof, yellow with stonewort and lichens.

"This is a serious business, Martin," he said, looking sternly at me; "you are in love with that girl."

"I love her with all my heart and soul!" I cried.

The words startled me as I uttered them. They had involved in them so many unpleasant consequences, so much chagrin and bitterness as their practical result, that I stood aghast—even while my pulses throbbed, and my heart beat high, with the novel rapture of loving any woman as I loved Olivia.

"Come, come, my poor fellow!" said Captain Carey, "we must see what can be done."

It was neither a time nor a place for

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 bar 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.

"Johanna," said Captain Carey, "we have 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."

"Awful!" cried Captain Carey sympathetically; but a glance from his sister put him to silence.

"What is it, my dear Martin?" asked her inviting 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; 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 bitterness 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."

"I should be true to her," I interrupted somewhat angrily.

"What do you call being true, Martin Dobree?" she asked, more calmly than she had spoken before. "Is it being true to a woman to let her believe you choose and love her above all other women, when that is absolutely false? No; you are too honorable for that. I tell you it is your plain duty to let Julia know this, and know it at once."

Nothing could move Johanna from that position, and in my heart I recognized its rightness. She argued with me that it was Julia's due to hear it from myself. I knew afterwards that she believed the sight of her distress and firm love for myself would dissipate the infatuation of my love for Olivia. But she did not read Julia's character as well as my mother did.

Before she let me leave her I had promised to have my confession and subsequent explanation with Julia all over the following day; and to make this the more inevitable, she told me she should drive into St. Peter-port the next afternoon about five o'clock, when she should expect to find this troublesome matter settled, either by a renewal of my affection for my betrothed, or the suspension of the betrothal. In the latter case she promised to carry Julia home with her until the first bitterness was over.

(To be continued.)

**Wild Boars in Windsor Park.** It is stated that the wild boars in Windsor great park are to be shot, by order of King Edward. The herd was presented to Queen Victoria by the Prince of Wales during his tour in India. The animals have largely increased in numbers, and have had to be killed off periodically. They have been a considerable source of attraction to visitors, but they are dangerous, and several people have narrowly escaped injury.

When a brakeman has curly hair, his associates call him "Curly." But if he is over six feet tall, however, they always call him "Shorty."

## NEVER FORGET FACES

### NATIVES OF PHILIPPINES MAKE GOOD DETECTIVES.

Never Fails to Pick Out a Man Who Does Him an Injury, Although Among a Hundred with the Same Facial Characteristics.

A United States soldier, who has just returned from the Philippines, tells some interesting stories of Filipinos. He says the ordinary Filipino is the best detective on earth; that our Hawkshaw, Engman's Scotland Yard experts and Paris Vidoeps are mere amateurs compared to him. They never forget a face.

"The natives had been guilty of so many mean little tricks that a man in our regiment resolved to get even with a fellow who had made himself especially obnoxious by his lying and co. cell. The soldier got hold of a bright, new penny, which he gave an extra polish to and passed it on the dishonest native for a \$5 gold piece.

"Of course, discovery of the fraud followed when the victim went to headquarters to have his money changed, and he made a terrific roar. He was more indignant that he would have been had the soldier slain his wife and children. The government policy is to court the good will of the natives, so the soldiers were lined up and the injured dealer in decayed fruit was told to pick out the guilty man, which he did without the slightest hesitation, in spite of the fact that the soldiers were all dressed exactly alike and many were of the same size and build, and had the same facial characteristics.

"Singular about that—they do their bookkeeping in their head and can tell strangers like a Chinese laundryman. They never failed to pick out the soldiers who had wronged them, and the statement of one of them outweighed a soldier's word.

"This caused the soldiers to abandon the methods that they had adopted to get even with the wily swindlers. For a while the soldiers, or rather some of them, worked off Confederate money on the natives, but this graft met with a similar fate.

"The natives are great gamblers. They will risk every cent they have on cock fighting, which is one of the principal amusements. Their favorite game with cards is monte, a game played with forty cards. Their two favorite cards are the seven spot and the cabayo, which has a horse on it and corresponds to our jack. A native will bet more on this card than on a King. In spreading civilization we introduced the royal game of craps and the natives took to it. But they are still a little wary and will not stake more than a dime on the turn of the dice.

"We called the natives by all kinds of pet names and they resented only one, 'nigger.' It makes a native fighting made to call him a nigger, and they loathe a negro as they would a reptile. The natives were all delighted when bicycles were brought over. I was on the island of Panay when the wheel was introduced. Bicycles have been the rage on the island of Luzon for a long time, and no other pleasure vehicle can be seen. But they are just introducing them at Panay, and we had free cruises watching the natives learn to ride. However, they soon mastered the art, and you could not get a bicycle unless you applied three days in advance. Those fellows would work for 40 cents a day and then spend it all on bicycle riding at the rate of 20 cents an hour.

"The natives are very fond of jewelry. A Filipino woman will work for three months for a ring or other glitzy trinket that pleases her. Some of the women are beautiful, but they are the Spaniards or half-breeds. In the island of Luzon the soldiers could not work up flirtations with the ladies. Those magazine stories having for their theme the love of a Filipino girl for some thoughtless soldier are all products of romantic imagination. If a Filipino girl in Luzon allowed a soldier to make love to her her father would likely kill her."

**A RATTLESNAKE'S JOURNEY.** Arrives in Denver on a Union Pacific Railroad Train.

A rattlesnake nearly four feet long, bruised and dazed and chilled, but still alive, rode into Denver over the Union Pacific this morning upon the sandboard in the middle of the rear truck of baggage car No. 1,091.

Car Inspector T. J. Soden was making his usual rounds, carelessly whistling a bit of a tune. He came to No. 1,091 and cast keen glances at her running gear, here and there tapping a steel bar or adjusting a valve. All was well. He passed to the rear truck and stopped short. He rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand. The morning was damp and misty and he had risen early. Perhaps he was a bit sleepy, he thought. He looked again with eyes widely opened.

There upon the low sandboard which stretches across the car from side to side beneath the middle of the truck, was a rattler, feeble and hurt, but coiled for defense.

Inspector Soden watched it silently for a moment, and then, as if to reassure himself, tossed a bit of gravel at the strange passenger. Instantly it straightened its tired body and shook its tail defiantly. There was no sound of rattles, however. They had been shattered and lost on the trip.

The trainmen gathered round and expressed their opinions about the manner in which the rattler attained his position on the sandboard. Nearly all of them are confident that the snake

was lying on the ties and the train swept over it. The suction of the flying cars whirled it up, and by chance it lodged on the sandboard. There it lay during the remainder of the trip, greatly enraged and frightened.

Examination of the board and those parts of the truck close to it revealed tiny drops of greenish-yellow venom. The snake, in terror of its unusual enemies, had struck about it in every direction many times during its wild, disagreeable ride.

Its poison was sprinkled upon the steel and wood so plentifully that its fangs must have been exhausted on reaching Denver. Its bite would probably have been harmless when it rolled into the depot. Its body was painfully bruised in several places and covered with dust. Its weakness was apparent, for with difficulty could it hold itself erect for several minutes at a time. Then it would relapse.

A friend of Inspector Soden took the rattler home, promising to take care of it, and the trainmen have named it "Union Pacific."—Denver Post.

## QUEER STORIES

An ordinary piano contains a mile of wire string.

With the aid of a microphone you can hear a fly walk.

The largest enclosure of deer is said to be the royal park in Copenhagen, 4,200 acres.

An ostrich which was lately dissected in London had in its stomach a small prayer book.

The rock of Gibraltar has four huge reservoirs, capable of holding five million gallons of water.

New South Wales has fifteen thousand miles of wire netting as a fence protection against rabbits.

Palms never live more than 250 years. Ivy has been known to live 450, chestnut 800, oak 1,000 and yew 2,800 years.

Taking into consideration the number of ships that are on seas and navigable waters of the world it is estimated that about 1,700,000 of the world's population are constantly afloat.

A philosophical statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the large percentage of defectiveness prevailing among fair-haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have a larger proportion of short-sighted persons.

The tea used in the household of the Chinese Emperor is raised in a private garden surrounded by a high wall. At the time of harvesting the pickers must wear gloves, must bathe three times a day, and must abstain from eating fish, lest their breath should taint the aroma of the tea.

At Essex Conn, the other day a wampum belt owned by a descendant of Herman Garrett, who was appointed Governor over the Pequots in 1655, was sold for \$320. The relic is composed of a string of shells formed into a belt two and one-half inches wide and thirty-three inches long.

The chaffing dish is among the most ancient adjuncts to the culinary department of all nations. It was in great demand at the grand feasts given by the wealthy citizens in ancient Rome. Some of these dishes have recently been found among the ruins of Pompeii. They are of exquisite workmanship.

The number of eggs laid by birds appear to be related to the abundance or rarity of the species. The wild pigeon laying but two eggs, is infinitely more abundant than certain hawks laying two or three times as many. The robin, laying four or five eggs, is far more numerous than the house wren or chickadee, which lays from six to nine.

## AN INDIANA GIRL IN PARIS

Miss Ethel Gowdy the clever daughter of Colonel "Jack" Gowdy, United States Consul General in Paris, is receiving a great deal of attention. She defended American girls from the on-



MISS ETHEL GOWDY.

slaught of M. Edouard Beate, the lecturer, who said they were too pushing, walked in advance of their mothers, led them in conversation and were physically too strong for womanliness. Miss Gowdy is also being looked to by the intellectual of Paris to establish a literary and artistic salon when that of Mme. Adam ceases to exist.

Every boy whose father sells candies must wish that his mother sold them instead.

## Sick Women

Mrs. Valentine Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Happiness will go out of your life forever, my sister, if you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. Valentine's letter, unless you act promptly. Procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write for advice if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter will be seen only by women. All the persons who see private letters at Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, at Lynn, Mass., are women. All letters are confidential and advice absolutely free.

Here is the letter:—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefit of your valuable remedy. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt very badly, was terribly nervous, and tired, had sick headaches, no appetite,

gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp pains all through my body. Before I had taken half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 506 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N.J.

**\$5.00 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine.** Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Acquaintance Renewed. Bunko Bill—Hello, uncle, haven't we met before? Reuben Granger—Guess we have. It was down in Hardscrabble, when you were sellin' the farmers them \$3 churns and every cussed contract turned up ter be a \$390 note. I met you with six citizens and a rope. Bill—Aw, here, now, let me down easy. Reub—Did that onct—and too quick.

Out of Place. "Back!" shouted the hero. "Your presence here is only perfunctory. You are doing nothing whatever to advance the action of the story."

With a muttered curse the villain shrunk back into the chapter in which the murder takes place, and the story proceeded on the conventional lines prescribed by our best modern critics.

Enforcing the Law. "Take that dog off the street, or I'll run you in," ordered the conscientious policeman. "But why?" asked the man with the dog. "He has a license on."

"That's all right as far as it goes; but that's a split dog, and we have strict orders to enforce the anti-leprosy ordinance."—Baltimore American.

Cast of Railway Mail Car. A modern railway mail car, equipped with the latest contrivances, such as ventilators, automatic couplers, air-brakes, etc., costs between \$5,000 and \$5,000. The Government pays for the use of railway mail cars at the rate of \$40 a year for a 50-foot car per track mile, and \$50 per year per track mile for a 60-foot car.

Their Busy Day. "Who," shouted the impassioned orator, "who among us has any cause to be happier than his neighbor on this glorious day of the nation's birth?" A man with his head bandaged and both arms in a sling arose in the rear of the hall and exclaimed: "The doctors!"—Baltimore American.

The Commercial Instinct. Mamma—Tommy, do stop that noise. If you'll only be good, I'll give you a penny. Tommy—No! I want a nickel. Mamma—Why, you little rascal, you were quite satisfied to be good yesterday for a penny. Tommy—I know, but that was a bargain day.

Not Ready Yet. "You promised never to scold me," said the wife of a week reproachfully. "But I haven't," insisted Mr. Young bullily. "No, but I can see that you're just aching to," continued the displeased young thing.—Yonkers Herald.

Great Opportunity. Mrs. Bjenkins—They are going to have another rummage sale next week. Mr. Bjenkins—Good! I wish you'd send down that rocking chair in the sitting-room that I always tumble over when I come in late at night.—Somerville Journal.

Pretty Mad. Clara (after a fit)—I presume you would like your ring back? George—Never mind; keep it. No other girl I know would use that ring unless she wore it on her thumb.—New York Weekly.

Marine Amenities. Here the Sea Serpent rallied the Mermaid upon her notorious non-existence. "He who lives in a glass house should not throw stones!" retorted the Mermaid, with spirit.

The laugh was against the Sea Serpent, however; he loudly protested that he resided for the most part either in wood or Doulton ware, or something of that sort, and but seldom in glass.



"TILL MY FLESH CREPT."