

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
A little crumbling path led round the rock and along the edge of the ravine. I chose it because from it I could see all the fantastic shapes, bending in a semi-circle towards the hills of Brookholm, with tiny, untrodden bays covered at this hour with only glittering ripples, and with all the soft and tender shadows of the head-lands falling across them.

I was just giving my last look to them when the loose stones on the crumbling path gave way under my tread, and before I could recover my foothold I found myself slipping down the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, and vainly clutching at every bramble and tuft of grass growing in its clefts.

I landed with a shock far below, and for some time lay insensible. As nearly as I could make out, it would be high water in about two hours. Tardif had set off at low water, but before starting he had said something about returning at high tide, and running up his boat on the beach of our little bay. If he did that he must pass close by me. It was Saturday morning, and he was in the habit of returning early on Saturdays, that he might prepare for the services of the next day.

At last—whether years or hours only had gone by, I could not then have told you—I heard the regular and careful beat of oars upon the water, and presently the grating of a boat's keel upon the shingle. I could not turn round or raise my head, but I was sure it was Tardif.

"Tardif!" I cried, attempting to shout, but my voice sounded very weak in my own ears, and the other sounds about me seemed very loud.

He paused then, and stood quite still, listening. I ran the fingers of my right hand through the loose pebbles about me, and his ear caught the slight noise. In a moment I heard his strong feet coming across them towards me.

"Mam'zelle," he exclaimed, "what has happened you?"

I tried to smile as his honest, brown face bent over me, full of alarm. It was so great a relief to see a face like his after that long, weary agony.

"I've fallen down the cliff," I said feebly, "and I am hurt."

The strong man shook, and his hand trembled as he stooped down and laid it under my head to lift it up a little. His agitation touched me to the heart.

"Tardif!" I whispered, "it is not very much, and I might have been killed. I think my foot is hurt, and I am quite sure my arm is broken."

He lifted me in his arms as easily and tenderly as a mother lifts up her child, and carried me gently up the steep slope which led homewards. It seemed a long time before we reached the farmyard gate, and he shouted, with a tremendous voice, to his mother to come and open it.

Never, never shall I forget that night. I could not sleep; but I suppose my mind wandered a little. Hundreds of times I felt myself down on the shore, lying helpless. Then I was back again in my own home in Adelaide, on my father's sheep farm, and he was still alive, and with no thought but how to make everything bright and glad for me; and hundreds of times I saw the woman who was afterwards to be my stepmother, kneeling up to the door and trying to get in to him and me.

Twice Tardif brought me a cup of tea, freshly made. I was very glad when the first gleam of daylight shone into my room. It seemed to bring clearness to my brain.

"Mam'zelle," said Tardif, coming to my side, "I am going to fetch a doctor."

"But it is Sunday," I answered faintly. I knew that no boatman put out to sea willingly on a Sunday from Sark; and the last fatal accident, being on a Sunday, had deepened their reluctance.

"It will be right, mam'zelle," he answered, with glowing eyes. "I have no fear."

"Do not be long away, Tardif," I said, sobbing.

For one moment longer than I can help," he replied.

CHAPTER III.

I, Martin Dobree, lived in the Grange, belonged to Julia; and fully half of the year's household expenses were defrayed by her. Our practice, which he story to tell my remarkable share in its events, Martin, or Doctor Martin, as it was called throughout Guernsey. My father was Dr. Dobree. He belonged to one of the oldest families in the island, but our branch of it had been growing poorer instead of richer during the last three or four generations. We had been gravitating steadily downwards.

My father lived ostensibly by his profession, but actually upon the income of my cousin, Julia Dobree, who had been his ward from her childhood. The house we dwelt in, a pleasant one in the island, I shared between us, but not for large one, though for its extent it was lucrative enough. But there always is an immense number of medical men in Guernsey in proportion to its population, and the island is healthy. There was small chance for any of us to make a fortune.

My engagement to Julia came about so easily and naturally that I was perfectly contented with it. We had been engaged since Christmas, and were to be married in the early summer. We were to set up housekeeping for ourselves; that was a point Julia was bent upon. A suitable house had fallen vacant in one of the higher streets of St. Peter-port, which commanded a noble view of the sea and the surrounding islands. We had taken it, though it was farther from the Grange and my mother than I should have chosen my home to be. She and Julia were busy, pleasantly busy, about the furnishing.

That was about the middle of March. I had been to church one Sunday morning with these two women, both devoted to me and centering all their love and hopes in me, when, as we entered the house on our return, I heard my father calling "Martin! Martin!" as loudly as he could from his consulting room. I answered the call instantly, and whom should I

see but a very old friend of mine, Tardif, of the Havre Gosselin. His handsome but weather-beaten face betrayed great anxiety. My father looked chilled and irresolute.

"Here's a pretty piece of work, Martin," he said; "Tardif wants one of us to go back with him to Sark, to see a woman who has fallen from the cliffs and broken her arm, confound it!"

"Dr. Martin," cried Tardif excitedly, "I beg of you to come this instant even. She has been lying in anguish since midday yesterday—twenty-four hours now, sir. I started at dawn this morning, but both wind and tide were against me, and I have been waiting here some time. Be quick, doctor! If she should be dead!"

The poor fellow's voice faltered, and his eyes met mine imploringly. He and I had been fast friends in my boyhood, and our friendship was still firm and true. I shook his hand heartily—a grip which he returned with his fingers of iron till my own tingled again.

"I knew you'd come," he gasped.

"Ah, I'll go, Tardif," I said; "only I must get a snatch of something to eat while Dr. Dobree puts up what I shall have need of. I'll be ready in half an hour."

The tide was with us, and carried us over buoyantly. We anchored at the fisherman's landing place below the cliff of the Havre Gosselin, and I climbed readily up the rough ladder which leads to the path. Tardif made his boat secure, and followed me; he passed me, and strode on up the steep track to the summit of the cliff, as if impatient to reach his home. It was then that I

gave my first serious thought to the woman who had met with the accident.

"Tardif, who is this person that she hurt?" I asked, "and whereabouts did she fall?"

"She fell down yonder," he answered, with an odd quaver in his voice, as he pointed to a rough and rather high portion of the cliff running inland; "the stones rolled from under her feet so," he added, crushing down a quantity of the loose gravel with his foot, "and she slipped. She lay on the shingle underneath for two hours before I found her—two hours, Dr. Martin!"

Tardif's mother came to us as we entered the house. She beckoned me to follow her into an inner room. It was small, with a ceiling so low, it seemed to rest upon the four posts of the bedstead. There were of course none of the little dainty luxuries about it, with which I was familiar in my mother's bedroom. A long low window opposite the head of the bed threw a strong light upon it. There were three chairs drawn round it, and a patchwork quilt, and rough, and home-spun linen. Everything was clean, but coarse and frugal, such as I expected to find about my Sark patient, in the home of a fisherman.

But when my eye fell upon the face resting on the rough pillow I paused involuntarily, just controlling an exclamation of surprise. There was absolutely nothing in the surroundings to mark her as a lady, yet I felt in a moment that she was one. There lay a delicate refined face, white as the linen, with beautiful lips almost as white; and a mass of light, shining silky hair tossed about the pillow; and large dark gray eyes gazing at me beseechingly, with an expression that made my heart leap as it had never leapt before.

That was what I saw, and could not for some seconds, I tried to close my eyes to the pathetic beauty of the face before me; but it was altogether in vain. If I had seen her before, or if I had been prepared to see any one like her, I might have succeeded; but I was completely thrown off my guard. There the charming face lay; the eyes gleaming, the white forehead tinted, and the delicate mouth curving about in confusion. I see it now, just as I saw it then.

CHAPTER IV.

I suppose I did not stand still more than five seconds, yet during that pause a host of questions had flashed through my brain. Who was this beautiful creature? Where had she come from? How did it happen that she was Tardif's house? and so on. But I recalled myself sharply to my senses; I was here as a physician, and common sense and duty demanded of me to keep my head clear. I advanced to her side and took the small, blue-veined hand into mine, and felt her pulse with my fingers.

"You are in very great pain, I fear," I said, lowering my voice.

"Yes," her white lips answered, and she tried to smile a patient thought of a dreary smile, as she looked up into my face; "my arm is broken. Are you a doctor?"

"I am Dr. Martin Dobree," I said, passing my hand softly down her arm. The fracture was above the elbow, and was of a kind to make the setting of it give her sharp, acute pain. I could see she was scarcely fit to bear any further suffering just then; but what was to be

done? She was not likely to get much rest till the bone was set. "Did you ever take chloroform?" I asked.

"No; I never needed it," she answered. "Should you object to taking it?"

"Anything," she replied passively. "I will do anything you wish."

I went back into the kitchen and opened the portmanteau my father had put up for me. Splints and bandages were there in abundance, enough to set half the arms in the island, but neither chloroform nor anything in the shape of an opiate could I find. I might almost as well have come to Sark altogether unprepared for my case.

I stood for a few minutes, deep in thought. The daylight was going, and it was useless to waste time; yet I found myself shrinking oddly from the duty before me. Tardif could not help but see my chagrin and hesitation.

"Doctor," he cried, "she is not going to die?"

"No, no," I answered, calling back my wandering thoughts and energies; "there is not the smallest danger of that. I must go and set her arm at once, and then she will sleep."

I returned to the room and raised her as gently and painlessly as I could. She moaned, though very softly, and she tried to smile again as her eyes met mine looking anxiously at her. That smile made me feel like a child. If she did it again I knew my hands would be unsteady, and her pain be tenfold greater.

"I would rather you cried out or shouted," I said. "Don't try to control your self when I hurt you. You need not be afraid of seeming impatient, and a loud scream or two would do you good."

I felt the ends of the broken bone grating together as I drew them into their right places, and the sensation went through and through me. I had set scores of broken limbs before with no feeling like this, which was so near to nerve me. All the time the girl's white face and firmly set lips lay under my gaze, with the wide, open, unflinching eyes looking straight at me; a mournful, silent, appealing face, which betrayed the pain I made her suffer ten times more than any cries or shrieks could have done. I smoothed the coarse pillows for her to lie more comfortably upon them.

"American Coal the Best."

"Ever since I was a boy I have been reminded of the old story about 'carrying coals to Newcastle' whenever I performed unnecessary tasks," said Richard Barker of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, in the lobby of the Shoreham last night. "To carry coals to Newcastle was supposed to be as futile a task as trying to sweep back the waves on the seashore. I have lived to see coals carried to Newcastle, however, and, being an Englishman, it grieves me to say that the coals in question came all the way from America."

"Within the last few years an enormous amount of coal has been shipped from Norfolk, Va., to various parts of England. Some of it went to Portsmouth, to the naval station there, and many tons were sent to Newcastle. We have set facilities for handling coal there than any other place in the United Kingdom. For many years it has been the center of the coal mining industry of our country and consequently the arrangements and appliances for shipping fuel to various parts of the country are away ahead of those of other towns."

"The coal that comes from the western portion of the State of Virginia—soft coal, I mean—is the finest fuel for steamships that is mined anywhere in the world. The coal seems to produce more steam from a small quantity than any I have seen. It is now used extensively on the vessels of the British navy and from what I saw a week ago in Norfolk and Newport News I should judge that the shipment must amount to millions of tons per year."—Washington Times.

A German Picture of the Future.

Scene—A schoolroom of the twentieth century.

Teacher (to a new scholar)—"Jack, are you inoculated against crump?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inoculated with the cholera bacillus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a written certificate that you are immune as to whooping cough, measles and scarlatina?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Have you your own drinking cup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you promise not to exchange sponges with your neighbor, and to use no slate pencil but your own?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you agree to have your books fumigated every week with sulphur, and to have your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, Jack, you possess all that modern hygiene requires; you can step over that wire, occupy an isolated seat made of aluminum, and begin your arithmetic lesson."

All Named the Same Date.

Hall—Well, good-by. Come and see me some time.

Story—Awfully sorry, old boy; but I've got over a hundred engagements that day.

Hall—A hundred engagements? Nonsense!

Story—Fact. Within a few days I've received over a hundred invitations to friends' houses and in every case "some time" was the date mentioned.—Boston Transcript.

Looking for Work.

"Yes, mam'am," said the ragged fat man; "I'm lookin' for work. You ain't got no odd jobs 'o scrubbin' or washin' ter be did, have yer?"

"Why, you surely don't do scrubbing or work of that sort," said the housekeeper.

"Sure not, I'm lookin' for work fur me wife," Philadelphia Record.

Oldest Physician.

Gallus Ritter von Hockberger, imperial and royal councillor of the Austrian court, is believed to be the oldest qualified physician in the world.

He was born on Oct. 15, 1803, and is therefore 97 years of age. He has been practicing for seventy-one years, and still gives medical advice.

The way of the transgressor often leads to foreign shores.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week Presented in a Condensed Form Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

Boers resumed activity in Cape Colony.

A German steamer and eight sailors were lost.

A gale wrecked a number of buildings in Jersey City.

A Tennessee Negro murderer was burned at the stake.

Turkey will not buy the quays of the French company.

Steel workers are willing to make concessions to end strike.

United States Attorney Evans, of Minnesota, died suddenly.

Nogales, Ariz., officials are implicated in a smuggling plot.

Striking machinists in Chicago ignore an order against picketing.

One hundred Filipino insurgents surrendered during the past week.

San Francisco iron workers' strike was settled in favor of the laborers.

The military force at Manila will be increased to prevent a possible uprising.

A movement is on foot for a general shut down of all shingle mills in Washington.

Venezuela will lay its case before the state department in order to ward off intervention.

Castle Rock, on the Columbia river has been sealed by a party of climbers from Portland.

Sir Thomas Lipton has arrived in New York.

The navy department has denied a request from Schley.

A coast survey observatory will be established at Sitka, Alaska.

Two men were arrested for passing the bills of a defunct New Jersey bank.

Fifteen persons were drowned by the capsizing of a French coasting vessel.

Murderer Nordstrom of Washington, has given up all hope of escaping the gallows.

A Colombian gunboat sank immediately after leaving Savannah for Cartagena.

A change of one point in the course of the steamer Islander caused her to strike the iceberg.

The cable between Nome and St. Michaels is broken in several places and cannot be repaired.

An explosion in the tunnel being bored in Lake Erie for Cleveland's water works system, cost five lives.

The census bureau gives St. Joseph, Mo., as the healthiest city in the United States, and Portland, Oregon, as the second healthiest.

Winters, who stole the \$330,000 in gold bullion from the Selby Smelting Co. of Vallejo, Cal., was sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment.

BORDER SMUGGLING PLOT.

Gigantic Frauds Unearthed in Arizona—Many Customs Officers Arrested.

Washington, Aug. 27.—Probably the most important arrests ever made in connection with the smuggling of Chinese across the Mexican border into the United States were made yesterday in Arizona, when William A. Hoey, collector of customs at Nogales; B. F. Jossey, an immigrant inspector, and two Chinese were taken into custody by special agents of the treasury and secret service operatives. Other arrests are expected to follow within a day or two. It is said that with two or three exceptions, the whole customs and immigration administrations at Nogales are involved.

Some time ago an official of the treasury department, having Nogales as his headquarters, wrote to the department that he had reason to believe that the official force at that point was corrupt, and that Chinese, in large numbers, were being smuggled across the border for a consideration. A secret service operative was sent there at once, and plans laid to secure evidence against the persons under suspicion.

Several Chinamen were furnished with money and sent on to buy their way through the official cordon. This was accomplished without difficulty, the price demanded being from \$50 to \$200. The secret service men also arranged with one or two employees, whose honesty had been tested, to go into the collector's office at a certain time and demand a share of the money being received from the Chinamen, and to be admitted into the combination so that they might get their share of the proceeds of future deals. This was reluctantly agreed to, and considerable sums of money were handed over in the presence and full hearing of a secret service man who had previously secured himself in a near by office closet.

The officials soon found that Chinamen who presented a certificate marked with the letter "a" were allowed to proceed without question, while those having certificates that did not bear this calligraphic mark were turned back without ceremony. Later it was developed that the letter "a" on a certificate indicated that the amount demanded had been paid. Several Chinamen were sent through with the requisite "a" mark on their certificates made by one of the secret service men. The utmost care and secrecy was maintained from the first to secure positive proof against each man under suspicion.

The number of Chinamen who have bought their way into the United States through the alleged connivance of the Nogales officials is believed to have been large.

FLOODS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Four Fatalities and Great Loss of Property Reported.

Philadelphia, Aug. 27.—Reports received in this city tonight state that the heavy rains which have fallen during the past week throughout the state have resulted in the most disastrous floods experienced in many years.

At Mauch Chunk the storm was attended by four fatalities. The Mauch Chunk creek is 15 feet above its normal mark, and the towns in Carbon county along its course have suffered much damage. Bridges, culverts and arches are destroyed, and the loss to the borough and to the property holders will be many thousands of dollars. Business is at a standstill.

At Wilkesbarre a landslide occurred along the Lehigh Valley Railroad. A washout on the Sunbury branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad delayed traffic several hours. At Shamokin, Tamaqua, Pittston and several other mining towns, many collieries have been flooded and work has been suspended.

At Tamaqua the rain fell in torrents from 3 o'clock this morning until 3 o'clock this afternoon. The lines of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, between Tamaqua and Mauch Chunk and the Pittsville branch of the Philadelphia & Reading road are tied up, owing to washouts. The Schuylkill river and Panther and Wabash creeks at this point are overflowing their banks, and many bridges have been washed away. All the collieries in the Panther Creek valley are flooded. Crops in the Catawissa valley are practically ruined.

Trade With the Philippines.

Washington, Aug. 27.—A continued increase in both the export and import trade of the Philippines is shown in a comparative statement compiled at the war department, giving the commerce of the islands for the seven months ending January 31, 1901, and 1900. The total value of merchandise imported during the seven months ended January 31, 1901, was \$17,999,167, as against \$12,674,705 for the same period in 1900, and the merchandise exported was \$12,617,359, as against \$8,305,530 for the 1900 period. This shows an increase of 42 per cent in the value of imports and 52 per cent in export values.

Gold Ore From Chile.

Omaha, Aug. 27.—Notice has been received at the local office of the American Smelting and Refining Company of a shipment of gold ore from Chile. It is the first shipment of South American ore to this smelting company's plant, and is in the nature of an experiment. The ore is said to be very rich, and if its treatment proves successful, the shipment will be followed by others on a large scale.

NEWS OF THE STATE

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM ALL PARTS OF OREGON.

Commercial and Financial Happenings of Importance—A Brief Review of the Growth and Improvements of the Many Industries Throughout Our Thriving Commonwealth—Latest Market Report.

There is every prospect of a fair yield of hops in Polk county.

The Ager-Klamath Falls stage was held up and robbed of the treasure box.

The postoffice at Ruby, Douglas county, will be discontinued on August 31.

The log raft is still stuck at the entrance to the Westport slough, near Astoria.

Eugene has not had such a building boom in years as is at present being experienced.

The Polk county grain crop this year will be the largest harvested in several years.

The sheriff of Clackamas county offers a reward for the men who robbed the Canby store August 3.

The committees in charge of the Baker City street carnival, to be held September 3-7, report excellent success.

The water gate crop at Newport is of good size and quality.

The fruit driers around Albany will have their hands full this season.

A 30 foot steel tower has been ordered for the 400 pound firebell which was presented to the Athena house company.

Big forest fires are reported in the Florence Rock, Trail creek and Big Butte sections, of Josephine county. Some damage is being done to the timber.

The Owl and Elephant mines, in the Cable Cove district, have been sold to a Maryland syndicate for \$11,000. The new owners are going to run a tunnel in 500 feet on the vein.

The La Grande-Cove motor line is now assured and will be under construction this fall. It will extend through Island City, down the Grand Ronde river, direct to Cove. Its object is to further the interests of best growing in a section believed to be especially adapted to it.

The new 90 horse power boiler is in place at the plant of the Athena Flouring Mill Company. It is a huge affair, made entirely of steel, and is composed of two plates, tubes and ends. It is encased in brick and will add materially to the value of the plant, which is up-to-date in every respect.

Threshing is now well under way throughout the Rogue river valley, and from all information that can be gathered the product of this year will be about one half a crop. The lightness of the yield this year is attributed to the lack of rain early in the season, considerable of the acreage having been out for grain hay.

This is the driest season the Blue mountains have experienced for many seasons. An unusually heavy snow fell during the past winter, and it was hoped the water supply would be ample; but the intense heat of early July melted it all very rapidly, and now the mountain streams are fed by springs alone.

Portland Markets.

Wheat—Walla Walla, export value, 55¢55¢ per bushel; bluestem, 58¢58¢; valley, nominal.

Flour—best grades, \$2.90@3.40 per barrel; graham, \$2.60.

Oats—\$1.10@1.15 per cental.

Barley—Feed, \$15@15.50; brewing, \$15.50 per ton.

Millstuffs—Bran, \$27 per ton; middlings, \$21.50; shorts, \$20; chop, \$16.

Hay—Timothy, \$11@13, clover, \$7@9.50; Oregon wild hay, \$5@6 per ton.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 20¢22¢; dairy, 14¢15¢; store, 11¢12¢ per pound.