

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, mam-zelle?"

"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, 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 your heart.

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.

"Pardon me, 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 mam-zelle, 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.

"Your marriage with mademoiselle your cousin was broken off—why? Do you suppose I did not guess? I knew it from the first week you stayed with us. Nobody could see mam-zelle as we see her without loving her."

"The Sark folks say you are in love with her yourself, Tardif," I said, almost against my will.

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

"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 in 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 irreverent."

"You are a good fellow, Tardif," I exclaimed.

"God is the judge of that," he said with a sigh. "Mam-zelle thinks of me only as her servant. My good Tardif, do this, or do that," I like it. I do not know any happier moment than when I hold her little boots in my hand and brush them. You see she is as helpless and tender as my little wife was; but she is very much higher than my poor little wife. Yes, I love her as I love the blue sky, and the white clouds, and the stars shining in the night. But it will be quite different between her and you."

"I hope so," I thought to myself.

"You do not feel like a servant," he continued, his ears dipping a little too deeply and setting the boat rocking.

I had been there. Now I was alone in the boat 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 inky fluid. I heard her utter an exclamation of delight, and I gave up my pursuit instantly to learn what was giving her pleasure.

She was stooping down to look beneath a low arch, not more than two feet high, and I knelt beside her. Beyond lay a straight, narrow channel of transparent water, blue from a faint reflected light, with smooth sculptured walls of rock, clear from mottled, rising on each side of it. Level lines of mimic waves rippled monotonously upon it, as if it were stirred by some soft wind which we could not feel. You could have peeped it with tiny boats flitting across it, or skimming lightly down it. Tears shone in Olivia's eyes.

"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 her life, 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.

We had wandered back to the opening where Tardif had left us. The rapid current between us and Breckton 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 press 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 implies a word of look that he wishes to know more than I choose to tell. I cannot tell you anything about it."

Just then my ear caught for the first time a low boom-boom, which had probably been sounding through the caves for some minutes.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated.

Yet a moment's thought convinced me that, though there might be a little risk, there was no paralyzing danger. I had forgotten the narrowness of the gully through which alone we could gain the cliffs. From the open span of beach where we were now standing, there was no chance of leaving the caves except as we had come to, by a boat; for on each side a crag ran like a spur into the water. There was not a moment to lose. Without a word, I snatched up Olivia in my arms, and ran back into the caves, making as rapidly as I could for the long, straight passage.

Neither did Olivia speak a word or utter a cry. We found ourselves in a low tunnel, where the water was beginning to flow in pretty strongly. I set her down for an instant, and tore off my coat and waistcoat. Then I caught her up again, and strode along over the slippery, slimy masses of rock which lay under my feet, covered with seaweed.

"Olivia," I said, "I must have my right hand free to steady myself with. Put both your arms round my neck and cling to me so. Don't touch my arms or shoulders."

Yet the clinging of her arms about my neck, and her cheek close to mine, almost unnerved me. I held her fast with my left arm, and steadied myself with my right. We gained in a minute or two the mouth of the tunnel. The drift was pouring into it with a force almost too great for me, burdened as I was,

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 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 grieve at her. The road was very rough, strewn with huge boulders, and she was compell-

ed 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.

"Sorry that I love you?" I asked, feeling that my love was growing every moment in spite of myself. The sun shone on her face, which was just below my eyes. There was an expression of sad perplexity and questioning upon it, which kept away every other sign of emotion.

"Yes," she answered; "it is such a miserable, unfortunate thing for you. But how could I have helped it?"

"You could not help it," I said.

"I did not mean to deceive you," she continued—"neither you nor any one. When I fled away from my husband I had no plan of any kind. I was just like a leaf driven about by the wind, and it tossed me here. I did not think I ought to tell any one I was married. I wish I could have foreseen this."

"Are you surprised that I love you?" I asked.

Now I saw a subtle flash steal across her face, and her eyes fell to the ground.

"I never thought of it till this afternoon," she murmured. "I knew you were going to marry your cousin Julia, and I knew I was married, and that there would be no release from that. All my life is ruined, but you and Tardif made it more bearable. I did not think you loved me till I saw your face this afternoon."

"I shall always love you," I cried passionately, looking down on the shining, drooping head beside me, and the sad face and listless arms hanging down in an attitude of dejection.

"No," she answered in her calm, sorrowful voice. "When you see clearly that it is an evil thing you will conquer it. There will be no hope whatever of your love for me, and it will pass away. Not soon, perhaps; I can scarcely wish you to forget me soon. Yet it would be wrong for you to love me now. Why was I driven to marry him so long ago?"

"Your husband must have treated you very badly, before you would take such a desperate step as this," I said again, after a long silence, scarcely knowing what I said.

"He treated me so ill," said Olivia, with the same hard tone in her voice, "that when I had a chance to escape it seemed as if heaven itself opened the door for me. He treated me so ill that if I thought there was any fear of him finding me out here, I would rather a thousand times you had left me to die in the caves."

(To be continued.)

Marquis Ito arrived at Washington. Religious exercises opened the Yale bi-centennial.

Game law of Washington is thought to be defective.

Cuba's imports show a decrease, the exports an increase.

Rain storms did much damage to property at Skagway.

Famine conditions are proclaimed in five more Russian districts.

Grieving over her dual life caused a Chicago woman to kill herself.

There is a possibility that the threatened miners' strike in France may be averted.

Admiral Bowles recommends that the Havana drydock be sent to the Philippines.

Another plot to slaughter Americans in Sanjar was frustrated. Reinforcements are being rushed to the island. American troops there anticipate hard fighting.

Ex-Governor Pillsbury, of Minnesota, is dead.

Five men were killed by an accident in the New York subway.

London police are guarding the Jacksons to prevent a lynching.

The French government is preparing for trouble in the coal fields.

England and Russia come to an agreement on the Afghan question.

Bulgarian Minister Sarafoff protests against Consul Dickinson's charges.

Oregon butter in tins comes in for first honors at Pan-American exposition.

The Agricultural department is planning to develop the industries of Hawaii.

Five hundred bolomen attacked a detachment of the Ninth Infantry in Samar, killing 10 and wounding 6. The insurgents were repulsed, leaving many dead on the field.

Aguinaldo is posing as a martyr. Famine riots have broken out in Russia.

Sixto Lopez is being closely watched at Hong Kong.

The typhoon at Manila was the worst in 20 years.

A Japanese pirate ship starts on a cruise from Formosa.

Threats were made against Judge Cantrill at the Powers trial.

Nicaragua buys a half million dollar cruiser from Germany.

Three men were injured in a trolley car collision on the Vancouver line.

Chester Anderson crushed to death on Morrison street bridge, Portland.

The navy department asks for an appropriation of nearly \$100,000,000.

Secretary Gage was the principal speaker before the bankers' convention.

The new Manchurian treaty is on the lines of the one lately withdrawn by Russia.

Quarantine officer reports 909 lepers and 164 clean persons in the Molokai settlement in Hawaii.

Organizations auxiliary to the McKinley memorial association are being formed throughout the country.

An English clergyman was obliged to pay duty on a box of souvenir pamphlets intended for distribution at Yale.

Molnoux has been granted another new trial.

Salem warehouseman charged with larceny by bail.

Officials of the Harriman system met at Salt Lake City.

Colombia is willing to accept the mediation of the United States.

Manipulation fails to hold up prices in the New York stock market.

Steamship Alberta diverted from San Francisco by strike trouble.

De la Vaux' balloon trip across the Mediterranean was a failure.

Colfax, Wash., wheat sales aggregated 350,000 bushels at 40 cents.

Revolutionary outbreaks occurred at Seville and other Spanish cities.

The convention of the American Bankers' association opened at Milwaukee.

Several eastern capitalists send representatives to the Malheur county, Oregon, oil fields.

Cuban election law will be promulgated.

King Leopold, of Belgium, will visit America.

A general strike of tobacco workers is on at Seville, Spain.

The petrified forests of Arizona were recently examined anew under the direction of the general land office. The silicified logs lie in the greatest abundance within an area of eight square miles in Apache county. In some places they lie more thickly than they could have stood while living as trees, and it is thought that they must have been carried there by a swift current of water in the mesozoic age.

Russia Will Not Intervene.

London, Oct. 23.—Referring to the movements of Prof. F. de Maartens, of the University of St. Petersburg, who is also a member of the Russian privy council, the Brussels correspondent of the Standard denies that he has any mission from the Russian government bearing upon the South African situation, and asserts that the Boer circles in Brussels discredit the possibility of Russian intervention.

Famine in Russia.

Government Relief Is Necessary in Five More Suffering Districts.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 22.—Acting under additional information from the governor of the province of Samara, the minister of the interior has officially proclaimed famine conditions in five more districts in this province. This means that the bad harvest has already made itself so keenly felt that a special medical and relief organization is deemed necessary for these districts. It is likely that the list will be added to from time to time during the winter.

The minister also published today a detailed report about the relief given to seven Siberian districts. Forty thousand roubles were assigned. The present indications are that little information about the famine will be published in Russian papers which is not given out by the minister of the interior.

The papers have been given to understand that incorrect information or "colored" articles about the famine will not be tolerated, and the Russian editors know when they have been spoken to. The bad harvest in portions of Siberia last year and this year has had the effect of turning a part of the tide of Siberian emigration back toward Russia. According to an official source, 77,745 emigrants and 519,721 men went the peasant communities sent to spy out the land went to Siberia between January 1 and September 17, and 10,788 emigrants and 12,619 envoys returned.

In addition to famine a circumstance that deters emigration and occasions the return of many is the exhaustion of available farm land. It is a fact that is not sufficiently understood abroad that portions of Siberia are already fully occupied. This is true of nearly all good and conveniently accessible agricultural land in West Siberia. Recent settlers have been assigned lands distant from the railroad or navigable rivers, or have received forest and marsh lands which it would not pay them to till under present conditions. With additional railways, with new markets for West Siberian grain in the East Siberian, Mongolian and Manchurian mining regions, and with better modes of cultivating the ground there will be room for more settlers in West Siberia, but the plain truth is that there is little room for peasants there now.

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The records in this case, of unusual depravity, have just been received at the war department. Upon the muster out of the Forty-first regiment, Raymond went to the province of Pampanga and endeavored to organize a band of outlaws among his former comrades. May 7, while he was riding along a road near the barrio of San Jose with Henry Bohn, who had also been a private in the Forty-first Infantry, and with whom he assumed to be on friendly relations, Raymond treacherously turned on his companion and killed him with his revolver and then emptied the dead man's pockets. Two days afterward, in company with two privates of the Forty-first, Raymond, garbed in the uniform of a United States Army officer, entered the premises of a peaceful native and robbed him of saddles, bridles and three horses.

On the night of May 9 Raymond forced his way into the home of a respectable native girl and assaulted her. In reviewing this case and approving the sentence of death, General Chaffee said: "The depravity and dangerous criminal propensities of the accused, involving in the short space of three days the robbery of a helpless native, the licentious violation of a respectable girl and the treacherous assassination of a comrade from motives of pure avarice, calls for but one fitting punishment."

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