

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

We walked home together. We had a good deal to talk of during the evening, and I found myself alone in my own room. I had half forgotten the crumpled paper in my waistcoat pocket, but now I smoothed it out before me and pondered over every word. No, there could not be a doubt that it referred to Miss Ollivier. Why should she have strayed from home? That was the question. What possible reason could there have been, strong enough to impel a young and delicately nurtured girl to run all the risks and dangers of a flight alone and unprotected?

What ought I to do with this advertisement, thrust, as it would seem, purposefully under my notice? What was I to do with the clue? I might communicate at once with Messrs. Scott and Brown, giving them the information they had advertised for six months before. I might sell my knowledge of Miss Ollivier for fifty pounds. In doing so I might render her a great service, by restoring her to her proper sphere in society. But the recollection of Tardif's description of her looking terrified and hunted recurred vividly to me. The advertisement put her age as twenty-one. I should not have judged her so old myself, especially since her hair had been cut short. I was not prepared to deliver her up until I knew something more of both sides of the question.

Settled—that if I could see Messrs. Scott and Brown and learn something about Miss Ollivier's friends, I might be then able to decide whether I would betray her to them; but I would not write. Also, that I must see her again first, and once more urge her to have confidence in me. If she would trust me with her secret, I would be as true to her as a friend as I meant to be true to Julia.

Having come to these conclusions, I cut the advertisement carefully out of the crumpled paper, and placed it in my pocketbook with portraits of my mother and Julia. Here were memories of the three women I cared most for in the world—my mother first, Julia second, and my mysterious patient third.

CHAPTER VII.

I was neither in good spirits nor in good temper during the next few days. My mother and Julia appeared astonished at this, for I was not ordinarily as touchy and fractious as I showed myself immediately after my sojourn in Sark.

I was ashamed of it myself. The new house, which occupied their time and thoughts so agreeably, worried me as it had not done before. I made every possible excuse not to be sent to it, or taken to it, several times a day.

It was positively necessary that I should run over to Sark this week—I had given my word to Miss Ollivier that I would do so—but I dared not mention such a project at home. My mother and Julia would be up in arms at the first possible intimation.

What if I could do two patients good at one stroke—kill two birds with one stone? Captain Carey had a pretty little yacht lying idle in St. Sampson's harbor, and a day's cruising would do him all the good in the world. Why should he not carry me over to Sark, where I could visit my other patient, and nobody would be made miserable by the trip?

"I will make you up some of your old medicine," I said, "but I strongly recommend you to have a day out on the water; seven or eight hours at any rate. If the weather is as fine as it is now, it will do you a world of good."

"It is so dreary alone," he objected.

"If I could manage it," I said, deliberating, "I should be glad to have a day with you."

"Ah! if you could do that!" he replied eagerly.

"I'll see about it," I said. "Should you mind your son's suit?"

"Not at all, not at all, my boy," he answered, "so that I get your company. You shall be skipper or helmsman, or both, if you like."

"Well, then," I replied, "you might take me over to the Havre Goselin, to see how my patient's broken arm is going on. It's a bore there being no resident medical man there at this moment."

The run over was all that we could wish. The cockpit-shell of a boat belonging to the yacht bore me to the foot of the ladder hanging down the rock at Havre Goselin. A very few minutes took me to the top of the cliff, and there lay the little thatched nest-like home of my patient. I hastened forward eagerly.

All was silent as I crossed the stony causeway of the yard. Not a face looked out from door or window. Mam'zelle's casement stood a little way open, and the breeze played with the curtains, fluttering them like banners in a procession. I dared not try to look in. The house door was ajar, and I approached it cautiously. "Thank heaven!" I cried within myself as I gazed eagerly into the cottage.

She was lying there upon the fern-bed, half asleep, her head fallen back upon the pillow, and the book she had been reading dropped from her hand. The whole interior of the cottage formed a picture. The old furniture of oak, the neutral tints of the wall and ceiling, and the deep tone of her green dress threw out into strong relief the graceful shining head and pale face.

"I suppose she became subtly conscious, as women always are, that somebody's eyes were fixed upon her, for she awoke fully and looked up as I lingered on the door sill."

"Oh, Dr. Martin!" she cried, "I am so glad!"

"I am come to see how my work is going on," I said. "How is the arm, first of all?"

I almost wished that mother Renouf or Suzanne Tardif had been at hand. But Miss Ollivier seemed perfectly composed, as much so as a child. She looked like one with her cropped head of hair, and frank, open face. My own momentary embarrassment passed away. The arm was going on all right, and so was mother Renouf's charge, the sprained ankle.

"We must take care you are not lame," I said. "You must promise me not to set your foot on the ground, or in any way rest your weight upon it, till I give you leave."

"That means that you will have to come to see me again," she said; "it is not very difficult to come over from Guernsey."

"Not at all," I answered, "it is quite a treat to me."

Her face grew very grave, as if she was thinking of some unpleasant topic. She looked at me earnestly and questioningly.

"May I speak to you with great plainness, Dr. Martin?" she asked.



"HALF ASLEEP."

Yes, there were very few possessions in that light trunk, but the first glance showed me a blue silk dress and sealin jacket and hat. I lifted them out for her, and after that a pair of velvet slippers, and, as if they had been through a muddy road, I did not utter a remark. Beneath these lay a handsome watch and chain, a fine diamond ring and five sovereigns lying loose in the box.

"That is all the money I have in the world," she said sadly.

I laid the two sovereigns in her small white hand, and she turned them over, one after another, with a pitiful look on her face. I felt foolish enough to cry over them myself.

"Dr. Martin," was her unexpected question after a long pause, "do you know what became of my hair?"

"What?" I asked, looking at her fingers running through the short curls we had left her.

"Because that ought to be sold for something," she said, "I am almost glad you had it cut off. My hairdresser told me once he would give five guineas for a head of hair like mine, it was so long, and the color was uncommon. Five guineas would not be half enough to pay you, though, I know."

She spoke so simply and quietly that I did not attempt to remonstrate with her about her anxiety to pay me.

"Tardif has it," I said; "but of course he will give it you back again. Shall I sell it for you, mam'zelle?"

"Oh, that is just what I could not ask you!" she exclaimed. "You see there is no one to buy it here, and I hope it may be a long time before I go away. I don't know, though, that depends upon whether I can dispose of my things. There is my sealin, it cost twenty-five guineas last year, and it ought to be worth something. And my watch—see what a nice one it is. I should like to sell them all, every one. Then I could stay here as long as the money lasted."

"How much do you pay here?" I inquired, for she had taken me so far into counsel that I felt justified in asking that question.

"A pound a week," she answered.

"A pound a week!" I repeated, in amazement. "Does Tardif know that?"

"I don't think he does," she said.

"When I had been here a week I gave Mrs. Tardif a sovereign, thinking perhaps she would give me a little out of it. I am not used to being poor, and I did not know how much I ought to pay. But she kept it all, and came to me every week for more. Was it too much to pay?"

"Too much!" I said. "You should have spoken to Tardif about it, my poor child."

"I could not talk to Tardif about his mother," she answered. "Besides, it would not have been too much, if I had only had plenty. But it has made me so anxious. I did not know whatever I should do when it was all gone. I do not know now."

Here was a capital opening for a question about her friends.

"You will be compelled to communicate with your family," I said. "You have told me how poor you are; cannot you trust me about your friends?"

"I have no friends," she answered sorrowfully. "If I had any, I do not suppose I should be here."

"I am one," I said, "and Tardif is another."

"Ah, new friends," she replied; "but I mean real old friends who have known you all your life, like your mother, Dr. Martin, or your cousin Julia. I want somebody to go to who knows all about me, and say to them, after telling them everything, keeping nothing back at all, 'Have I done right? What else ought I to have done?' No new friend could answer questions like those."

Was there any reason I could bring forward to increase her confidence in me? I thought there was, and her friend-

ness and helplessness touched me to the core of my heart. Yet it was with an indefinable reluctance that I brought forward my argument.

"Miss Ollivier," I said, "I have no claim of old acquaintance or friendship, yet it is possible I might answer those questions, if you could prevail upon yourself to tell me the circumstances of your former life. In a few weeks I shall be in a position to show you more friendship than I can do now. I shall have a home of my own, and a wife, who will be your friend more fittingly, perhaps, than myself."

"I knew it," she answered, half shyly. "Tardif told me you were going to marry."

"Just then we heard the foliaged gate swing to behind some one who was coming to the house."

It was an immense relief to see only Tardif's tall figure crossing the yard slowly. I hailed him, and he quickened his pace, his honest features lighting up at the sight of me.

"How do you find mam'zelle, doctor?" were his first eager words.

"All right," I said, "going on famously. Sark is enough to cure any one and anything of itself, Tardif. There is no ailment like it. I should not mind being a little ill here myself, if it were possible."

"Captain Carey is impatient to be gone," he continued. "He sent word by me that you might be visiting every house in the island, you had been away so long."

"Not so very long," I said, testily; "but I will just run in and say good-by, and then I want you to walk with me to the cliff."

I turned back for a last look and a last word. No chance of learning her secret now. The picture was as perfect as when I had had the first glimpse of it, only her face had grown, if possible, more charming after my renewed scrutiny of it.

"Shall I send you the hair?" asked Miss Ollivier.

"To be sure," I answered. "I shall dispose of it to advantage, but I have not time to wait for it now."

"And may I write a letter to you?"

"Yes," was my reply. I was too pleased to express myself more eloquently.

"Good-by," she said; "you are a very good doctor to me."

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

First Shirtwaist Girl—So you are going rowing with Mr. Floorwalker? His trick is to threaten to rock the boat unless you give him a kiss.

Second Shirtwaist Girl (naively)—Well, mother said she wasn't afraid to let me go with him, as all the girls say he never rocks the boat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Room for Doubt.—Gentleman wants to see you, sir.

Mr. Richman—Who is he?

Experienced Servant—I couldn't find out, sir; but, judging by his clothes, he's either a beggar or a millionaire, sir.—New York Weekly.

Chance to Begin.

Old Gent—My boy, I'm seventy-five years of age, and I have never smoked a cigar in my life.

Boy—Well, if yer likes ter foller me you can 'ave this butt when I'm done with it.—Ailly Sloper.



A Hot Retort.

Deacon Scrouge—No, parson, I don't rightly think we ought to give you a vacation. You know, the devil never takes one.

Parson Snappelh—He would, Deacon, if you didn't keep him so busy.—Baltimore American.

May Sometimes Do.

Sillicus—Figures never lie.

Cynicus—Nonsense! Did you ever see a girl in a tailor-made gown and then see her up in a bathing suit?—Philadelphia Record.

A Constant Reminder.

Dunlap—I see you call your naphtha launch after your wife.

Berthelie (working over lunch engine, perspiring)—Yes; because whenever I want to go anywhere with it, it takes so long before it gets ready to start.—Puck.

Legends.

"What was it Pandora did?"

"She opened a box and let flies out in the house before Epimetheus got the fly screens in."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Bad.

"Do you know, Miss Frisbie," said the large-headed young author, "my most brilliant thoughts come to me in my sleep?"

"It's a great pity that you are troubled with insomnia," added the pert young lady.

Situation.

"These Indians who seem to be educated at college seem quite like the others, do they not?"

"Except for their 'Rah! rah!' at each end of the war-whoop, yes."

Blasted Hopes.

Tommy Tuff—Sam, Mam, the boys all say that if I handle the stick in the base-ball game this afternoon we'll beat the Hilltops 14 to 1.

His Mother—I don't doubt it, but you are going to stay at home this afternoon and handle the stick for me, and we'll beat the carpet worse than that.

Speech.

"But speech is what differentiates man from the beast!"

"Yes, showing how much less sense he has, in the long run!"

It Did.

Grogan—I made up my mind I wouldn't stand it any longer; so I just put my foot down.

Timidity (glancing at Grogan's No. 11)—And that, of course, covered the ground.—Boston Transcript.

Within Bounds.

Clubberly—Have you ever been so desperately in love that you felt as if you couldn't control it?

Castleton—No. All the girls I've been in love with have been only moderately well off.

Against Vivisection.

Mr. Woodwed—Your papa is such a joker.

Miss Willa—Why?

Mr. Woodwed—Because, when I asked for your hand he refused me, saying he didn't want any mutilated members in his family.—Boston Post.

No Doubt About It.

Citizen—Do you believe the constitution follows the flag, my man?

Soldier—My constitution followed the flag to the Philippines and it's there yet.—Chester Gazette.

Fortune.

"And you will not smile upon me?" faltered the Man.

"No," answered Fortune sadly. "For if I do I shall get myself disliked by the women who have refused to marry you!"

QUEER OLD BOTTLES.

A New York Wine Merchant's Unique Collection.

There is an old wine merchant in New York who has a curious collection of old bottles.

One which he believes to be the oldest bottle used for holding liquor in this country came from Nassau, in the Bahamas, originally filled with snuff. It is made of a coarse, sea-weed colored glass, and is shaped somewhat like a chestnut standing upright on its broad end. There is a broad-bottomed bottle in which held Madeira in Charleston in 1810, and a Venetian bottle 1285 years old, whose slender, graceful curves had been supplanted to-day by a more commercial shape. The first American gin bottle, from the Schuchardt estate, has a pouter-pigeon shape, which is delightful to the eye.

Among the later bottles are some which constituted the product of the bottlemaker's art when impressed glass came into use. On each side figures are molded into the glass. There are a number of "railroad bottles." On one a wagon running on rails and drawn by a horse is depicted on both sides, with the motto, "Success to the Railroad." On another the same primitive arrangements are shown commemorating the railroad at Lowell, and on the reverse of the bottle a spread eagle embedded in thirteen stars.

George Washington figures on one bottle upon the reverse of which was Zachary Taylor, who, so says the glass, "never surrenders." A spread eagle and what appears to be a Masonic shrine, a fruit basket and horn of plenty and two trees, one in leaf, the other bare, representing "Summer" and "Winter," are both two-faced designs. A large, round bottle, which, in these days would contain Holland gin, is impressed with a series of monks at their prayers. It was called the "Apostle's bottle," but it drew fire from the Pope, who had it put, by edict, out of general use.—American Wine Press.

To Be Perfectly Frank.

A gentleman who is no longer young, and who never was handsome, asked his son's child what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply.

"Well, so you won't tell me what you think of me? Why not?"

"Cause I don't want to get licked," replied the sprig of a rising generation.—Tit-Bits.

Knew His Pa.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "if your father had ten one-dollar bills and your mother asked for half of them, how many would he have left?"

"He'd still have the ten," replied the wise child.—Philadelphia Record.

His Pleasure Marred.

Friend (calling)—Did you have a good time the week you spent at the seashore, Willie?

Willie Boerum (gloomily)—Well, pretty good. Only mother wouldn't let me go swimming until two hours after I ate anything, so I couldn't very well eat things between meals.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Dead Silence.

"Nothing from my poor husband?" said the widow to the medium.

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "not even a message stating that the fire is out!"—Atlanta Constitution.

To Be Consistent.

Von Blumer—The doctor thinks I ought to go on a fishing trip.

Mrs. Von Blumer—But, of course, you don't believe him.

Von Blumer—Why not?

Mrs. Von Blumer—Well, you didn't have any confidence in him when he told me I ought to go.—Harper's Bazar.

The Way They Do in London.

A big man, whose dress and complexion were thoroughly English, stood on the Second Avenue curb between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets and looked at the store windows. There was a pleased expression on his face. Turning to a man who stood near him, he said:

"This reminds me of dear old London."

The other man could not see anything out of the way, but he had never been to London and couldn't be expected to know.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "If you want to see a real fog, go down on the Battery next fall."

"Who said anything about a fog?" returned the Englishman. "I was speaking about the shop windows, don't you know. This big shop might be an Oxford or Bond street, in West Centre, from the way the windows are dressed. Don't you see that they have everything close up to the window glass, and that the gas jets which light up the display are on the outside? That's the way English shopkeepers do it. Our windows are not intended to entice people into buying a lot of things they don't want by making an attractive display. They serve as a catalogue of what the shop has to sell." The American went on to the next corner and looked at a real American display. Then he saw the difference.

Marketing.

The ladies of a Mexican household never concern themselves with the marketing, invariably leaving that duty to the servants. The latter visit the large markets early each morning, where such provisions as are required for the day are purchased. The butcher, in cutting up his meat, never uses a knife or saw, but relies entirely upon his cleaver, with which he severs a shinbone or slices off tenderloin with equal facility. Moreover, he never wraps his wares in paper, but deposits them side by side with the other edibles in the customer's basket.

A Mexican meal is always served in courses, always including two kinds of soup and several varieties of meat, seldom more than one vegetable and never but one dessert. Bread is placed on the table in its loaf, and is broken instead of sliced, while butter is not cooked in through its absence, being used only in the preparation of "the meal." Knives and forks are rarely employed, excepting by the upper classes, the food being conveyed to the mouth by means of thin bits of corn cake, known as tortillas. So adroit are the people in this quaint custom that it seldom happens their fingers come in direct contact with their victuals.

Where He Failed.

The young man drew himself up to his full height.

"I have," he cried, "an unsullied character, an ardent heart, a versatile mind and strenuous biceps."

The young girl yawned and seemed interested. He was quick to push his advantage.

"I am the possessor of a town and country house, a yacht, a stable of thoroughbreds and a box at the opera."

She hesitated, and a slight flush betrayed that she was listening.

"I have got," he continued with a certain fierceness, "thirty servants, forty pairs of trousers, fifty ancestors, three automobiles, six prize bull pups and an army commission."

"Ah! she had found her tongue at last. "And how many golf medals?" she asked.

The young man shuddered.

He felt that he had lost. He had played nervily and high, but she was above his limit.

Women in Russia.

It is well known that women enjoy in few countries greater equality with men than in Russia. This fact is attested by the following partial compilation of the public positions in Russia now open to women: Dentists, teachers, apothecaries' assistants, chemists' assistants, physicians, assistant prison directors, telegraph operators, post officials and various railroad offices, including that of station master.

Japs Look Much Alike.

The Japanese are curiously alike physically. Recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment showed no variation except two inches in height or twenty pounds in weight.

GEORGE P. CROWELL,

(Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the Valley.)
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Flour and Feed, etc.

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

Davenport Bros.

Are running their two mills, planer and box factory, and can fill orders for.

Lumber

Boxes, Wood and Posts

ON SHORT NOTICE.

DAVIDSON FRUIT CO.

SHIPPERS OF
WOOD RIVER'S FAMOUS FRUITS.
PACKERS OF THE
Hood River Brand of Canned Fruits.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Boxes and Fruit Packages
DEALERS IN
Fertilizers & Agricultural Implements.

THE REGULATOR LINE.

Dalles, Portland & Astoria Navigation Co.

DALLES BOAT

Leaves Oak Street Dock, Portland 7 A. M. and 11 P. M.

PORTLAND BOAT

Leaves Dalles 7 A. M. and 3 P. M. Daily Except Sunday.

STEAMERS

WHITE COLLAR LINE.

Str. "Tahoma,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

The Dalles-Portland Route

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"

Str. "Bailey Gatzert,"