

# 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 shore, bending in a semi-circle towards the isle of Breckhow, with tiny, untrodden bays, covered at this hour with only glittering ripples, and with all the soft and tender shadows of the headlands 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 crevices.

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, knowing that a boatman put out to sea weekly 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.

"Not one moment longer than I can help," he replied.

## CHAPTER III.

I, Martin Dobree, come into 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, I 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, was not a 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 those two women, both devoted to me and centering all their love and hopes in me, when, as we entered the house on my 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 chagrined 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 evening. She has been lying in anguish since mid-day 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 check curtains drawn round it, and a patchwork quilt, and rough, 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.

When my eye fell upon the face resting on the rough pillow I paused involuntarily, only 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 forbear seeing. 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 contracting with pain; the bright silky curls tossed 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 in Tardif's house and so on. But I recalled myself sharply to my senses; I was here as her 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 though 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 yourself 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 unnerving 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.

I spread my cambric handkerchief in a double fold between her cheek and the rough linen—too rough for a soft cheek like hers.

"Lie quite still," I said, "Do not stir, but go to sleep as fast as you can."

Then I went out to Tardif.

"The arm is set," I said, "and now she must get some sleep. There is not the least danger, only we will keep the house as quiet as possible."

"I must go and bring in the boat," he replied, bestirring himself as if some spell was at an end. "There will be a storm to-night, and I should sleep the sounder if she was safe ashore."

The feeble light entering by the door, which I left open, showed me the old woman comfortably asleep in her chair, but not so the girl. I had told her when I laid her down that she must lie quite still, and she was obeying me implicitly. Her cheek still rested upon my handkerchief, and the broken arm remained undisturbed upon the pillow which I had placed under it. But her eyes were wide open and shining in the dimness, and I fancied I could see her lips moving incessantly, though soundlessly.

The gale that Tardif had foretold came with great violence about the middle of the night. The wind howled up the long, narrow ravine like a pack of wolves; mighty storms of hail and rain beat in torrents against the windows, and the sea lifted up its voice with unmistakable energy. Now and again a stronger gust than the others appeared to threaten to carry off the thatched roof bodily, and leave us exposed to the tempest with only the thick stone walls about us; and the latch of the outer door rattled as if some one was striving to enter.

The westerly gale, rising every few hours into a squall, gave me no chance of leaving Sark the next day, nor for some days afterwards; but I was not at all put out by my captivity. All my interests—my whole being in fact—was absorbed in the care of this girl, stranger as she was. I thought and moved, lived and breathed, only to fight step by step against delirium and death.

There seemed to me to be no possibility of aid. The stormy waters which beat against that little rock in the sea came swelling and rolling in from the vast plain of the Atlantic and broke in tempestuous surf against the island. Tardif himself was kept a prisoner in the house, except when he went to look after his live stock. No doubt it would have been practicable for me to get as far as the hotel, but to what good? It would be quite deserted, for there were no visitors to Sark at this season. I was entirely engrossed in my patient, and I learned for the first time what their task is who hour after hour watch the progress of disease in the person of one dear to them.

On the Tuesday afternoon, in a temporary lull of the hail and wind, I started off on a walk across the island. The wind was still blowing from the southwest, and filling all the narrow sea between us and Guernsey with boiling surge. Very angry looked the masses of foam whirling about the sunken reefs, and very ominous the low-lying, hard blocks of clouds all along the horizon. I strolled as far as the Coupee, that giddy pathway between Great and Little Sark, where one can see the seething of the waves at the feet of the cliffs on both sides three hundred feet below one. Something like a panic seized me. My nerves

were too far unstrung for me to venture across the long, narrow isthmus. I turned abruptly again, and hurried as fast as my legs would carry me back to Tardif's cottage.

I had been away less than an hour, but an advantage had been taken of my absence. I found Tardif seated at the table, with a tangle of silky, shining hair lying before him. A tear or two had fallen upon it from his eyes. I understood at a glance what it meant. Mother Renouf, whom he had secured as a nurse, had cut off my patient's pretty curls as soon as I was out of the house. Tardif's great hand caressed them tenderly, and I drew out one long, glossy tress and wound it about my fingers, with a heavy heart.

"It is like the pretty feathers of a bird that has been wounded," said Tardif sorrowfully.

Just then there came a knock at the door and a sharp click of the latch, loud enough to penetrate dame Tardif's deaf ears, or to arouse our patient, if she had been sleeping. Before either of us could move the door was thrust open and two young ladies appeared upon the door sill.

They were—it flashed across me in an instant—old school fellows and friends of Julia's. I declare to you honestly I had scarcely had one thought of Julia till now. My mother I had wished for, to take her place by this poor girl's side, but Julia had hardly crossed my mind. Why, in heaven's name, should the appearance of these friends of hers be so distasteful to me just now? I had known them all my life, and liked them as well as any girls I knew; but at this moment the very sight of them was annoying.

They stood in the doorway, as much astonished and thunderstricken as I was, glaring at me, so it seemed to me, with that soft, bright brown lock of hair curling and clinging round my finger. Never had I felt so foolish or guilty.

(To be continued.)

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 Harker 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 better 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 croup?"

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, ma'am," said the ragged fat man; "I'm lookin' fur 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' fur work fur me wife."—Philadelphia Record.

Oldest Physician.

Gallus Ritter von Hoekberger, Imperial and royal councillor of the Austrian court, is believed to be the oldest duly 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.

## OFF TO THE COUNTRY.

Some Little Ones Who Really Prefer the City.

From stifling city streets to green fields and whispering woods is a change one cannot imagine other than welcome, especially to a child. Indeed, it is a great thing for the happy hundreds of poor children who are now enabled every season to enjoy the blessed country week, or even a country day.

Yet sometimes the hostesses of these city children, at the very time they gather from their careless chatter how much is lacking in their lives, learn also of unexpected compensations. There is so much for the poor in the daily drama of the streets, the intimate neighborliness of the crowded tenement!

"It's so awful quiet here," wailed one little girl, on a rainy day, "and I can't bear them frogs at night! Nobody told me the country was going to be sad."

Another child, sickly and pining from bad food and worse air, was yet so homesick in a charming seaside cottage that it had been almost decided to send her home, when the mistress bethought her to take the child into her own room at night. Even then she wanted her cot pulled so close to the lady's bed that the two touched, but that concession permitted, she became contented, and soon flourished like a flower.

She admitted that she "just couldn't stand the lonesomeness" of being by herself at night, although she was neither frightened nor nervous. At home, she explained, there were three beds in the room with three children apiece in two of them, and four in the third—and she missed the company.

Still another child, picnicking for the day in the wild grounds of a beautiful villa, fell into confidential chat with her hostess before leaving. She had never seen so lovely a place, and she had had a splendid time.

"But," she asked, wonderingly, "do you really like to live here all summer? Just trees—and trees—and trees—and no folks?"

"I don't like fields without any paths in 'em and fences without any gates," sniffed a little boy with a scraped knee, disgustfully; but he was happily unique in his opinion. "I say, gimme parks!"

Beautiful our parks may be and loved deservedly of the children; but it is hard not to feel that a child has lost one of its natural rights that does not at some time have the "real country" to run wild in, grow brown in, and learn to love.—Youth's Companion.

HOW FLIES ARE MULTIPLIED.

Single Season Means Millions of Descendants to One Family.

Flies multiply at a prodigious rate. Given a temperature sufficiently high to hatch the eggs, their numbers are only limited by the amount of food available for them.

Linnaeus is credited with the saying that three meat flies, by reason of their rapid multiplication, would consume a dead horse quicker than would a lion, and the fact that certain diptera having some outward resemblance to the carcasses of animals probably led Samson and Virgil to make erroneous statements with regard to the genesis of honey and the manufacture of bees. The breeding of "gentles" for ground bait is an industry the practitioners of which could probably give much information as to the nicety of choice exercised by flies in selecting material for feeding and egg-laying.

According to Packard, the house fly female lays about 120 eggs, and the cycle of changes from egg to fly is completed in less than three weeks. It seems probable that a female fly might have some 25,000,000 descendants in the course of a hot summer. Other varieties of flies multiply, I believe, still more rapidly.

As flies multiply upon and in organic refuse of every kind, it is obvious that the sooner such refuse is placed where it cannot serve for the feeding and hatching of flies the more likely is the plague of flies to be lessened. The most commonly available method for the bestowal of organic refuse is burial. The egg-laying of flies in dead carcasses commences at the very instant of death, or even before death in the case of enfeebled animals.—The Lancet.

A Dipomat's Tribute to Lincoln.

Like a beacon burning through all the nights is the memory of Abraham Lincoln's personality.

"Of all the great men I have known," says Sir Edward Malet, the English diplomatist, in his just published volume of reminiscences, "President Lincoln is one who has left upon me the impression of a sterling son of God. Straightforward, unflinching, not loving the work he had to do, but facing it with a bold and true heart; mild whenever he had a chance; stern as iron when the public well required it, following a bee-line to the goal which duty set before him. I can still feel the grip of his massive hand and the searching look of his kindly eye."

Britain's Symbol of Civilization.

Foreigners sneer at the Englishman who dresses for dinner on board a steamer or in a hotel; yet they might as well laugh at the Briton's respect for and pride in the Union Jack, says a writer in an English magazine. The clean white shirt at 8 o'clock is equally a sign and symbol of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Ingenuous Convicts.

With a piece of string and a little sand and grease some Hindoo convicts recently sawed through an iron bar two inches in diameter in five hours and escaped from jail.

You are lucky if you can pick two good cantaloupes in succession.

## Sick Women

Mrs. Valentino 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. Valentino'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 I was 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, 566 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N.J.

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The Poor City Boy.

Oh, the city boy is bundled  
In his heavy overcoat,  
With his costly leather leggings,  
With a silk thing round his throat,  
And he slides upon the sidewalk  
Where the ashes have been spread,  
And imagines he is happy  
On his bright new sled.

There's a hill that's high and sloping,  
In the country, far away,  
Where a boy who wasn't bundled  
Fit to smother used to stray;  
With the swiftness of the lightning  
Down the gleaming hill he sped,  
And no ashes ever grate'  
On his home made sled.

Oh, I pity the poor city  
Boy who never gets beyond  
The narrow, ashy sidewalk  
Or some hampered little pond,  
Ah, the hill was high and sloping,  
And the way was clear ahead  
Where a country boy went coasting  
On his home made sled.

First of the Vanderbilts.

The first of the Vanderbilts in this country was Jan Aertsen Van der Bilt, a Holland farmer, who came to the new world in the first half of the seventeenth century, and who settled in the neighborhood of Brooklyn, about 1650. As the name indicates, the family belonged originally to either the village of Bilt, a suburb of Utrecht, or the parish of Bilt, in Frisia.

Peacemaker for the Railways.

Some years ago one of the biggest railroad corporations of this country employed a confidential peacemaker, with the idea of preventing suits, as far as possible, for personal damages. It has proved a profitable innovation, and is being taken up by other railroads.

It Surely Was.

He—I got up against a trolley accident coming home this evening.  
She—You don't say?  
He—Yes. I got a seat.

The Part He Took.

The Don—And what part did you take in this disgraceful proceeding of holding Mr. Waters under the pump?  
Undergrad (modestly)—His left leg, sir.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

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