

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 sat up late. It was midnight before 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, purposely 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 as 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 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 mementoes 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 syllable I uttered.

What if I could do two patients good at a 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, when I could visit my other patient, and nobody 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 keeps 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 where you sailed to?"

"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 Gosselin, 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 Gosselin. 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!"

"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; "is it 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.

"Speak precisely what is in your mind at this moment," I replied.

"You are very, very good to me," she said, holding out her hand to me, "but I do not want you to come more often than is quite necessary, because I am very poor. If I were rich," she went on hurriedly, "I should like you to come every day—it is so pleasant—but I can never pay you sufficiently for that long week you were here. So please do not visit me often, that is quite necessary."

My face felt hot, but I scarcely knew what to say. I bungled out an answer. "I would not take any money from you, and I shall come to see you as often as I can."

"You are not offended with me, Dr. Martin?" she asked, in a pleading tone.

"No," I answered; "but you are mistaken in supposing a medical man has no love for his profession apart from its profits. To see that your arm gets properly well is part of my duty, and I shall

fulfill it without any thought of whether I shall get paid for it or no."

"Now," she said, "I must let you know how poor I am. Will you please fetch me my box out of my room?"

I was only too glad to obey her. This seemed to be an opening to a complete confidence between us. Now I came to think of it, fortune had favored me in this throwing us together alone.

I lifted the small, light box very easily—there could not be many treasures in it—and carried it back to her. She took a key out of her pocket and unlocked it with some difficulty, but she could not raise the lid without my help. I took care not to offer any assistance until she asked it.

Yes, there were very few possessions in that light trunk, but the first glance showed me a blue silk dress and sealskin jacket and hat. I lifted them out for her, and after them a pair of velvet slippers, soiled, as if they had been through muddy roads. 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 five 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?"

"Why?" 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 sealskin, 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 not 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, do you 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 friendlessness 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 your cousin Julia."

Just then we heard the foldy gate creaking 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

cult to abbreviate Julia; Ju, I had called her in my rudest schoolboy days. I wondered how high Olivia would stand beside me; for I had never seen her on her feet. Julia was not two inches shorter than myself; a tall, stiff figure, neither slender enough to be lissome, nor well-proportioned enough to be majestic. But she was very good, and her price was far above rubies.

I visited Sark again in about ten days, to set Olivia free from my embargo upon her walking. I allowed her to walk a little way along a smooth meadow path, leaning on my arm; and I found that she was a head lower than myself—a beautiful height for a woman. That time Captain Carey had set me down at the Havre Gosselin, appointing to meet at the Creux harbor, which was exactly on the opposite side of the island. In crossing over to it—a distance of rather more than a mile—I encountered Julia's friends, Emma and Maria Brouard.

"You here again, Martin?" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes," I answered; "Captain Carey set me down at the Havre Gosselin, and is gone round to meet me at the Creux."

"You have been to see that young person?" asked Maria.

"She is a very singular young woman," she continued; "we think her stupid. We cannot make anything of her. But there is no doubt poor Tardif means to marry her."

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated hotly; "I beg your pardon, Maria, but I give Tardif credit for sense enough to know his own position."

I had half an hour to wait in the little harbor, its great cliffs rising all about me, with only a tunnel bored through them to form an entrance to the green island within. My rage had partly fumed itself away before the yacht came in sight.

(To be continued.)

THEY GOT BISMARCK'S CONSENT

But It Was Expressed in Language Altogether Unconventional.

The deference of the English royal family to the opinions of their German cousins was never better hit off than by a story which comes from one of the royal household, who told it to the writer.

When Lord Archibald Campbell was about to be engaged to Miss Janet Callender, whom he eventually married, he dutifully went to his father for his approval. "Delighted, I'm sure," said the Duke of Argyll. "She is in every way desirable. Has money, good looks, brains, accomplishments. But—perhaps you had better let me speak to Lorne. He may think the Princess has a right to be consulted."

Recognizing the responsibility of having a royal highness for a sister-in-law, Lord Archie "waited." Lord Lorne, on being told of the proposed alliance, was agreeable to the young lady as far as he was concerned, but thought it only right that the Princess should be consulted as to who should enter the family. Now her royal highness in her frank, impulsive way said:

"If Archie likes her, she suits me down to the ground. She is handsome and clever, and has strong opinions of her own. All the same I think I must speak to the Queen first."

Which she did. Victoria not only remembered Miss Callender's presentation at court, but graciously approved of the match, saying:

"However, Louise, I think I ought to consult my German cousins first."

And the Queen wrote to Germany. The Kaiser remembered meeting Miss Callender and replied to the Queen approvingly, adding, "But I will leave this letter open for a last word, for I should not care to speak finally until I had consulted Bismarck."

The Kaiser found Bismarck taking his ease with rye bread, sausage, beer, and a long pipe, and told him of the mighty alliance in prospective. When the Emperor had finished Bismarck took his long pipe out of his mouth and replied:

"Me? Oh, I don't care a d—n."

Turned Down. "It is true," said Miss Welph, "that I have a fair income, but I have to be careful of it."

"Don't you think," said Mr. Forchenthunt, "that it would be well to marry someone who would help you to take care of it?"

"Pardon me," she interrupted, "but I'm not prepared to husband my resources in that way."—Philadelphia Press.

Literary Chat. Miss Midwood—What has Edwin Markham written beside "The Man with the Hoe?"

Miss Flatbush—Why, don't you know? "How I Came to Write 'The Man with the Hoe,'" "How I Came Near Not Writing 'The Man with the Hoe,'" "How I Came to Write 'How I Wrote 'The Man with the Hoe,'" etc.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Abstracted. Acum—It seems strange that you and Popleigh should be such good friends, and yet neither his wife nor any of her relatives ever have a good word for you.

Teller—No, they simply hate me. You see Popleigh insisted on naming his first born after me.—Philadelphia Press.

Broken. Maud—I made the worst break last night I ever made in my life.

Mabel—How? Maud—Broke off my engagement with Jack Billwink. His uncle died this morning and left him independently rich. Hadn't you heard?—Chicago Tribune.

Mistaken Grief. Suitor—Pray, don't cry; I assure you I will love, cherish and protect your daughter, sir.

Prospective Father-in-law—O, it isn't that; I am supporting two sons-in-law now.—Ohio State Journal.

The early circus catches the small boy's quarter.

BOUGHT HIM A PLAYMATE.

The Bradley Martins are rich New Yorkers who have practically deserted America. Mrs. Martin's daughter is married to the Earl of Craven, and their son is Viscount Uffington. Viscount Uffington was playing in the Parc Monceau, in Paris, when he became very friendly with a little ragged boy named Pierre Boutillier. When the nurse wanted to take Lord Uffington home he yelled loudly: "I want that boy." Finally his grandmother, Mrs.



VISCOUNT UFFINGTON.

Bradley Martin, was called in, and she said that if he wanted the boy he must have him. She then bought the lad of his mother. The poor boy now wears the same sort of clothes as his lordship, plays with him on equal terms, and has all the toys he can ask for, and is generally having a royal time.

PHILADELPHIA MILLIONAIRES.

Quaker City Claims 140, Whose Possessions Amount to \$80,000,000.

If the city of Penn were to start a Philadelphia millionaire's club, there would be eligible for membership in this extraordinary organization 117 men and twenty-three women. In other words, 140 men and women in this plucky Quaker city own more than \$1,000,000 apiece. Some, of course, own considerably more.

The richest man in this Philadelphia millionaire's club is William Weightman. He is said to be worth somewhere between \$75,000,000 and \$100,000,000—the slight difference of \$25,000,000 one way or the other not appearing to worry Mr. Weightman. Mr. Weightman made his money in war times. He sold quinine pills to the Government. His wealth is of the solid sort—real estate. He is said to own more real estate than any other man in Philadelphia, and, luckily, to have selected property which is now in the very heart of the business district.

John Wanamaker comes next in the list of real estate holdings, and is said to be worth about \$10,000,000. Most of the members of this exclusive millionaire coterie believe in real estate, but William Weightman and John Wanamaker have gobbled up the choicest bits in Philadelphia.

The richest woman in town is Mrs. Sarah Van Rensselaer. She was a Drexel, married John R. Fell, and at his death became Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer. Her wealth is estimated at \$12,000,000.—Philadelphia Press.

ROSTAND'S SISTER LIVES IN WASHINGTON.

Mme. de Margerie, the brilliant and beautiful sister of Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon," has taken up her residence in Washington. Her husband, M. de Margerie, one of the most promising young diplomats in the service of France, is first secretary of the French Embassy in Washington.

Mme. de Margerie, whose mother was a Spaniard, has inherited from her her dark beauty of color and features, with an expression of indefinable charm. She possesses also the reputation of being one of the brightest and wittiest young women of the diplomatic corps.

Pat's Opinion of the Sermon. A priest, who had delivered what seemed to him a striking sermon, was anxious to ascertain its effect on his flock.

"Was the sermon to-day to your liking, Pat?" he inquired of one of them.

"Throth, yer revivence, it was a grand sermon intirely," said Pat, with such genuine admiration that his reverence felt moved to investigate further.

"Was there any one part more than another that seemed to take hold of you?" he enquired.

"Well, now, as ye are for axin' me, begorra I'll tell ye. What took hold of me most was yer revivence's perseverence—the way ye wint over the same thing agin and agin and agin. Such perseverence I nivr did see in any man, before nor since."

The Khedive as a Fireman. The Khedive of Egypt is an energetic fireman, and has each of his palaces supplied with the latest appliances. Periodical drills of his domestics are thoroughly carried out. He occasionally turns them out on false alarms, and finds that they answer to his satisfaction.

A dentist finds work for his own teeth by depriving other people of theirs.



Mrs. FRANK CARTER, 3 Merrill Street, Amesbury, Mass.

This letter should carry Faith and Conviction to the hearts of all Sick Women.

"I suffered with inflammation and falling of the womb and other disagreeable female weaknesses. I had had spells every two weeks that would last from eight to ten days and would have to go to bed. I also had headache and backache most of the time and such bearing down pains I could hardly walk across the room at times. I doctored nearly all the time for worse all the time until last September I was obliged to take my bed, and the doctors thought an operation was the only thing that would help me, but this I refused to have done.

"Then a friend advised me to try the Pinkham medicine, which I did, and after using the first bottle I began to improve. I took in all five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, Four boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Dry Form Compound, three boxes of Liver Pills and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and I am as well now as I ever was. I am more than thankful every day for my cure."—Mrs. FRANK CARTER, 3 Merrill St., Amesbury, Mass.

\$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine at the time. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Let the Old Man Settle.

Dr. Curen—But I don't see why you will not pay my bill. You said I had made a new man of you.

Mr. Gooph—That's just it, doctor. It was the old man who ordered the work done, and he ought to pay for it.

Hold Him Guiltless. He—Have not all my actions shown you that I love you? She—'m sure I don't know. Papa says you are not answerable for your actions.—Harper's Bazar.

Quer Japanese Custom. At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted that must remain untouched until the marriage of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives the tree is cut down and the wood is transformed into furniture.

A Good Enough Way for Him. "I wouldn't cry like that, my little man." Well, you can cry any way you want to; this is my way."

How He Did It. Moses—How did you make your fortune? Levi—By horse racing.

Moses—Not betting? Levi—No. I started a pawnshop just outside the race course for the people who wanted to get home when the races were over.

He Couldn't Connect. Mrs. Handout—I think a little water would do you good. Hardened Hobbs—So do I, mum. But folks ain't giving away Almagamated Steel Stock, not much."

The Intricacies of It. "Why didn't you study the time table and then you got not have missed your train?" "That was the trouble. While I was trying to translate the time table the train pulled out."

Tiresome. "I'm so tired," she sighed to the woman next door. "What doing?" "I've been the last four hours at the photographer's having an instantaneous picture of the baby taken."

A Great Man. I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty. He has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light and in large relations, while they must make painful corrections and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of error. * * * He is a great man, who is what he is from nature and who never reminds us of others.—Emerson.

Beat the Typewriter. "I can take 100 words a minute," said the shorthand writer. "I often take more than that," remarked the other, in sorrowful accents; "but then I have to. I'm married."

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick or will be. Keep your bowels open, and you'll feel better. Force in the shape of cathartic, salient, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

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