

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER VIII.

Awfully fast time sped away. It was the second week in March I passed in Sark; the second week in May came upon me as if borne by a whirlwind. It was only a month to the day so long fixed upon for our marriage. My mother began to fidget about my going over to London to fit myself out with wedding clothes. Julia's was going on fast to completion. Our trip to Switzerland was distinctly planned out. Go I must to London; order my wedding suit I must. But first there could be no harm in running over to Sark to see Olivia once more. As soon as I was married I would tell Julia all about her. But if either arm or ankle went wrong for want of attention, I should never forgive myself.

It was the last time I could see Olivia before my marriage. Afterwards I should see much of her; for Julia would invite her to our house, and be a friend to her. I spent a wretchedly sleepless night; and whenever I dozed I saw Olivia before me, weeping bitterly, and refusing to be comforted.

From St. Sampson's we set sail straight for the Havre Gosselin. To my extreme surprise and chagrin, Captain Carey announced his intention of landing with me, and leaving the yacht in charge of his men to await our return.

"The ladder is excessively awkward," I objected, "and some of the rungs are loose. You don't mind running the risk of a plunge into the water?"

"Not in the least," he answered cheerily; "for the matter of that, I plunge into it every morning at L'Anresse. I want to see Tardif. He is one in a thousand, as you say; and one cannot see such a man every day of one's life."

There was no help for it, and I gave in, hoping some good luck awaited me. I led the way up the zig-zag path, and just as we reached the top I saw the slight, erect figure of Olivia seated upon the brow of a little grassy knoll at a short distance from us. Her back was towards us, so she was not aware of our vicinity; and I pointed towards her with an assumed air of indifference.

"I believe that is my patient yonder," I said; "I will just run across and speak to her, and then follow you to the farm."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "there is a lovely view from that spot. I recollect it well. I will go with you. There will be time enough to see Tardif."

Did Captain Carey suspect anything? Or what reason could he have for wishing to see Olivia? Could it be merely that he wanted to see the view from that particular spot? I could not forbid him accompanying me, but I wished him at Jericho.

Olivia did not hear our footsteps upon the soft turf, though we approached her very nearly. The sun shone upon her glossy hair, every thread of which seemed to shine back again. She was reading aloud, apparently to herself, and the sounds of her sweet voice were wafted by the air towards us. Captain Carey's face became very thoughtful.

A few steps nearer brought us in view of Tardif, who had spread his nets on the grass, and was examining them narrowly for rents. Just at this moment he was down on his knees, not far from Olivia, gathering some broken meshes together, but listening to her, with an expression of huge contentment upon his handsome face. A litter pang shot through me. Could it be true by any possibility—that he had heard the last time I was in Sark?

"Good day, Tardif," shouted Captain Carey; and both Tardif and Olivia started. But both of their faces grew brighter at seeing us. Olivia's color had come back to her cheeks, and a sweeter face no man ever looked upon.

"I am very glad you are come once more," she said, putting her hand in mine; "you told me in your last letter you were going to England."

I glanced from the corner of my eye at Captain Carey. He looked very grave, but his eyes could not rest upon Olivia without admiring her, as she stood before us, bright-faced, slender, erect, with the folds of her coarse dress falling about her as gracefully as if they were of the richest material.

"This is my friend, Captain Carey, Miss Olivia," I said, "in whose yacht I have come to visit you."

"I am very glad to see any friend of Dr. Martin's," she answered as she held out her hand to him with a smile; "my doctor and I are great friends, Captain Carey."

"So I suppose," he said significantly—or at least his tone and look seemed fraught with significance to me.

"Tardif," I said, "Captain Carey came ashore on purpose to visit you and your farm."

I knew he was excessively proud of his farm, which consisted of about four or five acres. He caught at the words with alacrity, and led the way towards his house with tremendous strides. Olivia and I were left alone, but she was moving after them slowly, when I ran to her, and offered her my arm, on the plea that her ankle was still too weak to bear her weight unsupported.

"Olivia!" I exclaimed, after we had gone a few yards, bringing her and myself to a sudden halt. Then I was struck dumb. I had nothing special to say to her. How was it I had called her so familiarly Olivia?

"Well, Dr. Martin," she said, looking into my face again with eager, inquiring eyes, as if she was wishful to understand my varying moods.

"This is a lovely place this is!" I ejaculated.

More lovely than any words I ever heard could describe. It was a perfect day, and a perfect view. The sea was like an opal. The cliffs stretched below us, with every hue of gold and bronze, and hoary white, and soft grey; and here and there a black rock, with livid shades of purple, and a bloom upon it like a raven's wing. Rocky islets, never trodden by human foot, over which the foam poured ceaselessly, were dotted all about the changeful surface of the water. Ah! just beneath the level of my eyes was Olivia's face—the loveliest thing there,

though there was so much beauty lying around us.

"Yes, it is a lovely place," she assented, a mischievous smile playing about her lips.

"Olivia," I said, taking my courage by both hands, "it is only a month till my wedding day."

Was I deceiving myself, or did she really grow paler? It was but for a moment if it were so. But how cold the air felt all in an instant! The shock was like that of a first plunge into chilly waters, and I was shivering through every fiber.

"I hope you will be happy," said Olivia, "very happy. It is a great risk to run. Marriage will make you either very happy or very wretched."

"Not at all," I answered, trying to speak gaily; "I do not look forward to any vast amount of rapture. Julia and I will get along very well together. I have no doubt, for we have known one another all our lives. I do not expect to be any happier than other men; and the married people I have known have not exactly dwelt in Paradise. Perhaps your experience has been different?"

"Oh, no," she said, her hand trembling on my arm, and her face very downcast; "but I should have liked you to be very, very happy."

So softly spoken, with such a low, faltering voice! I could not trust myself to speak again. A stern sense of duty towards Julia kept me silent; and we moved on, though very slowly and lingeringly.

"You love her very much?" said the quiet voice at my side, not much louder than the voice of conscience.

"I esteem her more highly than any

the indulgence of emotion of any kind. It was impossible for me to remain on the cliffs, bemoaning my unhappy fate. I strode on doggedly down the path, kicking the loose stones into the water as they came in my way. Captain Carey followed, whistling softly to himself. He continued doing so after we were aboard the yacht.

"I cannot leave you like this, Martin, my boy," he said, when we went ashore at St. Sampson's; and he put his arm through mine.

"You will keep my secret?" I said, my voice a key or two lower than usual.

"Martin," answered the good-hearted, clear-sighted old bachelor, "you must not do Julia the wrong of keeping this a secret from her."

"I must," I urged. "Olivia knows nothing of it; nobody guesses it but you. I must."

"Martin," urged Captain Carey, "come up to Johanna, and tell her all about it."

Johanna Carey was one of the powers in the island. Everybody knew her; and everybody went to her for comfort or counsel. She was, of course, related to us all. I had always been a favorite with her, and nothing could be more natural than this proposal, that I should go and tell her of my dilemma.

Johanna was standing at one of the windows, in a Quakerish dress of some grey stuff, and with a plain white cap over her white hair. She came down to the door as soon as she saw me, and received me with a motherly kiss.

"Johanna," said Captain Carey, "we have something to tell you."

"Come and sit here by me," she said, making room for me beside her on her sofa.

"Johanna," I replied, "I am in a terrible fix."

"Awful!" cried Captain Carey sympathetically; but a glance from his sister put him to silence.

"What is it, my dear Martin?" asked her inquiring voice again.

"I will tell you frankly," I said, feeling I must have it out at once, like an aching tooth. "I love, with all my heart and soul, that girl in Sark; the one who has been my patient there."

"Martin!" she cried, in a tone full of surprise and agitation, "Martin!"

"Yes; I know all you would urge. My



"TILL MY FLESH CREPT."

other woman, except my mother," I said. "Do you think she will like me?" asked Olivia, anxiously.

"No, she must love you," I said, with warmth; "and I, too, can be a more useful friend to you after my marriage than I am now. Perhaps then you will feel free to place perfect confidence in us."

She smiled faintly, without speaking—a smile which said plainly she could keep her own secret closely. It provoked me to do a thing I had had no intention of doing, and which I regretted very much afterward. I opened my pocketbook and drew out the little slip of paper containing the advertisement.

"Read that," I said.

"But I do not think she saw more than the first line, for her face went deadly white, and her eyes turned upon me with a wild, beseeching look—as Tardif described it, the look of a creature hunted and terrified. I thought she would have fallen, and I put my arm round her. She fastened both her hands about mine, and her lips moved, though I could not catch a word she was saying.

"Olivia!" I cried, "Olivia! do you suppose I could do anything to hurt you? Do not be so frightened! Why, I am your friend truly. I wish to heaven I had not shown you the thing. Have more faith in me, and more courage."

"But they will find me, and force me away from here," she muttered.

"No," I said; "that advertisement was printed in the Times directly after your flight last October. They have not found you yet; and the longer you are hidden the less likely they are to find you. Good heavens! what a fool I was to show it to you!"

"Never mind," she answered, recovering herself a little, but still clinging to my arm; "I was only frightened for the time. You would not give me up to them if you knew all."

"Give you up to them!" I repeated bitterly. "Am I a Judas?"

But she could not talk to me any more. She was trembling like an aspen leaf, and her breath came sobbingly. All I could do was to take her home, blaming myself for my cursed folly.

Tardif walked with us to the top of the cliff, and made me a formal, congratulatory speech before quitting us. When he was gone, Captain Carey stood still until he was quite out of hearing, and then stretched out his hand towards the thatched roof, yellow with stonecrop and lichens.

"This is a serious business, Martin," he said, looking sternly at me; "you are in love with that girl."

"I love her with all my heart and soul!" I cried.

The words startled me as I uttered them. They had involved in them so many unpleasant consequences, so much chagrin and bitterness as their practical result, that I stood aghast—even while my pulses throbbed, and my heart beat high, with the novel rapture of loving any woman as I loved Olivia.

"Come, come, my poor fellow!" said Captain Carey, "we must see what can be done."

It was neither a time nor a place for



How to Make a Dark Room.

The want of a suitable dark room robs amateur photography of a great deal of its pleasure. A dark room big enough for all necessary purposes can easily be constructed in the corner of a stable, shed or unfinished chamber after the plan shown in the accompanying cut.

Mark off a square in the corner of the space to be utilized and set up five strips of 2 by 3 inch lumber in the manner shown. Put a "header" across between two strips for a doorway and cover all the rest of the wall space with



AN EASILY MADE DARK ROOM.

black tarred paper, tacking it on as shown in the illustration, lapping the second piece over the edge of the first.

For a door make a frame out of strips of board, putting a brace from the inner corner at the bottom to the outer corner at the top, to keep it from sagging, and cover the frame with the tarred paper. Hinge one side to an upright strip and tack on small strips inside so there will be no cracks left about the edges of the door when it is closed. Put up a broad shelf about two sides of the dark room, with a few smaller shelves above to hold chemicals, plates, paper and trays, and the dark room is complete.—Webb Donnell in Household.

MILLIONAIRE MARRIED A SALESWOMAN.

T. Ernest Cramer, a St. Louis millionaire, fell in love with Angelina Le Prohn, saleswoman in a San Francisco art gallery. He was married, but did not live with his wife. A divorce was granted, and Cramer hurried to California. Rev. H. H. Bell refused to marry Cramer and Miss Prohn because California laws prohibit a divorced person



ANGELINA LE PROHN.

and American claimants, and in 1882 the Supreme Court ordered it sold. After this partition sale it passed through several purchases, and when it was acquired by the city it was owned by Lillie J. Earle.

HISTORIC HOUSE.

Once Washington's headquarters, purchased by New York City, the Jumel Mansion, one of the last remaining houses in the metropolis used by Gen. Washington. It was through the efforts of Robert B. Roosevelt, on behalf of the Sons of the American Revolution; Senator Chauncey M. Depew, Walter S. Logan and Edward Hagaman Hall, secretary of several patriotic organizations, that the resolution to purchase the property for \$150,000



THE JUMEL MANSION.

was passed by the board of public improvements.

The mansion is located at One Hundred and Sixtieth street and the Harlem river, and its general appearance is the same to-day as it was in the days of the Revolutionary War, when Washington and his staff lived there, or as it looked in 1800, when Stephen Jumel, a rich French merchant, bought it. Jumel died in the house, but his widow remained there, and when, late in life, she was married to Aaron Burr, they lived in the old colonial house. She died there in 1835. After her death the property became the subject of much legal wrangling between French

and American claimants, and in 1882 the Supreme Court ordered it sold. After this partition sale it passed through several purchases, and when it was acquired by the city it was owned by Lillie J. Earle.

The house itself is in a fair state of preservation, and although it has been repaired, "fixed up" and changed since it was built, in 1758, by Roger Morris, it still has many of the original decorations and trimmings. When Morris built the house he was a colonel in the British army, stationed in New York. He occupied the grand mansion until 1776. Then it was abandoned, and when Washington's forces were stationed in that part of the State the house furnished shelter for some of the continental troops, while at several times between June and the middle of October, 1776, it was occupied by Washington as his headquarters.

School Luncheons in France.

In the rural districts of France the school is often so far away that the children cannot go home to meals. At Confolens in La Charente, a novel way has been found to meet the latter difficulty. Every pupil, boy or girl, brings to school in the morning a handful of vegetables, ready prepared for cooking, and puts them into a large pan of water. They are washed by one of the older pupils, who take this duty in turn. They are then placed in a kettle with water and a piece of pork, and cooked while the lessons are going on. At half-past eleven the members of this little co-operative association have a good bowl of hot soup. To cover the cost of the fuel and meat, the pupils who can afford it pay from two to four sous a month. In most of the cities of France, the pupils of the public schools are now furnished with their noonday meal at "school canteens," maintained either by the municipality, or by private generosity; but this is the first attempt to carry out the same plan in the country districts, where it is more needed, as the children have farther to go.

Private Cars.

Any man who is reasonably well to do may own a private car built according to his own specifications. A car-renting company in New York City buys old Pullman coaches, tears the inside furnishings out and refits them according to the wishes of its customers. Whatever kind of private car a man may wish he may order—parlors, handsomely carpeted sitting-rooms, dining rooms—all with equipment more or less perfect according to the price. And cars are refitted in this way and sold for prices varying from fifteen hundred to fifteen thousand dollars. Very handsome and serviceable cars have been built from the old "castaways," and the man of moderate means can travel privately and comfortably in a home of his own.

Seeking Rest.

Mrs. Naggsby—Why don't you spend your nights at home? I always do. Naggsby—Perhaps, my dear, that accounts for it.—Judge.

Highest Death Rate.

St. Petersburg has the highest death rate of any European capital, 51 per 1,000.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who said the worst boys in town were the preacher's sons?

Sick Women

Mrs. Valentine Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Oured Her.

Happiness will go out of your life forever, my sister, if you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. Valentine'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 use private letters to 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 tired, had sick headaches, no appetite, crawling 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.

\$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.



MRS. W. P. VALENTINE.

Acquaintance Renewed.

Bunko Bill—Hello, uncle, haven't we met before?

Reuben Granger—Guess we have. It was down in Hardscrabble, when you were sellin' the farmers them \$3 churns and every cussed contract turned up ter be a \$300 note. I met you with six citizens and a rope.

Bill—Aw, here, now, let me down easy.

Reub—Did that one—and too quick.

Out of Place.

"Back!" shouted the hero. "Your presence here is only perfumery. You are doing nothing whatever to advance the action of the story."

With a muttered curse the villain shrank back into the chapter in which the murder takes place, and the story proceeded on the conventional lines prescribed by our best modern critics.

Enforcing the Law.

"Take that dog off the street, or I'll run you in," ordered the conscientious policeman.

"But why?" asked the man with the dog. "He has a license on."

"That's all right as far as it goes; but that's a spitz dog, and we have strict orders to enforce the anti-extraction ordinance."—Baltimore American.

Cost of Railway Mail Car.

A modern railway mail car, equipped with the latest contrivances, such as vestibules, automatic couplers, air-brakes, etc., costs between \$5,000 and \$6,000. The Government pays for the use of railway mail cars at the rate of \$40 a year for a 50-foot car per track mile, and \$50 per year per track mile for a 60-foot car.

Their Busy Day.

"Who," shouted the impassioned orator, "who among us has any cause to be happier than his neighbor on this glorious day of the nation's birth?"

A man with his head bandaged and both arms in a sling arose in the rear of the hall and exclaimed:

"The doctors!"—Baltimore American.

The Commercial Instinct.

Mamma—Tommy, do stop that noise. If you'll only be good, I'll give you a penny.

Tommy—No! I want a nickel. Mamma—Why, you little rascal, you were quite satisfied to be good yesterday for a penny.

Tommy—I know, but that was a bargain day.

Not Ready Yet.

"You promised never to scold me," said the wife of a week reproachfully. "But I haven't," insisted Mr. Young-hub mildly.

"No, but I can see that you're just aching to," continued the displeased young thing.—Yonkers Herald.

Great Opportunity.

Mrs. Bjenkins—They are going to have another rummage sale next week. Mr. Bjenkins—Good! I wish you'd send down that rocking chair in the sitting-room that I always tumble over when I come in late at night.—Somerville Journal.

Pretty Mad.

Clara (after a tiff)—I presume you would like your ring back?

George—Never mind; keep it. No other girl I know would use that ring unless she wore it on her thumb.—New York Weekly.

Marine Amenities.

Here the Sea Serpent rallied the Mermaid upon her notorious non-existence.

"He who lives in a glass house should not throw stones!" retorted the Mermaid, with spirit.

The laugh was against the Sea Serpent, however; he loudly protested that he resided for the most part either in wood or Douifon ware, or something of that sort, and but seldom in glass.