

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 side of Breckhow, with tiny, untraded 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 this 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, stealing 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. I knew that no boatman put out to sea willingly 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, came into the Grange, belonged to Julia; and fully half of the year's household expenses were defrayed by her. Our practice, which he chose 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 early 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 on Sunday morning with these two women, both devoted to me and entering 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 charmed and incoherent.

"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 even. She has been lying in anguish since midday 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 know 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



"HE PAUSED THEN."

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.

But 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? Whose 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 there was a kind of 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. Salts 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 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 to nerve pain. 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.

"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.

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 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 crossed 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 disastrous 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, gazing at me, so it seemed to me, with that soft, bright brown look of hair curling and clinging round my finger. Never had I felt so foolish or guilty.

(To be continued.)

American Coal the Best.

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A German Picture of the Future.

Scene—A schoolroom of the twentieth century.

Teacher (to a new scholar)—"Jack, are you inoculated against cramp?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"Have you been inoculated with the cholera bacillus?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"Have you a written certificate that you are immune as to whooping cough, measles and scarlatina?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir, I have."

Teacher—"Have you your own drinking cup?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"Will you promise not to exchange sponges with your neighbor, and to use no slate pencil but your own?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"Will you agree to have your books fumigated every week with sulphur, and to have your clothes sprinkled with chloride of lime?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"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' for work. You ain't got no odd jobs 'o' scrubbin' or washin' ter be did, have yer?"

"Why, you surely don't do scrubbin' or work of that sort," said the housekeeper.

"Sure not, I'm lookin' for work fur me wife."—Philadelphia Record.

Oldest Physician.

Gallus Ritter von Hockberger, 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, 1808, 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.

WOMEN

A WAY TO HAPPINESS.

FIND out, as early as possible, what you can best do, and do it with all your might, and expect to succeed, no matter what obstacles you may encounter. Cultivate a philosophical vein of thought. If you have not what you like, like what you have until you can change your environment.

Do not waste your vitality in hating your life; find something in it which is worth liking and enjoying, while you keep steadily at work to make it what you desire. Be happy over something, every day, for the brain is a thing of habit, and you cannot teach it to be happy in a moment, if you allow it to be miserable for years.

Make yourself worthy of true friendship, and lasting respect, and worthy love and, if any of these emotions seem to prove ephemeral, remember, they were not the realities—the real ones will come to you, since you are worthy.

Acquire all the knowledge and accomplishments possible, and enter into studies and sports with all your energies. They help to round life out, and to keep the mind fed with a varied diet, while they open new doors of pleasure and enjoyment.

Form a habit of trying to do some little act to add to the comfort and pleasure of some living thing—man or beast—every day of your life. If you do no more than to feed a starving cat, speak kindly to a lost dog, or lose the cruel check of a misused horse, you have traveled a step toward happiness, and have not lived the day in vain.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.

and to: she has as pretty a coiffure as any of her chums, and her tresses, instead of reposing in some hair receiver, are snugly tucked out of sight under her pompadour, ready to come forth and do their duty when Dame Fashion calls.

Home Ideas.

If you are not able to afford the prices of some of the most exclusive decorating shops, just visit them often and attentively, imbibe their best ideas and then have them developed less expensively under your own supervision.

Madame la Mode conceives nothing else than leather screens these days, especially for dining room use, before the pantry door. In the bronze, brown and green tones, either plain or stamped, put on with large stud nails, they are truly exquisite creations.

An artistic decorator gave as his opinion the other day that, after the solid, necessary pieces of furniture were in a house, a collection of simple jars and vases for flowers and a generous supply of books should be the next step, even if nothing else was bought.

Moth-proof chests of camphor wood for keeping furs may now be had in small trunk sizes, and are more truly ornamental, besides useful, than their name and purpose suggests. Considering their good cabinet work, generous brass hands and hasps, their price range, from \$5 to \$25, seems quite reasonable.

A Novel Device for Cleaning Gloves.

At some of the stores small squares of rubber may be bought intended for use in erasing spots from white gloves. Though the silk gloves are by far the more fashionable this season, the truth is that not every woman can accustom herself to the peculiar creepiness of the silken fingers. Of course that is a matter of nerves, but the fact remains that silk gloves are crawling things. As to the best way of cleaning white kid gloves use a wide-mouthed bottle and gasoline. If you pour the gasoline out in a bowl and try to wash the gloves in it, the gasoline is likely to evaporate more rapidly than it cleanses. But put it and the gloves in the bottle, insert the stopper and shake while the cleansing process goes on. If the gloves are not very soiled the same amount of gasoline will answer for a number of pairs and can, in fact, be used until its color is such as to prove its usefulness is over. If you have no bottle that will serve the purpose, an ordinary fruit can is fully as good, provided the top fits closely.

Recipe for Freckled Hands.

Equal parts of bay rum, lemon juice and glycerine, and to a four-ounce bottle add a teaspoonful of ammonia. Do not use this on your face.

Cucumber milk is also excellent. You can find numerous other lotions at any good druggists, but if the freckles persist in annoying you after the treatment I have prescribed your circulation is bad and your digestive organs are out of order. Consult your doctor or help yourself by proper diet. Eat plenty of green spinach (it is rich in iron), eggs, milk and the best meat, well cooked, once a day. Make a whole meal in the evening of milk and stale bread; always begin your breakfast with orange juice and take it again once during the day, but not with the evening meal.—Amelle de Montmorency.

WITH THE DRESSMAKER

If you want your silk skirts to retain their freshness sew loops under the flounces and hang them upside down when not in use. Hanging in this way in the opposite direction to that in which they are worn freshens and makes them stand out and take a new lease of life.

A pale sea-green Swiss muslin makes an afternoon dress from which you can get an unexpected wear. Swiss muslin for some reason has a certain stoutness in the sheer fabric which enables it to hold its own when other thin muslins are collapsing into dowdiness. It resists damp in an inexplicable way. With either black or white belt ribbons, and preferably white; with plenty of ruffles around the flounced skirt, and white embroidered needlework about the throat, the green Swiss makes a beautiful and very smart toilet. It doesn't take many yards of Swiss muslin to make a fashionable summer gown. The fullness is only at the bottom of the skirt.

When it is desirable to shrink wash goods before making, the difficulty sometimes encountered in getting the material ironed flat and straight after the bath may be overcome in this way, says one who has successfully made the experiment: Lay the goods in yard or half-yard folds into the bath or any other large tub; let it remain an hour or so covered with water, till every thread is thoroughly wet. Then with careful handling, so as not to pull it out of shape, hang it on a stick over the tub to drain—a broomstick answers very well—then after a while spread it out a little more where it will get entirely dry, when it can be smoothed with an iron, if desired, without getting it out of shape. For shirtwaists the ironing is not generally necessary, as they must be done up with starch before wearing.

Tip to Sweet Sixteen.

Young girls are wearing their hair braided, turned under, and tied with a smart bow of black ribbon. If a girl has long hair, she likewise has much trouble to achieve this coiffure satisfactorily. With the recklessness born of youth, many girls are cutting their hair off, not heeding the day but a few years hence when they will want long, thick tresses for the coiffure of the debutante.

One young girl, however, of this town, who has an eye to the future, has achieved the coiffure of sweet sixteen without the loss of any of her pretty tresses. She made up her mind she would not cut her hair. She was equally decided that she would wear her hair as did her other young friends. So she experimented and braided, and pinned till her tresses were a pretty tangle, but at last she achieved it.

This is how she did it. She does not patent her method, and any other young girl can copy it if she so desires. She braids her hair as usual. Then she turns it under, slips the end through the loose braids at the top, and draws it up high on her head, where she fastens it under her pompadour. Her front hair goes back over it, and it does not show. Then she ties her jaunty bow of black ribbon in the customary place.

Wife of Rear Admiral Schley.

The wife of Rear Admiral Schley is a well preserved woman, devoted to her husband and interested in all that concerns him.

An Alphabet Luncheon.

An alphabet luncheon is one of the late novelties in entertaining. During the service of each course every sentence spoken must begin with the initial letter of the course. Thus with soup, all sentences must have "S" as the first letter; with fish, "F" alone can be used, and it is the duty of every person to call "Stop!" when anyone begins with the wrong letter. A score is kept and a prize given to the guest who has made fewest mistakes.

One Way of Saving Money.

The story is told of a Chinese hotel-keeper, who, having an impetuous American guest at an agreed price of a dollar a day, and no payment whatever had been made, voluntarily reduced the price of his guest's board to half a dollar a day, in order that, as he explained, he should not lose so much money by him.

Braided Shoes.

Braided shoes are as attractive in white as in black. The lines of white silk braid verging to the center on the toe of the shoes is becoming and effective. It is more useful on the white than the black shoe, the former having a tendency to make the foot look large and the braiding mitigates this result.