

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XIII.

In one sense time seemed to be standing still with me after my home return, so like were the days that followed the one to the other. But in another sense those days fled with awful swiftness, for they were hurrying us both, my mother and me, to a great golf which would soon, far too soon, lie between us.

Every afternoon Julia came to spend an hour or two with my mother; but her arrival was always formally announced, and it was an understood thing that I should immediately quit the room, to avoid meeting her. There was an etiquette in her resentment which I was bound to observe.

I had not taken up any of my old patients again, for I was determined that everybody should feel that my residence at home was only temporary. But about ten days after my return the following note was brought to me, directed in full to Dr. Martin Dobree:

"A lady from England, who is only a visitor in Guernsey, is much obliged by Dr. Martin Dobree calling upon her at Rose Villa, Vauvert Road. She is suffering from a slight indisposition, and knowing Dr. Senior by name and reputation, she would feel great confidence in the skill of Dr. Senior's friend. I wonder for an instant who the stranger could be, and how she knew the Seniors; but as there could be no answer to these queries without visiting the lady, I resolved to go. Rose Villa was a house where the rooms were let to visitors during the season, and the Vauvert Road was scarcely five minutes' walk from our house. Julia was paying her daily visit to my mother, and I was at a loss for something to do, so I went at once.

I found a very handsome, fine-looking woman; dark, with hair and eyes as black as a gypsy's, and a clear olive complexion to match. Her forehead was low, but smooth and well shaped; and the lower part of her face, handsome as it was, was far more developed than the upper. There was not a trace of refinement about her features; yet the coarseness of them was but slightly apparent as yet. My new patient did not inspire me with much sympathy; but she attracted my curiosity, and interested me by the bold style of her beauty.

"You Guernsey people are very stiff with strangers," she remarked, as I sat opposite to her, regarding her with that close observation which is permitted to a doctor.

"So the world says," I answered. "Of course I am no good judge, for we Guernsey people believe ourselves as perfect as any class of the human family."

"I have been here a week," she replied, pointing her full crimson lips, "and have not had a chance of speaking a word, except to strangers like myself who don't know a soul."

That, then, was the cause of the little indisposition which had obtained me the honor of attending her. I indulged myself in a mild sarcasm to that effect, but it was lost upon her. She gazed at me solemnly with her large black eyes, which looked like beads.

"I am really ill," she said, "but it has nothing to do with not seeing anybody, though that's dull. There's nothing for me to do but take a bath in the morning and a drive in the afternoon, and go to bed very early. Good gracious! it's enough to drive me mad!"

"Try Jersey," I suggested.

"No, I'll not try Jersey," she said. "I mean to make my way here. Don't you know anybody, doctor, that would take pity on a poor stranger?"

"I am sorry to say no," I answered.

She frowned at that and looked disappointed. I was about to ask her how she knew the Seniors, when she spoke again.

"Do you have many visitors come to Guernsey late in the autumn, as late as October?" she inquired.

"Not many," I answered; "a few may arrive who intend to winter here."

"A dear young friend of mine came here last autumn," she said, "alone, as I am, and I've been wondering ever since I've been here how she would get along amongst such a set of stiff, formal, stand-offish folks. She had not money enough for a dash, or that would make a difference, I suppose."

"Not the least," I replied, "if your friend came without any introductions."

"What a dreary winter she'd have!" pursued my patient, with a tone of exaltation. "She was quite young, and as pretty as a picture. All the young men would know her, I'll be bound, and you amongst them, Dr. Martin. Any woman who isn't a fright gets stared at enough to be known again."

Could this woman know anything of Olivia? I looked at her more earnestly and critically. She was not a person I should like Olivia to have anything to do with. A coarse, ill-bred, bold woman, whose eyes met mine unabashed, and did not blink under my scrutiny. Could she be Olivia's step-mother, who had been the ruin of her life?

"I'd bet a hundred to one you know her," she said, laughing and showing all her white teeth. "A girl like her couldn't go about a little poky place like this without all the young men knowing her. Perhaps she left the island in the spring. I have asked at all the drapers' shops, but nobody recollects her. I've very good news for her if I could find her—a slim, middle-sized girl, with a clear, fair skin and grey eyes and hair of a bright brown. Stay, I can show you her photograph."

She put into my hands an exquisite portrait of Olivia, taken in Florence. There was an expression of quiet mournfulness in the face, which touched me to the core of my heart. I could not put it down and speak indifferently about it. My heart beat wildly, and I felt tempted to run off with the treasure and return no more to this woman.

"Ah! you recognise her?" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"I never saw such a person in Guernsey," I answered, looking steadily into her face. A sullen and gloomy expression came across it, and she snatched the portrait out of my hand.

"You want to keep it a secret," she

"It seems years to me. All life has changed for me. I had no idea then of my mother's illness."

"Nor I," she said, sighing deeply.

"If I had known it," I continued, "all this might not have happened. Surely the troubles I shall have to bear must plead with you for me!"

"Yes, Martin," she answered; "yes, I am very sorry for you."

She came forward and offered me her hand but without looking into my face. I saw that she had been crying, for her eyes were red. In a tone of formal politeness she asked me if I would not sit down. I considered it best to remain standing, as an intimation that I should not trouble her with my presence for long. I had no time to lose, lest Kate Daltry should come in, and it was a very difficult subject to approach.

"We were talking of you to-day," she said at length, in a hurried and thick voice. "Aunt is in great sorrow about you. It preys upon her day and night that you will be dreadfully alone when she is gone, and—Martin, she wishes to know before she dies that the girl in Sark will become your wife."

The words struck like a shot upon my ear and brain. What! had Julia and my mother been arranging between them my happiness and Olivia's safety that very afternoon? Such generosity was incredible. I could not believe I had heard aright.

"She has seen the girl," continued Julia, in the same husky tone, "and she is convinced she is no adventuress. Johanna says the same. They tell me it is unreasonable and selfish in me to doom you to the dreadful loneliness I feel. If Aunt Dobree asked me to pluck out my right eye just now, I could not refuse. It is something like that, but I have promised to do it. I release you from every promise you ever made to me, Martin."

"Julia!" I cried, crossing to her and bending over her with more love and admiration than I had ever felt before; "this is very noble, very generous."

"No," she said, bursting into tears; "I am neither noble nor generous. I do it because I cannot help myself, with aunt's white face looking so imploringly at me. I do not give you up willingly to that girl in Sark. I hope I shall never see her or you for many, many years. Aunt says you will have no chance of marrying her till you are settled in a practice somewhere; but you are free to ask her to be your wife. Aunt wants you to have somebody to love you and care for you after she is gone, as I should have done."

"But you are generous to consent to it," I said again.

"No," she answered, wiping her eyes and lifting up her head; "I thought I was generous; I thought I was a Christian, but it is not easy to be a Christian when one is mortified, and humbled, and wounded. I am a great disappointment to myself; quite as great as you are to me. I fancied myself very superior to what I am. I hope you may not be disappointed in that girl in Sark."

Her hand was lying on her lap, and I stooped down and kissed it, seeing on it still the ring I had given her when we were first engaged. She did not look at me or bid me good-bye, and I went out of the house, my veins tingling with shame and gladness. I met Captain Carey coming up the street, with a basket of fine grapes in his hand. He appeared very much amazed.

"Why, Martin?" he exclaimed, "can you have been to see Julia?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Reconciled?" he said, arching his eyebrows, which were still dark and bushy, though his hair was grizzled.

"Not exactly," I replied, with a stiff smile exceedingly difficult to force; "nothing of the sort indeed. Captain, when will you take me across to Sark?"

"Come, come! none of that, Martin," he said; "you're on honor, you know. You are pledged to poor Julia not to visit Sark again."

"She has just set me free," I answered; "and out of the fullness of my heart I told him all that had just passed between us. His eyes glistened, though a film came across them which he had to wipe away."

"She is a noble girl," he ejaculated; "a fine, generous, noble girl. I really thought she'd break her heart over you at first, but she will come round again now. We will have a run over to Sark to-morrow."

I felt myself lifted into a third heaven of delight at that evening. My mother and I talked of no one but Olivia. The present rapture so completely eclipsed the coming sorrow that I forgot how soon it would be upon me. I remember now that my mother neither by word nor sign suffered me to be reminded of her illness. She listened to my rhapsodies, smiling with her divine, pathetic smile. There is no love, no love at all, like that of a mother!

Swiftly we ran across the next day, with a soft wind drifting over the sea and playing upon our faces, and a long furrow lying in the wake of our boat. It was almost low tide when we reached the island. I found Tardif's house completely deserted. The only sign of life was a family of hens clucking about the fold.

The door was not fastened, and I entered, but there was nobody there. I stood in the middle of the kitchen and called, but there was no answer. Olivia's door was ajar, and I pushed it a little more open. There lay books I had left near on the table, and her velvet slippers were on the floor, as if they had only just been taken off. Very worn and brown were the little slippers, but they reassured me she had been wearing them a short time ago.

I returned through the fold. All the place seemed left to itself. Tardif's sheep were browsing along the cliffs, and his cows were tethered here and there. At last I caught sight of a head rising from behind a crag, the rough shock head of a boy, and I shouted to him, making a trumpet with my hands.

"Where is neighbor Tardif?" I called.

"Down below there!" he shouted back again, pointing downwards to the Havre Gosselin. I did not wait for any further information, but darted off down the long, steep gully to the little strand, where the pebbles were being lapped lazily by the ripple of the lowering tide. Tardif's boat was within a stone's throw, and I saw Olivia sitting in the stern of it. I shouted again with a vehemence which made them both start.

"Come back, Tardif," I cried, "and take me with you!"

The boat was too far off for me to see how my sudden appearance affected Olivia. Did she turn white or red at the sound of my voice? By the time it neared the shore and I plunged in knee-deep to meet her, her face was bright with smiles, and her hands were stretched out to help me over the boat's side.

If Tardif had not been there I should have kissed them both. As it was, I tucked up my wet feet out of reach of her dress and took an oath, unable to utter a word of the gladness I felt.

"Where are you going to?" I asked, addressing neither of them in particular.

"Tardif was going to row me past the entrance to the Goulet Gaves," answered Olivia, "but we will put it off now. We will return to the shore and hear all your adventures, Dr. Martin. You come upon us like a phantom and take an oath in ghostly silence. Are you really, truly there?"

(To be continued.)

TURKEY AND PARTRIDGE NESTS.

Owner of the Turkey found them sitting on a nest of eggs.

A peculiar and unprecendented friendship has been found to exist between a turkey and a partridge near Monticello, N. Y. Herm Cooney, who resides on the shores of Silver Lake, has a small flock of turkeys of which he is justly proud. The queen of the flock is an especially fine specimen, and has always proved a perfect domestic model, but for a week past she has been acting strangely, leaving home in the morning and not returning until late in the afternoon. Affairs grew gradually worse and finally reached the climax when she did not return home at night.

Mr. Cooney, noticing the absence of his prize turkey, organized a searching party composed of himself and a Patrick Callery, and started out to search the woods. The search had progressed for some time when they discovered the missing turkey and by its side was a large partridge. The two were covering a large nest and seemed perfectly contented. They were scared off, and thirteen partridge eggs and newly as many turkey eggs were found in the nest.

If the partnership between the turkey and partridge continues to be agreeable, Mr. Cooney intends doing an extensive business in partridge and turkey raising next year.

That New Educational System.

The Speers system of imparting useful knowledge to the young, as exemplified in Chicago, is not a novel one. With modifications, it is the same system used in training performing monkeys and dogs. The learned pig gets his education by the Speers method, and so the system may justly claim to be well grounded.

In the Speers system as prepared for the little bipeds of Chicago, the teacher points out on the Speers chart the word "hop." Then the teacher hops and the children hop. The next word is "skip," and the teacher skips and the children skip. If the next word is "grin," they all grin. If it is "wink," they all wink. It is fun as well as profit, you see—especially for the teacher. When it reaches "flip-flap" and "summersault" it becomes more so.

"What is that word, George?" says the fond Chicago father to his bright offspring.

"Pronounce it for me, daddy," says the bright offspring.

"Reverse," replies daddy.

"Ah, I know," cries Master George, and at once stands on his head.

It certainly is a nice system.

Thread Used in Surgery.

The modern surgeon employs in his work dozens of different kinds of thread for sewing up cuts and wounds. Among them are kangaroo tendons, horsehair, silk and very fine silver wire. Many of these threads are intended to hold for a certain number of days and then naturally break away. The short, tough tendons taken from the kangaroo, which are used for sewing severe wounds, will hold for about four weeks before they break away. Silk thread will remain much longer, sometimes six months, while the fine silver wire is practically indestructible.

With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as long as the wound takes to heal and will then disappear completely. To accommodate this assortment of threads special varieties of needles are required. Besides the needle craned in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points. Some are as long as bodkins, in a point like a miniature knife blade. Others have the sharpened end triangular.

"Phthologyrrrh" Spells "Turner."

He walked up to the hotel register and signed his name with a flourish, "E. K. Phthologyrrrh."

"Look here, Turner," exclaimed the clerk, who knew him well, "are they hunting for you or what? Where do you get that outlandish name?"

"Get back, my boy, get back! You're slow," replied Turner, airily, as he lit a cigar; "that's my same old name written in plain English and pronounced as usual just 'Turner.' Look at it. Of course I do it just to get them all guessing. They wonder what nation I am from; what my name is. I can now hear people talk about me all round. It is, as I said before, English spelling. 'Phth,' there is the sound of 'r' in 'phthisis'; 'olo,' there is the 'ur' in 'Colonel'; 'gn,' there is the 'n' in 'gnat'; 'yrrh' is the sound of 'er' in 'myrrh.' Now, if that doesn't spell 'Turner' what does it spell?"

Hens Not Feeling Well.

Twelve eggs sold by a Brooklyn dairyman had among them five that were decayed. The purchaser returned them, saying that he wanted the product of healthy hens. "These," said the purchaser, "must have been laid when the hens were not feeling well."

When a woman meets another woman down town, she always screams out in an excited way: "Well, what do you say and you doing down town?"

FOLLY OF FUSIONISTS

Their Attack on Gov. Dietrich for His Exercise of the Veto.

GUARDING THE STATE'S FINANCES

Nebraska Now Enjoying a Strictly Business Administration—Gross Mismanagement of State Institutions Under Demo-Popocratic Rule.

The fusionists were so reckless in their expenditures of the public funds during their incumbency that even the popocratic editors, in a moment of absent-mindedness, forgot their lines in economics and advocated the outlay of money and additional tax burdens upon the people without any thought of the justice or consequences thereof. An illustration of this is found in the attack on Governor Dietrich for his veto of the \$90,500 appropriation for sundry purposes in connection with the university. The popocratic editors have the boldness to state that the veto of this large sum was inspired by hostility to this well known educational institution. A more irrational deduction could not be drawn nor a more silly falsehood uttered. In vetoing this appropriation, as shown by the public records, Governor Dietrich simply saw that if this amount was allowed to stand the total appropriation would exceed the proceeds from the one-mill levy and result in a corresponding increase in the floating indebtedness.

Whether designedly or not the items were all included in one sum total, so that Governor Dietrich was required either to veto or approve the section in its entirety, it being impossible to eliminate any particular or individual item. Before passing upon it he summoned Chancellor Andrews, who in turn summoned Secretary Dale of the Board of Regents, and requested that the appropriation bill be gone over and such items as would least interfere with the least successful management of the school be pointed out. Both Secretary Dale and Chancellor Andrews admitted that the section appropriating \$90,500 was of less utility and could be vetoed and cause less interference with plans than any other portion of the bill. More than this, Secretary Dale in the presence of Chancellor Andrews, after looking over the section then to be and afterwards vetoed, admitted that of the \$90,500 there really was but \$16,000 of it for repairs and improvements really needed. In other words, that the university could get along all right and be in no way incumbent through lack of funds if the improvements requiring an appropriation of \$16,000 were provided for. On this showing Governor Dietrich, believing that it was better business methods to use the state's credit to the extent of \$16,000 than to add an additional tax burden upon the people of \$90,500, which also meant a corresponding increase in the floating indebtedness of the state, vetoed that section. The result is that the university is apparently getting along just as well as if it had the money and the taxpayers of Nebraska have been saved a large sum of money.

In regard to the statement that has been made by one of the popocratic editors that this was done in order that the state treasurer might have more funds to invest for his own profit, it is sufficient to say that this dense ignorance of the finances of the university is exploded by the fact that there are and for several years have been warrants outstanding against these funds. At present there are approximately \$55,000 university warrants outstanding, and this, coupled with the fact that the prevailing rate of expenses exceeds the one-mill levy, thoroughly explodes the charge that the state treasurer would or could in any way benefit by such a veto.

Another thing which prompted Governor Dietrich to veto the \$90,500 appropriation was that the fusion administration had not alone squandered all the money in the treasury, but had run the state in debt and left unpaid bills amounting to more than \$150,000. The reckless extravagance of the Poynter administration enjoined the strictest economy upon the republicans in order to avoid an increase in the warrant indebtedness of the state of sufficient proportions to impair its credit.

Governor Dietrich vacated the executive chair before he had much of an opportunity to install his policy of retrenchment, but his successor, Governor Savage, has maintained the strictest economy, with the result that for the first time in many years the state of Nebraska is enjoying a strictly business administration. The people of Nebraska are paying less for their administration of government and their public interests and institutions are being better cared for than for many years. Governor Savage has proven himself to be a man of keen judgment and splendid business ideas and his administration promises to be popular with the people on account of rugged honesty, strict economy and rare circumspection.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Grand Island.

The Soldiers' Home at Grand Island has been grossly mismanaged in every department. Particularly is the charge of mismanagement true in connection with the medical department. It has never required more than \$500.00 per year for medical and surgical supplies at the home, though Dr. Swigart, until recently physician at the home, squandered

more than \$25,000.00 for the same purpose.

When Traffic in Horse Meat Began.

Nearly half a century ago, the experiment of putting horse meat on the market was made for the first time in Austria. A government decree of April 20, 1854, gave legal permission to cut up and sell horse meat as an article of food. During the rest of that year and in 1855, 943 horses were slaughtered for food in Vienna; the number rose in 1859—the last year for which statistics are obtained—to 25,640 head.

You can often help a nervous headache by combing the hair gently.

dered a \$100.00 fine in ten months, and that, too, in the face of the fact that his predecessor, Dr. Sedler, turned over a large supply of drugs to him, upon his retirement. It is quite doubtful if to light the fact that the state has paid for drugs never delivered. It is a significant fact that within more than 40 per cent of the drugs used at the home were, by reason of friction between the physician in charge and the inmates, purchased by the inmates out of their private funds, the expense of maintaining the drug department to the state increased more than three hundred per cent.

Other physicians were, for some reason or other, summoned to the home to perform services for which Dr. Swigart was paid by the state, and instead of their fees being deducted from Dr. Swigart's salary, the bills were presented to Dr. Swigart; he presented them to the drug firm which had the contract; the latter paid the money to Dr. Swigart, and sent in vouchers to the state for drugs. Positive proof is in existence that Dr. Swigart sold liquor that was bought and paid for by the state funds to inmates and appropriated the proceeds to his own use. The records will show that this institution consumed more liquor than nearly all of the other institutions of the state. It is openly charged that the attending physician indulged to excess in the use of intoxicating beverages, and that on more than one occasion he was incapacitated for duty by reason of inebriety.

The commandant, physician, adjutant and other officials at the home maintained their relatives there at the state's expense.

The public records show that Commandant Beltzer drew upon numerous orders for his own benefit, and had all the printing for the institution done in the newspaper owned and managed by his son, and charged the state for nursery stock and ornamental trees from his own nursery. Excessive prices were charged and paid for both the printing and the trees.

There is a gross irregularity apparent at this institution in connection with the construction of a public building thereat. The contract was awarded to an irresponsible bidder, who failed to comply with its provisions, and the building was completed at the expense of the bondsmen. An architect was employed at the rate of \$5.00 per day and paid out of the regular appropriation fund to superintend the construction, when, as a matter of fact, he had practically no experience in this class of work. Very inferior material was used in the construction in this building, and in few respects were the plans and specifications complied with.

Hospital for Insane at Norfolk.

The very large quantity of coal consumed at the hospital for the insane at Norfolk has led to many sensational reports, though I know of nothing more than that the vouchers in the auditor's office show that a great deal of coal is required at this institution. There are other indications that there has been more or less juggling of contracts for supplies in the interests of friends at the institution and in the state house. Particularly is this true in the award of the contract for drugs. Favoritism has been exercised in the award of the drug contracts, and in the purchase of extras from the drug fund. Investigation reveals the fact that it is the custom at this, as well as at nearly all other institutions, to misappropriate specifically appropriated funds.

During the recent administration, the mother and sister of the superintendent, and the four children of the steward were kept at the institution at the state's expense.

State Normal at Peru.

Until recently, if it is not true today, three rooms in one of the public buildings owned by the state in connection with the Normal school were occupied by a private fusion newspaper printing office. This concern paid no rent, and in addition paid nothing for its light, water and heat. It occupied these quarters for upward of two years, having a monopoly of the job printing of the institution, for which it charged excessive prices. There is evidence that at this institution radical and unwarranted changes have been made in the text books, evidently for no other purpose than profit, and to the great detriment and inconvenience of the student. It is due the present incumbent of the presidency to say that the reports of jugglery of text books originated during the administration of his predecessor.

Fish Hatchery at South Bend.

The Fish Hatchery at South Bend is in a deplorable condition. About eighteen months ago an Omaha saloon keeper named Sloup was appointed superintendent of the hatchery. He was utterly without experience, knew nothing as to the manner in which fish should be propagated, and the result is that for the many thousands of dollars expended by the state in the development of this industry, there is nothing left but evidences of ruin and desolation. It will require much money, time and care to restore this enterprise to its former condition.

Institute for the Blind at Nebraska City.

The taxpayers of the state have been grossly imposed upon at the Institute for the Blind. The superintendent, contrary to all precedent, refused to teach any of the branches upon the ground that he was incapacitated by reason of old age. At the close of the first semester last year, which is the last official report available, there were upwards of seventy-five inmates and fifty-one people on the pay roll.

The Newest in Life Saving Rafts.

The latest patent in life saving rafts, one just adopted by the United States navy, sees the old idea of the raft, "Your feet are always in the water, but you never sink," and goes it one better. While you are being saved on this raft you are to stand in the water up to your middle. It is thus in effect a big basket, with an exaggerated life preserver for its rim, the flat platform of the raft hanging to the inside of a big circular hollow frame by slack ropes. Men or horses can evidently be packed safely upon such a raft as thickly as folks can stand in a crowded street, or in the "rush hours."