

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"I am no phanton," I said, touching her hand again. "No, we will not go back to the shore. Tardif shall row us to the caves, and I will take you into them, and then we two will return along the cliffs. Would you like that, mamzelle?"

"Very much," she answered, the smile still playing about her face. It was brown and freckled with exposure to the sun, but so full of health and life as to be doubly beautiful to me, who saw so many wan and sickly faces.

"Doctor," said Tardif's deep, grave voice behind me, "your mother, is she better?"

It was like the sharp prick of a needle, which presently you know must pierce your heart.

The one moment of rapture had fled. The Paradise that had been about me for an instant, with no hint of pain, faded out of my sight. But Olivia remained, and her face grew sad, and her voice low and sorrowful, as she leaned forward to speak to me.

"I have been so grieved for you," she said. "Your mother came to see me once, and promised to be my friend."

We said no more for some minutes, and the splash of the oars in the water was the only sound. Olivia's air continued sad, and her eyes were downcast, as if she shrank from looking me in the face.

"Pardon me, doctor," said Tardif in our own dialect, which Olivia could not understand, "I have made you sorry when you were having a little gladness. Is your mother very ill?"

"There is no hope, Tardif," I answered, looking round at his honest and handsome face, full of concern for me.

"May I speak to you as an old friend?" he asked. "You love mamzelle, and you are come to tell her so?"

"What makes you think that?" I said. "I see it in your face," he answered, lowering his voice, though he knew Olivia could not tell what we were saying.

"Your marriage with mademoiselle your cousin was broken off—why? Do you suppose I did not guess? I knew it from the first week you stayed with us. Nobody could see mamzelle as we see her without loving her."

"The Sark folks say you are in love with her yourself, Tardif," I said, almost against my will.

His lips contracted and his face saddened, but he met my eyes frankly.

"It is true," he answered, "but what then? If it had only pleased God to make me like you, or that she should be of my class, I would have done my utmost to win her. But that is impossible; she is nothing else than a servant in her eyes. I do not know how to be anything else, and I am content. She is as far above my reach as one of the white clouds up yonder. To think of myself as anything but her servant would be irreverent."

"You are a good fellow, Tardif," I exclaimed.

"God is the judge of that," he said with a sigh. "Mamzelle thinks of me only as her servant. My good Tardif, do this, or do that. I like it. I do not know any happier moment than when I hold her little boots in my hand and brush them. You see she is as helpless and tender as my little wife was; but she is very much higher than my poor little wife. Yes, I love her as I love the blue sky, and the white clouds, and the stars shining in the night. But it will be quite different between her and you."

"I hope so," I thought to myself.

"You do not feel like a servant," he continued, his oars dipping a little too deeply and setting the boat rocking.

"By-and-by, when you are married, she will look up to you and obey you. I do not understand altogether why the good God has made this difference between us two; but I see it and feel it. It would be fitting for you to be her husband; it would be a shame to her to become my wife."

"Are you grieved about it, Tardif?" I asked.

"No, no," he answered; "we have always been good friends, you and I, doctor. No, you shall marry her, and I will be happy. I will come to visit you sometimes, and she will call me her good Tardif. That is enough for me."

At last we gained one of the entrances to the caves, but we could not pull the boat quite up to the strand. A few paces of shallow water, clear as glass, with pebbles sparkling like gems beneath it, lay between us and the caves.

"Tardif," I said, "you need not wait for us. We will return by the cliffs." "You know the caves as well as I do?" he replied, though in a doubtful tone.

"All right," I said, as I swung over the side of the boat into the water, when I found myself knee-deep. Olivia looked from me to Tardif with a flushed face—an angry that made my pulses leap. Why should her face never change when he carried her in his arms? Why should she shrink from me? "Are you as strong as Tardif?" she asked, lingering, and hesitating before she would trust herself to me.

"Almost, if not altogether," I answered gaily. "I'm strong enough to undertake to carry you without wetting the soles of your feet. Come, it is not more than half a dozen yards."

She was standing on the bench I had just left, looking down at me with the same vivid flush upon her cheeks and forehead, and with an uneasy expression in her eyes. Before she could speak again I put my arms round her, and lifted her down.

"You are quite as light as a feather," I said, laughing, as I carried her to the steps of moist and humid strand under the archway in the rocks. As I put her down I looked back to Tardif, and saw him regarding us with grave and sorrowful eyes.

"Adieu!" he cried; "I am going to look after my lobster pots. God bless you both!"

He spoke the last words heartily; and we stood watching him as long as he was in sight. Then we went on into the caves.

I had known the caves well when I was a boy, but it was many years since

I had been there. Now I was alone in them with Olivia, no other human being in sight or sound of us. I had scarcely eyes for any sight but that of her face, which had grown sly and downward, and was generally turned away from me. She would be frightened, I thought, if I spoke to her in that lam-some place. I would wait till we were on the cliffs, in the open eye of day.

She left my side for one moment whilst I was poking under a stone for a young plover, which had darkened the little pool of water round it with its inky fluid. I heard her utter an exclamation of delight, and I gave up my pursuit instantly to learn what was giving her pleasure. She was stooping down to look beneath a low arch, not more than two feet high, and I knelt beside her. Beyond lay a straight, narrow channel of transparent water, blue from a faint reflected light, with smooth sculptured walls of rock, clear from mollusca, rising on each side of it. Level lines of mimic waves slipped monotonously upon it, as if it was stirred by some soft wind which we could not feel. You could have peeped it with tiny boats flitting across it, or skimming lightly down it. Tears shone in Olivia's eyes.

"It reminds me so of a canal in Venice," she said, in a tremulous voice.

"Do you know Venice?" I asked; and the recollection of her portrait taken in Florence came to my mind.

"Oh, yes!" she answered; "I spent three months there once, and this place is like it."

"Was it a happy time?" I inquired, jealous of those tears.

"It was a hateful time," she said vehemently. "Don't let us talk of it."

"You have traveled a great deal, then?" I pursued, wishing her to talk about herself, for I could scarcely trust my resolution to wait till we were out of the caves. "I love you with all my heart and soul" was on my tongue's end.

"We traveled nearly all over Europe," she replied.

"I wondered whom she meant by 'we,'" she had never used the plural pronoun before, and I thought of that odious woman in Guernsey—an unpleasant recollection.

But there was the pause of the tide, when the waves rushed out again in white floods, leaving the water comparatively shallow. There were still six or eight yards to traverse before we could reach an archway in the cliffs, which would lead us in safety in the outer caves. There was some peril, but we had no alternative. I lifted Olivia a little higher against my shoulder, for her long serge dress wrapped dangerously around us both; and then waiting for the pause in the throbbing of the tide, I dashed hastily across.

One swirl of the water coiled about us, washing us nearly to my throat, and giving me almost a choking sensation of dread; but before a second could swoop down upon us I had staggered half-blinded to the arch, and put down Olivia in the small, secure cave within it. She had not spoken once. She did not seem able to speak now. Her large, terrified eyes looked up at me dumbly, and her face was white to the lips. I clasped her in my arms once more, and kissed her forehead and lips again and again, in a paroxysm of passionate love and gladness.

"Olivia!" I cried. "I wish you to become my wife."

"You wish that?" she gasped, recoiling. "Oh! no, no—I am already married!"

CHAPTER XV.

Olivia's answer struck me like an electric shock. For some moments I was simply stunned, and knew neither what she had said, nor where we were.

"Olivia!" I cried, stretching out my arms towards her, as though she would flutter back to them and lay her head against me, as she had done upon my shoulder, with her face against my neck. But she did not see my gesture, and the next moment I knew that she could never let me hold her in my arms again. I dared not even take one step nearer to her.

"Olivia," I said again, after another minute or two of troubled silence—"Olivia, it is true?"

She bowed her head still lower upon her hands, in speechless confirmation. A stricken, helpless, cowering child she seemed to me, standing there in her drenched clothing. An unutterable tenderness, altogether different from the feverish love of a few minutes ago, filled my heart as I looked at her.

"Come," I said, as calmly as I could speak. "I am at any rate your doctor, and I am bound to take care of you. You must not stay here wet and cold. Let us make haste back to Tardif's, Olivia."

I drew her hand down from her face and through my arm, for we had still to re-enter the outer cave, and to return through a higher gallery, before we could reach the cliffs above. I did not glance at her. The road was very rough, strewn with huge boulders, and she was compell-



"WAITING FOR THE PAUSE."

We had wandered back to the opening where Tardif had left us. The rapid current between us and Brookton was running in swift eddies. Olivia stood near me; but a sort of chilly diffidence had crept over me, and I could not have ventured to press too closely to her, or to touch her with my hand.

"How have you been content to live here?" I asked.

"This year in Sark has saved me," she answered softly.

"What has it saved you from?" I inquired, with intense eagerness. She turned her face full upon me, with a world of reproach in her grey eyes.

"Dr. Martin," she said, "why will you persist in asking me about my former life? Tardif never does. He never implies by a word or look that he wishes to know more than I choose to tell. I cannot tell you anything about it."

Just then my ear caught for the first time a low boom-boom, which had probably been sounding through the caves for some minutes.

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated.

Yet a moment's thought convinced me that, though there might be a little risk, there was no paralyzing danger. I had forgotten the narrowness of the gallery through which alone we could gain the cliffs. From the open span of beach where we were now standing, there was no chance of leaving the caves except as we had come to them, by a boat; for on each side a crag ran like a spur into the water. There was not a moment to lose. Without a word, I snatched up Olivia in my arms, and ran back into the caves, making as rapidly as I could for the long, straight passage.

Neither did Olivia speak a word or utter a cry. We found ourselves in a low tunnel, where the water was beginning to flow in pretty strongly. I set her down for an instant, and tore off my coat and waistcoat. Then I caught her up again, and strode along over the slippery, slimy masses of rock which lay under my feet, covered with seaweed.

"Olivia," I said, "I must have my right hand free to steady myself with. Put both your arms round my neck and cling to me so. Don't touch my arms or shoulders."

Yet the clinging of her arms about my neck, and her cheek close to mine, almost unnerved me. I held her fast with my left arm, and steadied myself with my right. We gained in a minute or two the mouth of the tunnel. The drift was pouring into it with a force almost too great for me, burdened as I was,

ed to receive my help. But we did not speak again till we were on the cliffs in the eye of day, with our faces and our steps turned towards Tardif's farm.

"Sorry that I love you?" I asked, feeling that my love was growing every moment in spite of myself. The sun shone on her face, which was just below my eyes. There was an expression of sad perplexity and questioning upon it, which kept away every other sign of emotion.

"Yes," she answered; "it is such a miserable, unfortunate thing for you. But how could I have helped it?"

"You could not help it," I said.

"I did not mean to deceive you," she continued—"neither you nor any one. When I fled away from my husband I had no plan of any kind. I was just like a leaf driven about by the wind, and it tossed me here. I did not think I ought to tell any one I was married. I wish I could have foreseen this."

"Are you surprised that I love you?" I asked.

Now I saw a subtle flush steal across her face, and her eyes fell to the ground.

"I never thought of it till this afternoon," she murmured. "I knew you were going to marry your cousin Julia, and I knew I was married, and that there could be no release from that. All my life is ruined, but you and Tardif made it more bearable. I did not think you loved me till I saw your face this afternoon."

"I shall always love you," I cried passionately, looking down on the shining, drooping head beside me, and the sad face and listless arms hanging down in an attitude of dejection.

"No," she answered in her calm, sorrowful voice. "When you see clearly that it is an evil thing you will conquer it. There will be no hope whatever in your love for me, and it will pass away. Not soon, perhaps; I can scarcely wish you to forget me soon. Yet it would be wrong for you to love me now. Why was I driven to marry him so long ago?"

"Your husband must have treated you very badly, before you would take such a desperate step as this," I said again, after a long silence, scarcely knowing what I said.

"He treated me so ill," said Olivia, with the same hard tone in her voice, "that when I had a chance to escape it seemed as if heaven itself opened the door for me. He treated me so ill that if I thought there was any fear of him finding me out here, I would rather a thousand times you had left me to die in the caves."

(To be continued.)

Labour World

Knights of Labor factions are fighting in the courts again.

Labor's greatest enemies are the methods employed in the sweatshops, the watering of stock, the abuse of the injunction, and the employment of incompetents.

The Birmingham convention of the International Typographical Union refused to abolish the law subjecting a member to expulsion who publishes a falsehood about another member.

A new national labor organization intended to bring together all classes of mechanics, helpers and laborers in the navy yards and arsenals throughout the country has been organized at Washington, D. C.

Frank Duffy, of New York, has been placed in the position formerly held by Secretary P. J. McGuire, of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. Mr. McGuire was deposed from office for "insubordination" by the Executive Board of the organization.

The Austrian Government passed a law on May 24, 1901, for the limitation of the hours of labor of coal miners to nine a day. Thus the memorable strike of last year of the Austrian miners has had its beneficial results, in spite of the bitter antagonism of the mine owners.

In ten years the membership of the International Typographical Union increased from 25,145 in 1891 to 35,000 in 1901. During the decade the receipts were \$1,269,015, and expenditures \$1,258,506. The latter includes \$223,239 contributed to the Union Printers' Home at Colorado Springs, Col.

M. E. Ingalls, president of the Big Four Railroad system, says: "My observation in the last twenty-five years has been that labor has steadily won and capital lost in the struggle which always exists more or less." Mr. Ingalls is undoubtedly correct. For whatever the temporary reverses may be, organized labor usually emerges stronger than before.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trackmen is strengthening its union, having absorbed the independent Canadian union, thus bringing the membership up to 107,000. The bootworkers have also reached across the border, and gained four unions in Montreal, with 3,000 members, two large unions in St. Hyacinthe, and in Quebec and Three Rivers the same result is expected.

A bonus system has been inaugurated by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company at its plant in East Pittsburg. The bonus is based on the net earnings of the company, and its distribution is among the assistant sub-foremen, and is paid quarterly, in addition to their salaries. If the system is a success it will be extended by the company to take in all skilled workmen of the plant.

A labor war may be inaugurated between the union men who make cigars and the firms that deal in the product of the wood from Porto Rico. The duty is expected to result in a great reduction in wages among tobacco workers. It is possible that several firms will remove to the island, where cheap labor abounds. To combat this it is said that the unions are preparing to unionize the tobacco workers on the island.

GENTLE ANNIE WAS HER NAME.

And She Carried a Razor, a Dirk and Other Innocent Cutters.

"This must be gentle Annie," remarked Recorder Broyles at yesterday's police matinee, says the Atlanta Constitution, when Annie Rogers was ushered forward and the officer told how he had found her with a razor, a dirk and a knife in her stockings.

"I found Annie at the flying jinnie," stated the officer, "and she was just aching for trouble."

"You mean those turntables with wooden horses?" asked the recorder.

"Dat's rite, Judge Briles," Annie stated.

"They used to call them merry-go-rounds when I was a kid," nuzzed the recorder. "They always made me seazick."

"Dat's what was de matter wid me," exclaimed Annie.

"I guess you fixed your whirlygig," the recorder said, "with liquor. A rotary motion and liquor won't even exchange compliments of the season. What were you doing with the razor, the dirk and the knife, Annie?"

"Dey was loan't ter me," replied the prisoner, "by Bill Hux, who sed he was gwine ter er crap sworcee and was gwine er mout git murder on his han's ef de dices was loaded."

"You can't act as a walking arsenal for Bill Hux," the recorder informed her. "You must be our gentle Annie for the next thirty days unless you can pay a fine of \$15.75. It's not a merry-go-round at the stockade, and the whirligig of time doesn't rotate very fast. The circle of your acquaintance will be large if not select."

"Ise got er min' ter kill dat Bill Hux," muttered Annie, as the court bailiff led her away.

"Just invite him to one of your flying-jinnie soirees," said the recorder.

Longest Pipe Line in Use.

The longest pipe line in the United States is to be built from Wyoming to Salt Lake City.

Rule for making husbands observe politeness, and eat their meals when there is company without removing their coats: Let holes accumulate in their shirts.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I don't want to see Lydia when she comes back from that summer school."

"Why not?"

"Oh, she will be bursting with knowledge while the rest of us have been sitting around here in the heat forgetting what little we know."

Financial Formaldehyde. Milkman—Say, you paid me in counterfeit money.

Citizen—Well, you've been bringing us counterfeit milk.

He Knows.

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Since the Women Do the Work. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "To look for a job, kind sir," she said.

"Will you work for me, my pretty maid?" "Oh, this is so sudden, kind sir," she said. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Bings—For heaven's sake throw that piece of rope away.

Jings—Now, look here, I don't often give a quarter for a cigar, but when I do—

Bings—You get 20 cents change.

Not Brave Enough. "A French scientist, who has been studying the antiquity of the human race, declares that man is 238,000 years old," remarked Cumso.

"He would never dare say that of women," added Cawker.

Forget to Ask. "The jeweler says the diamond in my ring is not genuine."

He—Um—er—he told me the ring was real gold. I forgot to ask him about the stone. —New York Weekly.

The Society Moustachio. "Those folks in the next flat are awfully pretentious."

"Are they?"

"Yes, she sends her visiting card over—two middle names on it—when she wants to borrow butter." —Puck.

The Same Boat. "The proud girl scorned my suit; she was rich, I was poor."

But the next day her father lost all. "We are in the same boat, now!" said I, jeeringly, but politely.

"Yes, but of course there are first and second cabins!" said she, shivering, however, as if she something mis-doubted.

An All-Pervading Lion. Mrs. Wiggles—Does your husband have a "den?" Mrs. Wiggles—No, he roars all over the house.

Willing to Oblige. "What nice things you said about that man in his obituary notice! Don't suppose you'd say such nice things of me?" said the citizen.

"Oh, yes, I would, with pleasure," replied the polite newspaper man. —Yonkers Statesman.

Man's Ingratitude. Tramp—I'm not an idler, mum; I'm unfortunate.

Housekeeper—Huh! Did you ever work for a living?

Tramp—Yes, mum. I used to be a salesman for Dr. Wing's Gold Medal Hair Restorer, mum; an' I worked so hard and faithful for him, mum, that he discharged me.

Housekeeper—Nonsense. Why should he?

Tramp—You see, mum, the worry an' overwork tryin' to do a big business for him, made me premature bald, mum. —New York Weekly.

A Disquieting Question. Flowery Fields—Willie, hev you noticed any signs uv mental decay about me lately?

Willie—No, no, comrade! fur from it.

Flowery Fields—Well, den, I wonder wot dat lady over dere could hev meant by askin' me w'y I didn't work fer a livin'! —Leslie's Weekly.

A Poet. Popper—Tawklotz may be a great linguist, but I'll bet he doesn't know what "Uss holter" means.

Hopper—Well, what does it mean?

Popper—Ice water.

Hopper—In what language?

Popper—Our baby's. —Philadelphia Press.

Nothing Envious. Jimmy—We used to envy Buddy Short 'cause his father was a base-ball player.

Micky—Don't yer envy him now?

Jimmy—Well, I guess nix. We saw his mother spanking him with one of his father's spiked shoes.

An Unsympathetic Girl. "Can I confide to you my secret sorrow, Arbella?"

"Yes, Arthur, if it's a new one; if it's that same old one, I haven't time."

Not His Vegetable. "No, sir," said Mr. Backbay, in reply to a query, "the shortage in the potato crop does not trouble me in the least. I have lived in Boston all my life."

Her Specialty. Mrs. Woop—If you don't stop complaining because it takes me so long to dress I intend to get a divorce and go on the stage.

Mr. Woop—What as? A lightning change artist? —Baltimore American.

A FINE BIRD.



Cholly—Give me a kiss, sweetheart.

Marie—I'm afraid to; the parrot is looking.

The Parrot—Oh! go ahead and kiss her; I'll turn my head.

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