

His Repentance.

But, as it appeared, the doctor had not been waiting. At any rate, Mark Gray had not sent for him. And he had stopped now to hear, if he could, Mark's report.

An upper window opened, and Mrs. Gray, completely enveloped in a thick black shawl, so that nothing could be seen of her but the tip of her nose, leaned out.

"Good morning, Uncle Richard."

"Good morning, my dear. I am glad to see you again. Can you come down for a minute?"

"No, I have not begun to dress. Did you want Mark? He has gone to Lady Oswald's."

"Ah, that's what I wish to ask about. Did you hear Mark say how she was?—whether there was any hurt?"

"He said there was none. But for one thing, she kept fainting, and refused to be touched. At least I think he said so, something of that; I was very sleepy when he got home; it was 1 o'clock. I am sure he said she was not hurt to speak of."

"That's all right, then," said Dr. Davenal. "You are out, sometimes, Uncle Richard," resumed Caroline. "Are you going far?"

"To Thorndyke. Tell your husband he must see my patients this morning. I shall not be back in time. Drive on, Roger."

"Very well," said Caroline. "What's ill?"

But Dr. Davenal's answer, as he gave one, was lost in the distance, and never reached Caroline Gray's ear.

It was a singular coincidence—as was said by gossip afterwards—that one should be taken ill that day in Thorndyke and be in danger of death. It was not, however, one of the Oswald family, but a visitor of Sir Philip's and it had nothing whatever to do with the story. It need not have been mentioned, save to explain what took Dr. Davenal from Hallingham on that critical day.

Dr. Davenal found the patient alarmingly ill, in great need of medical help, and he had to stay at Thorndyke some hours. It was between 2 and 3 o'clock when he got back to Hallingham, and ordered Roger to drive at once to the infirmary.

The doctor went in and saw his patient. The poor man Biggs, earlier now, than he had been the previous night, lay in a slumber; the rest were going on well. One woman had gone. An inmate of the wards for some weeks past, her case, a very painful one, had defied all skill, all remedy; now she had come to that better place where sickness ceases to enter. Dr. Davenal stood for some time conversing with the house surgeon, and then departed on foot to his home; he had dismissed his carriage when he entered the infirmary.

As he walked, he met an eager little fellow scuffling along, one who always walked very fast, with his head pushed out, as if he were in a desperate hurry. It was one of the infirmary pupils, as they were called; young Mr. Biggs, gathering skill and experience to become in time a surgeon himself, who attended the infirmary with his master. This one, Julius Wild, a youth of 18, was more particularly attached to the service of Dr. Davenal, and he came up breathless.

"Oh, if you please, sir, Mr. Gray has been looking for you ever since he left," interrupted the doctor.

"Yes, sir, but he thought you must have come back, and he met me about twenty places to inquire, but he's something wrong with Lady Oswald, sir, and he wants to see you about it."

"What is it that's wrong?"

"Mr. Gray didn't expect, to me, sir, but he said something about an operation. She's hurt internally, I think."

"Where is Mr. Gray? Do you know?"

"He is gone to your house, sir. Somebody told him they saw your carriage going along, and Mr. Gray thought you might be at home. He—"

Dr. Davenal waited to hear no more. He made the best of his way towards home, but before he reached it he met Mark Gray.

There, in the street, particulars were explained by Mr. Gray to Dr. Davenal, not altogether to the doctor's satisfaction. It appeared that Mark—very carefully, but he excused himself on the plea of Lady Oswald's fractious refusal to be touched—had omitted to make a proper examination of her state on the previous night. The delay, though not fatal was inexpedient, rendering the operation which must now be performed more difficult than if it had been done at once, and Dr. Davenal said a few sharp words, the only sharp ones he had ever in his life spoken to Mark Gray.

"I told you it was my opinion there was some internal injury. You ought to have ascertained."

He turned his steps and proceeded at once and alone to the house of Lady Oswald. She was in a grievous state of suffering, and that she had not appeared so on the previous night could only be attributed to partial insensibility. Dr. Davenal examined her with his practiced skill, his gentle fingers, and he imparted to her as soothingly as possible the fact that an operation was indispensable. "Not a very grave one he said, with a smile intended to reassure."

"Nothing formidable, like the taking off of an arm or leg."

But Lady Oswald refused her consent, as fractiously and positively as she had the previous night refused to be touched. She would have no operation performed on her, she said, putting her to torture; they must cure her without it. Some time was lost in this unsatisfactory manner, and Mark Gray, Dr. Davenal while the contention was going on, her husband was at length obliged to tell her a hard truth—that unless she submitted to it, her life must fall a sacrifice.

Then there came another phase of obstinacy. When people are lying in the critical state that Lady Oswald was in, hovering between life and death, it is unseemly to indulge in whims, in moods of caprice. If ever there is a time in the career of life that truth should reign pre-eminent, it is that and these willful caprices are born of a phase of feeling that surely cannot be called truth. Lady Oswald consented to the operation, but only on the condition that Mark Gray should perform it. What foolish caprice, may have prompted this, it is impossible to say. Mark had been talking to her, very much as a tooth drawn or a cut finger dressed, protesting that it "would not hurt her to speak of."

"That's all over, so to say, in no time," Dr. Davenal, more honest, held his tongue upon these points; it would not hurt her very much indeed. This it may be said to have caused the wretched action surgeon. And she held to it.

It was necessary that she should be calmed to which she had put herself, and so was the hour named Dr. Davenal and Mark attended to be with her.

"Mark," asked the doctor, as they walked

away together, "are you sure of yourself?"

Dr. Davenal had had no experience hitherto of Mark Gray's skill as a surgeon, except in common cases. All critical operations, both at the infirmary and in private practice, the doctor took himself. Mark looked at the doctor in surprise as he heard the question.

"Sure! Why, of course I am. It's quite a simple thing this."

"Simple enough when the hand is experienced and sure," remarked the doctor. "Not so simple where it is not."

"Of course, I have not had your experience," Dr. Davenal; but I have had quite sufficient to insure my accomplishing this, perhaps as skillfully as you could."

Mark spoke in a resentful tone; he did not like the reflection that he thought was cast upon him by the question. Dr. Davenal said no more. His supposed Mark was sure of his hand's skill.

"I shall give her chloroform," resumed Mark.

"No," burst forth Dr. Davenal. He could not have interrupted more impetuously had he been intending to dash it from her lips. He believed Lady Oswald would be a very unfit subject for chloroform; one of those few to whom it is unsafe to administer it, and he explained this to Mark Gray.

Mark turned restive. Strange to say he who had hitherto seemed content to follow in the medical footsteps of Dr. Davenal, watching his treatment, pursuing the same more as a pupil takes lessons of a master than as a man in the practice for himself, seemed inclined to turn restive now. Did Mark Gray, because he had married the doctor's niece, thus become connected with him by private ties, as it were a more equal right of independence which we all love, which is inherent in the hearts of the best of us, and stand up for his own ways and his own will?

"I like chloroform," he said. "I consider it one of the most blessed inventions of the age."

"Undoubtedly; where it can be used with safety."

"I have used it 50 times," rejoined Mark. "I have used it 50 and 50 to that," said the doctor, good-humoredly. "But, Mark, I never used it in my life upon a doubtful subject, and I never will."

"What do you call a doubtful subject?"

"What do I call a doubtful subject?" repeated the doctor. "You know as well as I. How many patients has chloroform killed? Upon certain natures—"

"Very few," interrupted Mark.

"Very few as compared to the whole," acquiesced the doctor. "You may administer chloroform with perfect safety to 99 patients, and you cannot to the hundredth. Upon certain natures, as I was about to observe, its effects may be fatal. And where there is a doubt, Mark, it should be acted upon."

"The cases are so rare."

"True. And the important thing for a medical man is to discover where chloroform may be given with safety and where it may not."

"It is impossible that he can do that with any certainty," (To be Continued.)

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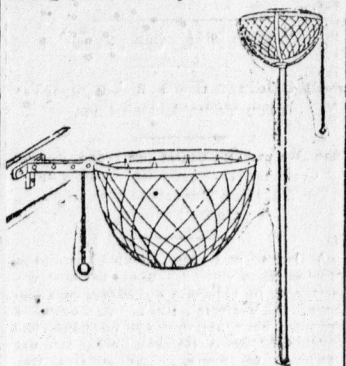
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A POPULAR GAME.

Basket Ball as Universally Played in Gymnasiums.

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For a long time gymnasium instructors were confronted by the necessity for a game which could be played indoors by old and young, male and female. They wanted a game devoid of rough features, yet one which would be thoroughly scientific, and which should afford plenty of opportunity for good healthy exercise for the scholar or business man and training for the athlete. Such possibilities have been discovered in the game of basket ball, which has become so popular in school and club gymnasiums throughout the country.



The game was first introduced by the directors and pupils of the Y. M. C. A. Training School at Springfield, Mass. Its advantages were soon perceived, and the sport spread to the gymnasiums controlled by the Young Men's Christian Association, and was further introduced into scholastic institutions and club gymnasiums. At the training school, the game was developed, and a strong team was drilled in the simple workings of it by James Naismith, one of the Springfield instructors, and an earnest worker in the field of all-around sport and recreation. In New York and Brooklyn are several good teams, and these play the game from time to time.

The game can readily be played in almost the smallest gymnasium. As the sizes of the exercising rooms vary, the game played by each team is slightly different. All the match games are played under regular rules, however, and the peculiar disadvantage which a "gym" may have for the visiting team is remedied so far as possible. The game can be played out of doors, on a large field quite as well as in a small gymnasium. The goals pictured in this column are used in the upright position for the field, on which it can be placed at any point, and the other for indoor play. The latter is attached to the gallery or the wall of the room. The string is used to turn the goal so that the ball may readily be regained. These goals are the improved article. The first goals, from which the game got its name, were only peack baskets nailed to the wall or running track.

GOAL X HOME.

LEFT FORWARD. X RIGHT FORWARD. X

LEFT CENTER. X CENTER. X RIGHT CENTER. X

LEFT BACK. X RIGHT BACK. X

GOAL KEEPER. X

POSITIONS OF THE PLAYERS.

The game can be played by a number of men at once. In a small gymnasium, however, five a side is the most convenient number. In large rooms nine men can play on a side. This is considered the regular number, and the game is played as shown in the accompanying illustration. The game itself is strictly one of passing the ball from man to man. It can neither be kicked nor batted with the fist. The object is to get the ball into the basket or goal. To get an uncovered position is of the utmost importance, as the player can thus easily get the ball and as easily pass it to one of his side near the goal. It requires a great deal of practice to put the ball in the goal, which is placed at some distance above the players' heads. Not alone must a player be skillful, he must also be very lively. A player must throw the ball from the spot where he catches it, but he can turn around to throw it. No interference is allowed, and tackling and pushing are strictly prohibited. A player may only obstruct the passage of the ball after it is thrown.

When the game is played on a field the player may run with the ball if he continually throws it above his head and catches it again. The ball may also be dribbled along the ground with the hand.

Team play counts for everything in basket-ball. The two forwards and the home man should always work together to get the ball into the goal. The backs guard the goal, and the center men are supposed to get the ball and pass it forward toward the home man.

The game is usually played in two halves of fifteen minutes each, with a slight intermission. When a goal is made the game goes right on. It is perhaps the "fastest" game played to-day, and is played with a snap which football players in lining up may well envy.

The game is being slowly introduced into women's gymnasiums, and is played by the fair gymnasts without any injurious effects.

THE GAME IN THIS CITY.

The game of basket ball has become quite popular in this city. The Y. M. C. A. gymnasium is equipped with the apparatus, and many an afternoon the young athletes of the organization may be seen strenuously endeavoring to score goals. Among some of the crack players may be mentioned Jack Gilmore, Tom Partridge, Bert Lind, R. N. Breuer, Charlie Hobbs, Fred Evans, W. H. Wilson, Assistant Y. M. C. A. Secretary Frank Briscoe and Secretary Sayer and many others.

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