## The Doctor's Compromise

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iting Dr F(lton, famous, rich and streed by the circle he moved in, was missiwhat uneasy and discontented. There were no visits to be mide to hospital wards, no students it is company to climes, no fashionable affelled it. I of his care, and even the proof were these of the slums in which he had become interested had been attended to that morning. So he had promised himself the whole attended to that morning. So he had promised himself the whole attended to that morning. So he had promised himself the whole attended to that morning. So he had promised himself the whole attended to that morning. So he had promised himself the whole attended to that morning. So he had promised himself the whole attended to that morning. So is mplicitly believe in the usefulness of such things. His meditations were now in the was delight to have this busy young doctor pay look and the sum of visit, and especially since his lesurely matner promised a long, pleasant talk with him. The doctor was still full of memories and of these he appeared desirous of friedom from the thousand duties that usually hedged him in, or shall we had been attended to the sense of the section of these memories and of these memories ablaze, and shall we had been attended to the sense of the section of the sense of the section of these the smoulded and free of these memories ablaze, and the process of the sense of the section of these the smoulded and free of these memories ablaze, and the process of the section of the sense of friedom from the thousand dures that usually hedged him in, or shall we distinct this unaccustomed stace of the principal of the faint suggestion of earlie oping that had stolen across counfilling New York flat? Whatever was, the doctor's studies were not be that April afternoon.

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retrospective mood, in which me-bes of the past welled up in his t, controlled him. Under its in-nice, this busy young doctor, the bushment of the prefession, whose iness and almost womanly gentle-fieldeviated the fever-racked bos-patient. and whose kindages calleviated the fever-racked host patient, and whose kindness thened the life of many a poor eary garl, became almost a boy m. It was not his went to income in these memories, for his life too busy. But now his disconfishipped away as he gave himself to them. And as he sank down is easy chur, it was not, the walls his library, the books, the instructs or the anatomical charts that need his horizon. He had little aght for his profession that aftern. It was the little New England a of his birth and his student days was absorbed in.

as absorbed in.

"could not be more than 28, but might read experience in that er, good-looking young face. Penflines marked his feature as his glits dwelt upon his little home he hillside, beau fice by his most fower beds and changing vines. It was a sure that the home he little girl who had been the home he little girl who had been the biffiend a boy ever hand, as he to think in those days. What freshing sensation the thought of little girl brought, and the young for smiled unconsciously as he pictitle girl brought, and the young for smiled unconsciously as he pictitle amile faded as his mother's ideath came to him, how she had in her youth and happiness, leaving with his grief-stricken father, well he remembered the quuctiffer then had led together; theteventhey had spent in the lonely home king of her. Sometimes the favoud read to his boy or would fain the bopes he had of seeing dittle lad a physician like himself day. For the parent had also a medical man, one of the true amts of God's people, who labors solely for money, and was, there is greatly beloved by his fellow memen. n came his father's suddenideath,

ten came his father's sudden death, tamed by the unending tabors that te sapping his strength throughout tlong, dreary winter. Before the ing doctor's eyes that seene of fitheyears past vividly presented it. On a wild March day, far until the present golden afternoon, he did in the quaint little churchyard terly crying as the cold stones fell in a duil thud upon his father's coffic, and while he knelt among the spathetic friends, and the good old with priest prayed fervently for the spathetic friends, and the good man lying the beneath them, his grief rentied him intensible to the sharp cut the sleet and rain. One thingenly them able to cheer him, and that hohor, who, as his city auntil day from the sau place, whispered, fillie, don't fee" so badly; your pats in heaven, and I love you." But we could hardly recall her name, atterly had those old times ceased to interest him. "Dead as leleer of the said to him." catterly had those old times ceased to interest him. "Dead as Helen of by for all 1 know," be said to him-

to interest him. "Dead as Heleri of y for all I know," be said to him."

Is runt had taken him. to New to hive, and there he had met had his father's college triends, a high up in the medical profession. The fire himself, on hoserving the boy's to lever ways, he trained him this own eyes in all the myster medicine. Carefully watching boy grew up to young manhood, covered rich traits that promove reward systematic development to the himself, on his construction of the studied at Paris under the boy abroad to have the trained as a parish the consumant there. And after the boy abroad to have the head loved that life with life ment, its duels, its singing, clear-headed men he met, a Father Ryan, who saw the of the young doctor's heart, and to convince him of his would be told that nothing a tangible scientific experished be of any avail as on arguster the nature of Dr. Velton's

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risarely manner promised a long, pleasant talk with him.

The doctor was still full of memories and of these he appeared desirous of talking. Father Ryan, therefore, sympathized enough to set the smouldering fire of these memories ablaze, and soon he was listening to the story of his friend's life. To him this explained very much and also encouraged him greatly. It was no slight interest he had in the young doctor, who was so clever, good and honorable but whose religious views pained him deeply. He had often wondered at the familiacity his rationalistic friend showed with Catholic observances whenever they had visited together the sick pook of his flock. Where could she have acquainted himself so well as to know when candles and holy water were necessary? He ventured to say accordingly;—

"Doctor, pardon me, but it strikes me of the processor was accordingly on the strikes was deep and the part your

"Doctor, pardon me, but it strikes me, after hearing you dwell so on your life, that you once were a Catholic, and still have the feith, despite your apparent andifference."

and still have the faith, despite your apparent andifference."

"Not at all, Father, not in the least," rejoned he, "although you have rightly guessed that I was born in your faith. There is no use, I am comvinced, to tying oneself down to those unreasonable ceremonies of religion. You know my profession of belief/and II think it is a good one."

"Well, I know your mind too thoroughly to argue with you on that po. it." the priest answered; "but tell me are you not greatly influenced by these recollections of your childhood when they come back to you?" The other modded assent. "Then I may venture to say that by them you, will be led back to the faith in which you were befin."

The dontor was now getting merry, as he saw his friend becoming so earnest, and rallied him by declaring that no power on earth could make himbelieve otherwise than he did, unless it was the profo based on scientific data he had before mentioned.

"We shall see," said the prist.

"If ever it de a come to pass otherwise," answered the doctor, "I will devote myself more than ever to your poor. Father."

A knock at the door interruptef

devote myself more than ever to your poor. Father."

A knock at the door interruptest their conversation. Opening it. Father Ryan was handed a letter stamped specially to haston its delivery. The rather unconcerned glance he at first east on the envelope, suddenly vanished, and a look of interest and great anticipation succeeded. Excusing himself, he broke the seal and found his interest justified, for it was from an old priest aho had been a great friend of his, and whom he had not heard from in years. The latter informed him that his friend had a parash in al ittle New England town, and the craseon of his writing was to request a favor.

shin a little New England to request a favor.

Evidently Father Ryan thought the doctor might like to hear what the letter contained, for, asking him to listen, he read the following excerpt: "Knowing that your circumstances bring you into daily contact with the best medical men in the city, I beg of you by any means possible to pensuade some specialist in brain diseases to come up here immediately. The patient is a young hady, the only child left a widowed mother. The local physicians are mystified at the case, and declare a cure impossible. But I would not accept that decision, without making a great effort to secure someone who could speak more authoritatively. Let no fear of expense retard you.

"If you will do this favor for me, you will secure my lasting gratitude."

should now be on his way to the vi-osuty in which that home was. How twisted are the threads of life, he

H bought his ticket and passed-out through the guards. Seating himself comfortably in his seat, he gave himself up to the congenial memories and the words of Fither Ryan. He was going to at town catted Brassville, and if this town was near Hartford in the constitution of the const and if this town was near Hartford it was not far from where he himself had passed his early days. He however, could not recollect any such place. His own town hore the old Indian name of Mattatuck. But he did not remember the names of all the places he knew, so the mability id recall the name of Brassystle didn'd cause him any trouble. So he told the conductor to notify him should he be asleep when the train arrived at his destruction, and closing his eyes he leaned back in the seat, the servant of alternate maps and dreams. of alternate paps and dreams.

It was the prettiest place in the town, this charming home of Mrs. Sayton Set back on a broad lawn and surrounded by walks, that person and nasturtium, bordered all through the summer time, the old-fasmoned white house s'ood at the top of the long, bigh village street. Down below the manufacturing community spread itself out, and along the river that seemed to cut the distint northern hills apart the familiar New England scene of numerous clustering factories met one's eye. In front, two tall buttonball trees stood like giant sontinels, and on the side a row of elms formed a boundary between the lawn and a narrow country lane. Rose elms formed a boundary between the lawn and a narrow country lane. Rose bushes climbed over the house and i an around the windows, and a honeysuckle vine curtained the long verandah. It was the beginning of spring, and everything had begun to feel the season's influe ice. The buds were, swelling on the shrubberies and trees, and the fragrance of fresh earth upturned in the gardens mingled with the invigorating oder that came from fields and near-by woods.

an the gardens mingled with the invigorating odor that came fromfields and near-by woods.

People passing by on this April evening, however, missed the sense of serious's that had seemed to belong to the place. Little groups of women had been coming and going all the afternoon, and the anxiety expressed by their audible sighs seemed to hover around and attack whomsover chanced to pass the gate. A fight for life was going on in one of the rooms around whose windows a rose bush jad wound itself. Mary Sayton, the only child of her widowed mother, was slowly dying, about to tade away, when the beautiful springtime that she loved so much was bringing back the days of sunshine and flowers, and the pleasures she deemed so sweet. Beside her beside the poor mother, worn out by sleep ess nights and the tertible Strain, struggled to keep back the feelings that threatened to overcome her.

A forthight ago and Mary had been

the feelings that threatened to overcome her.

A fortnight ago and Mary had been
full of life and happiness. Her charity lit up and cheered several poor
homes, and Mrs. Malone, "always ailin"," daily declared that the sweet,
garl's visits made her forget her pains.
It was therefore fit that a deed of
mercy should have occasioned the acordent which now it seemed was to reault in her untimely death.

A reckless driver would have run
over little forminy Rafferty, whose
mother was too busy to keep him from
playing in the middle of the public
street, had not Mary run out in 'time
to snatch the little fellow up. But
as 'she lifted him from under 'the
horse's feet a projecting piece of wood
in the swiftly moving wagon struck
her on the head, leaving her senceless
with the scared youngster safe in her
agens. Tommy's father and some fellow-laborers in the nearby mill had
seen the accident, and rushing out
they lifted the young lady whom'they seen the accident, and rushing out they lafted the young lady whom they all admired, and tenderly bore her to the house on the top of the hill. Her brain had sustained a grave injury, and since then the periods of con-solousness had been few and far be-

quired the cucumstances, and the farmness and decision with which he examined the patient

examined the privat

The girl was still in a delirium, which, instead of abating, had grown much worse. Something had to be done immediately. For it seemed as though the end were approaching? First, the young doe, or prevailed upon the distracted mother to leave the goom, and so she was led out and the girls took her in thatge. Then, seeing the urgency of the case, he considered what was best to be done. To his mind there was only one ching, and that was to change the delirium to some state of mind in which pleasant ideas might predominate. Soon the patient showed the success of the young doctor's skilful iteatment. Gradually the stormy fits subsidicid and a calmer mood came on. And Gradually the stormy fits abstance and a calmer mood came on. And now she beg in to speak on something that must have been very dear to het. To the doctor it was nothing, but the coming back of memories that had for years lain definant in brain cells. But he listened became he was every action it.

What she said would harnly offer food for scantific consideration, but his attention was undivided as she was

"Willie, let's go down by the stone wall and gather flowers for the May altar. Father Berkeley says he's going to have a pretty fitter in honor of Mary, Queen of May "Are you going to be a doctor like your, father, Willie?" "On, won't you be happy on your first communion day. I know you'll be a good man like your father, and nave the priest say of you, as Father Berkely says of your father, that he's a Christian Catholic gentleman." "Don't cry so, Willie, your papa is in beaven and I love you"

Thus she wandered on in a happy

that he's a Christian Catholic gentleman." "Don't ciy so, Willie, your papa is in heaven and I love' you."

Thus she wandered on in a happy state of mind, saying things that made the young doctor start. His own name was William; his father had been a doctor, and he had a dim recollection of once having heard the words she had spoken, and surely the last ones were somewhere once said to him. But now there was no time (to spare for such thoughts. Consulting awhile with his older associate, he prepared for a delicate operation, upon the success of which he could not be certain. But risks were equal. Then in that chamber a gallant fight those two men made against death, and finally the light of hope came into thoth their eyes. The young doctor had triumphed, and the older man grasped his band in one whose pressure conveyed a giad testimony to his genius. And as the morning came he instructed the older doctor in what was to be done thereafter, and as he was required at home as soon as possible he hurried from the house, barely having time to assure the overjoyed mother that all might soon be well, and with her blessings in his ears he got into a cattrage and was driven to the morning thrain.

When he had asked his friend to undertake the case of the young lady suffering from brain crouble. Father Ryan little suspected the turning point he was effecting in that one's life. The next day he me, hing at the buspital as calm and gentle with the patients as ever, yet with a preoceau upon his features.

The spring passed away, an' as the early summer came on the dector be-

pattents as ever, yet with a pied, almost absent-minded expression upon his features.

The spring passed away, an 'as the early summer came on the dector began to feel uneasy. He was much preoccupied at times; he was less genial than he had been, too, but a net unbecoming gravity had seitled over lim. He became more thoughtful, but he guarded his thoughts, and even Father Ryon had no lukling that the patient be had visited on that April night was responsible for this change. Such was the fact, however, After returning from her he had felt a great longing to visit the home of his boyhood, to look at the old house in which he was born and lived a happy child-hood, and to see the graves of his

scen the accident, and rushing out they lafted the young lafy whom'they all admired, and tenderly bore her to the house on the top of the hill. Her brain had sustained a grave injury, and since then the periods of consolveness had been few and far believes. The kind old family doctor moved around odministering soothing medicines. The case puzzled him and the follow-plysician whom he had called into consultation. And now, as he turned towards the heart-broken mother, who already felt the awful lone liness and desolation of death his own eyes were full of suffering and pity. He also loved the pure, bright girl, and it pained him, who was so used to becreavement, to see the far young creature of scarcely 'wo-and-twenty' years leave the world in her bloom, and he utterly powerless to help her. His voice was almost broken as he told the stricken mother to resign herself to the inevitable.

The poor woman could no longer restrain her pent-up emotion, and she sobbed cut; "Cli, I cannot lose my Mary an' be left alone in the vorld. Oh, my darling girl! Speak to me, Mary's friends in the world. Oh, my darling girl! Speak to me, Mary's friends in the world. Oh in darling girl! Speak to me, Mary's friends in huxuriant brown hair, was vacant of all knowledge of its surroundings. Then the mother sank down and buried henface in the bedelothes.

The delirium seemed to increase, and some of Mary's friends in the adjoining to world the stranger's youthful appearment, and as they passed through into the sick girl's chamber the girls noticed the stranger's youthful appearment, and as they passed through into the sick girl's chamber the girls noticed the stranger's youthful appearment, and as they passed through into the sick girl's chamber the girls noticed the stranger's youthful appearment, and as they passed through into the sick girl's chamber the girls not left to the investigation of the proposition of the propos

esk name that the Injuns giv the place it's runnin' too far. Thet's what them boomers did. Why, they led a taown-meeting, and changed the/name to Brassville, because they lowed it would draw trade. Lit we warn'ignoin' to loose the summer people, and so another taown-meetin' was assembled, and we put old. Bill Johnson chairman, so's the name became Mattatuck agen. The fac'try people swam thet it wouldn't hev been done in some of the farmers hadn't filled a good many voters with hard cider thet(day, But I'll swan thet's none of my bizness." esk name that the Injuns giv the place

"What do you may, sir; 1 Led they really change the name of the place to Brassville(?"
"Her's what they d'd, but we bet them and changed it back agen."
The farmer curiously watched the look of perplexity that overspread his questioner's fice. But the other smiled and commended the farmers for their shrewdness, and as he went into brakfast the rural Yankee () uckid out,—

breakfast the rural Yankee () uckled out,—
"Swan it was a good joke bout the hard eider".

It was no wonder the doctor was so deeply people ad, for if Brac ville and Mattituck were one and the same, then he had a hard magnitude has old home that April night, and they young lady he had operated upon lived there. He speculated whether she had entirely recovered, as he had not heard of her since And so he sat in the hotel window revolving the vexely groblem in his mind.

Presently belis began to ring and

Presently bells began to ring and people were passing by on their way to church. Father Ryan's letter had come from Father Berkely, he reflected. Father Berkely had been parish priest when his ather lived, and his father's beautiful the lived, and so he decided to join the crowd of church goers that filled the street.

The little church had not changed much, but the faces were strange ones. Mass was almost a forgotten fact to him, and he determined to stay in the rear of the church that he might better see the face of Father Berkeley and try to tell who were present as the congregation came out at the end of the services. He remained in his seat as the people filed out after mags, and it gladdened him when he found

or the services. He remained in his seat as the people filed out after mass, and it gladdened him when he found himself able to recall many faces (And to be studied the passing congregation he felt himself absorbed in a tail, be autiful girl who came down the aisle aline. Those blue eyes he could not forget. It was the girl whom he had attended.

He left the church and watched her as she came up to some friends and went off chatting with them. But the hittle girl who used to be his neighbor—she of course was a young lady now—he hadn't seen anyone who resembled her. His interest, however, was now centred in the young lady whom he had watched come down the aisle. Of course he would like to visit has one-time playmate and talk over his one-time playmate and talk over their early pranks. It would be plea-scant, but not ja' the same as he had imagined it during the last several

their early pranks. It would be pleasant, but not ja' the same as he had imagined it during the last several weeks.

The churchyard was but a short walk away, and he bent his steps in that direction. He stood over his father's and mother's grave full of melancholy thoughts. Had he been what his mother would have so loved to see him, a good man? Would his father feel proud of ham were he now alive? There came back to him those words heard in delirion:

"I know you'll be a good man, and have the privst say of you, as' Father Borkely says of your father, that he 's a Christian Catholic gentleman."

They rang through his head, and he dropped to hes knees there on his parents' grave and prayed.

Father Ryan's rationalistic young friend was couverted. As he left the ohurchyard his heart was lighter than it had been for many a day. How foolish he had been, how specious his reasoning he now clearly saw. But he didn't care to think long about the post; he was too much absorbed in the present for that. He directed his steps to that part of the town where his home had been. He could see the hills beyond and between the greening trees glimpees of houses came to him. He wondered if his father's house remanued the saine; if there remained there now any of the pretty vines his mother's care had reared. But what if it were so, what pleasure could he now derive from it? Strangers owned the place. But he wanted to see if all, and at least speak to the people whe lived there. When he came to the part of the town in which he was born he was delighted to set that the distorting fanger of change had not touched it. It was as of old. As he cimmed the hillside the first

enterly hed those old times ceased the contract in the contrac

m charten that manning, in the measuresty exercising, Commer to ce.
Mars, I suppose I may be well go on also and see my old friends." In m also and see my old frauds." In his haste to reach the house he had not reflected hew he would introduce dimacif. He was admitted by the young lady whom he had seen opening the gate. She brought him into a well-tremembered sating room, and at his request went to find Mrs. Sayton, Why had he mot taken pains to accertain his patient's name, he asked himself. But they were coming towards the room, and as he lifted his eyes eagerly to meet them he saw before him the distracted mother of several weeks before. weeks befare.

"The doctor!" she cried in astonish-

ment

He was quite as much disturbed ab sight of ner, but collected himself to inquire for Mrs Sayton. "What, you Mrs Sayton? Oh, 308, one changes greatly in so many years. And may

I ask whom the young lady is Pt. "Why, that is my daughter."
"What, Mary?" escaped be lips.

"Why, that is my daughter."
"What. Mary?" escaped is slips.
The mother was about to answer, when slary is read, untile to understand these exclaimations and remarks sight to know what it all meant. And when she was informed by her mother that this was informed by her mother that this was the man whose skill had saved her life, she thanked him so sincerely that he felt amply irepsad for all that he had done. "Bottor, you saved my life, and I can never feel sufficiently grateful," she was saying.

"But you," returned he, "have done me a greater favor, for you have brought me bac' to my faith." And he told them his whole story so well that Mrs. Sayton's eyes grew a little misty. To think that this brillient young man was the little fellow, who had lived next door. Mary's playmate and her dearest frand's son, made her feel like a mother towards him. So the doctor received a royal welcome, fif, as Mary laughingly declared, for any prodigal son.

Weeks slipped quickly away, and the doctor was enjoying himself gloriously. It was pleasant to meet old friends, especially since they were both proud and delighted with his achievements. And Mary was the same cheerful, jolly garl he had played with fifteen years ago, although no one could be more stately and dignifized when the occasion required. He was not allowed to give up his medical work entirely, as she pressed him into the service of charity, and even Mrs Malone's "always atha" complaint walf relieved. So he prolonged his stry several weeks, putting off his departure, notwithstanding the letters that requested his presence in the city. When summer drew to a close, however, he was confronted with the necessity of retarning or finding some reasonable excuse for remaining. Weeks slipped quickly away, and the

necessity of refurning or finding some reasonable excuse for remaining.

This was the state of affairs that threubled him as he came down the road towards Mrs. 55yton's house one of income. To go away meant, a great ded now, for he had come to appreciate the life of this quaint, halfarural, half-urban, town, and he certainly would miss the pleasure of meeting Mory every day. As he opened the gate and saw her on the versandah reading, he quickly determined that the latter could not be. Highad confided almost everything to her lately, and as he took a seat near her he spoke of an intention of buying his father's house, as it was for sale. "Oh, won't that be unce!" she exclaimed in surprise. 'You can fixup the place and make it as pretty as it once was. But what are you going to do with it!"

to do with it?

The doctor had not calculated upon such a question, and so was nonplussed. "Well," he ventured. "I might use it for—dr—er—bachelor's hall."

"But what good would that do you, since you must soon go back to the crty?' she mercilessly pursued.

"What would you say if I give up living in the city? There are many whom I might benefit here. As for money, I have enough; and ambition—well, there are several qualities of that."

that."

"Oh, I see, you haven't gut over that bad habit you had, when a borg of doing what you please, regardless of consequences."

"I wash you had the habit of, talking to that boy you had when a little girl. Do you remember what you said to me on that day after my fathec's burnal?"

"No. What was it? I have forgotten at."

"And you said it again that night I attended you."

attended you."
"Oh, at is hardly fair for you to remember what I said while out of my

attended you."

"Oh, at is hardly fair for you to remember what I said while out of my, mind. Nevertheless, what was it I am curious to learn."

"You were speaking of me, and you said—well, yes—and," overcoming his confusion, 'you said. I love you.' Won't you say it again. Mary! If you only knew how your words changed my life. For after that might I was a different man, and finally they brought me back to my faith."

It was a sweet blush that suffused her face, and an arch look lighted up her eyes as she softly answered:—"Well, since my words did so much for you, it is easy enough to say them asyam."

It was the prettiest wedding that the little church had long witnessed. There were pleasant friends, and the loveliest flowers, and I am told that the happest one present was Father Berkely himself, whose face was radicant as he joined his dear children fin maptriage.

At the wedding breakfast afterwards Father Ryan, who had, of course, come up to see his friend's happeness, come u

said, "But you were right, and I was right, so let's call it a compromise." "A happy compromise," said the wed-ding guests.—Catholic Home Annual.

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