

The Doctor's Compromise

Dr. Felton, famous, rich and... he should be himself if could not... There were no visits to be... made to hospital wards, no students... to accompany to clinics, no fashionable... of his case, and even... the poor wretches of the slums in... whom he had become interested had... been attended to that morning. So... he had promised himself the whole of... theory he was developing in which he... earnestly hoped to reduce to practice... the most disciplined minds, however... and it was one of these that... caused his asceticism.

Dr. Felton, famous, rich and... he should be himself if could not... There were no visits to be... made to hospital wards, no students... to accompany to clinics, no fashionable... of his case, and even... the poor wretches of the slums in... whom he had become interested had... been attended to that morning. So... he had promised himself the whole of... theory he was developing in which he... earnestly hoped to reduce to practice... the most disciplined minds, however... and it was one of these that... caused his asceticism.

Dr. Felton, famous, rich and... he should be himself if could not... There were no visits to be... made to hospital wards, no students... to accompany to clinics, no fashionable... of his case, and even... the poor wretches of the slums in... whom he had become interested had... been attended to that morning. So... he had promised himself the whole of... theory he was developing in which he... earnestly hoped to reduce to practice... the most disciplined minds, however... and it was one of these that... caused his asceticism.

Dr. Felton, famous, rich and... he should be himself if could not... There were no visits to be... made to hospital wards, no students... to accompany to clinics, no fashionable... of his case, and even... the poor wretches of the slums in... whom he had become interested had... been attended to that morning. So... he had promised himself the whole of... theory he was developing in which he... earnestly hoped to reduce to practice... the most disciplined minds, however... and it was one of these that... caused his asceticism.

Dr. Felton, famous, rich and... he should be himself if could not... There were no visits to be... made to hospital wards, no students... to accompany to clinics, no fashionable... of his case, and even... the poor wretches of the slums in... whom he had become interested had... been attended to that morning. So... he had promised himself the whole of... theory he was developing in which he... earnestly hoped to reduce to practice... the most disciplined minds, however... and it was one of these that... caused his asceticism.

Dr. Felton, famous, rich and... he should be himself if could not... There were no visits to be... made to hospital wards, no students... to accompany to clinics, no fashionable... of his case, and even... the poor wretches of the slums in... whom he had become interested had... been attended to that morning. So... he had promised himself the whole of... theory he was developing in which he... earnestly hoped to reduce to practice... the most disciplined minds, however... and it was one of these that... caused his asceticism.

Dr. Felton, famous, rich and... he should be himself if could not... There were no visits to be... made to hospital wards, no students... to accompany to clinics, no fashionable... of his case, and even... the poor wretches of the slums in... whom he had become interested had... been attended to that morning. So... he had promised himself the whole of... theory he was developing in which he... earnestly hoped to reduce to practice... the most disciplined minds, however... and it was one of these that... caused his asceticism.

waiting he occupied himself by admir- ing the exquisitely carved ivory cru- cifix that hung above the door. A slight smile played over his mouth as he looked at the tokens of Catholic faith around the room, for to him they were little better than instruments of superstition, and it somewhat puzzled him that his priest friend could so implicitly believe in the usefulness of such things. His meditations were broken off abruptly by the appearance of a town called Brassville, and of this town was near Hartford, and it was not far from where he himself had passed his early days. He, how- ever, could not recollect any such place. His own town bore the old In- dian name of Mattatuck. But he did not remember the names of all the places he knew, so the inability to re- call the name of Brassville didn't cause him any trouble. So he told the conductor to notify him should he be asleep when the train arrived at his destination, and closing his eyes he leaned back in the seat, the servant of alternate maps, 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, the piazza and tastefully bordered all through the summer time, the old-fashioned white house stood at the top of the long, high village street. Down be- low the manufacturing community, that seemed to cut the distant north- ern hills apart the familiar New Eng- land scene of numerous clustering fac- tories met one's eye. In front, two tall butternut trees stood like giant sentinels, and on the side a row of elm formed a boundary between the lawn and a narrow country lane. Rose bushes climbed over the house and an around the windows, and a honeysuc- kle vine curtained the long veranda. It was the beginning of spring, and everything had begun to feel the sea- son's influence. The buds were swell- ing on the shrubberies and trees, and the fragrance of fresh earth upturned in the gardens mingled with the invigorating odor that came from fields and near-by woods.

People passing by on this April even- ing, however, missed the sense of ser-enity 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 whomever changed to pass the gate. A fight for life was going on in one of the rooms around whose windows a rose bush had wound itself. Mary Sayton, the only child of her widowed mother, was slowly dying, about to fade 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. Be- side her beside the poor mother, worn out by sleepless nights and the ter- rible strain, struggled to keep back the feelings that threatened to over- come her.

A fortnight ago and Mary had been full of life and happiness. Her char- ity lit up and cheered several poor homes, and Mrs. Malone, "always ail- ing," daily declared that the sweet, girl's visits made her forget her pains. It was therefore not that a deed of mercy should have occasioned the ac- cident which now it seemed was to re- sult in her untimely death.

A reckless driver would have run over little Tommy 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 senseless with the scared youngster safe in her arms. Tommy's father and some fel- low-laborers in the nearby mill had seen the accident, and rushing out they lifted 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- sciousness had been few and far be- tween.

The kind old family doctor moved around administering soothing medi- cines. The case puzzled him and the follow-physician whom he had called into consultation. And now, as he turned towards the heart-broken mother, who already felt the awful loneli- ness 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 bereavement, to see the fair young creature of scarcely two-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 re- strain her pent-up emotion, and she sobbed out: "Oh, I cannot lose my Mary and be left alone in the world. Oh, my darling girl! Speak to me, Mary! Oh, let me have the consolation of talking with you once more." But no response came. There was no intelligence in those sweet blue eyes, and the beautiful face that lay on the pillow, shrouded in luxuriant brown hair, was vacant of all knowl- edge of its surroundings. Then the mother sank down and buried her face in the bedclothes.

The delirium seemed to increase, and some of Mary's friends in the adjoin- ing room could hear her wild, incoher- ent sentences, uttered with appalling vigor. How long her nerves could have withstood it was doubtful, and all were glad when they heard the as- suring voice of the kind old parish- priest below. Some person was with him, and as they passed through into the sick girl's chamber the girls no- ticed the stranger's youthful appear- ance.

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

It was the prettiest place in the town, this charming home of Mrs. Sayton. Set back on a broad lawn and surrounded by walks, the piazza and tastefully bordered all through the summer time, the old-fashioned white house stood at the top of the long, high village street. Down be- low the manufacturing community, that seemed to cut the distant north- ern hills apart the familiar New Eng- land scene of numerous clustering fac- tories met one's eye. In front, two tall butternut trees stood like giant sentinels, and on the side a row of elm formed a boundary between the lawn and a narrow country lane. Rose bushes climbed over the house and an around the windows, and a honeysuc- kle vine curtained the long veranda. It was the beginning of spring, and everything had begun to feel the sea- son's influence. The buds were swell- ing on the shrubberies and trees, and the fragrance of fresh earth upturned in the gardens mingled with the invigorating odor that came from fields and near-by woods.

People passing by on this April even- ing, however, missed the sense of ser-enity 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 whomever changed to pass the gate. A fight for life was going on in one of the rooms around whose windows a rose bush had wound itself. Mary Sayton, the only child of her widowed mother, was slowly dying, about to fade 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. Be- side her beside the poor mother, worn out by sleepless nights and the ter- rible strain, struggled to keep back the feelings that threatened to over- come her.

A fortnight ago and Mary had been full of life and happiness. Her char- ity lit up and cheered several poor homes, and Mrs. Malone, "always ail- ing," daily declared that the sweet, girl's visits made her forget her pains. It was therefore not that a deed of mercy should have occasioned the ac- cident which now it seemed was to re- sult in her untimely death.

A reckless driver would have run over little Tommy 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 senseless with the scared youngster safe in her arms. Tommy's father and some fel- low-laborers in the nearby mill had seen the accident, and rushing out they lifted 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- sciousness had been few and far be- tween.

The kind old family doctor moved around administering soothing medi- cines. The case puzzled him and the follow-physician whom he had called into consultation. And now, as he turned towards the heart-broken mother, who already felt the awful loneli- ness 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 bereavement, to see the fair young creature of scarcely two-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 re- strain her pent-up emotion, and she sobbed out: "Oh, I cannot lose my Mary and be left alone in the world. Oh, my darling girl! Speak to me, Mary! Oh, let me have the consolation of talking with you once more." But no response came. There was no intelligence in those sweet blue eyes, and the beautiful face that lay on the pillow, shrouded in luxuriant brown hair, was vacant of all knowl- edge of its surroundings. Then the mother sank down and buried her face in the bedclothes.

The delirium seemed to increase, and some of Mary's friends in the adjoin- ing room could hear her wild, incoher- ent sentences, uttered with appalling vigor. How long her nerves could have withstood it was doubtful, and all were glad when they heard the as- suring voice of the kind old parish- priest below. Some person was with him, and as they passed through into the sick girl's chamber the girls no- ticed the stranger's youthful appear- ance.

quired the circumstances, and the firmness and decision with which he examined the patient.

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 doctor prevailed upon the distracted mother to leave the room, and so she was led out and the girls took her in charge. Then, seeing the urgency of the case, he consid- ered what was best to be done. To his mind there was only one thing, and that was to change the delirium to some state of mind in which pleas- ant ideas might predominate. Soon the patient showed the success of the young doctor's skillful treatment. Gradually the stormy fire subsided, and a calmer mood came on. And now she began to speak on something that the doctor felt very dear to her. To the doctor it was nothing, but the coming back of memories that had for years lain dormant in her cells. But he listened because he was ever a student.

What she said would hardly offer food for scientific consideration, but his attention was undivided as she was saying:— "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 altar in honor of Mary, Queen of May." "Are you going to be a doctor like your father, Willie?" "Oh, won't you be happy on your first communion day. I know you'll be a good man like your father, and have the priest say of you, as Father Berkeley says of your father, that he's a Christian Catholic gentle- man." "Don't cry so, Willie, your pa- pa 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 Willie; his father had been a doctor, and he had a dim re- collection 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 pre- pared 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 both their eyes. The young doctor had tri- umphed, and the older man grasped his hand in one whose pressure con- veyed a glad 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 requir- ed 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 carriage and was driven to the morning train.

When he had asked his friend to un- dertake the case of the young lady suffering from brain trouble, Father Ryan little suspected the turning point he was effecting in that one's life. The next day he met him at the hospital as calm and gentle with the patients as ever, yet with a pre-oc- cupied, almost absent-minded expression upon his features.

The spring passed away, and as the early summer came on the doctor be- came to feel uneasy. He was much pre-occupied at times; he was less gen- eral than he had been, too, but a nec- essary gravity had settled over him. He became more thoughtful, but he guarded his thoughts, and even Father Ryan had no inkling that the patient he had visited on that April night was responsible for this change. Such was the fact, however, a great returning from her he had a great longing to visit the home of his boy- hood, to look at the old house in which he was born, and to see the graves of his parents. Often he would call up the words the girl had said, words which seemed to have once been said to him; "Willie, let's go down by the stone wall and gather flowers for the May altar," he heard as distinctly as upon that night over a month ago, and they made him think of another stone wall where he used to pick violets with—why, his little neighbor next door. How tangled it all seemed to him. His mind was made up. He would go back to his old home and see the places again, and—her.

The doctor's decision surprised him- self, and he laughed like a boy at it. Yes, he would take a vacation from his profession. Father Ryan was not taken by surprise, for he had been thinking himself some interesting develop- ments of this vacation. When he bade the doctor good-bye he banteringly told the doctor not to fall in love while away. He had touched the mark nearer than he knew.

It was a very dark night when Doctor Felton came home to his berth- place. In the next station he looked around as if he expected to meet old friends, and when it occur- ed to him that fifteen years must have lifted them out of his recognition he laughed quite sadly. Everything he around him was new. The station he was in looked familiar, but that was not extraordinary, because it was just like many others built by the same railway company. The hotel he was directed to was also new. That night he went to bed filled with happy an- ticipations of meeting old friends and school companions. And pleasant it would be to visit the old home and then go into the house next door where she lived as he used to when they were boy and girl.

ask name that the Injuns give the place it's rann' too far. That's what them boomers did. Why, they led a town-meeting, and changed the name to Brassville, because they 'lowed it would draw trade. Let us warn 'em to loose the meeting people, and so another town-meeting was assem- bled, and we put old Bill Johnson chairman, so's the name became Mat- tuck again. The factory people say that it wouldn't have been done if some of the farmers hadn't filled a good many voters with hard cider that day. But I'll swan that's none of my biz- ness."

"What do you say, sir? I led they really changed the name of the place to Brassville?" "That's what they did, but we bet them and changed it back again." "The farmer curiously watched the look of perplexity that overspread his questioner's face. But the other smiled and commended the farmer for their shrewdness, and as he went into breakfast the rural Yankee chuckled out:— "Swan it was a good joke 'bout the hard cider."

It was no wonder the doctor was so deeply people-pleaser, for if Brassville and Mattuck were one and the same, then he had unknowingly visited his old home that April night, and the 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 vexed problem in his mind.

Presently bells began to ring and people were passing by on their way to church. Father Ryan's letter had come from Father Berkeley, he reflected. Father Berkeley had been parish priest when his father lived, and his father's "I would do him good to see the kind old priest now, 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 bet- ter see the face of Father Berkeley and try to tell who were present at the congregation came out at the end of 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 as he studied the passing congregation he felt himself absorbed in a tale, beautiful girl who came down the aisle alone. 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 little 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 her one-time playmate and talk over their early pranks. It would be pleas- ant, but not just 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 mel- ancholy thoughts. Had he been what his mother would have so loved to see him, a good man? Would his father feel proud of him were he now alive? These came back to him those words heard in delirium:— "I know you'll be a good man, and have the priest say of you, as Father Berkeley says of your father, that he's a Christian Catholic gentleman."

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 mel- ancholy thoughts. Had he been what his mother would have so loved to see him, a good man? Would his father feel proud of him were he now alive? These came back to him those words heard in delirium:— "I know you'll be a good man, and have the priest say of you, as Father Berkeley says of your father, that he's a Christian Catholic gentleman."

an church this morning," he uncon- sciously exclaimed. "Coming to see Mrs. I suppose I may as well go in also and see my old friends." In his haste to reach the house he had not reflected how he would introduce himself. He was admitted by the young lady whom he had seen open- ing the gate. She brought him into a well-furnished sitting room, and at his request went to find Mrs. Sayton. Why had he not taken pains to ascer- tain his patient's name, he asked him- self. 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.

"The doctor?" she cried in astonish- ment. "He was quite as much disturbed at sight of her, but collected himself to inquire for Mrs. Sayton. "What, you Mrs. Sayton? Oh, yes, one changes greatly in so many years. And may I ask whom this young lady is?" "What, that's my daughter?" "What, Mary?" she asked in surprise. "The mother was about to answer when Mrs. I said, unable to under- stand these exclamations and remarks began to know what it all meant. And when she 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 repaid for all that he had done. "Doctor, 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 back 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 brilliant young man was the little fellow, who had lived next door. Mary's playmate and her dearest friend's son, made her feel like a mother towards him. So the doctor received a royal welcome, fit 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 as they were both proud and delighted with his achievements. And Mary was the same cheerful, jolly girl he had played with fifteen years ago, although no one could be more stately and digni- fied when the occasion required. He was not allowed to give up his medical work entirely, as she pressed him in- to the service of charity, and even Mrs. Malone's "always ailin'" complaint was relieved. So he prolonged his stay several weeks, putting off his de- parture, notwithstanding the letters that requested his presence in the city. When summer drew to a close, however, he was confronted with the necessity of returning or finding some reasonable excuse for remaining.

This was the state of affairs that troubled him as he came down the road towards Mrs. Sayton's house one afternoon. To go away meant, a great deal now, for he had come to ap- preciate the life of this quaint, old-fashioned, half-urban, town, and he cer- tainly would miss the pleasure of meeting Mary every day. As he open- ed the gate and saw her on the veran- dah reading, he quickly determined that the latter could not be. He had 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 nice?" she ex- claimed in surprise. "You can fix- up the place and make it as pretty as it once was. But what are you going 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—er—er—bachelor's hall." "But what would that do you, since you must soon go back to the city?" 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."

"Oh, I see, you haven't got over that bad habit you had, when a boy, of doing what you please, regardless of con- sequences." "I wish 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 father's burial?" "No, what was it? I have forgot- ten it." "And you said it again that night I attended you." "Oh, it is hardly fair for you to re- member 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 my confusion,' you said, 'I love you.' Won't you say it again. Mary? If you only knew how your words chang- ed my life. For after that night I was in 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 again." 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 happiest one present was Father Berkeley himself, whose face was rad- iant as he joined his dear children in marriage.

OS
limited
S...
LIMITED
HEARING
Prayer
Catholic
Telephone
Rent
ann
KER,
Co.
almers
G.
balmer
ENTS
Clothing
Rugs
ST. EAST