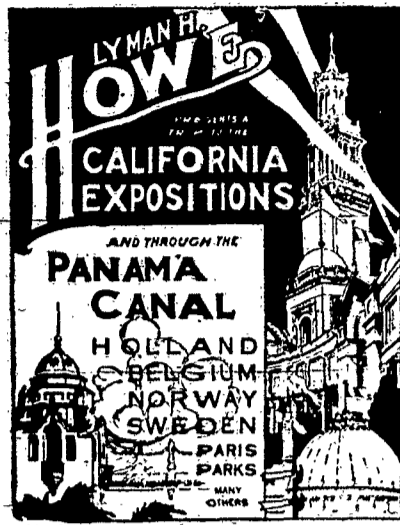


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Cost of New Chapel.

Rev. James T. Dougherty of St. Mary's parish, Canandaigua, issued a statement showing the cost of erecting and equipping Our Lady of Lebanon chapel on the west lake shore. A total expenditure of \$2,026.09 was involved.

In liquidation of the expense \$54.75 was collected by Anna Smith of New York; \$71.05 obtained by the dedication collection; \$72.45 in Sunday offerings

## The Call of Duty.

Doctor Carney put the latch on his key into his front door and wear-ily entered his home. It had been a most exacting day, and he was mentally and physically exhausted. The physician was blessed with the frame of a giant and the patience of a job, but he was only a man, after all, and the strain was beginning to tell on him. He had been working from 5 o'clock in the morning, and it was now almost midnight. He felt to walk into the cozy sitting room on his feet. He found the boy in and threw himself into the com-fortably padded reclining chair. A hasty examination proved that he had not for a few minutes rest before re- operation was necessary; that, and Doctor Carney loved his work, and took an earnest man's enthu- siasm in handling difficult cases. Naturally he had a keen sense of professional pride, and sometimes he carried this to such an extreme as to win the dislike of those with whom he came in contact. One event of the day had disturbed him profoundly. For many years he had been the consulting physician at the Good Samaritan Hospital. The post meant little or nothing in a financial sense, but it gave him a standing with his brothers in medicine which was worth more than gold. He filled the place acceptably, and had won the good-will of those having anything to do with the institution. But a few weeks before he had had a conflict with John Edward Levering, the president of the Board of Trustees, and he carried his point, much to the discomfort of that gentleman, who was one of the richest and most important men in the community. He was not accus- tomed to having his will thwarted in any way, and Doctor Carney felt confident that Levering would strike back at him. He was not mistaken. The blow had fallen that day. The doctor had been informed, courteously enough, that his resignation as the consulting physician of the hospital would be cheerfully ac- cepted by the Board of Trustees. Doctor Carney loved his work, and nursed a feeling of resent- ment at the meanness of the wealthy one. He felt that if Levering had happened to be in the room at that moment he would have gladly chastized him with his brawny fist, and any one knowing the doctor's reputation for thoroughness could have felt certain that he would have made a good job of it. He arose finally and started for his bedroom with a hearty sigh at the vanity of life. He had barely taken off his outer garments when the electric bell from the front door began an interminable buzzing. He picked up the receiving tube and gruffly inquired what was the matter.

"Doctor," pleaded a voice anx- iously, "you are wanted at once. It is a matter of life and death. Who is it?"

"It's the young son of John Edward Levering. He has had a fall, and they are afraid it's meningitis or something of that kind."

The doctor frowned. He had resolved not to leave the house again under any circumstances, and now a call had come from the man who had done him a rank injustice. Why should he go? He was not even the family physician of John Edward Levering. Besides, there were four or five physicians in the same block who could, no doubt, take care of the case as well as he could. He picked up the receiving tube again.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the nephew of Mr. Lev- ering, and I have a motor car waiting for you."

"All right," said the doctor wearily, "I will be with you in a few minutes."

He had just finished dressing again when his wife entered the room, anxiety pictured upon her face.

"Way, John," she cried, "you are surely not going out again?"

He made a wry face. "I'm sure I don't want to, Mary," he said, "but I've got an urgent call and I don't see how I can refuse."

"Who is it from," she asked.

"John Edward Levering," he replied.

"But you've never waited on any of his people before?"

"No," he admitted, "I never have."

"Well, then," she said in a de- termined voice, "if I were in your place I simply wouldn't go. I'd let him get some other doctor."

The physician halted for a moment, irresolute. His wife's ar- gument chimed in with his own desires. He was sorely tempted to refuse the call, but the voice of conscience arose and chided him, saying—"The good doctor must be like Caesar's wife—above suspicion."

When he looked up into his wife's face again his resolution had been reached. He would go at all hazards. She kissed him good-by with tearful eyes. "I don't see," she complained, "why you should kill yourself just for the sake of keeping other peo- ple alive."

The motor car made good time, and it was but half-hour after midnight when he was ushered into the handsome home of the Leverings. He was so tired and worn that he had to shake him- self to keep from going to sleep. He found the boy in a critical condition. A hasty examination proved that he had not been summoned any too soon. An operation was necessary; that, and that alone, offered the only possi- ble method of saving the life of John Edward Levering's son and son-in-law. Curiously enough, it hap- pened to be one of those strange cases which the doctor had made his specialty. All of his profes- sional pride rose within him, and the always present desire to save a human life. He went to his work swiftly, skillfully, and with the steadiness of hand which were winning him the great phys- icians of his day. The operation was completed, it was necessary that he should remain at the bedside of his patient until the result of his work had become manifest. The boy had been unconscious for many hours, and Doctor Carney said:

"The crisis will come at 5 o'clock in the morning. One of two things will happen: he will be- come conscious and speak, or he will pass into a state of insensibility, which means death."

The doctor, the father and mother and several relatives clus- tered about the little cot. The clock ticked its seconds with pain- ful slowness. Time seemed to pass with leaden heels. Two o'clock struck, then three and four, and finally five. The last echo had hardly died out when the child on the bed tossed rest- lessly, and then sat upright and looked at the circle of faces around him.

"What's the matter?" he asked in his boyish voice. "Why are you all here?"

"The crisis was over. The patient was saved. Cries of joy came from all sides. In the midst of it the doctor quietly slipped on his coat and hurried out of the room. It was Sunday morning, and Doctor Carney resolved to hear mass before returning home. It was only a few weeks after the festival of Christmas, and echoes of the yuletide music seemed to haunt the Sunday morning serv- ice. In spite of his fatigue, the doctor followed the Mass with attention and devotion, and when the period of thanksgiving came he offered a double prayer—one for the life that had been saved and the other for the temptation to avoid duty which he had resisted.

It was after 6 o'clock when he finally reached home. He stag- gered from weakness and want of rest. He scarcely had time to undress before he collapsed. The room and the furniture danced about him, and then came dark- ness and oblivion. When he opened his eyes he found his wife bending over him.

"Isn't it time for me to get up?" he asked.

"You have been very sick, John, but it's all right now. Doc- tor Howard, who left only a short while ago, says that it was a ner- vous collapse. He says that nat- ure has supplied the remedy—perfect rest."

"How long have I been in bed, Mary?"

"Two days," she replied.

He laughed.

"And the world has been going around for forty-eight hours with- out me knowing anything about it?"

"Yes," she replied brightly.

"And good things have been hap- pening, too. You have been made chief consulting physician at the Good Samaritan Hospital. Isn't that a promotion?"

"Yes," he nodded gravely. "A decided promotion."

"And, besides that," she went on, "everybody is talking about your wonderful triumph in saving the life of Levering's little boy."

"Oh, that was nothing at all," he said absently.

"Yes, it was," she retorted with wifely devotion; "it was a wonderful thing; an extraordin- ary triumph, and you know it."

He was sitting up by this time and he put his arms on her shoul- der and looked into her eyes, and as he did so he thought of how he had overcome his inclination to avoid that call of duty.

"Yes, Mary, he said, with in- finite tenderness in his tones, "you are right, it was a great triumph."—Derry Journal.



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