

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

That was my sentence of banishment. She had only addressed me once during the conversation. It was curious to see how there was no resentment in her manner towards my father, who had systematically robbed her, whilst she treated me with profound wrath and bitterness.

The report of my father's illness had spread before I reached home, and sufficiently accounted for our visit to Jersey, and the temporary postponement of my last trip to England before our marriage. My mother, Johanna and I kept our own counsel, and answered the many questions asked us as vaguely as the Delphic oracle.

I wrote to Tardif, telling him I was going for an indefinite period to London, and that if any difficulty or danger threatened Olivia, I begged of him to communicate with my mother, who had promised me to befriend her as far as lay in her power. My poor mother thought of her without bitterness, though in deep regret. To Olivia herself I wrote a line or two, finding myself too weak to resist the temptation. I said:

"My dear Olivia—I told you I was about to be married to my cousin Julia Dobree; that engagement is at an end. I am obliged to leave Guernsey, and seek my fortune elsewhere. It will be a long time before I can see you again. If I ever have that great happiness, I shall tell you the want of a true and tender friend, my mother is prepared to love you as if you were her own daughter. Think of me also as your friend."

"MARTIN DOBREE."

## CHAPTER XII.

I left Guernsey the day before my father and Julia returned from Jersey.

My immediate future was not as black as it might have been. I was going direct to the house of my friend Jack Senior, who had been my chum at college. He, like myself, had been hitherto a sort of paragon of the well-known physician, Dr. Senior, of Brook street. They lived together in a highly respectable but gloomy residence, kept bachelor fashion, for they had no woman-kind at all belonging to them. The father and son lived a good deal apart, though they were deeply attached to one another. Jack had his own apartments, and his own guests, in the spacious house, and Dr. Senior his.

The first night, as Jack and I sat up together in the long summer twilight, I told him everything—as one tells a friend—a hundred things one cannot put into words to any person who dwells under the same roof, and is witness of every circumstance of one's career.

As I was talking to him, every emotion and perception of my brain, which had been in a wild state of confusion and conflict, appeared to fall into its proper rank. I was no longer doubtful as to whether I had been the fool my father called me. My love for Olivia acquired force and decision. My judgment that it would have been a folly and a crime to marry Julia became confirmed.

"Old fellow," said Jack, when I had finished, "you are in no end of a mess."

"Well, I am," I admitted; "but what am I to do?"

"First of all, how much money have you?" he asked.

"I'd rather not say," I answered.

"Come, old friend," he said, in his most persuasive tones, "have you fifty pounds in hand?"

"No," I replied.

"That's bad," he said; "but it might be worse. I've lots of tin, and we always went shares."

"I must look out for something to do to-morrow," I remarked.

"Ah, yes," he answered dryly, "you might go as assistant to a parish doctor, or get a berth on board an emigrant ship. There are lots of chances for a young fellow. I tell you what," he said, "I've a good mind to marry Julia myself. I've always liked her, and we want a woman in the house. That would put things straight, wouldn't it?"

"She would never consent to leave Guernsey," I answered, laughing. "That was one reason why she was so glad to marry me."

"Well, then," he said, "would you mind me having Olivia?"

"Don't jest about such a thing," I replied; "it is too serious a question with me."

"You are really in love!" he answered.

"I will not jest at all. But I am ready to do anything to help you, old boy."

So it proved, for he next few weeks to find a suitable opening for me. I made their house my home, and was treated as a most welcome guest in it. Still the time was lonesome. They were busy whilst I was unoccupied.

My mother's letters did not tend to raise my spirits. The tone of them was uniformly sad. She told me the flood of sympathy for Julia had risen very high indeed; from which I concluded that the public indignation against myself must have risen to the same tide mark. Julia had resumed her old occupations, but her spirit was quite broken. Johanna Carey had offered to go abroad with her, but she had declined.

A friend of Julia's, said my mother in another letter, had come to stay with her, and endeavor to rouse her. It was evident she did not like this Kate Daltry, herself, for the dislike crept out unawares through all the gentleness of her phrases. "She says she is the same as Julia," she wrote, "but she is probably some years older; for as she does not belong to Guernsey we have no opportunity of knowing." I laughed when I read that. "Your father admires her very much," she added.

There was not a word about Olivia. Jack itself was never mentioned, and it might have sunk into the sea. My eye ran over every letter first with the hope of catching that name, but I could not find it. This persistent silence on my mother's part was very trying.

I had been away from Guernsey two months, and Jack was making arrangements for a long absence from London as soon as the season was over, leaving me in charge, when I received the following letter from Johanna Carey:

"Dear Martin—Your father and Julia have been here this afternoon, and have confided to me a very sad and very painful secret, which they ask me to break gently to you. You must come home again for a season. Even Julia wishes it, though she cannot say in the same house with you, and will go to her own with her friend Kate Daltry. Your father cried like a child. He takes it more to heart than I should have expected. Yet there is no immediate danger; she may live for some months yet. My poor Martin, you will have a mother only a few months longer. Three weeks ago she and I went to Sark, at her own ur-

gent wish, to see your Olivia. I did not then know why. She had a great longing to see the unfortunate girl who had been the cause of so much sorrow to us all, but especially to her, for she had pined sorely after you. We did not find her in Tardif's house, but Suzanne directed us to the little graveyard half a mile away. We followed her there, and recognized her, of course, at the first glance. She is a charming creature, that I allow, though I wish none of us had ever seen her. Your mother told her who she was, and the sweetest flush and smile came across her face. They sat down side by side on one of the graves, and I strolled away, so I do not know what they said to one another. Olivia walked down with us to the Havre Gosselin, and your mother held her in her arms and kissed her tenderly. Even I could not help kissing her."

"Now I understand why your mother longed to see Olivia. She knew then—she has known for months that her days are numbered. When she was in London last November she saw the most skillful physicians, and they all agreed that her disease was incurable and fatal. Why did she conceal it from you? Ah, Martin, you must know a woman's heart, a mother's heart, before you can comprehend that. Your father knew, but no one else."

"Do not come before you have answered this letter, that we may prepare her for your return. Write by the next boat, and come by the one after. Julia will have to move down to the new house, and that will be excitement enough for one day. Your faithful, loving cousin, 'JOHANNA CAREY.'"

I read this letter twice, with a shivering in my ears and a whirling of my brain, before I could realize the meaning. Then I refused to believe it. No one knows better than a doctor how the most clever head among men may be at fault. My mother dying of an incurable disease! Impossible! I would go over at once and save her. She ought to have told me first. Who could have attended her so skillfully and devotedly as her only son? My mother had consulted Dr. Senior himself when she had been in London.

"About that time," he said. "Her friends must have suffered great anxiety," I remarked.

"Very great indeed," he admitted. "If I could render them any service it would be a great pleasure to me," I continued; "cannot you tell me where to find them?"

"We are authorized to receive any information," he replied. "You must allow me to ask if you know anything about the young lady in question?"

"My object is to combine with her friends in seeking her," I said evasively. "I really cannot give you any information; but if you will put me into communication with them, I may be useful to them."

"Well," he said, with an air of candor, "of course the young lady's friends are anxious to keep in the background. It is not a pleasant circumstance to occur in a family. Of course, if you could give us an indefinite information it would be quite another thing. The young lady's family is highly connected. Have you seen any one answering to the description?"

"It is a very common one," I answered. "I have seen scores of young ladies who might answer to it. I am surprised that in London you could not trace her. Did you apply to the police?"

"The police are blockheads," replied Mr. Scott. "Will you be so good as to see if there is any one in the outer office, Mr. Brown, or on the stairs? I believe I heard a noise outside."

Mr. Brown disappeared for a few minutes; but his absence did not interrupt the conversation. There was not much to be made out of it on either side, for we were only facing with one another. I learned nothing about Olivia's friends, and I was satisfied he had learned nothing about her.

At last we parted with mutual dissatisfaction; and I went moodily downstairs, followed by Jack. We drove back to Brook street, to spend the few hours that remained before the train started for Southampton.

"Doctor," said Simmons, as Jack paid him his fare, with a small coin added to it. "I'm half afraid I've done some mischief. I've been turning it over and over in my head, and can't exactly see the rights of it. A gent, with a pen behind his ear, comes down, at that office in Gray's Inn Road, and takes my number. But after that he says a civil thing or two. 'Fine young gent,' he says, pointing up the staircase. 'Very much so,' says I. 'Young doctors?' he says. 'You're right,' I says. 'I guessed so,' he says; 'and pretty well up the tree, eh?' 'As,' I says; 'the light-haired gent is son to Dr. Senior, the great phreosician; and the other he comes from Guernsey, which is an island in the sea.' 'Just so,' he says; 'I've heard as much. I hope I've done no mischief, doctor?'"

"I hope not, Simmons," answered Jack; "but your tongue hangs too loose, my man. Look out for a squall on the Olivia coast, Martin," he added.

My anxiety would have been very great if I had not been returning immediately to Guernsey. But once there, and in communication with Tardif, I could not believe any danger would threaten Olivia from which I could not protect or rescue her. She was of age, and had a right to act for herself. With two such friends as Tardif and me, no one could force her away from her chosen home.

(To be continued.)

## ACTIVITY IN THE COAST STATES.

Industrial Development That Indicates Steady Forward Progress in Oregon, Idaho, Washington and California.

### Pacific Cable Assured.

The Pacific coast was agreeably startled last month by the announcement from Albany, N. Y., that a company had been incorporated there for laying a cable across the Pacific ocean.

The route will be from San Francisco to Honolulu, thence to the Midway islands, to Guam and to the east coast of Luzon. The cable will be 6,912 miles long, completing the telegraphic system of the entire globe, and making a total of 164,586 miles, all of which, excepting 16,171 miles, is controlled by private individuals.

At the coming session of congress a bill will be introduced to push through the construction work of the cable.

The estimate of cost by Rear-Admiral Bradford, of the Naval Bureau of equipment, is \$10,000,000.

The special demands by the government on this cable will be reduced rates and absolute control over the line in time of war.

### Washington Coal at Honolulu.

The purchase of the Sandwich Islands has opened up the coal trade in Honolulu. Large shipments are made there each week from Puget Sound ports. The trade is increasing, and the present demand may be doubled the next twelve months. New interest is being infused into coal mining and new locations are being made. Several hundred acres have recently been covered by coal land applications in Stevens county, Washington, and the Washington owners of fine deposits in British Columbia near the boundary line are getting in readiness for the extensive development of their large holdings.

### California Fruits in Europe.

The latest American invasion of Europe is the carrying of fresh California fruits to London and Paris in the face of the competition of the Spanish and Italian fruit growers. California oranges, peaches and pears reach Paris after traversing six thousand miles, in a more appetizing condition than ours, and adds that her fruit growers can only compete with America by employing America's improved methods of cultivation.

### Where They Do Things.

During 1900 several young men from Eastern states and some from the fatherland, settled upon land in Lincoln and Adams counties, Wash. Some had only a few cents left after paying the government filing fee, \$22, but by exchanging work with neighbors, and by working for others, managed to get their land all broke and sown to wheat last fall, and on these same claims the threshers are turning out thirty to forty-five bushels per acre.

### University of Southern California.

The University of Southern California has been opened under favorable auspices. The \$100,000 endowment fund, to which Mrs. Anna Hough, a sister of the late Jay Gould, subscribed \$25,000, subject to the condition that the university raise the remainder by November 1, is now complete. Mrs. Hough has now announced that she will give \$40,000 toward a second \$100,000, subject to the same condition as the first.

### Big Sawmill Starts.

The Simpson Lumber Company's new mill at South Bend, Wash., which has been for several months in course of construction, began operation Sept. 28. This is a first-class modern mill and one of the best on the Pacific coast, having a capacity of 125,000 feet per day.

### A Juvenile Banko Man.

Tommy had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem.

### When Jersey Was Hungry.

One Period During Which the People Could Not Get Enough to Eat.

There is on record in the annals of the State of New Jersey a season when the people actually suffered for want of food. It was in the autumn of 1087, when the failure of crops caused a famine that prevailed all over the State and afflicted the people of central and southern New Jersey sorely. They were driven to eating roots and nuts. The Indians were disposed to be kindly to the people and gave them much assistance and taught them how to make the best of the natural resources of the country. They showed them how to clam and prepare the oysters and the clams and make the strange potpourri that this generation knows as clam chowder. They taught them the plank of all kinds of fish (shad were not then obtainable). The Indians were short of maize and in the same predicament, but they being native to the forest were more resourceful. Conditions were better in the upper part of the State, because there was more direct trading.

There are no records to show that anybody actually perished during the period of the famine. The facts of the terrible condition in the Jersey colony reached the sympathetic pilgrims and puritans, and early in the spring, just as many, worn by the hardships of winter, were despairing, a ship load of cereals and preserved meats came up the Delaware River, and its cargo was generously distributed. A general thanksgiving followed. The crops of the following summer were unusually good, and it was never recorded again in history that New Jersey had gone hungry.

### A Good Story.

Tommy—Tell me a story, uncle.

Uncle—A story! But I don't know what to tell you a story about.

Tommy—Oh, tell me a story about a little boy who had a good uncle who gave him a quarter.—Mirth.

### China's Kerosene Imports.

Before 1880 little was known in China of kerosene. In 1880 more than 100,000,000 gallons were imported.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cherished 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.



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 got 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 Cusmo.

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

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.

## One Kind.

"Paw," said Tommy, who was looking at the Household Hints in the weekly paper, "What is a 'society sandwich'?"

"A society sandwich," replied Mr. Tucker, not at all certain of his ground, but unwilling to exhibit his ignorance before the youthful seeker after knowledge, "is a helpless young man sitting between two lively girls at a swell party."—Chicago Tribune.

## Ought to Be Happy.

"Blackwood has bitten the dust," said Keedick.

"Well, he always did want the earth," commented Fostick.

## Scrappy.

Urban—Why, old man, those chickens of yours are regular game cocks. What makes them such fighters?

Suburban—I'm sure I don't know, unless it comes from feeding them scraps.

## Why He Consented.

"Kooter says his wife is doing her own cooking now."

"That accounts for it. He finally let me write him up a life insurance policy this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

## The Usual Test.

"The new neighbors don't seem to be very popular."

"No, the women around here seem to mistrust them. You see, they moved in after dark, so nobody saw their furniture."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Forgot to Ask.

She—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 Monstrosity.

"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.

## 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.

An All-Pervading Lion.

Mrs. Wiggles—Does your husband have a "den?"

Mrs. Wiggles—No, he roars all over the house.

Writing to O'higgins.

"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.

To Build a Big Refinery.

The Standard Oil Company will erect the third largest refinery in the United States at Point Richmond, Cal., near Frisco. Over three million dollars will be spent on the new plant.

Music Hath Strange Charms.

"It requires tact and diplomacy to collect little outstanding accounts these days, especially when dealing with city employees," said a Manayunk business man the other day, according to the Philadelphia Record. "It's no use making a bluff or pleading poverty when dealing with policemen. Their hearts are like adamant. You must go gently—kind of size them up, as it were. Strike them about pay day before their wives get at the wallet; for, of course, if their better halves get it first you are left, and the poor copper has hardly enough left to buy his tobacco until the next month."

"You see, I have an advantage because I am a sort of musician. When the officer gets his money he will return to the sitting room of the station, take an account of stock and confer with the other fellows about how to make the pile reach out until the next pay day."

"I enter the room with a cheery 'Good-morning, gentlemen,' inquire into their various healths, talk quietly of the weather, and then sit down at the organ and sing that beautiful song, 'Then You'll Remember Me.' By-and-by they pony up and I hurry off to the next station and play the same old tune."

Iron and Steel Export.

America last year exported \$120,000,000 worth of iron and steel, an amount greater in value than her entire exports of all kinds in 1890.

When a boy begins to wash his face without being told he is passing through the ordeal of his first love affair.

Almost every girl of sixteen has her mind made up that some day she will have a son named De Mountville, or a daughter named

Corn Paul a Temperance Man.

Mr. Kruger, as every one knows, is a constant smoker; it is not, perhaps, so well understood that he has only once tasted alcohol in his life. That was at Bloemfontein, after the signing of the alliance with the Free State. Kruger is said to have taken off a bumper of champagne, and put down the glass with a face of disgust.

"Didn't you hear about it?" "No."

"Why, the thing happened right down in your own neighborhood." "I know; but my wife's away for the summer."—Philadelphia Press.

Important to Know.

She—The fortune teller says I shall marry money.

He—Good! Did she say how I was to make it?—Smart Set.

Nothing Kuvins's.

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, Arabella?"

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

Depends on the Woman.

"She's going to marry him, I guess," suggested the wise gossip as the couple went by.

"He doesn't expect it," returned the casual acquaintance.

"Oh, that's quite immaterial so long as she does," answered the wise gossip.—Chicago Post.

## A Disquieting Question.

Flowers Fields—Will, hey you noticed any signs of mental decay about me lately?

Wendy Willie—No, no, comrade! far from it.

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

## Kept Busy.

"I suppose you have nothing to do since your wife went away," said Cusmo.

"Haven't I?" replied Cawker. "I'm kept busy shipping things that she forgot to pack in her trunks, and that she writes for by every mail."

## 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 an? A lightning change artist?—Baltimore American.

## A Land of Many Thrills.

The Egyptian never travels without his goshal. He fills it with filtered water and in the morning can command a pint or more of water cooled by evaporation through the unglazed clay. This precious fluid he does not waste on unsatisfied thirst. Taking off the long white wrap and the piece of cloth that covers his head during sleep, the native pours the water over his head, neck and hands. The European, with all his instinct for cleanliness, seeks first to relieve his overmastering thirst.

There are in Egypt as many thrills as plagues, but the dust thirst is the worst. Every pore is sealed; the throat is a lump of dry clay, and one feels what it must be to be a mummy.

## Dangerous Rocks and Shoals.

During the year 1900 no fewer than 272 rocks and shoals which were dangerous to navigation were reported by the British Admiralty survey department. Nine sunken rocks were discovered by vessels striking them.

Kindness is the oil that makes the wheels of care run smoothly.