

UNION Estab. July, 1897. GAZETTE Estab. Dec., 1899. (Consolidated Feb., 1899.)

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.) That brought to my mind what I had almost forgotten—the woman whom my prurient curiosity had brought into pursuit of her. I felt ready to curse my folly aloud, as I did in my heart, for having gone to Messrs. Scott and Brown.

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onist, and he died when she was fifteen, leaving her in the charge of her step-mother, Richard Foster's aunt. The match was one of the stepmother's making, for Olivia was little better than a child. Richard was glad enough to get her income. One-third of it was settled upon her absolutely. Richard was looking forward eagerly to her being one-and-twenty, for he had made ducks and drakes of his own property, and tried to do the same with mine. He would have done so with his wife's; but a few weeks before Olivia's twenty-first birthday she disappeared mysteriously. There her fortune lies, and Richard has no more power than I have to touch it. He cannot even claim the money lying in the Bank of Australia, which has been re-mitted by her trustees; nor can Olivia claim it without making herself known to him. It is accumulating there, while both of them are on the verge of poverty.

"But he must have been very cruel to her before she would run away," said my mother in a pitiful voice. "Cruel!" repeated Kate Daltrey. "Well, there are many kinds of cruelty. Do not suppose Richard would ever transgress the limits of the law. But Olivia was one of those girls who can suffer great torture—mental torture I mean. Even I could not live in the same house with Richard, and she was a dreary, sensitive, romantic child, with a much knowledge of the world as a baby. I was astonished to hear she had had daring enough to leave him."

"But there must be some protection for her from the law," I said, thinking of the bold, coarse woman, no doubt his associate, who was in pursuit of Olivia. "She might sue for a judicial separation, at the least, if not a divorce." "I am quite sure nothing could be brought against him in a court of law," she answered. "He is very wary and cunning, and knows very well what he may do and what he may not do. A few months before Olivia's flight, he introduced a woman as her companion. He calls her his cousin. Since I saw her this morning I have been thinking of her position in every light, and I really do not see anything she could have done, except running away as she did, or mak-

ing up her mind to be deaf and blind and dumb." "But could he not be induced to leave her in peace if she gave up a portion of her property?" I asked. "Why should he?" she retorted. "If she was in his hands the whole of the property would be his. He will never release her from his power. No, he will hide herself from him. The law cannot deal with wrongs like hers, because they are as light as air apparently, though they are as all-pervading as air, and as poisonous as air can be. They are like choke-damp, only not quite so fatal. He is as crafty and cunning as a serpent. He could prove himself the kindest, most considerate of husbands, and Olivia next thing to an idiot. Oh, it is ridiculous to think of pitting a girl like her against him!"

"But what can be done for her?" I asked vehemently and passionately. "My poor Olivia! what can I do to protect her?" "Nothing!" replied Kate Daltrey, coldly. "Her only chance is concealment, and what a poor chance that is! I went over to Sark, never thinking that your Miss Olivia whom I had heard so much of was Olivia Foster. It is an out-of-the-world place; but so much the more ready they will find her, if they once get a clue. A hare is soon caught when it cannot double; and how could Olivia escape if they only traced her to Sark?" "My dear girl, the woman into whose hands my imbecile curiosity had put the clue was growing greater every minute. It seemed as if Olivia could not be safe now, day or night; yet what protection could I or Tardif give her?" "Oh, will not betray her?" I said to Kate Daltrey, though feeling all the time that I could not trust her in the smallest degree. "I have promised dear Julia that," she answered. "It became my duty to keep a strict watch over the woman who had come to Guernsey to find Olivia. If possible I must decoy her away from the lowly nest where my helpless bird was sheltered. She had not sent for me again, but I called upon her the next morning professionally, and stayed some time, talking with her. But nothing resulted from the visit beyond the assurance that she had not yet made any progress towards the discovery of my secret."

week, alone and independent of Captain Carey. The time passed heavily, and on the following Monday I went on board the steamer. I had not been on deck two minutes when I saw my patient step on after me. The last clue was in her fingers now, that was evident. She did not see me at first; but her air was exultant and satisfied. There was no face on board so elated and flushed. I kept out of her way as long as I could without consigning myself to the black hole of the cabin; but at last she caught sight of me, and came down to the fore-castle to claim me as an acquaintance. "Ha, ha! Dr. Dobree!" she exclaimed; "so you are going to visit Sark, too?" "Yes," I answered more curtly than courteously. (To be continued.)

A Horrid Mean Thing. They sat in a swing, half-hidden by the fragrant shrubbery of an east end lawn. She was trying to make him jealous, which he had penetration enough to descry and experience enough with her sex to remain provokingly calm. All the rapturous adjectives of her high-school vocabulary were pressed into praise of a rival, says the Memphis Scimitar. "He is just the most perfectly lovely man I ever met!" she fervently declared, clasping her hands above her heart and lifting her lustrous orbs moonward. "He must be a bird," he suggested nonchalantly. "Such adorable eyes; such a low, musical voice, as full of soul as the murmur of a meadow brook. And, oh! he sings divinely."

"Sorry I never met your friend," he said in a tone irritatingly practical, accompanied with a yawn artistically audible. "Oh, I do so want you to meet him. I know you will like him. He is fond of poetry and music, and he drives the loveliest horses."

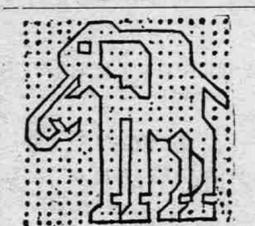
The Anthem Again. The "Messiah" was sung recently in Philadelphia, and one of the anthems rendered by the chorus had as its theme, "We have turned every one to his back." As the anthem goes, this sounded somewhat as follows: "We have turned, turned turned—we have turned every one, every one to his own way, every way—every one to his own way. The anthem involved several pages of music, and every time the chorus sang "we have turned, turned, turned," they proceeded to turn over to the next page, and then burst out again with "we have turned, turned." A certain plain citizen, rather elderly, who sat well in the rear, not appreciating the delicate sentiment, was heard to mutter, disgustedly, "Well, when you get through turning, turnin' them golden pages, suppose you shut up about it!"—Harper's Magazine.

Why Locomotives Are Numbered. A prominent railroad man tells me that the old custom of naming engines instead of numbering them was done away with because there was such a pressure brought to bear in favor of this, that and the other locality. The various influences used became so annoying to the officials that they decided to adopt the plan of numbering the locomotives, which was done. A similar nuisance exists at Washington in the Navy Department. Probably during the late war Secretary Long was pestered more with people who wanted vessels named in honor of somebody or something than he was with all the other questions which came before him put together.—Boston Record.

Children's Corner

A new and interesting amusement for young people is what is known as "dot-drawing." This is best done on a slate, on which dots have been lightly drilled with the point of a knife blade.

There should be a square of about 25 dots each way, and they should be in perfectly even and regular rows. This will give enough room for almost any kind of drawing. The advantage in having the dots on a slate consists in the ease with which lines may be erased, if necessary, during the work, without disturbing the dots; on paper, it would be much more difficult. Dot-drawing may be played as a game. A subject having been selected, the starter begins anywhere on the edge of the square, and draws a line from one dot to another. The next player takes up the line where the first one left off, and draws to another dot; and so on, until the slate comes back to the starter, who continues the work.



A SPECIMEN DOT-DRAWING.

passing the slate to the next as at first. No one can make more than one short line between two dots at one time, and it is not allowed to pass between dots to make a long line. Every line must be from one dot to the next one, straight up or down, or right or left, or diagonally between those four points, making eight directions, in all, in any of which the line may be drawn. The picture must extend to the four edges of the square, and if any player, by an error in drawing, makes this impossible, he should drop out of the game. The player making the finishing stroke has the privilege of naming the next subject. If the game be played for a prize, the winner is the one that makes the finishing stroke on most of the pictures drawn. There is not only amusement, but instruction in this pretty exercise, for it gives one a good general knowledge of drawing.

An Empress's Doll. The late Empress Frederick was a good mother, as well as an able ruler. This means that her children had pretty much the same delightful times with her that you have with your mothers. So it is likely that more than once her children gathered about her knee and begged for a story of something that she did when she was a little girl. Probably one of the most delightful stories to her daughters was about the wonderful, mysterious chest which once arrived in London, bearing the royal arms and the inscription, "To the Doll of the Princess Royal of England." Brought from Paris, it was, and the gift of good old King Louis Philippe. More wonderful still, every one of those dreams of gowns was made by the most famous dressmaker of Paris. In addition to a series of gowns that any woman might have envied, there were tiny embroidered handkerchiefs, silk stockings, cashmere shawls, bonnets and muffs, and as a crowning glory, a little jewel case filled with beautiful diamond ornaments, every one of which had been expressly made for the doll's chest.

All this sounds like a story from the Arabian Nights, to us of less degree, but when it is all sifted out, it is doubtful if all the gowns and geggaws gave the little princess as much pleasure as those which your dolls wear, made by your own fingers, give to you. It is so much nicer to learn to sew on your doll clothes. It makes many pleasant hours with your chosen friend in a shady nook with your dolls sitting near and your sewing materials strewn about, with perhaps a little lunch now and then provided by an accommodating mother.

Kings and queens and princesses and all the rest of the royal relations cannot be nearly so humanly happy as you are. The fierce "light which beats up on a throne" naturally casts heavy shadows, and there are many simple, human pleasures which they desire, but from which they are cut off by the accident of their birth.

The Old-Fashioned Boy. Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy—A boy with freckled face, With forehead white 'neath tangled hair, And limbs devoid of grace.

Whose feet toe in, while his elbows flare; Whose knees are patched all ways; Who turns as red as a lobster when told, You give him a word of praise.

That his hands and feet are everywhere. For youth must have room to spread. But he doesn't dub his father "old man." Nor deny his mother's call. Nor ridicule what his elders say, Or think that he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome natural boy Or a good old-fashioned clay; God bless him, if he's still on earth, For he'll make a man some day. —Detroit Free Press.

A Great Surprise. A great yellow sunflower grew so tall It looked right over the garden wall. "Bless me!" cried he, "what a marvelous sight! Wonderful meadows to left and right, And a hill that reaches up to the sky. And a long, straight road where the folks go by. 'Twas lucky for me that I grew so tall As to see the lands that lie over the wall. I hadn't the faintest idea," said he, "How much of a place the world might be!" —Youth's Companion.

The Three Feasts. "Now, boys," said the Sunday school teacher, "can any of you name the three great feasts of the Jews?" "Yes, m, I can," replied one little fellow. "Very well, Johnny. What are they?" asked the teacher. "Breakfast, dinner and supper," was the unexpected yet logical reply.

Must Have Been Young. "Did any one call while I was out, Willie?" asked a mother of her small son. "Yes; one man," answered Willie. "Was he young or old?" inquired the mother. "Well, he looked old in the face, but I guess he was awfully young, 'cause he didn't have no hair on his head," was the reply.

Surely a Stepfather. "Tommy, your uncle John found a little boy baby on his doorstep this morning and he is going to adopt him," said a mother to her 5-year-old son. "Then Uncle John will be the kid's stepfather, won't he, mamma?" queried the little fellow.

FIRST AND LAST INDOCRAT.

Late Senator Kyle of South Dakota and the Word He Coined. The late Senator Kyle of South Dakota, says the New York Sun, was educated in three States for three different professions—for a civil engineer in Illinois, for a lawyer in Ohio, of which State he was a native, and for a clergyman in Pennsylvania. When elected to the United States Senate from South Dakota, in 1891, he owed his success to a fusion between Populists and Democrats. On the first ballot Dr. Kyle, who was a member of the Legislature, did not receive a single vote from his associates, and after the thirteenth ballot the few supporters he had had on every ballot after the second deserted him for other candidates. It was not until the thirty-ninth ballot that the hopelessness of other candidates made possible the choice of Dr. Kyle, and his name was agreed to as a compromise.

When it became necessary, through the requirements of the Congressional directory, to supply a political designation for the new Senator, a serious difficulty was encountered. He was not a Populist, and Populist votes did not elect him. He was not a Democrat, but Democratic votes in the Legislature secured his election. He had received some Republican support, too, and his general inclination, as his subsequent course in the Senate showed, was toward the Republican party, of which originally he had been a member.

As there appeared to be no way for Dr. Kyle's partisans to arrange the matter, it was left for determination to the candidate himself, and his choice of party designation was original. He described himself as an Indocrat. That is, he was an Independent and a Democrat—a little of each. This word, awkward but novel, gained ten years ago some political celebrity. Sundry candidates for elective office in the West described themselves as Indocrats, and the establishment of an Indocratic party was seriously proposed. But no recruits to it were gained, and Dr. Kyle remained the last, as he was the first, conspicuous Indocrat, either in the Senate or in the House of Representatives.

Senator Kyle drifted away from his former Populist associates, and when re-elected to the Senate in 1897 it was by Republican votes chiefly.

Convincing. The methods employed by ex-Gov. Throckmorton of Texas to make clear the claims of his clients were perhaps unlike those of any other lawyer, but they often carried conviction with them. At one time he was defending a man who was on trial for murder in Galveston, Texas. He desired to make it plain to the jury that the man whom his client killed, although in his shirt-sleeves and without a pistol-pocket, might have been well-armed.

"Can you see any signs of arms about me?" demanded the General, taking off his coat, and standing before the jurors. They shook their heads. "Watch me!" he said, dramatically, and with that he proceeded to draw a pistol from under each arm, one from each boot leg, and from the back of his neck a bowie-knife of most sinister aspect.

Chinese in United States. There are more Chinese (107,000) in the United States than Dutch (81,000), and almost as many as French (113,000). A law should be passed prohibiting a woman who is getting fat from wearing a rainy day skirt.

MINISTER WU TING-FANG.

Sagacious Celestial Holds a Foremost Rank Among Diplomats.

The Chinese minister to the United States, Wu Ting-fang, is the most extraordinary person who ever came to us out of the east, says a writer in *Alms' Magazine*. He is one of the individuals rare in any country, whose intelligence is universal in its range. He is a man of the world in all that the phrase implies. There is no company of men or women among whom he would not be at home. His mind plays easily and swiftly. He is quick of apprehension and speedy in response. Sagacious, witty, astute, discerning and catholic in sympathy, his aim has been to learn the ways of the country and adapt himself to them. He is an untiring student of American lit-



WU TING-FANG.

erature and customs. He reads the newspapers religiously and has an intimate acquaintance with the topics of the day. He is fond of travel and likes to meet all kinds of people. He sees everybody who calls to see him on the legation no matter how unimportant the person or trifling the errand.

Physically, he is of medium height and medium build and clothed with muscles worthy of an athlete. There are few women who would not envy him the perfect teeth, white, hard and small, which he displays as often as he smiles. He is graceful in his movements and carries himself always with a dignity that is enhanced by his flowing robes of silk. His manner of life to all outward appearances is that of any well-born American. There is hardly an oriental suggestion in the furnishings of his Washington home. Madame Wu, whom he married twenty years ago in China and who looks for all the world as if she had stepped out of a Chinese picture, pays, calls and receives visits as regularly as any other woman of her station. She attends the theater with him and frequents public places. His 8-year-old boy plays with American youngsters and is getting an American education. He goes to the public schools and beats all the other children in his studies.

Minister Wu has been in the highest sense an ambassador to the American people. Not since the time when James Russell Lowell found his way to the hearts of the people of England and gave to our cousins across the sea a taste of the culture and refinement of American life, of which they had hitherto had a crude conception, has any diplomatic representative of any government fulfilled quite the same kind of a mission that has fallen to the lot of Minister Wu during his residence in the United States.

Up to the time of the arrival of Minister Wu, China was an undiscovered country. American public opinion in its conception of the Chinese character wavered between the cynicism of Bret Harte and the brutality of Dennis Kearney. The "heathen Chinese" was either a person of subtle intellect to be avoided, or an obnoxious interloper to be stoned and spat upon. It has been the fortune of Minister Wu to convey to the American people an entirely new idea of his countrymen. In his own personality he has contributed a new type, which, through his actions and utterances, the American people are about ready to accept as the true type of a nationality hitherto inadequately understood.

Minister Wu is 50 years old and received his education in England, where he was admitted to the bar. He was the first Chinese lawyer ever admitted to practice before the English bar in Hong Kong.

Protection from Hail.

The plan of protecting vineyards from the ravages of hailstorms seems to have been successful in part only, if at all, in France and Italy. Some experiments have been made in both countries, but the inference drawn up to this time seems to be that whole parks of artillery containing many guns of large caliber will be needed if reasonable security against hail is to be insured. And it is not altogether certain as yet that even if hundreds of sixteen-inch guns were to be discharged at short intervals the protection would be complete. The bombardment of the heavens cannot yet be considered effectual.

Railroad Cultivates Fish.

The Grand Trunk Railway has a car specially built for transporting fish for stocking streams and lakes along its line. Acting in conjunction with the government of Ontario, this company recently carried thirteen car loads of bass from Lake Erie to the lakes and rivers of Northern Ontario. The fish were caught in nets in St. Williams, on Lake Erie.

London's First Official Census.

London 100 years ago had a population of 888,198, when the first official census was taken.

The cart naturally precedes the horse when a back-up is necessary.