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The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"Why, Martin," she said, averting her face from me, "you know I should never consent to marry you with the idea of your caring for that girl. No, no, I could never do that. If I believed you would ever think of me as you used to do before you saw her, well, I would keep true to you. But is there any hope of that?"

"He will see you," she said, eying me, averting with a steady gaze of curiosity. "I was anxious to see Olivia's husband, partly from the intense aversion I felt instinctively toward him. He was lying back in an old, worn-out easy-chair, with a woman's shawl thrown across his shoulders, for the night was chilly. His face had the first sickly hue and emaciation of the disease, and was probably refined by it. It was a handsome, regular, well-cut face, narrow across the brows, with thin, firm lips, and eyes perfect in shape, but cold and glittering as steel. I knew afterward that he was fifteen years older than Olivia. Across his knees lay a shaggy, starved-looking cat, which he held fast, and entertained himself by teasing and tormenting it. He scrutinized me as keenly as I did him."

"I believe we are in some sort connected, Dr. Martin Dobree," he said; "my half-sister, Kate Daltrey, is married to your father, Dr. Dobree."

"Yes," I answered shortly. The subject was eminently disagreeable to me, and I had no wish to pursue it with him. "As I will make him a happy man," he continued mockingly; "you are not yourself married, I believe, Dr. Martin Dobree?"

"I look no notice whatever of his remark, but passed on to formal inquiries concerning his health. My close study of his malady helped me here. I could assist him to describe and localize his symptoms, and I soon found that the disease was in a very early stage."

"You have a better grip of it than Lowry," he said. "I feel as if I were



TEASING AND TORMENTING.

CHAPTER XIX.

I did not go straight to our dull, gloomy bachelor dwelling place, for I was in the mood for an hour's soliloquy. I was passing by the house, collecting the bitter cud of my reflections, and turned in to see if any messages were waiting there. The footman told me a person had been with an urgent request that a doctor would go as soon as possible to No. 19 Bellingham street. I did not know the street, or what sort of a locality it was in.

"What kind of a person called?" I asked. "A woman, sir; not a lady. On foot—poorly dressed. She's been here before, and Dr. Lowry has visited the case twice."

"Very good," I said. "Upon inquiry I found that the place was two miles away; and as our old friend Simmons was still on the cabstand, I jumped into his cab, and bade him drive me as fast as he could. I wanted a sense of motion, and a change of scene. If I had been in Guernsey, I should have mounted Madam, and had another midnight ride round the island. This was a poor substitute for that; but the visit would serve to turn my thoughts from Julia."

We turned at last into a shabby street, recognizable even in the twilight of the scattered lamps as being a place for cheap lodgings-houses. There was a light burning in the second-floor window of No. 19; but all the rest of the front was in darkness. I paid Simmons and dismissed him, saying I would walk home. By the time I turned to knock at the door, I was opened quietly from within. A woman stood in the doorway; I could not see her face, for the candle she had brought with her was on the table behind her; neither was there light enough for her to distinguish mine.

"Are you come from Dr. Lowry's?" she asked. The voice sounded a familiar one, but I could not for the life of me recall whose it was.

"Yes," I answered, "but I do not know the name of my patient here."

"Dr. Martin Dobree," she exclaimed. I recollected her then as the person who had been in search of Olivia. She had fallen back a few paces, and I could now see her face. It was doubtful, as if she hesitated to admit me. Was it possible I had come to attend Olivia's husband?

"I don't know whether to do," she ejaculated; "he is very ill to-night, but I don't think he ought to see you—I don't think he would."

"I am not anxious to attend him. I came here simply because my friend is out of town. If he wishes to see me I will see him, and so will best. It rests entirely with himself."

"Will you wait here a few minutes," she asked, "while I see what he will do?" She left me in the dimly lighted hall. The place was altogether sordid, and dingy, and miserable. At last I heard her step coming down the two flights of stairs, and I went to meet her.

made of glass, and you could look through me. Can you cure me?" "I will do my best," I answered.

"So you all say," he muttered, "and the best is generally good for nothing. For heaven's sake, come again, she said, "if you can do anything for him. We have money left yet, and I am earning more every day. We can pay you well. Promise me you will come again."

"I can promise nothing to-night," I answered. "You shall not go till you promise," she said emphatically.

"Well, then, I promise," I answered, and she unfastened the chain almost noiselessly, and opened the door into the street.

CHAPTER XX.

I reached home just as Jack was coming in from his evening amusement. He let me in with his latch-key, giving me a cheery greeting; but as soon as we had entered the dining-room, and he saw my face, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! Martin, what has happened to you?"

"Olivia is dead!" I answered. His arm was about my neck in a moment, for we were the boys together, still, when we were alone. He knew all about Olivia, and he waited patiently till I could put my tidings into words.

"It must be true," he said, though in a doubtful tone; "the scoundrel would not have married again if he had not sufficient proof."

"She must have died very soon after my mother," I answered, "and I never knew it."

"It's strange," he said. "I wonder she never got anybody to write to you or Tardif."

There was no way of accounting for that strange silence toward us. We sat talking in short, broken sentences; but we could come to no conclusion about it. It was late when we parted, and I went to bed, but not to sleep.

Upon going downstairs in the morning I found that Jack was already off, having left a short note for me, saying he would visit my patients that day. I had scarcely begun breakfast when the servant announced "a lady," and as the lady followed close upon his heels, I saw behind his shoulder the familiar face of Johanna, looking extremely grave. She was seated beside me, watching me with something of the tender, wistful gaze of my mother.

"Your friend, Dr. John Senior, called upon us a short time since," she said, "and told us this sad, sad news."

I nodded silently. "If we had only known it yesterday," she continued, "you would never have heard what he then said. This makes so vast a difference. Julia could not have become your wife while there was another woman living whom you loved more. You understand her feeling?"

is dead, that you have not taken possession of her property?" "A shrewd question," he said jeeringly. "Why am I in these cursed poor lodgings? Why am I as poor as Job, when there are twenty thousand pounds of my wife's estate lying unclaimed? My sweet, angelic Olivia left no will, or none in my favor, you may be sure; and by her father's will, if she dies intestate or without children, his property goes to build almshouses, or some confounded nonsense, in Melbourne. All she bequeaths to me is this ring, which I gave to her on our wedding day, curse her!"

He held out his hand, on the little finger of which shone a diamond, that might, as far as I knew, be the one I had once seen in Olivia's possession.

"Perhaps you do not know," he continued, "that it was on this very point, the making of her will, or securing her property to me in some way, that my wife took offense and ran away from me. Carry was just a little too hard upon her, and I was away in Paris. But consider, I expected to be left penniless, just as you see me left, and Carry was determined to prevent it."

"Then you are sure of her death?" I said. "So sure," he replied calmly, "that we were married the next day. Olivia's letter to me, as well as those papers, was conclusive of her identity. Would you like to see it?"

"Mrs. Foster gave me a slip of paper, on which were written a few lines. The words looked faint, and grew fainter to my eyes as I read them. They were without doubt Olivia's writing."

"I know that you are poor, and I send you all I can spare—the ring you once gave to me. I am even poorer than yourself, but I have just enough for my last necessities."

There was no more to be said or done. Conviction had been brought home to me. I rose to take my leave, and Foster held out his hand to me, perhaps with a kindly intention. Olivia's ring was glittering on it, and I could not take it into mine.

"Well, well!" he said, "I understand; I am sorry for you. Come again, Dr. Martin Dobree. If you know of any remedy for my case, you are no true man if you do not try it."

I went down the narrow staircase, closely followed by Mrs. Foster. Her face had lost its gaiety and boldness, and looked womanly and care-worn, and she laid her hand upon my arm before opening the house-door.

"For heaven's sake, come again," she said, "if you can do anything for him. We have money left yet, and I am earning more every day. We can pay you well. Promise me you will come again."

"I can promise nothing to-night," I answered. "You shall not go till you promise," she said emphatically.

"Well, then, I promise," I answered, and she unfastened the chain almost noiselessly, and opened the door into the street.

HEERON NESTS IN THE MAINE WOODS.

There are three known heron colonies in New England. One of them is on the plantation just to the north of Sebree Lake. One point of land reaching out into the pond is a growth of tall silver birches, and there are at least 100 nests in the tops of these trees. The trees are tall, without limbs for forty feet or more from the ground. It is a well known fact that herons never build a nest in a tree with limbs much less than forty feet from the earth. The nests are constructed from small sticks, some up to an inch in diameter. The nest is at least two feet across, and the eggs are a trifle smaller than a hen's egg, and of a pale blue color. The birds get long distances on their foraging trips, in some cases forty and fifty miles. The birds of this species about Moosehead Lake and around the ponds miles to the south all make their way to this particular colony at night. Standing on the point one can see the birds coming from all directions during the period in which they feed their young.—New York Tribune.

JAVA'S GREAT EXPLOSION.

Dr. Eugene Murray Aaron calls the eruption of the volcano Krakatau in Java "the greatest explosion of modern times." He says:

"It is quite safe to say, when we are asked the question as to which of all the mighty manifestations of God's power in this world thus far within the ken of science has been the most stupendous, the most all-overwhelming, that the terrific annihilation of Krakatau, in 1883, surpasses all else. A smoke that encircled the globe, a wave that traveled 7,500 miles, a sound heard 3,000 miles away, an air shock hurled three times around the earth—what more can be sought as testimony to the pent-up energies beneath our very feet?"

The Densest Population.

The greatest density of the population in the world is claimed for Bombay, and is only disputed by Agra. The population of Bombay amounts to 700 persons per acre in certain areas, and in these sections the street area only occupies one-fourth of the whole. If the entire population massed in the streets for any purpose, the density would equal 3,040 persons per acre.

Clock for Theatrical Use.

To indicate the different numbers of a program a newly designed clock has a rotatable dial plate, which can be perforated at the proper places to engage hooked rods which fall into the holes in the dial, and are pulled a short distance to make electrical connections with bells or indicators located in convenient places.

A New Gun.

A centrifugal gun, discharging 30,000 bullets a minute, has been invented by an English engineer. The bullets are poured into a disk from a hopper, and guided into a disk three feet in diameter, revolving in the case at the rate of 15,000 revolutions a minute. They are discharged from the edge of the disk.

Man's Temperature.

Man's ordinary temperature is 98.6 degrees when in good health; that of a snail 78 degrees, and of a chicken 111 degrees.

The Most Successful Nation is Determined.

The most successful nation is determined by the fountain of perpetual youth he dies.

"That would be unjust to Julia," I interrupted. "She must not be sacrificed to me any longer. I do not suppose I shall ever marry—"

"You must marry, Martin," she interrupted in her turn, and speaking emphatically; "you are altogether unfitted for a bachelor's life. It is all very well for Dr. John Senior, who has never known a woman's companionship, and who can do without it. But it is misery to you—this cold, colorless life. No, of all men I ever knew, you are the least fitted for a single life."

"Perhaps I am," I admitted, as I recalled my longing for some sign of womanhood about our bachelor dwelling. (To be continued.)

NOAH'S ARK A MODERN SHIP.

Proof that the Shipbuilding Industry Flourished Before His Time. Another popular notion has been upset. For centuries it has been supposed that Father Noah was the first shipbuilder of the world and that the ark, which he saved his family from drowning, was the first vessel that "plowed the raging main." This supposition has been found to be erroneous, for there exist paintings of Egyptian vessels immensely older than the date 2840 B. C., usually assigned to the ark, being, indeed, probably between seventy and eighty centuries old. Moreover, there are now in existence in Egypt boats which were built about the period the ark was constructed. These are, however, small craft, about thirty-three feet long, seven feet or eight feet wide, and two and a half feet to three feet deep. They were discovered six years ago by the eminent French Egyptologist, M. J. De Morgan, in brick vaults near Cairo and were probably funeral boats.

They are constructed of three-inch acacia and sycamore planks, dovetailed together and fastened with trenails. They have floors but no ribs, and though nearly 5,000 years old they held together after their supports had been removed. These boats may be considered side by side with the better known, but much more modern, viking ship, which is now to be seen in a shed at Christiansburg. This craft was discovered in 1880 in a funeral mound, so that we owe both these existing examples of extremely ancient ships to the funeral customs of countries so dissimilar as Egypt and Norway.

The Lay of the Lamp-Post.

I am placed on the corner of a noisy street; Each one who passes my way I greet, and I never grumble at cold nor heat. But bright, brighter, I'm saying all the while, Whither, whither, the light I give, so may truth and kindness, dear, shine out in you to others' cheer.

Another Optical Illusion.

Simple and striking is this new optical illusion which has just been evolved by an expert who has devoted much study to the subject. It shows after all how easily we are deceived in measuring distances with the eye.

One of the First Mr. Smiths.

Probably only a small proportion of the members of the Smith family know the origin of their name. According to tradition one at least of the "original" Smiths was a Macdonald. The Macdonalds crossed the North Channel into Ireland during the reign of James I. of England and settled in the northern portion of the country. In July, 1600, so the legend relates, William III. of England was delayed in the valley of the river Boyne through his horse casting a shoe. A Macdonald was called to shoe the king's horse, and ever after he was called the king's smith. One of his sons, named John, came to America in 1720, and he was known as John Smith. The famous Capt. John Smith, however, had long since made the name renowned by his exploits and his stories of travel and adventure.

Her Parisian Hat Created an Unexpected Sensation.

"My wife went abroad this last summer," said the talkative man, "and, so far, the only thing she saw that she has been able to describe was the inventor of the store in Paris where she bought a bonnet that was a dream of undressed beauty, using her words, when she returned she found one of the innumerable clubs that she belongs to holding a rummage sale, and she plunged into it with all the enthusiasm that she is noted for, although I had an impression that the idea of showing her bonnet, direct from Paris, was uppermost in her mind."

She was anxious for me to see the display of old junk that they had collected, so I walked down with her to the place where the sale was being held. She had promised to act as one of the saleswomen, and much to her regret she found that her new bonnet was in danger of being damaged from the miscellaneous stuff that hung from every conceivable post; so she was obliged to remove it and place it carefully away. She had hardly done this when it was seized by another member of the club, who held it up with a shriek of laughter.

Where Johnny Had Mother.

Small Johnny had on his best clothes one Sunday and his mamma told him not to play in the dirt with them on. "Don't they have any dirt in heaven to play in?" he asked. "No, of course not," replied his mother. "Then what do little boys do up there?" queried Johnny. "Oh, they play harps and sing and sit under the beautiful trees," was the reply. "Well," said the little fellow,



Children's Corner

Play Cat a Natural-Born Boss. A cat is a natural boss. If you watch two kittens rolling and tumbling about the floor you will occasionally see spirited passages of arms between them. They will "lead," "counter," "block," "duck" and "rush," "side-step," and, in fact, do all things that your big brother does with his boxing instructor at the gymnasium. The kittens will do it a great deal better, too, for they are much quicker and more graceful. It may seem odd at first for a boy or girl to box with a cat, but just tap her quietly with your index finger. You may tap her once, but not the second time, for she will very nearly block your second attempt with her paw. You must use only one finger of each hand, and be very careful to just barely touch the cat. Then you must stroke her back occasionally at first, to show that you are only playing with her, and not angry. The cat will understand very quickly that you are only in fun and do not intend to hurt her, and will keep her claws out of sight, so as not to scratch you, unless she is a cranky old cat with a very sour temper, and if she is you had better leave her alone.

Of course, you do not know much about boxing, but you will learn a great deal from the cat if you watch her paws. After the cat understands that it is only a game, and you have learned how to lead and counter from watching her, you can have some pretty bouts, which will amuse the whole family and greatly help to shorten a rainy day.

Evaded Exclusion Laws.

Mr. Balpatre (to bashful boy)—What's the matter, little man? Has the cat got your tongue? Tom—Naw. Has she got your hair?—New York Journal.

Dick's Distinction.

"Ma, I'm at the head of my class." "How's that, Dick?" "Teacher says I'm the worst of all the bad boys in school."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Evaded Exclusion Laws.

Temodra Sinesis, a Chinaman and a Bug of Value, Here to Stay. If "handsome is as handsome does" any picture of the temodra sinesis should be a truly beautiful thing to gaze on. It is a Chinaman and a bug, and we are so accustomed to considering both Chinamen and bugs as enemies that it is hard to realize that this recent importation is of value. It is a mantis and was probably introduced into Mount Airy (Pa.) society on some plants imported by Thomas Meehan, the nurseryman. It first made its appearance in 1897 and was for a long time a great enigma to local entomologists. A photograph of the single specimen then captured was sent to Dr. H. de Saussure, who recognized it as temodra sinesis, described by him from China. He says:

"It is certainly very interesting that this large species has been transported to the United States. I suppose the bag of eggs has come over pasted on the leaves or the branches of a Chinese plant. It is curious that it has survived the change of climate, for the temodra are only from hot countries. It is a question if the species will stand our winters. I suppose there must be many other specimens living in the neighborhood of the place where your specimen was captured. One ought to let them live to see if they will multiply. It is a useful insect, destroying the bad plant insects and not at all noxious to vegetation."

The other day, four years since the above was written, a couple of students from the American Entomological Society made a journey to Mount Airy. Three hundred of this giant mantis was found, showing that, despite adverse prediction, they had successfully survived the rigorous winters. Although they have two pairs of wings the females rarely fly. The mantis sits bolt upright, with wings folded close to her sides, and turns her head demurely from side to side, but woe betide the insect which comes within range, for the long, powerful forearms, set with sharp spines, will instantly grasp and hold him as in a terrible vice. Then the innocent looking mantis will gradually eat him.

Certainly some heroic masculine mantis should start a male mantis suffrage society, says the Philadelphia Record, for not only are the gentler sex the larger, but they are the lords of creation, and without any compunction devour piece by piece their male helpmates.

So valuable is the mantis for destroying noxious insects that the naturalists brought several away with them and will carefully observe their habits, with the view of their use in introduction throughout the country, although their object to be handled and with their sharp claws often bring blood. Yet they are entirely harmless to mankind.

AT THE RUMMAGE SALE.

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"She was anxious for me to see the display of old junk that they had collected, so I walked down with her to the place where the sale was being held. She had promised to act as one of the saleswomen, and much to her regret she found that her new bonnet was in danger of being damaged from the miscellaneous stuff that hung from every conceivable post; so she was obliged to remove it and place it carefully away. She had hardly done this when it was seized by another member of the club, who held it up with a shriek of laughter."

"Who in the world sent this old thing here?" she cried. "Why, it is twenty years behind the fashion, and we couldn't get 10 cents for it! It is a shame to take up our valuable space with such stuff as that!"

"My wife didn't find her voice," continued the talkative man, according to the Detroit Free Press, "till me got home, and then, as it generally happens in a riot, the innocent spectator got hurt—namely, myself."

HER HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

She Rejoiced When the Horse Had Kicked the Burglar to Pieces. Some neighbors and friends of ours had a horse called Alcide, says Horace Vachell in his interesting description of California life; and thereupon he goes on to relate an incident in which the horse played an important part.

Alcide was a most respectable horse, but like all of us he had his falling; he would flick his tail over the reins. So one day his friend, when about to take his wife out for a drive, tied down Alcide's tail so tightly and securely that not a wiggle was left in it.

Now, it happened that only that morning my friend's wife had turned on the water—water, you must understand, is a very precious article on a ranch in Southern California—and, alas! she had neglected to turn it off. So the water had flowed away; leaving the family tank empty and cracking beneath the ardent rays of the sun.

Conceive, if you can, the wrath of a husband condemned by his wife's carelessness to pump many hundreds of gallons of water! You may be sure that he—was an Englishman—told his unhappy wife that she had committed the unpardonable sin; and she, poor soul, appealing the magnitude of her offense, held her peace—which is remarkable because she was a daughter of the West.

Perhaps the husband was sorry that he had spoken so harshly, and thought that a drive behind a fast trotter would establish happier relations between the two who should be one. Be that as it may, after the drive was over he began to unharass Alcide, his wife standing by and talking to him.

The traces were unhooked, the breeching-straps unbuckled, and then Alcide was commanded to leave the shafts; but Alcide, wise as Balaam's ass, never stirred, for he knew that his tail was still fast to the buggy. Thereupon my friend took the whip and applied it smartly to Alcide's hind quarters.

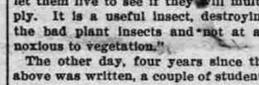
Alcide, who had doubtless been nursing his wrongs all the afternoon, and who saw his opportunity, as the lawyers say, to show cause, retaliated by kicking the buggy into a heap of kindling-wood.

My friend's wife watched this performance with interest, and when it was over she turned to her husband and said:

"My dear, after this I shall turn on the water and let it run as often and as long as I please."

CHILD ARMY CAPTAIN.

Son of Gen. Lawton Held That Rank in Philippines. The Kentucky State Guard numbers among its members the youngest individual that ever donned shoulder straps in the United States army or who has been under fire in battle. This person is Capt. M. A. Lawton, son of the late Gen. H. W. Lawton, who, although only 13 years old, is the bugler for the first battalion artillery, Kentucky State Guard.



CAPT. LAWTON

At the age of 11 years this boy was on the firing line and under fire. He went to the Philippines with his father and served in various commands until his father's death in December, 1899. Soon after arriving he was assigned to the position of volunteer aide on his father's staff with the rank of captain. He served faithfully and well, going through the entire campaign, taking part in all the expeditions, and enduring the same hardships as the others of the command.

Before starting on that long northern expedition with his father to Luzon, the result of which meant so much, he served for some time as an aide to Gen. Fred Grant while the latter was stationed at Bacor. Of all the relics brought back from the Philippines, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, the most treasured by him are the official papers showing his assignment and promotions while serving in the volunteer army of the United States.

Speculative Mathematicians.

Two club-men were discussing the financial affairs of some of their acquaintances. "Now there's Brown. He's been speculating heavily in wheat. How has he come out?"

"Away ahead." "And there's Williams. He has dabbled extensively in oats. Has he made anything?"

"He hasn't done as well as Brown has. But Thompson—you know Thompson?"

"Yes, I know him." "Well, he's worth as much as Brown and Williams put together."

"There you're wrong. I know Thompson's circumstances exactly. He isn't worth a cent."

"Just so. Brown is worth two hundred thousand dollars, and Williams is two hundred thousand dollars worse off than nothing. If you combine the wealth of the two it amounts to nothing, the same as Thompson's. Have you forgotten mathematics?"

One of Their Characteristics.

"Our minister is a splendid man. Everything about him is good."

"Yes, I've noticed that. Like many ministers, he even has a good appetite."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Give any woman time, and she will complain of the condition in which her clothes with real lace on came out of the wash.

If a baby is well-spring of pleasurable twins must be a deluge.