

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXI.

I went out late in the evening to question...

At Granville I learned that a young lady and a child had made the voyage to Jersey...

CHAPTER XXII.

One of my first proceedings, after my return, was to ascertain how the English law stood...

"Why?" I exclaimed, "here you have a girl, brought up in luxury and wealth, willing to brave any poverty rather than consent to live with him."

"There lies the kernel of the case," he said. "You tell me there are papers, which you believe to be forged, supporting to be the medical certificate with corroborative proof of her death."

"You think she did it?" I asked. He smiled significantly, but without saying anything.

"But what can be done now?" I asked. "All you can do," he answered, "is to establish your influence over this fellow and go cautiously to work with him."

"I was compelled to remain satisfied with this opinion. Yet how could I be satisfied, whilst Olivia, if she was still living, was wandering about homeless, and as I feared, destitute, in a foreign country?"

"I made my first call upon Foster the next evening. Mrs. Foster had been to Brook street every day since her return, to inquire for me, and to leave an urgent message that I should go to Bellinger street as soon as I was again in town."

"I need not ask what success you've had," he said, sneering. "Why so pale are you? You look as if you had been in a fight with a bear."

"I went straight from Fulham to Bellinger street. A healthy impulse to fulfill all my duty, and to be as good as my first fervid moment of action. Nevertheless there was a subtle howl within me founded upon one chance that was left—it was just possible that Foster might refuse to be made a subject of an experiment; for an experiment it was."

"I sat down beside him, and told him what I believed to be his chance of life; not concealing from him that I proposed to try, if he gave his consent, a mode of treatment which I had never practiced before. His eye, keen and sharp as that of a lynx, seemed to read my thoughts as Dr. Senor's had done."

"Martin Dobree," he said, in a voice so different from his ordinary caustic tone that it almost startled me, "I can trust you. I put myself with implicit confidence into your hands."

"The last chance—dare I say the last hope—was gone. I stood pledged on my honor as a physician, to employ this discovery, which had been laid open to me by my mother's fatal illness, for the benefit of the man whose life I was most bound to save."

"I must tell you," I said, when I drew my head in again, "that you must not expect to regain your health and strength so completely as to be able to return to your old occupations. But if you are careful of yourself you may live to sixty or seventy."

"Life at any price?" he answered. "There would be more chance for you now," I said, "if you could have better air than this."

sensations and impressions, there was always present the image of Foster, with his pale, cynical face and pitiless eyes. With this was the perpetual remembrance that a subtle malady, beyond the reach of our skill, was slowly sapping away his life. The man I abhorred; but the sufferer, mysteriously linked with the memories which clung about my mother, aroused my most urgent, instinctive compassion. Only once before had I watched the conflict between disease and its remedy with so intense an interest.

It was a day or two after a consultation the little note book which I had kept in Guernsey—private note book, accessible only to myself. It was night; Jack, as usual, was gone out, and I was alone. I turned over the leaves merely for listless want of occupation. All at once I came upon an entry, made in connection with my mother's illness, which recalled to me the discovery I believed I had made of a remedy for her disease, had it only been applied in its earlier stages. It had slipped out of my mind, but now my memory leaped upon it with irresistible force.

I must tell the whole truth, however terrible and humiliating it may be. Whether I had been true or false to myself up to that moment I cannot say. I had taken upon myself the care and, if possible, the cure of this man, who was my enemy, if I had an enemy in the world. His life and mine could not run parallel without great grief and hurt to me, and to one dearer than myself. Now, that a better chance was thrust upon me in his favor, I shrank from seizing it with unutterable reluctance. I turned heart-sick at the thought of it.

Yes, I wished him to die. Conscience flashed the answer across the inner depths of my soul, as a glare of lightning over the sharp crags and cruel waves of our island in a midnight storm. I saw with lurid distinctness that there had been lurking within a sure sense of satisfaction in the prospect that I should die. I took up my note book, and went away to my room, lest Jack should come in suddenly and read my secret on my face. I thrust the book into a drawer in my desk, and locked it away, out of my sight.

It seemed cruel that this power should come to me from my mother's death. If she were living still, or if she had died from any other cause, the discovery of this remedy would never have been made by me. And the pleasure of the gift of miraculous gifts, purchased by her pangs, and bestowed it upon the only man I hated. For I hated him; I said so to myself.

But it could not rest at that. I fought a battle with myself all through the quiet night, motionless and in silence, lest Jack should become aware that I was not sleeping. How should I ever face him, or grasp his hearty hand again, with such a secret weight upon my soul? Yet how could I resolve to save Foster at the cost of doing Olivia to a lifelong bondage?

The European merchants and manufacturers understood this, and arranged to give the South American merchant ample time in which to meet his obligations. The Europeans make a careful, comprehensive systematic study of the conditions and necessities of the Latin-American market, and then set to work in an intelligent way to meet and satisfy those conditions and needs.

The Salad had Preference. American social leaders are more interested in the Kaiser of Germany than they ever were in any crowned head, outside of the English rulers. Probably it is because the Kaiser is fond of Americans, and shows as keen a desire as his uncle, the King of England, to meet charming Americans and talk to them. In Berlin and Hamburg he has met many of the rich social set of America and they are loud in their praise of the Emperor.

He is described as having the most interesting personality in Europe today. It is said of him that he has that great quality which made the wife of President Cleveland one of the most notable women who ever presided at the White House. That is, the gift of making a visitor or auditor think that he is the one person in the world whom the great one desires to meet.

A woman, who is of high social distinction in America, was presented to the Kaiser at some dinner that was not attended with royal state. She was proof not sufficing, a case of flagrant delictus was punished by a whipping with a strap—unfortunately not applied to the youth, but to the plump shoulders of the girl.

The punishment was taken in grim silence, and at its termination some threat, indistinctly heard by others, was made in which "Obman" and "work de Oben" were phrases. The next morning the mistress and her daughter, who took breakfast alone together, were seized with contractions, and before medical aid could arrive were dead. Here was quite enough of the circumstantial to warrant the arrest of the girl; but further than that the case never went.

No very definite results came from the chemical analysis, no one knew of the girl having visited an Ouman or having held communication with any one between the time of her punishment and the death of her mistress, and no poison was to be found in the house. Finally the suspected servant was set free, and on every hand she was hailed by her ignorant fellow servants as possessed with great powers, and her "cussuss" (imprecations) were sought by all who had vengeance to wreak. Thus she abruptly graduated from the regions of servandom to the higher realms of Obi priestesses.—Cram's Magazine.

The Sedan Chair. The Sedan chair still exists in Orleans, a bustling town not far from Paris. In this pretty city, says a Paris newspaper, especially on Sundays at the hour of mass, the classic Sedan chair, as it was known to the gallants of the eighteenth century, is borne through the streets by robust carriers, occupants being aged people and invalids, to whom the jolting of a carriage is intensely disagreeable.

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itself to me; yet I may die like a dog in this hole for the want of it. My death will lie at Olivia's door, curse her!" He fell back upon his pillows, with a groan as heavy and deep as ever came from the heart of a wretch perishing from sheer want. I could not choose but feel some pity for him; but this was an opportunity I must not miss.

"It is of no use to curse her," I said; "come, Foster, let us talk over this matter quietly and reasonably. If Olivia be alive, as I cannot help hoping she is, your wisest course would be to come to some mutual agreement, which would release you both from your present difficulties; for you must recollect she is as penniless as yourself. Let me speak to you as if I were her brother. Of this one thing you may be quite certain, she will never consent to return to you; and in that I will aid her to the utmost of my power. But there is no reason why you should not have a good share of the property, which she would gladly relinquish on condition that you let her alone."

(To be continued.)

TRADE IN LATIN AMERICAS.

Why the United States Does Not Secure Its Share Thereof. Minister Loomis maintains that the United States does not have, in any part of Latin America, the share of trade which its proximity and proximity entitle it to.

Our merchants and manufacturers are loath to understand that in order to succeed in Central or South America they must conform to the business methods of which centuries of usage have given the force and prestige of national customs. If we want to do business with the South Americans we must, in a large measure, do business in their way, and not try to force our methods upon them, though we may be convinced that our manner of conducting commercial affairs is superior to theirs.

The Latin-American merchant is accustomed to long credit. Six months is the usual period, but sometimes it is a year. He will pay, but he must have time in which to pay, for it is the custom of the South American trader to be a banker as well as a merchant, and he has to make large advances in money and supplies to the owners of coffee and other plantations to enable them to pay their laborers, and the merchant does not expect repayment until the coffee crop is harvested and sold, once a year. So it will be seen that long time in making his own payments is essential to him.

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Children's Corner

Ralph's Mistake. "I don't want to play with Walter any more, mother; he is not a nice boy at all," said Ralph.

"What has Walter been doing?" asked mother, looking into the earnest brown eyes of her little son. "It was sailing my boat in the brook back of the garden, and I anchored her and came to the well for a drink, and while I was away somebody upset her in the water."

"And you think it was Walter?" "Oh, I'm sure he did it; nobody else was there."

"Perhaps Walter is innocent; and you ought to return good for evil, anyway, you know. Take this apple and give it to Walter, and here is a rosy one for yourself. Don't have any quarrel over the boat."

Ralph hesitated a moment and then trudged steadily off with the apples. The little boys were together all the afternoon; and Ralph did not once refer to the upsetting of his boat, although he was certain that his companion knew something of the matter.

The following morning Ralph again went to the brook with his boat. Again, while the Jenny was lying peacefully at anchor, he went into the garden for some pebbles to serve as a cargo; and presently, on peering through the bushes to see if his craft were safe, he gave yent to a startled "Oh!" A big yellow dog had run down the opposite slope and plunged into the brook for a bath, and the waves thus formed caused the little Jenny to capsize. "Shoo, shoo!" cried Ralph, rushing to the spot and driving away the intruder. The boat was drawn from the water and dried in the warm sunshine, and soon was sailing to and fro as lightly as ever, while her little master resolved that he would not again blame his boy friend for the fiasco of a big yellow dog—Sunbeam.

I Wish I Was a King. I wish I was a date big King, The biggest ever seen. 'At I could see the circus, an' I'd make 'em follow 'em! An' 'en I'd go an' tell my Pa, 'See here, you, Pa!' I'd say, 'Now you jus' dare to call me in 'When I go out to play!'

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foot at each jump, and the first boy who falls becomes the "back," beginning at the "take off" line. The young islanders play marbles, or "bola," about as the boys in the States do. In one odd game, however, they set marbles in a row about three feet from a wall and shoot them by making the "shooter" strike the wall first and bounce back.

Her Father Paid Cash. Hostess (to 5-year-old girl)—Does your father say grace before dinner, Margie? Margie—I don't know, what's grace? Hostess—Why, saying grace is returning thanks for what we have to eat. Margie—My pa doesn't have to. He always pays cash for everything we get.—Chicago News.

A Measure of Self-Protection. "Papa," asked a 4-year-old youngster, "are all little boys made of dust?" "Yes, my son," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the little fellow, "I wish you would make noise stop using the whisk-broom on me. I'm afraid she'll brush me all away."—Boston Herald.

It Makes a Difference. Big Sister (shouting to Bobby)—Bobby! Bobby (shouting back)—Tell mother I can't do it now; I'm busy. Big Sister—It's not mother who wants you it's father. Bobby (hastily)—Right. Tell him I'm coming.—Tit-Bits.

Tommy Had a Reason. Auntie—Do you like school, Tommy? Tommy—I like Sunday school best. "That's a good little boy. So you really like Sunday school best?" "Yes; it only comes once a week."—Philadelphia Record.

LESSONS FROM THE MOUTH. Human Character Revealed by the Contour of the Lips. According to a physiognomist, the lower lip is the most important part of the mouth as an indicator of character. According to its fullness, freshness in appearance, and width it indicates benevolence and liberality. A pale, shriveled and narrow lower lip reveals a decided want of these qualities.

There are thick under lips that hang so that they become almost a disfigurement, and these, as well as looking ugly, denote indolence and a love of luxury. Taking the opposite extreme, however, it is not desirable to have prominently thin lips, for when the outline of the lips is narrow and united to a mouth with a sinister expression, there is indicated a great deficiency of natural kindness in their owner, a want of warmth, and but little capacity to love. Well defined and developed lips, the outlines of which are rounded out, are admired for their beauty and moral worth, being, as they are, tokens of a tender-hearted, amiable and sympathetic disposition.

Well-closed lips are a sign of discretion. If the upper one is long, in addition to being pressed down firmly upon the lower one, both mental and physical power appertain to their owner. Supposing the upper lip is very short, and the middle teeth of the top row are constantly exposed, a fondness for praise is betrayed.

Frequently another type of mouth is seen, one in which the corners of the lips descend, indicating a person of a despondent disposition, prone to dwell overmuch upon the seriousness side of life. But when the corners turn up in the form of a cupid's bow, their possessor is of a bright and cheerful nature, always finding a silver lining to every cloud and good in everything—London Mail.

POISONING AND OKAH WORSHIP. Maid-servant In Transformed by Arrest Into a Priestess. A case of Okah worship and native poisoning, that will be at once recognized as typical by all West Indians, may be related. A mistress discovered that her well-favored quadroon waitress was exerting an undue influence over the oldest heir to the paternal acres, and reported her therefor. Being proof not sufficing, a case of flagrant delictus was punished by a whipping with a strap—unfortunately not applied to the youth, but to the plump shoulders of the girl.

The punishment was taken in grim silence, and at its termination some threat, indistinctly heard by others, was made in which "Obman" and "work de Oben" were phrases. The next morning the mistress and her daughter, who took breakfast alone together, were seized with contractions, and before medical aid could arrive were dead. Here was quite enough of the circumstantial to warrant the arrest of the girl; but further than that the case never went.

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BEFRIENDED A RATTLER.

Story Showing Love Even for Serpents in an Animal Keeper.

That love for even the accused and despised of the animal tribes that develops in men who have made this field their life study was never better illustrated, says the New York Times, than by a story an animal hunter tells about Curator Dittmars of the reptile house in the New York Zoological park.

"When Dittmars and I were hunting snakes down in South Carolina we had a victim to which people thereabout had given the name of 'Old Dave.' Old Dave was sly and never showed himself in the daytime, but at night came out and warmed himself in the baked sand of the roadway. His six-inch wide trail which was in evidence the next day showed the old fellow must have been a whopper."

"It was not until the day before that set for our return to New York that we had a fair chance to catch him. He got away from us in a heap of rock, however, where only a quick walt with a gun could have fetched him. I had my gun ready and was about to fire when Dittmars knocked the barrel upward."

"Don't do that," he said, 'let the poor devil live if you can't catch him alive.' "For the moment there was a lot of exchange of words, but the snake was lost to us and mournfully we got on the train for New York. Several hours later Dittmars said: 'Jerry, maybe you do not feel as I do about Old Dave, but when I got back to New York I was glad to know that somewhere down in Carolina that fine old specimen is loose and is having a good time. If you had killed him it would have spoiled all my desire for ever going back there to hunt. Wait till you've been in the business awhile and you will learn how much pleasure may be derived from preserving rather than taking the life of a dumb animal.'"

SIR JOSEPH DIMSDALE. Wealthy Banker, Who is the New Lord Mayor of London.

Sir Joseph Goswami Dimsdale, the newly elected Lord Mayor of London, has long been a figure in the municipal life of the British metropolis and is well known for his connection with the great banking firm of Dimsdale, Cave, Tugwell & Co., the leading financial house of the city of Prescott. He was born within sound of his bow in 1849, and in 1891 made his debut in politics by his election as alderman for Corn-

hill. Since then he has occupied the usual preparatory offices which serve as steps to the mayoralty. These are the places of sheriff and member of the London council. Last year Sir Joseph was elected a member of Parliament. The new lady mayress was formerly Miss Beatrice Holdsworth, and she was married to Sir Joseph in 1873, the occasion being one of social importance. It is said that this couple is pre-eminently fitted to discharge the society functions of the municipal corporation.

DEATH REVEALS IDENTITY. Woman for Whom Edmund Yates Suffered Imprisonment.

The Countess of Stradbroke, whose death has taken place in London, was the peeress who was the cause of the arrest of Edmund Yates, the Anglo-American journalist who was the proprietor and editor of the London Work. It was on her account that he was convicted of criminal libel and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. Miss Stradbroke went. Yates could have escaped the penalty by giving the name of the writer of the libelous paragraph. The libel in question was a paragraph for which there was not a shadow of foundation and which originated in the lively imagination of the Countess. The countess was Miss Helena Fraser, daughter of Gen. Keith Fraser, of the British army, and was married to the Earl of Stradbroke in July, 1898.

Small Pay for Ivan Ivanovitch. The Russian soldier is wretchedly paid. He is the worst paid soldier in Europe, and, therefore, has a very hard time during his four years of service, unless his good folks at home are inclined to be generous. The infantry soldier is paid about 16 cents a month, and the cavalry soldier only a little more. Sergeants receive about 50 cents a month, and young officers from \$15 to \$50, according to their regiments. The higher officers are also very poorly paid by comparison to officers of rank in other armies.—Pearson's Magazine.

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SIR JOSEPH DIMSDALE.



Willie's Punishment. Little Willie, Clean and next. Put Tanglefoot on Tige's feet.



Mama viewed them with a frown, Now Little Willie can sit down.

Games in Porto Rico. The young people in Porto Rico play the same games as the youngsters in the States, although the pastimes have strange Spanish names. "Al esconder" is simply hide and seek. Blind man's buff by the name of "gallina ciega" is just as funny. A favorite sport is to fly "cometes"—we call them "kites." These are not covered with paper, but with some other light fabric, and are always decorated by the boys.

"Fussy wants a corner" among the Porto Ricans is "las cuatro esquinas," and the boy who is "it" asks, "Is there any fire for me?" and is told to "Go to the next corner." Hundred-yard races with hoops, "ruedas," are very common. Top spinning or "juego de trompo" is popular the year round. The boys form a ring and "ping" as here to split each other's tops. "Prisoner's base" is "marró" in Porto Rico. There are numerous games of leapfrog; in one called "pat" the "back" moves forward the length and twice the width of his

It's better to bow your head than break your foot neck.