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The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

That same evening I received a note, desiring me to go and see him immediately. He was looking brighter and better than in the morning, and an odd smile played now and then about his face as he talked to me, after having desired Mrs. Foster to leave us alone together.

"Mark," he said, "I have no the slightest reason to doubt Olivia's death, except your own opinion to the contrary, which is founded upon reasons of which I know nothing. But acting on the supposition that she may be still alive, I am quite willing to enter into negotiations with her. I suppose it must be through you."

"It must," I answered, "and it cannot be at present. You will have to wait for some months, perhaps, whilst I pursue my search for her. I do not know where she is any more than you do."

A vivid gleam crossed his face at these words, but whether of incredulity or satisfaction I could not tell.

"But suppose I die in the meantime?" he objected.

"I do not know that I might not leave you in your present position," I said at last; "it may be I am acting from an over-strained sense of duty. But if you will give me a formal deed protecting her from yourself, I am willing to advance the funds necessary to remove you to purer air, and more open quarters than these. A deed of separation, which both of you must sign, can be drawn up, and receive your signature. There will be no doubt as to getting hers, when we find her. But that may be some months hence, as I said. Still I will run the risk."

"For her sake?" he said, with a sneer. "For her sake, simply," I answered; "I will employ a lawyer to draw up the deed, and as soon as you sign it I will advance the money you require. My treatment of your disease I shall begin at once; that falls under my duty as your doctor; but I warn you that fresh air and freedom from agitation are almost, if not positively, essential to its success. The sooner you secure these for yourself, the better your chance."

Some further conversation passed between us, as to the stipulations to be inserted upon, and the division of the real-estate income from Olivia's property, for I would not agree to her alienating any portion of it. Foster wished to drive a hard bargain, still with that odd smile on his face; and it was after much discussion that we came to an agreement.

except being too many of 'em p'raps, and my old woman won't own to that. But there's something in the wind as concerns Dr. Dobry, so I thought I'd better come and give you a hint of it."

"Very good, Simmons," said Jack. "You recollect taking my cab to Gray's Inn Road about this time last year, when I showed you so green, don't you?" he asked.

"To be sure," I said.

"Well, doctors," he continued, "the very last Monday as ever was, a lady walked slowly along the stand, eyeing us all very hard, but taking no heed of any of 'em, and she was right in the middle of the stand when she suddenly turned round and came along very slowly—she looks hard at me—she nods her head, as much as to say, 'You, and your cab, and your horse are what I'm on the lookout for;' and I gets down, opens the door, and sees her in quite comfortable. Says she, 'Drive me to Messrs. Scott and Brown, in Gray's Inn Road.'"

"No!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, doctors," replied Simmons. "Drive me," she says, 'to Messrs. Scott and Brown, Gray's Inn Road.' Of course I knew the name; and I was vexed enough the last time I was there, at showing myself so green. I looks hard at her. A very fine make of a woman, with hair and eyes as black as coals, and an impudent look on her face somehow. She told me to wait for her in the street; and directly after she goes in there comes down the gent I had seen before, with a pen behind his ear. He looks very hard at me, and me at him. Says he, 'I have seen your face before, my man. Very civil; as civil as an orange, as folks say. I think you have,' I says, 'Could you step upstairs for a minute or two?' says he, very polite; 'I'll find a boy to take charge of your horse.' And he slips a five-crown into my hand, quite pleasantly."

"So you went in, of course?" said Jack. "Doctors," he answered solemnly, "I did go in. There's nothing to be said against that. The lady is sitting in an office upstairs, talking to another gent, with hair and eyes like hers, as black as coals, and the same look of brass on his face. All three of 'em looked a little

under the weather. 'What's your name, my man?' asked the black gent, 'Walter,' I says, 'And where do you live?' he says, 'I live in a very nice place, in a quiet street.' I says, 'With a little wink to show 'em I were up to a trick or two. They all three looked a little among themselves, but not in a pleasant sort of way. Then the gent begins again, 'My good fellow,' he says, 'we want you to give us a little information that 'ud be of use to us, and we are willing to pay you handsome for it. It can't do you any harm, nor nobody else, for it's only a matter of business. You're not above taking ten shillings for a bit of useful information?' 'Not by no manner of means,' I says, 'Go on,' I said impatiently.

"Stay!" he said; "there is no chance whatever of going so late as this. Let us think for a few minutes."

But at that moment a furious peal of the bell rang through the house. We both ran into the hall. The servant had just opened the door, and a telegraph clerk stood on the steps, with a telegram, which he thrust into his hands. It was directed to me. I tore it open.

"From Jean Grimont, Granville, to Dr. Dobree, Brook street, London." I did not know any Jean Grimont of Granville; it was the name of a stranger to me. A message was written underneath in Norman patois, but so misspelt and garbled in its transmission that I could not make out the sense of it. The only words I was sure about were "maut salet," "Foster," "Tardif," and "a lagonie." Who was on the point of death I could not tell.

"To be continued."

WASPS BENEFIT THE FIGS. Insects Are Necessary to the Fruit's Successful Cultivation. The long-continued effort to produce the Smyrna fig of commerce in California has been crowned with success. The history of the experiment is interesting. It began over twenty years ago with importation of cuttings from Asia Minor. Figs have been produced from these and other imported cuttings, but they were not the famous white fig of commerce. The credit of producing the latter in California belongs to Geo. C. Roeding of Fresno. Until this summer every true Smyrna fig tree planted in California which bore fruit failed to mature; it, the figs were unfertilized and withered and dropped. It was finally discovered that the fertilization of this fig depended upon the service of the blastophaga wasp, whose habitat is in the capri, or wild fig. The latter was imported and thrived amazingly, but the blastophaga did not accompany it.

Special importations of the wasp followed, but it thrived only for a season on the capri fig and then disappeared. It was assumed that it could not survive on a foreign fig. Last year the Department of Agriculture took the matter in hand. A fresh consignment was imported and its care entrusted to Mr. Roeding. Last April the young insect colony emerged in full force from the first capri cot, entered the second, emerged again, and then took possession of the Smyrna fig trees, the fruit on which was ready for fertilization. Mr. Roeding reports that this experiment has been perfectly successful. A ton of the fruit has been picked from his trees and the entire crop will yield five or six tons. Last year the Department believes that the blastophaga has come to stay and he expects that California will be enriched soon with another industry.

Rogues of Wall Street. The rogues of Wall street flourish. They are thieves, promoters of mining schemes and disreputable speculators. Said a thiefing broker on one occasion: "If the Postoffice Department would let me alone I would have to hire a cart to carry down my money-bags. All you have to do is to appeal to the cupid of the public. Promise 6 per cent dividends on a first-class security and you can't do business; but promise 50 per cent on a fake and you can get rich." Investigation proved this statement to be true. He is of the same class as the tipster fraud who advertises that he knows exactly which stocks will advance and those that are going to decline.

For \$5 a week he will tell you precisely how to make a fortune. He advertises in strange ways, using a ridiculous code. For example: "Hit Kangaroo for a jump of 20 points," etc. This interpreted means buy a certain stock for an advance of \$20 a share. Such men are swindlers. Quite as contemptible as the man with a fake gold, silver, zinc, copper or oil mining scheme. He first buys a mining prospect for say \$2,500 and then organizes a \$500,000 or \$1,000,000 company under the laws of New Jersey or West Virginia for \$2,500 a share. The shares have an alleged par value of \$1 each, but he offers them for 37c each from an elaborately furnished office where he poses as the fiscal agent. The rogue, who selects the broker as his victim is more plentiful than the brokers are willing to confess.—World's Work.

Talkinghorn's House to Disappear. Not another famous house has to make way for street improvements. It is the mansion in Lincoln-inn-fields adjoining Sardinia street, and was built from the designs of Inigo Jones for the Earl of Lindsey. The right-hand room on the first floor of the house was chosen by Dickens as the scene of the assassination of Mr. Talkinghorn, Sir Leicester Dedlock's lawyer, in "Bleak House." Already, however, the painted ceiling, with the Roman soldier pointing his truncheon to the body of the dead solicitor, has disappeared under a coat of whitewash, wickedly applied a few years ago.—London Globe.

His Words Indorsed. It was the worst domestic storm they had ever encountered. "You don't deserve even hanging," he said as he left the house. "Behold! I am gone, dear monsieur," I write this in my boat, for we are crossing to Jersey to catch the steamboat to Granville. To-morrow evening I shall be in Ville-en-bois. Will you learn the law of France about this affair? They say the code binds a woman to follow her husband wherever he goes. At London you can learn anything. Believe me, I will protect man, zelle, or I should say madame, at the loss of my life. Your devoted TARDIF.

"I must go!" I exclaimed, about to rush out of the house.

"Where?" cried Jack.

"To Olivia," I answered; "that villain, that scoundrel has hunted her out in Normandy. Read that, Jack. Let me go."

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

A True Cat Story. There are many who would say that cats feel no genuine affection, even for those who have treated them kindly. But, in my judgment, this opinion is erroneous. An incident in my own life proves to my own satisfaction that cats do love those who treat them kindly, and that in no small degree.

At about 6 or 7 years of age I came into the possession of a gray kitten, which soon became a treasure to me. I looked after "Tom" myself, giving him his meals regularly—something, too, very often, between meals—and lavished upon him all the affection I could. Very soon he showed an affection for me which he bore to no other member of the family; in fact, on more than one occasion he ran away from my brother, who was rather given to teasing him, and came to me for protection.

I used to smuggle Tom to bed with me, and hide him under the blankets until I was satisfied no one would come near me again for the night. Then would I drag him forth in triumph from his hiding place and hug him closely to my breast. Tom showing his appreciation by purring loudly and diligently rubbing my neck and chin with his soft cheek. To my sorrow it was only once in a long while that I was allowed this pleasure, as very often my mother in her final look of me for the night would spy my pet or bear him purr, and then Tom would be banished from the room.

Sometimes, when particularly anxious to be with me, he found a way to manage it. During the night, if the window was not open, he forced his way through a pane of glass, and I awoke to find him nestling on the pillow beside my cheek. This may sound incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and I think that Tom must have felt a deep love for me, or he would not have been so eager to be with me. Of course he did not do this sort of thing regularly, but I remember several occasions on which he did so. Every morning he visited me before I was out of bed, and we generally had our breakfast together.

The school I attended was distant about two miles. At first, though loth to leave Tom behind, it never occurred to me to take him with me. But after a time he sometimes accompanied me, either sitting on my shoulders or in my arms or running along by my side. During school hours he remained close by, outside in the woods. At intervals I sought him out, and during the dinner hour let him share my lunch. When school was over he accompanied me home. But he had not the opportunity of doing this very long, because when I was about 10 years old I was sent to a school about twenty miles away, and then I saw Tom only about once in three months.—Our Animal Friends.

Burnt Matches Tell Fortunes. Telling fortunes (with a match and a square of pasteboard as the only accessories) is an amusing sort of a game which hails from Connecticut. A hole is made in the center of the cardboard just large enough for the match to be stuck in it, business end up. From the center draw radiating lines of any desired number and if it is a boy whose fortune is being told write the names of his various girl friends along these lines. Now light the match and let it burn about half way before going out. The burnt part toppling over on to the cardboard. The name upon which the burnt end drops is the name of the

boy's future wife. Where a girl's fortune is being told, of course, the name of her male friends are substituted. In place of people's names you can substitute the names of various professions, the position of the burnt match indicating the nature of the lad's future career. In the same way you can find out the various virtues and foibles of "your victim."

Of course it is all in fun and there is not an iota of truth or logic in it all, but there is a great deal of amusement to be got out of the thing and you will find it well worth trying some evening when the time-worn games seem to lag.

The Puzzled Executor. There was a Turkish gentleman whose property consisted of seventeen valuable horses. The beauty of the animals made him both rich and famous. His stables were visited by princes. There were no horses like his. He was taken suddenly ill. The doctor gave him no hope, and in much confusion of mind he made his will.

He had three sons. To the first he gave one-half of his seventeen horses, to the second one-third, and to the third one-ninth. And he died.

After his funeral his executor called together the three sons to divide among them the horses. "Seventeen," he said, "will not divide by two, nor by three, nor by nine. I wish to be just. What am I to do?"

The sons could not answer. While the question was puzzling the brains of the four, a dervish came riding that way. The sons proposed submitting the question to him. Now a dervish is a Turkish monk, who lives in poverty, and is supposed to be very pious, wise and just. He heard the case, and considered it, and at last said:

"Take my horse and add him to the others, then you will have eighteen." The executor now made the division. He gave the first son one-half of the horses, nine; the second one-third, six; and the third one-ninth, two—in all seventeen. The dervish then said: "You will not need my horse since you have an equal division. I will take him back again."

The dervish rode away. The sons rejoiced that there was such a wise man abroad, and all were happy.

The Good Old Day. When Washington was President, As cold as any I ever, He never on a railroad went, And never rode a bicycle.

He read by an electric lamp, Nor heard about the Yellowstone, He never licked a postage stamp, And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at the knees, By wire he could not send dispatch; He filled his lamp with whale-oil grease, And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days it's come to pass, All work is with such dashing done— We've all these things; but then, alas! We seem to have no Washington.

God Laid the Foundation. "Who made you, Willie?" asked the Sunday school teacher of a new pupil, aged 5.

"God made part of me," was the reply.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the teacher in astonishment.

"He made me a baby," answered the youthful philosopher, "and I grew the rest myself."

Definition of Arsenal. A teacher had told the children they could look up the definition of words in the dictionary, but must use their own words in writing out the lesson. She was surprised to have "arsenal" defined as a "book of war stories." The definition in the dictionary was: "Arsenal—a magazine of war supplies."

Wanted More Salve. Egg pancakes and peach jam were the top-liners on the breakfast menu that morning, and the 3-year-old pride of the household astonished her mother by saying: "Mamma, please spread some more salve on my cake!"

What Center Is. A small boy, when asked for the definition of "center," said it is a table that stands in the middle of the room.

MODERN MILITARY SURGERY. Experiences of the South African War—Very Few Amputations. The war in South Africa has furnished a vast amount of interesting surgical experience, showing the effect of modern arms, of precision and of antiseptic methods in the hospitals. While it is too early to draw deductions from the statistics of the war, it is worthy of note that, where the records were kept of 12,637 officers and men who had been wounded, only 782 died of wounds received in action. This small mortality is attributed to the prompt application of a first-aid dressing. The action of the Mauser bullet upon human tissues depends upon the range at which it is fired. Within 200 yards it has an explosive character. The nickel case seems to expand and become detached, causing a severe, lacerated, and contused wound, which heals very slowly. If it strikes a bone it crushes and destroys it. If fired at a longer range it makes a clean-dressed hole through a bone, while if it strikes soft parts of the body only a small wound is made, there being but little difference between the place of entrance of the bullet and its exit, which bleeds but little unless an important vessel is injured.

It is remarkable how few amputations have been performed during the Boer war. Dr. Kendall Franks has reported that in his experience not more than twenty amputations have occurred in 3,000 cases, which is attributed to the conservative spirit of present-day surgery. Dr. Sterling Ryerson relates that he saw at Kimberley 147 wounded Boers in a roller rink which had been converted into a temporary hospital. They were of all ages, from 15 to 65. They had been wounded at Paardeburg, and in many cases the wounds had been undressed for from fifteen to seventeen days. He tells of one man who had been shot through the elbow joint, and whose only treatment had been the universal Boer remedy, tobacco juice. The arm was enormously swollen and almost crystalline in appearance. A civil surgeon, however, took the case in hand with modern methods, with the result that the man made an excellent recovery, retaining even the power to move his arm at the joint.—Washington Correspondence Boston Transcript.

Another Compliment Gone Wrong. "This pie is excellent," said the minister, who had been invited out to tea, and Mrs. Jenkins, being a church member, had to swallow her pride and say: "Yes; I got it at the baker's."—Somerville Journal.

Blood never tells very much when it meets a poor relation.



transferred to the finance division of the Postoffice Department at \$900 a year. Since that time she has been promoted regularly, and at the time she received her present appointment was drawing \$1,300 per annum. The position filled by Miss Norton is a most responsible one. The warrants which she has to sign call for payment from the treasury of upward of \$52,000,000 a year. The most important duty Miss Norton has is to sign these warrants, which range in size anywhere from one cent to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

With Apologies to the Shad. A Washington newspaper correspondent relates that with the coming of spring the usual fever of that season asserted itself, and he took the opportunity of running into Virginia for a fishing trip. Becoming interested in a discussion of the merits of the various fish in the Virginia streams, he turned at length to the old negro boatman and said: "Uncle, don't you think yellow perch is altogether the best fish in the river?" "Yes, sah," replied the old man, "yaller perch am de best fish beah, always 'scusin' de white shad."

A Youthful Royal Swordsman. The young King of Spain is quite expert in the use of the sword. This has always been his favorite pastime. When quite a little child wooden swords were made for his use, and with these he would fence with the young nobles who were permitted to play with him. His marvellous ability was noticeable by all who came in contact with him, and now he is probably, for his age, the most expert royal swordsman in Europe.

Tough. Trees which have grown on a northern exposure, as on the north side of a hill, produce better, harder and more durable lumber than those which have been pampered by the southern sun.