

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 not 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 pure air, and more open quarters than these. A deed of separation, which both of you must sign, can be drawn up, and receive your signatures. There will be no doubt as to getting her, when we find her. But that shall 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 want 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 insisted upon, and the division of the yearly 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.

I had the deed drawn up by a lawyer, who warned me that if Foster sued for a restitution of his rights they would be enforced. But I hoped that when Olivia was found she would have some evidence in her own favor, which would deter him from carrying the case into court. The deed was signed by Foster, and left in my charge till Olivia's signature could be obtained.

As soon as the deed was secured, I had my patient removed from Bellinger street to some apartments in Fulham, near to Dr. Senior, whose interest in the case was now almost equal to my own. Here I could visit him every day. Never had any sufferer, under the highest and wealthiest ranks, greater care and attention expended upon him than Richard Foster.

The progress of his recovery was slow, but it was sure. I felt that it would be so from the first. Day by day I watched the pallid hue of sickness upon his face changing into a more natural tone. I saw his strength coming back by slight but steady degrees. The malady was forced to retreat into its most hidden citadel, where it might lurk as a prisoner, but not dwell as a destroyer, for many years to come.

There was no triumph to me in this, as there would have been had my patient been any one else. The cure aroused much interest among my colleagues, and made my name more known. But what was that to me? As long as this man lived, Olivia was doomed to a lonely and friendless life. I tried to look into the future for her, and saw it stretch out into long, dreary years. I wondered where she would find a home. Could I persuade Johanna to receive her into her pleasant dwelling, which would become so lonely to her when Captain Carey had moved into Julia's house in St. Peterport? That was the best plan I could form.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Julia's marriage arrangements were going on speedily. There was something ironical to me in the chance that made me so often the witness of them. We were so merely cousins again, that she discussed her purchases and displayed them before me, as if there had never been any notion between us of keeping house together. Gone now I assisted in the choice of a wedding dress, for the one made a year before was said to be yellow and old-fashioned. But this time Julia did not insist upon having white satin. A dainty tint of grey was considered more suitable. Captain Carey enjoyed the purchase with the rapture I had fallen to experience.

The wedding was fixed to take place the last week in July, a fortnight earlier than the time proposed; it was also a fortnight earlier than the date I was looking forward to most anxiously, when, if ever, news would reach Tardif from Olivia.

Dr. Senior had agreed with me that Foster was sufficiently advanced on the road to recovery to be removed from Fulham to the better air of the south coast. We required Mrs. Foster to write us fully, three times a week, every variation she might observe in his health. After that we started them off to a quiet village in Sussex. I breathed more freely when they were out of my daily sphere of duty.

But before they went a hint of treachery reached me, which put me doubly on my guard. One morning, when Jack and I were at breakfast, Simmons, the cabby, was announced. He was a favorite with Jack, who bade the servant show him in. "Nothing amiss with your wife or her brats, I hope?" said Jack.

"No, Dr. John, no," he answered, "there ain't anything amiss with them,

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

"Very good, Simmons," said Jack.

"You rememba taking my cab to Gray's Inn Road about this time last year, when I showed up 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 walks slowly along the strand, eyes all very hard, but taking no heed of any of 'em. She catches sight of me. The lady comes 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 upon the door, and sees her in quite comfortable. Says she, 'Drive me to Messrs. Scott and Brown, in Gray's Inn Road.'"

"Not," 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 again, 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 coal, and a impudent look on her face somehow. She told me to wait for her in the street, and directly after she gives 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 think 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 art-crown into my hand, quite pleasant."

"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 a office upstairs, talking to another gent, with hair and eyes like hers, as black as coal, and the same look of brass on his face. All three of 'em looked a little



"OFF WITH HIM TO THE CARRIAGE."

under the weather. 'What's your name, my man?' asked the black gent. 'Walter,' I says. 'And where do you live?' he says, taking me serious. 'In Queer street,' I says, with a little wink to show 'em I were up to a trick or two. They all three larted 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.

"Just so, doctors," he continued, "but this time I was minding my P's and Q's. You know Dr. Senior, of Brook street?" he says. 'The old doctor?' I says; 'he's retired out of town.' 'No,' he says; 'nor the young doctor neither; but there's another of 'em, isn't there?' 'Dr. Doherty,' I says. 'Yes,' he says, 'he often takes your cab, my friend?' 'First one and then the other,' I says, 'sometimes Dr. John and sometimes Dr. Doherty.' 'They're as thick as brothers, and thicker,' 'Good friends of yours?' he says. 'Well,' I says, 'they take my cab when they can have it; but there's not much friendship, as I see, in that. It's the best cab and horse on the stand. Dr. John's pretty fair, but the other's no great favorite of mine.' 'Ah!' he says.

Simmons' face was illuminated with delight, and he winked sportively at us. "It were all summery, doctors," he said. "I jest see them setting a trap, and I wanted to have a finger in it. 'Ah!' he says, 'all we want to know, but we do want to know that very particular, is where you drive Dr. Doherty to the oftentest. He's going to borrow money from us, and we'd like to find out something about his habits. You know where he goes in your cab?' 'Of course I do,' I says; 'I drove him and Dr. John here nigh a twelvemonth ago. The other gent took my number down, and knew where to look for me when you wanted me.' 'You're a clever fellow,' he says. 'So my old woman thinks,' I says. 'And you'd be glad to earn a little more for your old woman?' he says. 'Try me,' I says. 'Well, then,' says he, 'here's a offer for you. If you'll bring us word where he spends his spare time, we'll give you ten shillings; and if it turns out of any use to us, we'll make it five pound.' 'Very good,' I says. 'You've not got any information to tell us at once?' he says. 'Well, no,' I says, 'but I'll keep my eye

upon him now.' 'Snap,' he says, as I were going away; 'they keep a carriage, of course?' 'Of course,' I says; 'what's the good of a doctor that hasn't a carriage and pair?' 'Do they use it at night?' says he. 'No, oh, no,' I says; 'they take a cab; mine if it's on the stand.' 'Very good,' he says; 'good morning, my friend.' So I come away, and drives back again to the stand.

"And you left the lady there?" I asked, with no doubt in my mind that it was Mrs. Foster.

"Yes, doctor," he answered, "talking away like a pull-parrot with the black-haired gent. That were last Monday; today's Friday, and this morning there comes this bit of a note to me at our house. That's what's brought me here at this time, doctors."

He gave the note into Jack's hands; and he, after glancing at it, passed it on to me. The contents were simply these words: "James Simmons is requested to call at Gray's Inn Road, at 6:30 Friday evening." The handwriting struck me as one I had seen and noticed before. I scanned it more closely for a minute or two, then a glimmering of light began to dawn upon my memory. Could it be? I felt almost sure it was. In another minute I was persuaded that it was the same hand as that which had written the letter announcing Olivia's death. Probably if I could see the penmanship of the other person, I should find it to be identical with that of the medical certificate which had accompanied the letter.

"Leave this note with me, Simmons," I said, giving him half a crown in exchange for it. I was satisfied now that the papers had been forged, but not with Olivia's consent. Was Foster himself a party to it? Or had Mrs. Foster, with the aid of these friends or relatives of hers, plotted and carried out the scheme, leaving him in ignorance and doubt like my own?

I crossed in the mail steamer to Guernsey, on a Monday night, as the wedding was to take place at an early hour on Wednesday morning, in time for Captain Carey and Julia to catch the boat to England. The ceremony was to be solemnized at seven. Under these circumstances there could be no formal wedding breakfast; a matter not much to be regretted. Captain Carey and I were standing at the altar of the old church some minutes before the bridal procession appeared. He looked pale, but wound up to a high pitch of resolute courage. The church was nearly full of eager spectators, all of whom I had known from my childhood. Far back, half sheltered by a pillar, I saw the white head and handsome face of my father, with Kate Daltry by his side. At length Julia appeared, pale like the bridegroom, but dignified and prepossessing. She did not glance at me; she evidently gave no thought to me. That was well, and as it should be.

"Snap," 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, Graville, to Dr. Debes, Brook street, London." I did not know any Jean Grimont of Graville; it was the name of a stranger to me. A message was written underneath in Norman patois, but so unscript and garbled in its transmission that I could not make out the sense of it. The only words I was sure about were "man belle," "Foster," "Tardif," and "a jagona." 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. Hoeding 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 our winters. Last year the Department of Agriculture took the matter in hand. A fresh consignment was imported and its care entrusted to Mr. Hoeding. Last April the young insect colony emerged in full force from the first capri cut, entered the second, emerged again, and then took possession of the Smyrna fig trees, the fruit on which was ready for fertilization. Mr. Hoeding 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 more. Mr. Hoeding 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 thieving broker on one occasion: "If the Postoffice Department would let me alone I would have to hire a cart to carry down my money-laden mail. All you have to do is to appeal to the cupidity of the public. Promise 6 per cent dividends on a first-class security and you can't do business; but promise 56 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 \$3 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 say \$2,500 more. The shares have an alleged par value of \$1 each, but he offers them for 50c 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.

Tulkinghorn's House to Disappear.

Yet another famous house has to make way for street improvements. It is the mansion in Lincoln's-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 for the scene of the assassination of Mr. Tulkinghorn. 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. "I deserve it better than you do!" she sent after him as a parting shot.—Philadelphia Times.

A Monument for Virgil.

Mantua, after nearly twenty centuries, has remembered that it is the birthplace of Virgil, and set to work to erect a monument to its great poet. The sum of \$20,000 has been raised and artists are called on to send in plans in competition.

London's Cemeteries.

London has twenty-one municipal cemeteries, and ten which are owned by private companies.

VETERAN WRITER OF BOYS' STORIES.

GEORGE ALFRED HENTY of London is the most popular author of boys' books on either side of the Atlantic. Every year of his life he writes at least three long historical novels for boys, and no Christmas would seem quite complete without its gifts of "Henry books." He has written about eighty of these juvenile novels in all, besides enough other books to make a total of nearly a hundred volumes. Mr. Henty now is 69 years of age, but his marvelous powers of literary production continue unabated. In his youth he left Cambridge University to enter the Crimean war, and he has been a correspondent from the battlefield during most of the important European wars since then. This experience has fitted him for writing tales of military adventures, and there seems to be no end to his resources.



GEORGE A. HENTY.

OVER NIAGARA IN A BARREL.

Remarkable Feat of a Woman, Who Escapes Serious Injury. Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, of Bay City, Mich., celebrated her forty-third birthday by making a successful trip over Niagara Falls in a barrel.



MRS. TAYLOR.

with the current toward the famous waterfall.

Regarding the feat, Mrs. Taylor afterward said: "I would sooner walk up to the mouth of a cannon, knowing that it was going to blow me to pieces than to make another trip over the falls. I made it voluntarily, but I would not do it again for \$1,000,000."

The barrel in which Mrs. Taylor accomplished the feat was about six feet long. Attached to the bottom were heavy weights to hold it upright. Within the barrel were straps, attached to the bottom, which were placed over the woman's shoulders to prevent her head from bumping against the top. Over her head, during the trip, was a pillow for further protection.

On the memorable day Mrs. Taylor and her barrel were rowed into the upper river and set adrift in a current that rapidly bore her toward the rapids. Striking the first incline of water in the rapids, the barrel took an up-



MRS. TAYLOR IN THE BARREL.

right position and bobbing like a cork moved straight for the curve of the horseshoe falls. A little to the Canadian side of the center of the falls the barrel took its plunge and dropped, clouded in mist, to the lower river, a distance of 158 feet.

While the desperate plunge was being taken thousands of spectators held their breath in anxiety and suspense, everyone believing that the fall would be fatal and that another would be added to the long list of the victims of Niagara. Two minutes after the plunging barrel had been lost in the mist of the tremendous cataract it appeared in the seething white water below the falls. It gradually was carried by the current to the Canadian side and was hauled ashore. The top was hastily sawed off and Mrs. Taylor was taken out. She had suffered a contusion on the right side of the head and had received numerous bruises on the body. Her nervous system had suffered a severe shock and since then she has been afflicted with severe headaches. Exactly fifty minutes had elapsed from the time she was sent adrift until she was released from the barrel. When she reached her hotel she broke down and wept.

When she was rescued the barrel was one-third filled with water. The tremendous pressure had forced the water through the air tube which connected with a small opening near the top of the barrel.

Mrs. Taylor is a native of Auburn, N. Y. She is a graduate of the State Normal School at Albany and has taught school in Texas and more recently at Bay City, Mich. She owns a ranch in Texas and it was with the view of making money by exhibiting herself and her barrel and lifting a mortgage on the ranch that she made her perilous trip through Niagara rapids.

During the trip Mrs. Taylor prayed constantly except during a few moments of unconsciousness following the plunge. She says she was spun around like a top and struck rocks three times.

REVOLVER WOUNDS.

More Dangerous for Various Reasons than Those of the R.F.F.

Wounds in civil life differ from those in military life in the greater danger of septic involvement. Revolver cartridges are more liable than are rifle cartridges to have been handled frequently, to have been carried in dirty pockets and to have come in contact with various forms of infectious materials that may prove of serious consequence when buried in the tissues. Moreover, revolver cartridges are covered with a coating of grease, and this encourages an accumulation of manifold microbic material, some of which may prove to be of a virulently infectious nature.

Rifle bullets are practically always sterilized by the intense heat developed by the powder at the moment of their discharge. Their rapid progress through the air while in a heated condition still further serves to cleanse them of any extraneous material that may chance to have accumulated on their surfaces. This cleansing process is very effectually begun by the rifling of the rifle barrel through which the bullet forces its way.

All of these favorable factors are lacking in the case of the revolver bullet, and so it is possible that in any given case such a bullet may carry infectious material with it into the tissues. If this were in small amount as iture might effectually wall it off and no serious consequences result. On the other hand, such infectious material might be seemingly dormant for days, but really slowly gathering strength by multiplication, and when its toxins were elaborated in sufficient amount they might paralyze protective chemical taxis and produce a septic condition.—New York Medical News.

Art of Sweeping.

Domestic work is now so systematized that a West Philadelphia housekeeper finds sweeping and dusting a room branch of high art almost beyond the capacity of the ordinary housemaid. Domestic, she says, take alarm at the simple paraphernalia necessary to sweep and dust properly.

"I have," she added, "a large apron for the maid, which has five pockets, one for the dust cloth, one for the brush, one for the whisk, one for paint brush to go into corners, and chamois skin to polish up the furniture. Then I tell her to take both broom and carpet sweeper with her and a long-handled feather brush to dust the pictures.

"With these necessary utensils, if walk after a servant, I can get a room swept and dusted properly. But strange as it may seem, not one employe in ten will follow my instructions. Some ask me: 'Where are the man and horse to carry the things?' Another impudently said: 'If your rooms are so bad as to need all this it will be cheaper for you to get new carpets.' I really long for the times, when a broom and duster sufficed for ordinary housework, but the appliances make furniture last long."

"When I told an Irish girl this," continued the housekeeper, according to the Philadelphia Record, "she said: 'And what for are ye so saving? Is to kape yer house fine for yer husband's second wife?'"

He Gave Them All Up.

"Some of those foreign dishes on the dinner menu were a puzzle to me," confided the first seasick passenger to the second seasick passenger, as they stood conveniently near the rail.

"Puzzles?" asked the second seasick passenger. "I guess they were, but gave them all up long ago."—Baltimore American.

Granite.

Boston streets, where traffic is heavy, are paved with granite blocks set on base of solid concrete, and with pebbles and concrete grout. Formerly they were used in the joints, but now they are filled with a mixture of cement and sand that hardens like stone when sets. Such a surface is expected to last for decades.

Gas.

By the advice of eminent oculists the authorities of Munich have decided no longer to use gas or petroleum lighting school rooms.

Length of the World's Seacoast. The seacoast line of the globe is computed to be about 156,000 miles.

The accumulation of money is made a habit—that's all.