

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER XXIV.

I, Oliver Foster, take up the thread of the story—the woful, weary narrative of my wanderings after leaving my island friends.

One more I found myself in London. I had more acquaintance with almost every great city on the Continent. Fortunately, Tariff had given me the address of a boarding house, or rather a small family hotel, where he had stayed two or three times, and I drove there at once. I went to several government agencies, which were advertising for teachers in the daily papers. When a fortnight had passed with no prospect for me, I felt it necessary to leave the boarding house which had been my temporary home. Wandering about the best fashionable suburbs, where lodgings would cost least, I found a bedroom in the third story of a house in a tolerably respectable street.

In this feverish search one day dragged itself across another with awful monotony. As they passed by, the only change they brought was that the sunny heat grew ever cooler, and the long days shorter. Think what a dreary life for a young girl! I was as fond of companionship, and needed love as much as any girl. Was it strange that my thoughts dwelt somewhat desperately upon the pleasant, peaceful days in Sark?

Now and then, when I ventured out into the streets, a public would stare me a dreary, unutterably great, that I might meet my husband amidst the crowd. I did not even know that he was in London; he had always spoken of it as a place he detested. His habits made the free, unconfined life upon the Continent more agreeable to him. How he was living now, what he was doing, where he was, were so many enigmas to me, and I did not care to run any risk in finding out the answers to them. Twice I passed the Banca d'Accademia, where very probably I could have learned if he was in the same city as myself; but I dared not do it, and as soon as I knew how to avoid that street, I never passed along it.

I had been allowed to leave my address with the clerk of a large general agency in the city. Towards the close of October I received a note from him, desiring me to call at the office at two o'clock the following afternoon, without fail. I had a long time to wait. The office door pointed to half-past three before I caught the clerk's eye, and saw him beckon me up to the counter. I had thrown back my veil, for here I was perfectly safe from recognition. At the other end of the counter stood a young man in consultation with a clerk. He looked earnestly at me, but I was sure he could not know me.

"Miss Ellen Martineau," said the clerk. That was my mother's name, and I had adopted it for my own, feeling as if I had some right to it.

"Yes," I answered.

"Would you object to go into a French school as governess?" he inquired.

"Not in the least," I said eagerly.

"And pay a small premium?" he added.

"How much?" I asked, my spirits falling again.

"A mere trifle," he said; "about ten pounds or so for twelve months. You would prefer yourself in French, you know, and you would gain a reference for the future."

"I must think about it," I replied.

"Well, there is the address of a lady who can give you all the particulars," he said, handing me a written paper.

I left the office heavy hearted. Ten pounds would be more than half of the little store left to me. Yet, would it not be wiser to secure a refuge and shelter for twelve months than run the risk of not finding any other situation? I walked slowly along the street towards the busier thoroughfares, with my head bowed down and my mind busy, when suddenly a heavy hand was laid upon my arm, grasping it with crushing force, and a harsh, thick voice shouted triumphantly in my ear:

"I've caught you at last!"

It was like the bitterness of death, that chill and terror sweeping over me. My husband's hot breath was upon my cheek, and his eyes were looking slowly into mine. But before I could speak his grasp was torn away from me, and he was sent whirling into the middle of the road. I turned, almost in equal terror, to see who had thrust himself between us. It was a stranger whom I had noticed in the agency office. But his face was now dark with passion, and as my husband staggered back again towards me, his hand was ready to thrust him away a second time.

"She's my wife," he stammered, trying to get past the stranger to me. By this time a knot of spectators had formed about us, and a policeman had come up. The stranger drew my arm through his, and faced them defiantly.

"He's a drunken vagabond!" he said; "he has just come out of those spirit vaults. This young lady is no more his wife than she is mine, and I know no more of her than that she has just come away from Ridley's office, where she has been looking after a situation. Good heavens! cannot a lady walk through the streets of London without being insulted by a drunken rascal like that?"

"Will you give him in charge, sir?" asked the policeman, while Richard Foster was making vain efforts to speak coherently, and explain his claim upon me. I clung to the friendly arm that had come to my aid, sick and almost speechless with fear.

"Don't," I whispered; "oh! take me away quickly."

He cleared a passage for us both with a vigor and decision that there was no resisting. I glanced back for an instant, and saw my husband struggling with the policeman. He looked miserably unlike a gay, prosperous, wealthy man, with a well-fitted purse, such as he had used to appear. He was shabby and poor enough now for the policeman to be very hard on him, and to prevent him from following me. The stranger kept my hand firmly on his arm, and almost carried me into Fleet street, where in a minute

or two we were quite lost in the throng, and I was safe from all pursuit.

"I do not know how to thank you," I said, falteringly.

"You are trembling still!" he replied. "How lucky it was that I followed you directly out of Ridley's! If I ever come across that scoundrel again I shall know him, you may be sure. My name is John Senior. Perhaps you have heard of my father, Dr. Senior of Brook street?"

"No," replied, "I know nobody in London."

"That's bad," he said. "I wish I was Jane Senior instead of John Senior; I do indeed. Do you feel better now, Miss Martineau?"

"How do you know my name?" I asked.

"The clerk at Ridley's called you Miss Ellen Martineau," he answered. "My hearing is very good, and I was not deeply surprised in my business. I heard and saw a good deal whilst I was there."

He called an empty cab that was passing by. We shook hands warmly. There was no time for loitering; so I told him the name of the suburb where I was living, and he repeated it to the cabman.

"All right," he said, speaking through the window, "the fare is paid and I've taken your number. If he tries to cheat you, let me know; Dr. John Senior, Brook street. I hope that situation will be a good one, and very pleasant. Good-by."

"Good-by," I cried, leaning forward and looking at his face till the crowd came between us, and I lost sight of it.

I felt safer when the cabman set me down at the house where I lodged, and I ran upstairs to my little room. I kind-

led the fire. Then I sat down on my box before it, thinking:

"Yes! I must leave London. I must take this situation, the only one open to me, in a school in France. I should at least be assured of a home for twelve months; and, as the clerk had said, I should perfect myself in French and gain a reference. I should be earning a character in fact. The sooner I fled from London again the better, now that I knew my husband was somewhere in it. I unfolded the paper on which was written the name of the lady to whom I was to apply.

Mrs. Wilkinson, 19, Bellinger street. I ran down to the sitting room, to see my landlady where it was, and told her, in my new hopefulness, that I had heard of a situation in France. Bellinger street was less than a mile away. I could be there before seven o'clock, not too late perhaps for Mrs. Wilkinson to give me an interview.

No. 19 was not difficult to find, and I pulled the bell handle with a gentle and quiet pull. A slight, thin child in rusty overalls opened it, with the chain across, and asked in a timid voice who I was.

"Does Mrs. Wilkinson live here?" I asked.

"Yes," said the child.

"Who is there?" I heard a voice calling shrilly from within.

"I am come about a school in France," I said to the child.

"Oh! I'll let you in," she answered eagerly; "she will see you about that, I'm sure. I'm to go with you, if you go."

She let down the chain, and opened the door. There was a dim light burning in the hall, which looked shabby and poverty-stricken. I had only time to take a vague general impression, before the little girl conducted me to a room on the ground floor.

"I'm to go if you go," she said again; "and, oh! I do so hope you will agree to go."

"I think I shall," I answered.

"I haven't been sure," she replied, nodding her head with an air of sagacity; "there have been four or five governesses here, and none of them would go. You'd have to take me with you; and, oh! it is such a lovely, beautiful place. See! here is a picture of it."

She ran eagerly to a side table, on which lay a book or two, one of which she opened, and reached out a photograph, which had been laid there for security. It was clear, sharply defined. At the left hand stood a handsome house, with windows covered with lace curtains, and provided with outer Venetian shutters. In the center stood a large square garden, with fountains, and arbors and statues; and behind this stood a long building of two stories, and a steep roof with dormer windows, every casement of which was provided, like the house in the front, with rich lace curtains and Venetian shutters. The whole place was clearly in good order and good taste, and looked like a very pleasant home.

"Isn't it a lovely place?" asked the child beside me, with a deep sigh of longing.

"Yes," I said. "I should like to go."

I had had time to make all these observations before the owner of the foreign voice, which I had heard at the door, came in. At the first glance I knew her to be a Frenchwoman. Her black eyes were steady and cold, and her general expression one of watchfuluess.

"I have not the honor of knowing you," she said politely.

"I come from Ridley's Agency office," I answered, "about a situation as English teacher in a school in France."

"It is a great chance," she said, "my friend, Madame Perrier, is very good, very amiable for her teachers. She is like a sister for them. The terms are very high, very high for France; but there is absolutely every comfort. I suppose you could introduce a few English pupils."

"No," I answered, "I am afraid I could not. I am sure I could not."

"That of course must be considered in the premium," she continued; "if you could have introduced, say, six pupils, the premium would be low. I do not think my friend would take one penny less than twenty pounds for the first year, and ten for the second."

The tears started to my eyes. I had felt so sure of going if I would pay ten pounds, that I was quite unprepared for this disappointment. There was still my diamond ring left, but how to dispose of it, for anything like its value, I did not know.

"What were you prepared to give?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson, whilst I hesitated.

"The clerk at Ridley's office told me the premium would be ten pounds," I answered; "I do not see how I can give more."

"Well," she said, after musing a little, "it is time this child went. She has been here a month, waiting for somebody to take her down to Normandy. I will agree with you, and will explain to Madame Perrier. How soon could you go?"

"I should like to go to-morrow," I said.

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"I should like to go to-morrow," I replied, feeling that the sooner I quitted London the better. Mrs. Wilkinson's steady eyes fastened upon me again with sharp curiosity.

"Have you references, miss?" she asked.

"No," I faltered, my hopes sinking again before this old difficulty.

"It will be necessary, then," she said, "for you to give the money to me, and I will forward it to Madame Perrier. Pardon, miss, but you perceive I could not send a teacher to them unless I knew that she could pay the money down."

I did not waver any longer. The prospect seemed too promising for me to lose it by any irresolution. I drew out of my purse, and laid down two out of the three five-pound notes left me. She gave me a formal receipt in the names of Emile and Louise Perrier, and her sober face wore an expression of satisfaction.

"There! it is done," she said. "You will take lessons, any lessons you please, from the professors who attend the school. It is a grand chance, miss, a grand chance. Let us say you go the day after to-morrow; the child will be quite ready. She is going for four years to that splendid place, a place for ladies of the highest degree."

At that moment an imperious knock sounded upon the outer door, and the little girl ran to answer it, leaving the door of our room open. A voice which I knew well, a voice which made my heart stand still and my veins curdle, spoke in sharp, loud tones in the hall.

"Is Mr. Foster come home yet?" were the words the terrible voice uttered, quite close to me it seemed; so close that I shrank back shivering, as if every syllable struck a separate blow. All my senses were awake; I could hear every sound in the hall, each step that came nearer and nearer. Was she about to enter the room where I was sitting? She stood still for half a minute as if uncertain what to do.

"He is upstairs," said the child's voice. "He told me he was ill when I opened the door for him."

"Where is Mrs. Wilkinson?" she asked.

"She is here," said the child, "but there's a lady with her."

Then the woman's footsteps went on up the staircase. I listened to them climbing up one step after another, my brain throbbing with each sound, and I heard a door opened and closed. Mrs. Wilkinson had gone to the door, and looked out into the hall, as if expecting other questions to be asked. She had not seen my panic of despair. I must get away before I lost the use of my senses, for I felt giddy and faint.

(To be continued.)

## TURKEY HAS UNIONS.

### SOME OF THE GUILDS POSSESS LARGE REVENUES.

#### Government Holds Officers Responsible for Conduct of Members—Shoemakers Finish Offenders Without Interposition of Legal Authorities.

Many once wealthy and important esnaf or guilds found their occupation gone—or at least considerably diminished—on the abandonment of the ancient oriental splendor of dress and equipment and the adoption of western military uniforms and weapons of warfare which have distinguished the nineteenth century. Trade guilds are, however, still very numerous in south-eastern Europe, and especially in Constantinople, where representatives of all the various crafts and callings practiced in the empire are to be found, each having one or more lodjas—lodges or clubs—in every quarter of the city and suburbs. Each esnaf is presided over by several officers called respectively, according to their rank, sheiks, nabbs, oustas and klayas—or presidents, vice presidents, superintendents and inspectors—who are annually elected by the members from among its own master craftsmen, and these officers are recognized by the government, which holds them responsible for the good behavior of their fellow guildsmen.

A few esnafs possess large revenues or enjoy peculiar privileges granted by various sultans in bygone centuries in return for services rendered at some important crisis. Among these are the shoemakers, who have special officers empowered to judge and punish all offenders belonging to their fraternity without the interposition of the legal authorities. This extraordinary privilege was, it appears, conferred upon them in the sixteenth century by Suleiman II., "the magnificent." This sultan on one occasion greatly incensed with the ever-turbulent janissaries, who, in sign of revolt, had as usual overturned their camp kettles, swore that with the help of the shoemakers only he would break their rebellious spirit. The padishah's words spread with lightning-like rapidity through the streets of the bazar occupied by the shops of the Papouotchidjis, who, rapidly assembling from every lonja in the city, presented themselves armed before the seral, an army of 40,000 men, shouting the Moslem war cry, "Allah! Allah!" The sultan, gratified by their loyalty and zeal in his service, received their officers in audience, made them name their own reward and granted the four privileges asked for, of which the above named was one.

The apprentices to the various trades are, when proficient, recommended by the master under whom they have served their time to admission to the guild of their craft, into which they are formally admitted on engaging to observe its rules and paying the customary fee. It is usual on these occasions for all present to proceed forthwith to some favorite spot in the neighborhood of the city, where the rest of the day is spent in feasting and merry-making. Some guilds are composed entirely of Moslems, as certain callings are exclusively in the hands of the ruling race; others entirely of Christians. Many, however, include adherents of both creeds, and as members of the same esnaf Christians and Moslems, allied by an esprit de corps and by trade interest, pull together much better and evince mutually a greater liberality of feeling than is generally displayed in the social relations of Greeks and Turks. At their annual festivals, which are also held annually in honor of the patron saint of the guild, the greatest harmony prevails. The amusements indulged in after the conclusion of the midday repast include a variety of juggling and acrobatic performances, wrestling matches, and for the Greeks the syrtos dances—the "long drawn" classic dance—during the execution of which their Turkish fellow craftsmen, seated on rush-bottomed stools in front of a rustic coffee-house, with long-stemmed tobacco pipes or bubbling marghilehs, passively enjoy their kaff.

Every esnaf has its own special traditional laws and usages which are not less binding than is its Kanoun, or written constitution, and the social customs and mode of life of their members afford in many instances curious and interesting illustrations of native manners among laboring classes. Of these the bontman may be instanced, naturally a very numerous body in so water-girt a city as Constantinople. The ranks of this esnaf are largely recruited among the youths, who come in great numbers from Asia Minor to seek their fortune in the capital. Half a dozen or more of these beklars, or "bachelors," as they are termed, live in common in some humble lodging, paying a fixed sum per day or per week to an old man who acts as their steward and cook, and also as their counselor and arbiter in any disputes that may arise in such a mixed household. Their relations with the master bontman, to whom they serve a long apprenticeship, are also of quite a filial character.

## WOMAN BEHIND THE VEIL.

Origin of the Ganz: Face Covering Lost in Obscurity. The custom of wearing face veils among the women of the Orient is a very ancient one, and undoubtedly the wedding and widow's veils of our day are remnants of that old world fashion. The oriental woman prizes her veil beyond any other article of her wardrobe; rather than have a strange man look upon her uncovered face she will snatch a curtain, counterpane or her petticoats in her haste to conceal her features, utterly regardless of other parts of her anatomy which may be exposed by the action. This need not seem so very absurd when we remember that it is a part of most oriental religions to keep the women in exclusion and that Mohammed of blessed memory made the command a binding one.

Although the women of Japan, Corea and China are more or less secluded, particularly the women of China, who live in the zenana, they do not wear veils. While they go abroad in closed sedan chairs their heads are gullible of bonnets even, except when severe cold weather makes some sort of head covering necessary.

Turkish dames of high degree wear dainty squares of white illusion coquettishly wound about their heads and faces, which cover but in no wise con-

## "THE ROUGH RIDER."



This is the cartoon which pleased President Roosevelt so much that he has purchased the original drawing. The picture is the work of Mr. Bernard Partridge, the leading cartoonist of Punch, the English comic weekly.

crowded by her comrades and presented with a wedding portion from a fund left for that purpose by a resident of St. Denis who lived many years ago. The idea of dowering the most amiable and best beloved girl was of course intended to be a reward of virtue. A girl good enough to win the dowry would naturally be expected to easily find a husband. But the young men won't marry possible queens of roses. They are not sure of the money until the queen is crowned, and a queen must marry the man to whom she is betrothed before her coronation. Thus, if a young man engages himself to the girl who in his estimation is worthy of the crown of roses (and so of the dowry and himself and some other virtuous maiden is chosen instead, he is tied to a portionless maid and this possibility he will not risk.

**Racing Across Europe.**  
The author of an article on "The Great Automobile Race," from Paris to Berlin thus describes the finish of the victor, whose time was actually but 16 hours and 6 minutes.

By 10 a. m. they were already on the lookout for the winner. The extraordinary pace which Antony had kept up for two days, against the scant thirty minutes Fournier had won for him, made everything uncertain. Half hour passed after half hour, until at last, far down the empty road, the regulation little cloud of dust was seen; down it thundered on them—the monster "No. 4" of Fournier!

Covered with dust; that had caked on his face, trembling and fit to fall with excitement and exhaustion, Fournier pulled off his goggles, laughed hysterically, asked the time, and shook hands with the Baron de Zuylen and with M. Mors, the owner and constructor of his automobile. He had arrived at 11:46 a. m.

"Yes, yes, I have won them—trophies and money, too; the Cup of the Grand Duke, the Emperor's Prize, the President's Prize, all, all of them! And I was ahead all the time! Now if you please, I'll take a rest!"

With these words he fell in a dead faint.

**Marriage as Conducted in Germany.**  
One seldom hears of elopements in Germany. It is impossible for young people to marry in that country without the consent of their parents or legal guardians. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through or the marriage is null and void. When a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age her parents make a point of inviting young men to the house, and usually two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed.

No young man, however, is invited to the house until after he has called at least once and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family. In Germany a man must be at least 18 years old before he can make a proposal, but when it is made and accepted the proposal is speedily followed by the betrothal. This generally takes place privately, shortly after which the father of the bride—as she is then called—gives a dinner or supper to the most intimate friends of both families, when the fact is formally announced and shortly after becomes a matter of public knowledge.

**Not Quick to Judge.**  
Cholly—it was the first time I'd met him, mind you, and he actually called me a fool.

Miss Pepprey—Not Mr. Jenkins, surely!

Cholly—Yes, Mr. Jenkins, and I'd only been talking to him ten minutes or so. What sort of man is he, anyway?

Miss Pepprey—Oh, he's awfully slow, for one thing.—Philadelphia Press.

Some obituaries are as gushing as all accounts of weddings are. People do not refrain from "making fun" because of a death.



"SENT WHIRLING INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD."



TURKISH WOMAN'S VEIL.