

# The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

## CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Without a light I went up to my own room, where the moon that had shone upon me in my last night's ride, was gleaming brightly through the window. I intended to reflect and deliberate, but I was worn out. I flung myself down on the bed, but could not have remained awake for a single moment. I fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till morning.

When I awoke my poor mother was sitting beside me, looking very ill and sorrowful. She had slipped a pillow under my head, and thrown a shawl across me. I got up with a bewildered brain, and a general sense of calamity, which I could not clearly define.

"Captain Carey's man brought a letter from Julia just now," she said, taking it from her pocket; "he said there was no answer."

Her eyelids were still red from weeping, and her voice faltered as if she might break out into sobs any moment.

As soon as my mother was gone I opened Julia's letter. It began:

"My dear Martin—I know all now. Johanna has told me. When you spoke to me so hurriedly and unexpectedly, this afternoon, I could not bear to hear another word. But now I am calm, and I can think it all over quite quietly."

"It is an infatuation, Martin. Johanna says so as well as I, and she is never wrong. It is a sheer impossibility that you, in your sober senses, should love a strange person, whose very name you do not know. A Dobrez could not make an adventuress his wife. Then you have seen so little of her. Three times, since the week you were there in March—What is that compared to the years we have spent together? It is impossible that in your heart of hearts you should love her more than me."

"I cannot give up the thought of our home, just finished and so pretty. It was so pleasant this afternoon, before you came in with your dreadful thunderbolt. I was thinking what a good wife I would be to you; and how, in my own house, I should never be tempted into those tiresome tempers you have seen in me sometimes. You could not know how much I love you, how my life is bound up in you, or you would have been proof against that person in Sark."

"I think it right to tell you all this now, though it is not in my nature to make professions and demonstrations of my love. Think of me, of yourself, of your poor mother. You were never selfish, and you can do noble things. I do not say it would be noble to marry me; but it would be a noble thing to conquer an ignoble love. How could Martin Dobrez fall in love with an unknown adventuress?"

"I shall remain in the house all day to-morrow, and if you can come to see me, feeling that this has been a dream of folly from which you have awakened, I will not ask you to own it. That you come at all will be a sign to me that you wish it forgotten and blotted out between us, as if it had never been."

"With true, deep love for you, Martin, believe me still

"Your affectionate

"JULIA."

I pondered over Julia's letter as I dressed. There was not a word of resentment in it. It was full of affectionate thought for us all. But what reasoning! I had not known Olivia so long as I had known her, therefore I could not love her as truly!

There was no longer any hesitation in my mind as to what I must do. Julia knew all now. I had told her distinctly of my love for Olivia, and she would not believe it. She appeared wretched to hold me to my engagement in spite of it; at any rate, so I interpreted her letter. I did not suppose that I should not live it down, this infatuation, as they chose to call it. I might hunger and thirst, and be on the point of perishing; then my nature would turn to other nutriment, and assimilate it to its contracted and stultified capacities.

I went mechanically through the routine of my morning's work, and it was late in the afternoon before I could get away to ride to the Vale. My mother knew where I was going, and gazed wistfully into my face, but without otherwise asking me any questions. At the last moment, as I touched Madam's bridle, I looked down at her standing on the doorstep. "Cheer up, mother!" I said, almost gaily, "it will all come right."

I found Julia standing by the fireplace, and leaning against it, as if she could not stand alone. When I went up to her and took her hand, she flung her arms around my neck, and clung to me, in a passion of tears. It was some minutes before she could recover her self-command. I had never seen her abandon herself to such a paroxysm before.

"Julia, my poor girl!" I said, "I did not think you would take it so much to heart as this."

"I shall come all right directly," she sobbed, sitting down, and trembling from head to foot. "Johanna said you would come, but I was not sure."

"Yes, I am here," I answered, with a very dreary feeling about me.

"That is enough," said Julia; "you need not say a word more. Let us forget it, both of us. You will only give me your promise never to see her or speak to her again."

"Olivia quite understands about my engagement to you," I said. "I told her at once that we were going to be married, and that I hoped she would find a friend in you."

"A friend in me, Martin?" she exclaimed, in a tone of indignant surprise; "you could not ask me to be that!"

"Not now, I suppose," I replied; "the girl is as innocent and blameless as any girl living; but I dare say you would sooner befriend the most good-for-nothing Jeezabell in the Channel Islands."

"Yes, I would," she said. "An innocent girl indeed! I only wish she had been killed when she fell from the cliff."

"Hush!" I cried, shuddering at the bare mention of Olivia's death; "you do not know what you say. It is worse than useless to talk about her. I came to ask you to think no more of what passed between us yesterday."

"But you are going to persist in your infatuation," said Julia; "you can never deceive me. I know you too well. Oh, I see that you still think the same of her!"

"You know nothing about her," I replied.

"And I shall take care I never do," she interrupted spitefully.

"So it is of no use to go on quarrelling about her," I continued. "I made up my mind before I came here that I must see as little as possible of her for the future. You must understand, Julia, she has never given me a particle of reason to suppose she loves me."

"But you are still in love with her?" Martin, she continued, with flashing eyes, and a rising tone in her voice, which, like the first shrill moan of the wind, presaged a storm. "I will never marry you until you can say, on your word of honor, that you love that person no longer, and are ready to promise to hold no further communication with her. Oh! I know what my poor aunt has had to endure, and I will not put up with it."

"Very well, Julia," I answered, controlling myself as well as I could. "I have only one more word to say on this subject. I love Olivia, and as far as I know myself, I shall love her as long as I live. I did not come here to give you any reason for supposing my mind is changed as to her. If you consent to be my wife, I will do my best to be most true, most faithful to you. But my motive for coming now is to tell you some particulars about your property, which my father made known to me only last night."

"It was a miserable task for me; but I told her simply the painful discovery I had made. She sat listening with a dark and sullen face, but betraying not a spark of resentment, so far as her loss of fortune was concerned."

"Yes," she said bitterly, when I had finished, "robbed by the father and jilted by the son."

"I would give my life to cancel the wrong," I said.

"It is so easy to talk," she replied, with a deadly coldness of tone and manner.

"I am ready to do whatever you choose," I urged. "It is true my father has robbed you; but it is not true that I have jilted you. I did not know my own heart till a word from Captain Carey revealed it to me; and I told you frankly, partly because Johanna insisted upon it, and partly because I believe it right to do so. If you demand it, I will even promise not to see Olivia again, or to hold direct communication with her. Surely that is all you ought to require from me."

"No," she replied vehemently; "do you suppose I could become your wife while you maintain that you love another woman better than me? You must have a very low opinion of me."

"Would you have me tell you a falsehood?" I rejoined, with vehemence equal to hers.

"You had better leave me," she said, "before we hate one another. I tell you I have been robbed by the father and jilted by the son. Good-bye, Martin."

"Good-bye, Julia," I replied; but I still lingered, hoping she would speak to me again. I was anxious to hear what she would do against my father. She looked at me fully and angrily, and as I did not move, she swept out of the room, with a dignity which I had never seen in her before. I retreated towards the house door, but could not make good my escape without encountering Johanna.

"Well, Martin?" she said.

"It is all wrong," I answered. "Julia persists in it that I am jilting her."

"All the world will think you have behaved very badly," she said.

I rode home again, Sark lying in full view before me; and, in spite of the darkness of my prospects, I felt intensely glad to be free to win my Olivia.

Four days passed without any sign from Julia. My father had gone off on a visit and my mother and I had the house to ourselves; and, in spite of her frettings, we enjoyed considerable pleasure during the temporary lull. There were, however, sundry warnings out of doors which foretold tempest. I met cold glances and sharp inquiries from old friends, among whom some rumors of our separation were floating. There was sufficient to justify suspicion—my father's absence, Julia's prolonged sojourn with the Careys, and the postponement of my voyage to England. I began to fancy that even the women servants frowned at me.

## CHAPTER XI.

One morning we received word that my father was lying ill at a hotel in Jersey. Captain Carey at once went with me in response to the message. Julia, too, had been sent for, but she reached the hotel in a separate car.

The landlady received us with a portentous face. Dr. Collas had spoken very seriously indeed of his patient, and as for herself, she had not the smallest hope. I heard Julia sob, and saw her lift her handkerchief to her eyes behind her veil.

Captain Carey looked very much frightened. He was a man of quick sympathies, and nervous about his own life into the bargain, so that any serious illness alarmed him. As for myself, I was in a miserable condition of mind.

We were not admitted into my father's room for half an hour, as he was wont to be must get up his strength for the interview. Julia and myself alone were allowed to see him. He was propped up in bed with a number of pillows; with the room darkened by Venetian blinds, and a dim green twilight prevailing, which cast a sickly hue over his really pallid face. His abundant white hair fell lankly about his head, instead of being in crisp curls as usual. I was about to feel his pulse for him, but he waved me off.

"No, my son," he said, "my recovery is not to be desired. I feel that I have nothing now to do but to die. It is the only reparation in my power. I would far rather die than recover."

I had nothing to say to that; indeed, I had really no answer ready, so amazed

was I at the tone he had taken. But Julia began to sob again, and pressed past me, sinking down on the chair by his side and laying her hand upon one of his pillows.

"Julia, my love," he continued feebly, "you know how I have wronged you; but you are a true Christian. You will forgive your uncle when he is dead and gone. I should like to be buried in Guernsey with the other Dobrezes."

Neither did Julia answer, save by sobs. I stepped towards the window to draw up the blinds, but he stopped me, speaking in a much stronger voice than before.

"Leave them alone," he said. "I have no wish to see the light of day. A dishonored man does not care to show his face. I have seen no one since I left Guernsey, except Collas."

"I think you are alarming yourself needlessly," I answered. "You know you are fitly about your own health. Let me prescribe for you. Surely I know as much as Collas."

"No, no, let me die," he said plaintively; "then you can all be happy. I have robbed my only brother's only child, who was dear to me as my own daughter. I cannot hold up my head after that. I should die gladly if you two were but reconciled to one another."

By this time Julia's hand had reached his, and was resting in it fondly. I never knew a man gifted with such power over women and their susceptibilities as he had. My mother herself would appear to forget all her unhappiness, if he only smiled upon her.

"My poor, dear Julia!" he murmured; "my poor child!"

"Uncle," she said, checking her sobs by a great effort, "if you imagine I should tell any one—Johanna Carey even—what you have done, you wrong me. The name of Dobrez is as dear to me as to Martin, and he was willing to marry a woman he detested in order to shield it. No, you are quite safe from disgrace as far as I am concerned."

"Heaven bless you, my own Julia!" he ejaculated fervently. "I knew your noble nature. But will you not be equally generous to Martin? Cannot you forgive him as you do me?"

"Uncle," she cried, "I could never, never marry a man who says he loves some one else more than me."

"I should think not, my girl!" he said, in a soothing tone; "but Martin will very soon repent. He is a fool just now, but he will be wise again presently. He has known you too long not to know your worth."

"Julia," I said, "I do know how good you are. You have always been generous, and you are so now. I owe you as much gratitude as my father does, and anything I can do to prove it I am ready to do this day."

"Will you marry her before we leave Jersey?" asked my father.

"Yes," I answered.

The word slipped from me almost unawares, yet I did not wish to retract it. She was behaving so nobly and generously towards us both that I was willing to do anything to make her happy.

"Then, my love," he said, "you hear what Martin promises. All's well that ends well. Only make up your mind to put your proper pride away, and we shall all be as happy as we were before."

"Never!" she cried indignantly. "I would not marry Martin here, hurriedly and furtively; no, not if you were dying, uncle!"

"But, Julia, if I were dying, and wished to see you united before my death," he insisted. A sudden light broke upon me. It was an ingenious plot—one at which I could not help laughing, mad as I was. Julia's pride was to be saved, and an immediate marriage between us effected, under cover of my father's dangerous illness. I did smile, in spite of my anger, and he caught it, and smiled back again. I think Julia became suspicious, too.

"Martin," she said, sharpening her voice to address me, "do you think your father is in any danger?"

"No, I do not," I answered, notwithstanding his gestures and frowns.

"Then that is an end," she said. "I was almost foolish enough to think that I would yield. You do not know what this disappointment is to me. Everybody will be talking of it, and some of them will pity me, and the rest laugh at me. I am ashamed of going out of doors anywhere. Oh, it is too bad; I cannot bear it."

She was positively writhing with agitation, and tears, real tears I am sure, started into my father's eyes.

"My poor little Julia!" he said; "my darling! But what can be done if you will not marry Martin?"

"He ought to go away from Guernsey," she sobbed. "I should feel better if I was quite sure I should never see him, or hear of other people seeing him."

"I will go," I said. "Guernsey will be too hot for me when all this is known."

"And, uncle," she pursued, speaking to him, not me, "be ought to promise me to give up that girl. I cannot set him free to go and marry her—a stranger and adventuress. She will be his ruin. I think, for my sake, he ought to give her up."

"So he ought, and so he will, my love," answered my father. "When he thinks of all we owe to you, he will promise you that."

I pondered over what our family owed to Julia for some minutes. It was truly a very great debt. Though I had brought her into perhaps the most painful position a woman could be placed in, she was generously sacrificing her just resentment and revenge against my father's dishonesty, in order to secure our name from blot.

On the other hand, I had no reason to suppose Olivia loved me, and I should do her no wrong. I felt that, whatever it might cost me, I must consent to Julia's stipulation.

"It is the hardest thing you could ask me," I said, "but I will give her up. On one condition, however; for I must not leave her without friends. I shall tell Tarliff if he ever needs help for Olivia he must apply to me through my mother."

"There could be no harm in that," observed my father.

"How soon shall I leave Guernsey?" I asked.

"He cannot go until you are well again, uncle," she answered. "I will stay here to nurse you, and Martin must take care of your patients. We will send him word a day or two before we return, and I should like him to be gone before we reach home."

(To be continued.)

The bird on a woman's hat has the wings of riches.

# COAST STATES ARE UP AND DOING

REPORTS OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE CASCADE MOUNTAIN REGION FROM CANADA TO MEXICO.

## Flax a Profitable Crop.

The flax crop of Idaho this season will bring larger returns to the grower than they would receive for 1,250,000 bushels of wheat. The industry which is of such recent date as to almost come under the head of new business has proved so successful this season that in many cases it has paid the grower a greater net profit than the cost of the land on which it was grown. In Nez Perce County over 35,000 acres of flax was contracted for at about \$1 per bushel guaranteed, with the further proviso that the grower was to have the additional benefit of any advance in the Chicago market. On this basis, some of the early arrivals were sold as high as \$1.53 per bushel, the growers realizing over \$122 per acre for his crop. In addition to the 35,000 acres contracted for there was about 15,000 acres produced by other growers.

## Washington Leads in Wheat.

The current issue of the Orange Judd Farmer gives some interesting statistics showing harvest condition of the United States winter and spring wheat by states and the average rate of yield per acre, as shown by such threshing results as have been received. From this table it is seen that the average of the entire United States winter is 92.3 per cent, in which Washington is 100, while the spring crop with a total average of 82.7 gives the state of Washington an average of 95. The winter yield has a total average of 16.1, in which Washington is 25.0, and out of a spring yield of 15.0 Washington is rated at 29.0, the wheat condition of this state being not only ahead of any other state in the union, but far ahead of the general average as well.

## A Rich Copper Discovery.

An extensive copper mine, of rather small size, has been discovered by McVey & Co., on the west side of Shikuy mountains, California, about 8 miles from Garretson's medical springs, 22 miles from Oak Bar, 6 miles south of the Oregon line of Josephine County, and 24 miles from Jacksonville, Oregon. The ledge ranges from 300 to 350 feet in width, and is claimed to be more extensive than the famous Iron Mountain mine at Keswick, in Shasta County, with the likelihood of making Shikuy take the lead of Shasta in the annual mineral output when thoroughly developed. The discoverers have been offered \$150,000 for their property.

## Big Timber Sale.

A. B. Hammond, of Portland, consummated the purchase of the largest unbroken tract of timber land still remaining in first hands in this state the first of the month. Fifty thousand acres were involved in the deal and the land is all situated in one body on the Tualatin and Trask Rivers. The land was purchased from the Southern Pacific and while the consideration was withheld, the price is reported to be in the neighborhood of \$500,000.

## Town Lots at \$14,000 Each.

O. A. Kjos, a local merchant of Lewiston, Idaho, completed the purchase of 61 feet frontage on Main and Fifth streets from J. Eichenberger, the consideration being \$13,500—Mr. Kjos also paying a street grade assessment tax, making the total consideration \$14,000. A handsome three story brick store building will be erected on the corner next spring to cost \$65,000.

## New Railroad in Eastern Oregon.

Articles of incorporation have been granted to L. K. Moore, J. B. Hosford and J. C. Elrod, to construct a line of railroad from Arlington on the Columbia River, due south, to Condon, county seat of Gilliam County. The capital stock is \$500,000 divided into shares of \$100 each. The right-of-way is being obtained as fast as surveyed. The line will be forty miles long.

## New Smelter at Darrington.

The deal for the site for the smelter at Darrington, Wash., has been closed, and it is now only a question of getting the buildings up and the plant installed, when work will be begun extracting precious minerals from the rich ores of that region. The cost of the smelter will be \$75,000, and the daily capacity will amount to 250 tons. Denver capital is behind the proposition.

## A Rich Cargo.

Of the 3300 tons of general cargo on board the Toosa Maru, recently in from China, the silk was the most precious. That was valued at \$25,000. The costliest cargo of silk ever brought over ran up to half a million. For the first time a shipment of concentrates was brought over from Leigh, S. J. Hunt's mines in Corea. This ore was consigned to the smelter at Tacoma and was valued at \$25,000.

## Indication of Prosperity.

The report of the condition of the national banks of Washington recently published, tells its part of the story of the present unexampled prosperity. Their total resources rose from \$27,688,277 to \$31,280,168 in a little more than twelve months, and the individual deposits in these banks during the same period have increased by \$3,000,000.

## To Irrigate a Garden Spot.

Articles of incorporation of the Aootin Land and Irrigation Company have been filed with the county auditor at Aootin, Wash. The object of the corporation is to irrigate lands, generate power, buy and sell land and maintain and operate irrigation canals. The capital stock is \$40,000, shares having a par value of \$100 each. The company at present is constructing a canal in The Forks or Lake district, and expects to have several thousand acres under water by next spring.

# Women Must Sleep.

## Avoid Nervous Prostration.

If you are dangerously sick what is the first duty of your physician? He quiets the nervous system, he deadens the pain, and you sleep well. You ought to know that when you ceased to be regular in your course, grew irritable without cause, and pass sleepless nights, there is serious



MRS. HARTLEY.

trouble somewhere, and nervous prostration is sure to follow.

You ought to know that indigestion, exhaustion, womb displacements, fainting, dizziness, headache, and backache send the nerves wild with affliction, and you cannot sleep.

Mrs. Hartley, of 231 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill., whose portrait we publish, suffered all these agonies, and was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; her case should be a warning to others, and her cure carry conviction to the minds of every suffering woman of the unsurpassing efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

## No Seashore Engagement.

She—Your proposal of marriage was quite unexpected.

He—So much the better.

She—Why, pray?

He—Because it is the unexpected that usually happens.—Chicago News.

## A Natural Query.

Mamma (who is expecting the minister)—Willie, we will have a very nice old gentleman to tea this evening, and you must be very good while he's here.

Willie—Why, is he Santa Claus?—Philadelphia Press.

## His Preference.

"Would you rather have something else than a piece of pie?" asked the kind neighbor of little Freddie, who had run an errand for her.

"Yes, ma'am," said Freddie, promptly; "I'd rather have two pieces."—Ohio State Journal.

## Fact and Fashion.

"These trousers are very much worn this season," said the tailor displaying his goods.

"So are the ones I have on," replied the poet sadly.

# A SUCCESSFUL MAN

How He Obtained His Present Envidable Position.

"Honesty, aggressiveness and health are the requisites for success."

These are the words of John H. Riley, of Cazenovia, N. Y., who has attained the main thing that all men desire. "The first two qualities I mention are necessary," he continued, "if a man or woman wants to rise in life, but they are of little use if the third is not in your possession."

In response to questions he said: "About two years ago I was taken down with inflammatory rheumatism and was flat on my back, racked with pain and as helpless as a child for fourteen weeks. During those weeks I suffered as only they who have inflammatory rheumatism can suffer."

"Didn't you have any medical attendance?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, I had the best that could be procured, but the doctors did not help me."

"But how did you become cured?"

"Before I was taken sick I had seen advertisements of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People which stated that they were good for rheumatism. I was willing to try anything for relief so I got some and was benefited almost immediately. I had taken but six boxes when I was able to return to my work, but I continued taking them until nine boxes were used up. I was entirely cured and have had no return of the trouble since. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a wonderful remedy, and I have recommended them to a great many people."

Rheumatism has been cured in hundreds of other instances by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are a specific not only for that disease but for all ailments arising from a disordered condition of the blood or shattered nerves, such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatia, neuralgia, nervous headache, the after effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.