

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

That was my sentence of banishment. She had only addressed me once during the conversation. It was curious to see how there was no resentment in her manner towards my father, who had systematically robbed her, whilst she treated me with profound wrath and bitterness.

The report of my father's illness had spread before I reached home, and sufficiently accounted for our visit to Jersey, and the temporary postponement of my last trip to England before our marriage. My mother, Johanna and I kept our own counsel, and answered the many questions asked us as vaguely as the Delphic oracle.

I wrote to Tardif, telling him I was going for an indefinite period to London, and that if any difficulty or danger threatened Olivia, I begged of him to communicate with my mother, who had promised me to befriend her as far as it lay in her power. My poor mother thought of her without bitterness, though in deep regret. To Olivia herself I wrote a line or two, finding myself too weak to resist the temptation. I said:

"My Dear Olivia—I told you I was about to be married to my cousin Julia Dobree; that engagement is at an end. I am obliged to leave Guernsey, and seek my fortune elsewhere. It will be a long time before I can see you again, if I ever have that great happiness. Whenever you feel the want of a true and tender friend, my mother is prepared to love you as if you were her own daughter. Think of me also as your friend."

"MARTIN DOBREE."

CHAPTER XII.

I left Guernsey the day before my father and Julia returned from Jersey.

My immediate future was not as black as it might have been. I was going direct to the house of my friend Jack Senior, who had been my chum at college. He, like myself, had been hitherto a sort of partner to his father, the well-known physician, Dr. Senior, of Brook street. They lived together in a highly respectable but gloomy residence, kept bachelor fashion, for they had no woman-kind at all belonging to them. The father and son lived a good deal apart, though they were deeply attached to one another. Jack had his own apartments, and his own guests, in the spacious house, and Dr. Senior had his.

The first night, as Jack and I sat up together in the long summer twilight, I told him everything—as one tells a friend a hundred things one cannot put into words to any person who dwells under the same roof, and is witness of every circumstance of one's career.

As I was talking to him, every emotion and perception of my brain, which had been in a wild state of confusion and conflict, appeared to fall into its proper rank. I was no longer doubtful as to whether I had been the fool my father called me. My love for Olivia acquired force and decision. My judgment that it would have been a folly and a crime to marry Julia became confirmed.

"Old fellow," said Jack, when I had finished, "you are in no end of a mess."

"Well, I am," I admitted; "but what am I to do?"

"First of all, how much money have you?" he asked.

"I'd rather not say," I answered.

"Come, old friend," he said, in his most persuasive tones, "have you fifty pounds in hand?"

"No," I replied.

"That's bad," he said; "but it might be worse. I've lots of tin, and we always went shares."

"I must look out for something to do to-morrow," I remarked.

"Ah, yes!" he answered dryly, "you might go as assistant to a parish doctor, or get a berth on board an emigrant ship. There are lots of chances for a young fellow. I tell you what," he said, "I've a good mind to marry Julia myself. I've always liked her, and we want a woman in the house. That would put things straighter, wouldn't it?"

"She would never consent to leave Guernsey," I answered, laughing. "That was one reason why she was so glad to marry me."

"Well, then," he said, "would you mind me having Olivia?"

"Don't jest about such a thing," I replied; "it is too serious a question with me."

"You are really in love?" he answered.

"I will not jest at it. But I am ready to do anything to help you, old boy."

So it proved, for he and Dr. Senior did their best during the next few weeks to find a suitable opening for me. I made their house my home, and was treated as a most welcome guest in it. Still the time was idle. They were busy whilst I was unemployed.

My mother's letters did not tend to raise my spirits. The tone of them was uniformly sad. She told me the flood of sympathy for Julia had risen very high indeed; from which I concluded that the public indignation against myself must have risen to the same tide mark. Julia had resumed her old occupations, but her spirit was quite broken. Johanna Carey had offered to go abroad with her, but she had declined.

A friend of Julia's, said my mother in another letter, had come to stay with her, and endeavor to rouse her. It was evident she did not like this Kate Daltry, herself, for the dislike crept out unawares through all the gentleness of her phrases. "She says she is the same as Julia," she wrote, "but she is probably some years older; for as she does not belong to Guernsey we have no opportunity of knowing." I laughed when I read that. "Your father admires her very much," she added.

There was not a word about Olivia. Sark itself was never mentioned, and it might have sunk into the sea. My eye ran over every letter first with the hope of catching that name, but I could not find it. This persistent silence on my mother's part was very trying.

I had been away from Guernsey two months, and Jack was making arrangements for a long absence from London as soon as the season was over, leaving

me in charge, when I received the following letter from Johanna Carey:

"Dear Martin—Your father and Julia have been here this afternoon, and have confided to me a very sad and very painful secret, which they ask me to break gently to you. You must come home again for a season. Even Julia wishes it, though she cannot stay in the same house with you, and will go to her own with her friend Kate Daltry. Your father cried like a child. He takes it more to heart than I should have expected. Yet there is no immediate danger; she may live for some months yet. My poor Martin, you will have a mother only a few months longer. Three weeks ago she said I went to Sark, at her own urgent wish, to see your Olivia. I did not then know why. She had a great longing to see the unfortunate girl who had been the cause of so much sorrow to us all, but especially to her, for she has pined sorely after you. We did not find her in Tardif's house, but Suzanne directed us to the little graveyard half a mile away. We followed her there, and recognized her, of course, at the first glance. She is a charming creature, that I allow, though I wish none of us had ever seen her. Your mother told her who she was, and the sweetest flush and smile came across her face! They sat down side by side on one of the graves, and I strolled away, so I do not know what they said to one another. Olivia walked down with us to the Havre Gosselin, and your mother held her in her arms and kissed her tenderly. Even I could not help kissing her."

"Now I understand why your mother longed to see Olivia. She knew then—she has known for months that her days are numbered. When she was in London last November she saw the most skillful physicians, and they all agreed that her disease was incurable and fatal. Why did she conceal it from you? Ah, Martin, you must know a woman's heart, a mother's heart, before you can comprehend that. Your father knew, but no one else."

"Do not come before you have answered this letter, that we may prepare her for your return. Write by the next boat."

and come by the one after. Julia will have to move down to the new house, and that will be excitement enough for one day. Your faithful, loving cousin, "JOHANNA CAREY."

I read this letter twice, with a singing in my ears and a whirling of my brain, before I could realize the meaning. Then I refused to believe it. No one knows better than a doctor how the most clever head among us may be at fault. My mother dying of an incurable disease! Impossible! I would go over at once and save her. She ought to have told me first. Who could have attended her so skillfully and devotedly as her only son?

My mother had consulted Dr. Senior himself when she had been in London. He did not positively cut off all hope from me, though I knew well he was giving me encouragement in spite of his own carefully formed opinion. He asserted emphatically that it was possible to alleviate her sufferings and prolong her life, especially if her mind was kept at rest. There was not a question as to the necessity for my immediate return to her. But there was still a day for me to tarry in London.

"Martin," said Jack, "why have you never followed up the clue about your Olivia—the advertisement, you know? Shall we go to those folks in Gray's Inn Road this afternoon?"

It had been in my mind all along to do so, but the listless procrastination of idleness had caused me to put it off from time to time. Besides, whilst I was absent from the Channel Islands my curiosity appeared to sleep. It was enough to picture Olivia in her lowly home in Sark. Now that I was returning to Guernsey, and the opportunity was about to slip by, I felt more anxious to seize it. I would learn all I could about Olivia's family and friends, without betraying any part of her secret.

Of course there was not the smallest difficulty in finding the office of Messrs. Scott and Brown. There did not seem much business going on, and our appearance was hailed with undisguised satisfaction. The solicitors were two inferior, common-looking men, but sharp enough to be a match for either of us. We both felt it, as if we had detected a snake in the grass by its rattle. I grew wary by instinct, though I had not come with any intention to tell them what I knew of Olivia. My sole idea had been to learn something myself, not to impart any information. But when I was face to face with these men my business, and the management of it, did not seem quite so simple as it had done until then.

"Do you wish to consult my partner or me?" asked the keenest looking man. "I am Mr. Scott." "Either will do," I answered. "My business will be soon dispatched. Some months ago you inserted an advertisement in the Times." "To what purpose?" inquired Mr. Scott. "You offered fifty pounds reward." I replied, "for information concerning a young lady."

A gleam of intelligence and gratification flickered upon both their faces, but quickly faded away into a sober and blank gravity. Mr. Scott waited for me to speak again, and looked silently, as if to intimate he was all attention.

"I came," I added, "to ask you for the name and address of that young lady's friends, as I should prefer communicating directly with them, with a view to co-operation in the discovery of her hiding place. I need scarcely say I have no wish to receive any reward. I entirely waive any claim to that, if you will oblige me by putting me into connection with the family."

"Have you no information you can impart to us?" asked Mr. Scott. "None," I answered decisively. "It is some months since I saw the advertisement, and it must be nine months since you put it into the Times. I believe it is nine months since the young lady was missing."

"About that time," he said. "Her friends must have suffered great anxiety," I remarked.

"Very great indeed," he admitted. "If I could render them any service it would be a great pleasure to me." I continued; "cannot you tell me where to find them?"

"We are authorized to receive any information," he replied. "You must allow me to ask if you know anything about the young lady in question?"

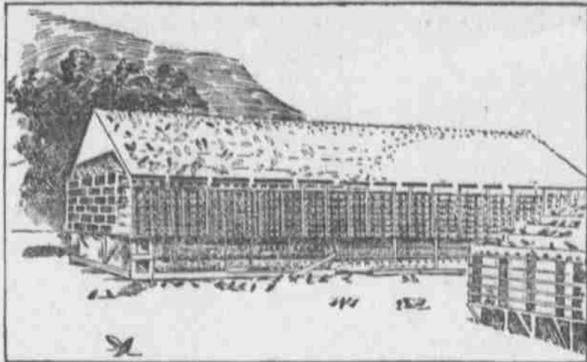
"My object is to combine with her friends in seeking her," I said evasively. "I really cannot give you any information; but if you will put me into communication with them, I may be useful to them."

"Well," he said, with an air of candor, "of course the young lady's friends are anxious to keep in the background. It is not a pleasant circumstance to occur in a family. Of course, if you could give us a definite information it would be quite another thing. The young lady's family is highly connected. Have you seen any one answering to the description?"

"It is a very common one," I answered. "I have seen scores of young ladies who might answer to it. I am surprised that in London you could not trace her. Did you apply to the police?"

"The police are blockheads," replied Mr. Scott. "Will you be so good as to see if there is any one in the outer office,

ONLY PIGEON RANCH IN THE WORLD.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE UNIQUE PIGEON RANCH.

A brand new branch of industry in America has been started in southern California—that of extensive pigeon raising. The pigeon ranch here pictured is at Los Angeles, and is the only one of its kind in the world. It covers an area of eight acres, and in the gigantic loft a total of 15,000 of these birds. The cost of feeding them amounts to a little over \$5 per meal. The ranch was started three years ago with 2,000 birds.

Nearly 250 dozen squabs are disposed of per month, except in the fall, which is the moulting season. At that time of the year it is possible to secure only one-fourth of the usual number. In Los Angeles about \$3 a dozen is the usual market price of squabs. During the season when they are scarce, they sometimes bring as much as \$10 a dozen.

When the ranch is well stocked, as it is when there are 15,000 birds flying about, the extensive family eats one wagon load of screenings, two sacks of wheat and about twelve gallons of boiled meal daily. In addition to this, they are given three barrels of stale bread, soaked in water, during the week.

The farm is a picturesque sight, especially at feeding time, when the birds swarm the place, picking their way daintily over the ground—a mass of white and gray fluffiness.

A remarkable fact in connection with this place is that the pigeons never leave the ranch, and it is seldom that one ever gets beyond the large wire fence that surrounds the yard.

THE CZOLGOSZ FAMILY.

Industrious and Law-Abiding, but Abhorred by the Public.

It is but natural that the world should seek to learn something about the surroundings and the family which produced such a contemptible creature as the President's assassin. Singularly enough, both father and stepmother are honest, industrious, law-abiding

people. Paul Czolgosz, the father, has eight sons, none of whom have betrayed any such tendencies as Leon. The family are ill-educated. The public apparently has no more feeling for the family than for the murderer. The landlord of the house in which they lived ordered them to move. Their neighbors also have turned from them.

Paul Czolgosz, father of the anarchist assassin, has lived with his family at 395 Fleet street, Cleveland, and during his residence there has always had the respect of his neighbors. Mrs. Czolgosz, the assassin's stepmother, is a quiet woman, neat and cleanly in appearance, but not possessed of much education. The entire family, it would seem, has had little use for books of any kind. The anarchist's father does not believe that his son is crazy, although he has no hesitation in saying that he is weak-minded. Leon, he says, was a boy who was always easily led, and who, unaided, would never have conceived the plan of killing the President.

It is absurd, he says, to believe that the young man was not led on by abler, older and wiser heads than his own. Mr. Czolgosz says there is no doubt that his son was sent by others to Buffalo primed and persuaded to make the

attempt. The assassin's father used to live on a farm near Alpena, Mich. He has eight sons—all of them by a first wife, now dead, and five of whom reside in Michigan. Mrs. Czolgosz agrees with her husband in the opinion that her stepson must have been set on by older and abler minds. She does not believe that her anarchistic stepson could have had courage enough of himself to go to Buffalo and court death by killing the President.

Few books are better known among English-speaking boys than "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby." Thomas Arnold, Jr., was at Rugby when Thomas Hughes, the Tom Brown of the school life, was a pupil there, and in "Passages in a Wandering Life" gives his recollections of the boys' hero.

Tom Hughes at fifteen was tall for his age; his long, thin face, his sandy hair, his length of limb and his spare frame gave him a lankness of aspect which was the cause, I suppose, of the boys giving him the extraordinary nickname of "executioner."

No name could be less appropriate, for there was nothing inhuman or mo-

rore or surly in his looks, and still less in his disposition; the temper of a bully was utterly alien from him, and he was always cheerful and gay.

He was one of the best runners in the school, and many a time have I seen him in the quadrangle just before "hare and hounds"—he being one of the hares—lightly clad, and with a bag of "scent" strapped around him.

He was too keen-eyed and observant to be specially popular, but all the small boys liked him because he was kind and friendly to them. He reached the sixth form, but left before he had risen high in it, feeling, no doubt, that his work lay elsewhere.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, whose name is mentioned in connection with the agitation of anarchy in the United States, is called a "philosophical anarchist." He has the most implicit faith in human nature, and believes men to be now fit for absolute individual liberty. He insists that human nature is good, but debased by present environment. He is against all forms of government. He was educated in his youth as a Russian prince, but became an anarchist after investigation of the lot of Siberian convicts. He has been

exiled from Russia and served three years in prison in France for inciting a strike. He is a man of extraordinary mental force. During the last year the prince visited Chicago, and was entertained by the best society.

Prince Kropotkin, the Russian revolutionist, in an interview with a representative of a Paris news agency on the assassination of President McKinley, characterized Czolgosz as a "common murderer," and said he should be dealt with as such. Kropotkin refused to express an opinion on the political significance of the anarchist's act.

A Rattlesnake's Wisdom. The writer of this rode bronchos and "punched" cattle on the ranges of Montana and Wyoming twenty years ago, and had an ample opportunity to study the habits of rattlesnakes. He knows how they went into their holes then and it is doubtful if any improvement has since been made in their method. They start in head first, and one would promptly come to the conclusion that they reach the bottom of their holes in this manner; but Mr. Snake is too wily to keep his head where he cannot have an eye on the rest of his body. Therefore, as soon as he enters the hole a few inches he makes a half turn which brings his head to the entrance again and then permits the remainder of his length to glide down out of sight. A very simple performance, you will see.

Identical. Mr. Pitt—It is odd that the lecturer's motto and the highwayman's motto are the same. Mr. Penn—What is their motto? Mr. Pitt—Stand and deliver.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Owing to the price of hay, a hayseed is an aristocrat, and the class of ruralites who formerly bore that title are now known as straw stacks.

China's Kerosene Imports. Before 1880 little was known in China of kerosene. In 1880 more than 100,000,000 gallons were imported.

A Good Story. Tommy—Tell me a story, uncle. Uncle—A story! But I don't know what to tell you a story about. Tommy—Oh, tell me a story about a little boy who had a good uncle who gave him a quarter.—Mirth.

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Our Working Girls.

Life to the most favored is not always full of sunshine, but to the average American girl or woman who is obliged to work for her living, and, perhaps to help others at home, life is often a heavy drag in consequence of illness. Women who work, especially those who are constantly on their feet, are peculiarly liable to the development of organic troubles, and should particularly heed the first manifestations, such as backache, pains in the lower limbs and lower part of the stomach, irregular and painful monthly periods.



Miss Ella Brewster, E. Rochester, Ohio.

faintness, weakness, loss of appetite and sleep. The young lady whose portrait we publish herewith had all these symptoms and in addition leucorrhoea, and was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. First, she wrote a letter to Mrs. Pinkham's laboratory at Lynn, Mass., describing her trouble, received in reply accurate instructions what to do to get well, and now wishes her name used to convince others that they may be cured as she was.

The same helping hand, free of charge or obligation, is extended, to every ailing woman in America. If you are sick you are foolish not to get this valuable advice, it costs you nothing, and she is sure to help you. Don't wait until it is too late—write to-day.

An Exception.

"Politeness is never wasted," remarked the man with Chesterfieldian manners.

"Well, mister," answered the roughly-clad, weather-beaten person, "that may be true in your part o' town, but if you was in the canal boat business you'd know that there ain't any use whatever of sayin' 'please' to a mule."—Washington Star.

An Avenue of Escape.

"I'm thinking seriously of resuming business."

"I thought you had retired permanently."

"I thought so too but I need some excuse for not attending my wife's afternoon teas."—Brooklyn Life.

Badness.

"Oh mamma," cried Tommy, "Willie's pulling the pussy's tail!"

"He's a very bad boy to do that," said mamma.

"Yes, and he's selfish too; cause he won't let me pull it at all."—Philadelphia Press.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Is She Losing the Beauty That Was Once a National Boast?

Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, an elastic step and a good appetite are the birthright of every American girl. These are the conditions that denote perfect health. But, unfortunately, every day are seen girls with pale, sallow complexions, languid, round-shouldered and listless, and the question is often asked whether the woman of today has lost the healthy beauty which was once a national characteristic.

One of the most common afflictions of womanhood is anaemia, a watery condition of the blood. This causes untold misery and often leads to other and even more serious diseases. It can be cured, however, as the following interview in the Harrisburg Star-Independent will show. Miss Annie L. Reel, of No. 910 Green street, Harrisburg, Pa., who has been a sufferer from this trouble, in answer to a reporter's question, said:

"Yes, I am entirely well now but I was a very sick girl. About five years ago I had an unnatural craving for highly seasoned food and after that I was afflicted with headache and my heart would beat about twice as fast as it should. My limbs got so weak that I had to rest on every step when going up stairs. The color of my skin was like that of a dead person. My limbs, and, in fact, my whole body, would swell at times. The doctor who treated me said my complaint was anaemia."

"The doctor told me if I had let the disease go a few weeks longer I would have had dropsy. I was under his care for several weeks, but with little change for the better."

"How, then, were you so completely restored to health?" asked the reporter.

"I had been sick for two months when I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In about a week I was feeling better. The headache left me and I began to get stronger. I took the pills for six weeks and became thoroughly cured."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness. At all dealers or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50.



"KISSED HER TENDERLY."



PARENTS OF CZOLGOSZ.



CZOLGOSZ HOME, CLEVELAND.