

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

That brought to my mind what I had almost forgotten—the woman whom my imprudent curiosity had brought into pursuit of her. I felt ready to curse my folly aloud, as I did in my heart, for having gone to Messrs. Scott and Brown.

"Olivia," I said, "there is a woman in Guernsey who has some clue to you—"

But I could say no more, for I thought she would have fallen to the ground in her terror. I drew her hand through my arm and hastened to reassure her.

"No harm can come to you," I continued, "whilst Tardif and I are here to protect you. Do not frighten yourself; we will defend you from every danger."

"Martin," she whispered—and the pleasant familiarity of my name spoken by her gave me a sharp pang, almost of gladness—"no one can help me or defend me. The law would compel me to go back to him. A woman's heart may be broken without the law being broken. I could prove nothing that would give me a right to be free—nothing. So I took it into my own hands. I tell you I would rather have been drowned this afternoon. Why did you save me?"

I did not answer, except by pressing her hand against my side. I hurried her on silently towards the cottage. She was shivering in her cold, wet dress, and trembling with fear. It was plain to me that even her fine health should not be trifled with, and I loved her too tenderly, her poor, shivering, trembling frame, to let her suffer if I could help it. When we reached the foldyard gate, I stopped her for a moment to speak only a few words.

"Go in," I said, "and change every one of your wet clothes. I will see you again, once again, when we can talk with one another calmly. God bless and take care of you, my darling!"

She smiled faintly, and laid her hand in mine.

"You forgive me?" she said.

"Forgive you!" I repeated, kissing the small brown hand lingeringly. "I have nothing to forgive."

She went on across the little fold. Then I made my way, blind and deaf, to the edge of the cliff, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. I hung myself down on the turf, with my face to the ground, to hide my eyes from the staring light of the summer sun.

Married? That was what she had said. It shut out all hope for the future. She must have been a mere child four years ago; she looked very young and girlish still. And her husband treated her ill—my Olivia, for whom I had given up all I had to give. She said the law would compel her to return to him, and I could do nothing. I could not interfere even to save her from a life which was worse to her than death.

My heart was caught in a vice, and there was no escape from the torture of its relentless grip. Whichever way I looked there was sorrow and despair. I wished, with a faint-heartedness I had never felt before, that Olivia and I had indeed perished together down in the caves where the tide was now sweeping below me.

"Martin," said a clear, low, tender tone in my ear, which could never be deaf to that voice. I looked up at Olivia without moving. My head was at her feet, and I laid my hand upon the hem of her dress.

"Martin," she said again, "see, I have brought you Tardif's coat in place of your own. You must not lie here in this way. Captain Carey's yacht is waiting for you below."

I staggered giddily when I stood on my feet, and only Olivia's look of pain steadied me. She had been weeping bitterly. I could not trust myself to look in her face again. Tardif was standing behind her, regarding us both with great concern.

"Doctor," he said, "when I came in from my lobster-pots, the captain sent a message by me to say the sun would be gone down before you reach Guernsey. He has come round to the Havre Goselin. I'll walk down the cliff with you."

"Take care of mamm'zelle," I said, when we had reached the top of the ladder, and the little boat from the yacht was dancing at the foot of it. "There is some danger ahead, and you can protect her better than I."

"Yes, yes," he replied; "you may trust her with me. But God knows I should have been glad if it had gone well with you."

CHAPTER XVI.

My mother passed a restless and agitated night, and I, who sat up with her, was compelled to listen to all her lamentations. But towards the morning she fell into a heavy sleep, likely to last for some hours. I could leave her in perfect security; and at an early hour I went down to Julia's house, strung up to bear the worst, and intending to have it all out with her, and put her on her guard before she paid her daily visit to our house. She must have some hours for her excitement and rejoicing to bubble over, before she came to talk about it to my mother.

"I wish to see Miss Dobree," I said to the girl who quickly answered my noisy peal of the house bell.

"Please, sir," was her reply, "she and Miss Daltrey are gone to Sark with Captain Carey."

"Gone to Sark?" I repeated in utter amazement.

"Yes, Dr. Martin. They started quite early because of the tide, and Captain Carey's man brought the carriage to take them to St. Sampson's. I don't look for them back before evening."

"When did they make up their minds to go to Sark?" I inquired anxiously.

"Only late last night, sir," she answered.

Why were Julia and Kate Daltrey gone to Sark? What could they have to do with Olivia? It made me almost wild with anger to think of them finding Olivia, and talking to her perhaps of me and my love-questioning her, arguing with her, tormenting her! The bare thought of those two badgering my Olivia was enough to drive me frantic.

In the cool twilight, Julia and Kate

Daltrey were announced. I was about to withdraw from my mother's room, in conformity with the etiquette established amongst us, when Julia recalled me in a gentler voice than she had used towards me since the day of my fatal confession.

"Stay, Martin," she said; "what we have to tell concerns you more than any one."

I sat down again by my mother's sofa, and she took my hand between both her own, fondling it in the dusk.

"It is about Olivia," I said in as cool a tone as I could command.

"Yes," answered Julia; "we have seen her, and we have found out why she has refused you. She is married already."

"She told me so yesterday," I replied.

"Told you so yesterday?" repeated Julia in an accent of chagrin. "If we had only known that we might have saved ourselves the passage across to Sark."

"My dear Julia," exclaimed my mother, feverishly, "do tell us all about it, and begin at the beginning."

There was nothing Julia liked so much, or could do so well, as to give a circumstantial account of anything she had done. She could relate minute details with so much accuracy that when one listened to her mother's tales, with all the delight of a woman, the small touches by which Julia embellished her sketches, I resigned myself to hearing a long history, when I was burning to ask one or two questions and have done with the topic.

"To begin at the beginning, then," said Julia, "dear Captain Carey came into town very late last night to talk to us about Martin, and how the girl in Sark had refused him. I was very much astonished, very much indeed! Captain Carey said that he and dear Johanna had come to the conclusion that the girl felt some delicacy, perhaps, because of Martin's engagement to me. We talked it over as friends, and thought of you, dear aunt, and your grief and disappointment, till all at once I made up my mind in a moment. 'I will go over to Sark and see the girl myself,' I said. 'Will you?' said Captain Carey. 'Oh, no, Julia, it will be too much for you.' 'It would have been a few weeks ago,' I said; 'but now I could do anything to give aunt Dobree a moment's happiness.'"

"Heaven bless you, Julia," I interrupted, going across to her and kissing her cheek impetuously.

"There, don't stop me, Martin," she said earnestly. "So it was arranged off-hand that Captain Carey should send for us to St. Sampson's this morning, and take us over to Sark. We had a splendid passage. Kate was in raptures with the landing place, and the lovely lane leading up into the island. We turned down the nearest way to Tardif's. Well, you know that brown pool in the lane leading to the Havre Goselin? Just there, where there are some low, weather-beaten trees meeting overhead and making a long green aisle, we saw all in a moment a slim, erect, very young-looking girl coming towards us. I knew in an instant that it was Miss Ollivier."

She paused for a minute. How plainly I could see the picture! The arching trees, and the sunbeams playing fondly with her shining golden hair! I held my breath to listen.

"What completely startled me," said Julia, "was that Kate suddenly darted forward and ran to meet her, crying, 'Olivia!'"

"How does she know her?" I exclaimed.

"Hush, Martin! Don't interrupt me. The girl went so deadly pale, I thought she was going to faint, but she did not. She stood for a minute looking at us, and then she burst into the most dreadful fit of crying! I have always thought her name was Ollivier, and so did Kate. 'For pity's sake,' said the girl, 'if you have any pity, leave me here in peace—do not betray me!'"

"But what does it all mean?" asked my mother, whilst I paced to and fro in the dim room, scarcely able to control my impatience, yet afraid to question Julia too eagerly.

"I can tell you," said Kate Daltrey in her cold, deliberate tones; "she is the wife of my half-brother, Richard Foster, who married her more than four years ago in Melbourne; and she ran away from him last October, and has not been heard of since."

"Then you know her whole history," I said, approaching her and pausing before her. "Are you at liberty to tell it to us?"

"Certainly," she answered; "it is no secret. Her father was a wealthy col-

onist, and he died when she was fifteen, leaving her in the charge of her step-mother, Richard Foster's aunt. The match was one of the stepmother's making, for Olivia was little better than a child. Richard was glad enough to get her income. One-third of it was settled upon her absolutely. Richard was looking forward eagerly to her being one-and-twenty, for he had made ducks and drakes of his own property, and tried to do the same with mine. He would have done so with his wife's; but a few weeks before Olivia's twenty-first birthday she disappeared mysteriously. There her fortune lies, and Richard has no more power than I have to touch it. He cannot even claim the money lying in the Bank of Australia, which has been permitted by her trustees; nor can Olivia claim it without making herself known to him. It is a humiliating thing, while both of them are on the verge of poverty."

"But he must have been very cruel to her before she would run away!" said my mother in a pitiful voice.

"Cruel!" repeated Kate Daltrey. "Well, there are many kinds of cruelty. I do not suppose Richard would ever transgress the limits of the law. But Olivia was one of those girls who can suffer great torture—mental torture I mean. Even I could not live in the same house with Richard, and she was a dreamy, sensitive, romantic child, with as much knowledge of the world as a baby. I was astonished to hear she had had daring enough to leave him."

"But there must be some protection for her from the law," I said, thinking of the bold, coarse woman, no doubt his associate, who was in pursuit of Olivia. "She might sue for a judicial separation, at the least, if not a divorce."

"I am quite sure nothing could be brought against him in a court of law," she answered. "He is very wary and cunning, and knows very well what he may do and what he may not do. A few months before Olivia's flight, he introduced a woman as her companion. He calls her his cousin. Since I saw her this morning I have been thinking of her position in every light, and I really do not see anything she could have done, except running away as she did, or mak-

ing week, alone and independent of Captain Carey. The time passed heavily, and on the following Monday I went on board the steamer. I had not been on deck two minutes when I saw my patient step on after me. The last clue was in her fingers now, that was evident.

She did not see me at first; but her air was exultant and satisfied. There was no face on board so elated and flushed. I kept out of her way as long as I could without consigning myself to the black hole of the cabin; but at last she caught sight of me, and came down to the fore-castle to claim me as an acquaintance.

"Ha, ha! Dr. Dobree!" she exclaimed; "so you are going to visit Sark, too?"

"Yes," I answered more curtly than courteously.

(To be continued.)

A Horrid Mean Thing.

They sat in a swing, half-hidden by the fragrant shrubbery of an east end lawn. She was trying to make him jealous, which he had penetration enough to descry and experience enough with her sex to remain provokingly calm.

All the rapturous adjectives of her high-school vocabulary were pressed into praise of a rival, says the Memphis Scimitar.

"He is just the most perfectly lovely man I ever met," she fervently declared, clasping her hands above her heart and lifting her lustrous orbs moonward.

"He must be a bird," he suggested nonchalantly.

"Such adorable eyes; such a low, musical voice, as full of soul as the murmur of a meadow brook. And, oh! he sings divinely."

"Sorry I never met your friend," he said in a tone irritatingly practical, accompanied with a yawn artistically audible.

"Oh, I do so want you to meet him. I know you will like him. He is fond of poetry and music, and he drives the loveliest horses."

"Eh! Whom does he drive for?"

And a few minutes later the swing swung empty.

Much Abbreviated.

A customer from one of the suburbs dropped into a paint shop, took a slip of paper from his pocket, looked at it, knitted his brows, shook his head, put on his glasses, inspected the paper again, and gave it up as a bad job.

"I made a hasty memorandum," he said to the proprietor of the shop, "of something I was to call here and buy, but I trusted too much to my memory. I seem to have jotted down nothing but the initials, and I've forgotten what they mean."

"Let me see the memorandum," said the proprietor. "It may be that I can help you."

"It's nothing but three letters," replied the customer, handing it over. "Only 'C. P. A.'"

"So I see. 'C. P. A.' Why, that's sepia, a kind of brown paint. Wasn't that it?"

"What a fool I am! Of course it was."

He got his sepia, threw a big red apple on the counter in lieu of "hush money," and went away with a sheepish look on his face.

The Anthem Again.

The "Messiah" was sung recently in Philadelphia, and one of the anthems rendered by the chorus had as its theme, "We have turned every one to his own way." As anthems go, this sounded somewhat as follows: "We have turned, turned turned—we have turned, yes, we have—we have turned every one, every one to his own way, own way—every one to his own way."

The anthem involved several pages of music, and every time the chorus sang "we have turned, turned, turned," they proceeded to turn over to the next page, and then burst out again with "we have turned, turned."

A certain plain citizen, rather elderly, who sat well in the rear, not appreciating the delicate sentiment, was heard to mutter, disgustedly, "Well, when you get through turin', turin' them you get durned pages, suppose you shut up about it!"—Harper's Magazine.

Why Locomotives Are Numbered.

A prominent railroad man tells me that the old custom of naming engines instead of numbering them was done away with because there was such a pressure brought to bear in favor of this, that and the other locality. The various influences used became so annoying to the officials that they decided to adopt the plan of numbering the locomotives, which was done. A similar nuisance exists at Washington in the Navy Department. Probably during the late war Secretary Long was pestered more with people who wanted vessels named in honor of somebody or something than he was with all the other questions which came before him put together.—Boston Record.

Writer and Reader.

A good and perhaps an old story comes from the Persian. A man went to a professional scribe, and asked him to write a letter.

"I cannot," said the scribe. "I have a pain in my foot."

"A pain in your foot? What has that to do with it? I don't want to send you anywhere."

"No, sir," said the man, "but whenever I write a letter for any one, I am always sent for to read it, because no one else can make it out."

Telephone Speed.

Where the telephone wires are overlaid the speed of transmission is at the rate of 16,000 miles a second; where the wires are through cables under the sea, the speed is not more than 6,020 miles a second.

If the cook breaks only one dish a week, it is on Sunday, when the man of the house is home to hear the crash, and grumble about it.

OUTLAWS OF TURKEY

INTO THEIR HANDS AN AMERICAN WOMAN FELL.

Previous Experiences and Adventures of Miss Ellen M. Stone—The Wild West Region of All Europe—Character of the Kovang I Brigands.

The abduction of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, by Turkish brigands, directed the attention of the world upon this unfortunate woman and her cruel and daring captors. Miss Stone is a Boston woman, who for years has been in the employ of the American Women's Board of Missions and whose devotion to her work is as intense as was that of the early Christians. Frequently she has been halted by brigands and tested as to her capacity to furnish plunder. In one instance she explained the nature of her work and the fact that she had but little available money, and was allowed to continue her journey and work. In another case, while she was asleep in a small structure, she was aroused in the night and became conscious that hands were passed over her features, but she was not otherwise disturbed, and in the morning she found abundant evidence that brigands had been in the vicinity during the night.

Her most serious adventure occurred Sept. 3, when she was halted between Banake and Djoumania by forty brigands. She was accompanied by eighteen other missionaries, all of whom were relieved of their valuables and afterward were released. Miss Stone was carried into the mountains and a ransom of \$10,000 demanded by the leader of the brigands.

A Wild Region.

The country in which Miss Stone was captured is the same as the Thessaly of the Scriptures, the Thrace of Grecian history where Philip of Macedonia and Alexander the Great led their armies and where Socrates campaigned barefooted as a common soldier. It is wilder now than then. All the rest of Europe contains nothing as barbarous. Bands of roving, pillaging Turks or Bulgarian outlaws infest the whole region. Woman's honor is held in light

esteem. Up to within a very few years the most deplorable outrages were committed openly and are now even done secretly.

While the corps of Janissaries existed every fifth male child was forced into the Turkish military service and young girls were carried off by thousands to fill the harems of their conquerors. The haughty bearing and tyranny of the troops which marched to and fro in the country so cowed the Christian population that they became timid serfs. Many escaped death by embracing Islam and it was not uncommon for parents voluntarily to send their daughters into the harems of the Beks, or noblemen, so that they themselves might gain protection.

Cruel as the bandits are to foreigners they have a hold on the affections of the natives and are aided by the peasant population, who shelter and protect them. A curious state of affairs has resulted from this anarchy. When the peasantry are maltreated by the Turkish Beks and other officials they appeal to the brigands, Haiduts, Kirdjalis, or by whatever name they are known, for protection or revenge.

In one place a young Turkish nobleman had been guilty of the greatest cruelty and excesses, committing outrages on the wives and daughters of the peasantry, even capturing and selling children. He entered a village on one occasion on horseback, surrounded by his retinue all decked in silk and gold. He had not gone far when a band of Haiduts, led by a well-known chief, sprang from hiding places, pulled the Beg from his horse, broke his arms and legs and struck off his head. This bloody trophy they put on the end of a spear and carried it in triumph at the head of the band as they marched through the village.

Some Notorious Brigands.

Many similar instances are still told of brigand chiefs and their followers leading a kind of Robin Hood life in the mountains. There are even historic cases of brigand chiefs becoming so formidable that the Sultan had been obliged to take them into his service and recognize their authority. The most notable instance is that of Osman Pashvanogla, the independent pasha, of Vidin. As a young man he saw his father murdered by a Turkish official. He then left his home and adopted a brigand life in the mountains of Albania near Bulgaria. Tiring of that he took service with the Porte at the head of a troop of volunteers. But his power grew so rapidly that he exercised an almost independent rule, and

the formidable forces which he had at his command roamed about the country fighting and plundering, so that it was unsafe for travelers, even missionaries, to move about. Many vain attempts were made by the Porte to reduce him to submission. Large armies were sent after him, but they were driven back and defeated, and it was not till he felt his power began to wane that the pasha again offered his services to the Sultan and was accepted in the war with Servia.

This simply illustrates the place that brigandage holds in the Turkish domain. A new outbreak of this outlawry is indicated by the recent capture of Miss Stone.

MASSACRE OF BALANGIGA.

Military Disaster in Philippines Takes a Place in World's History.

As the American campaign against the Sulu of the Northwest had its Little Big Horn massacre, that of the British against the Zulus its Isandula and that of the British also against the Matuleles its Bulawayo, so the conflict in the Philippines has its massacre which will pass into history—that of Balangiga.

where nearly fifty Americans were killed. When the assurances of those in authority that the rebellion of the natives was over were most confident, along came the report of a slaughter worse than anything since Aguinaldo's proclamation of two years ago. Part of the subjugating force, grown contemptuous of its foes and consequently careless, was surprised and grief came to two score American homes.

Thomas W. Connell, the captain of the company which was almost annihilated, was born in New York and was a graduate of the military academy, which he entered in 1830. He was in Cuba during the Spanish war until August, 1898, then in New York and again, in 1899, in Cuba as aid to Gen. Douglas. He went to China in May, 1901, and thence to the Philippines.

Hamburg's Sanitary, Water, and Sewerage Systems Are Now of the Best.

Hamburg boasts of the best system of docks and warehouses and the best sanitary arrangements, water supply and sewerage of any city in the world. The superiority of the latter is due to the energy and genius of a young American, Dr. Dunbar of St. Paul, who has become a citizen of Germany and is at the head of the sanitary department of Hamburg. During the century just passed Hamburg suffered from fourteen fearful visitations of cholera. The last epidemic, which occurred in 1892, threatened the health of all Germany and Prof. Goffke of the University of Giessen was called to take charge of the quarantine and sanitary arrangements. He brought with him as an assistant one of his students, a young American who had distinguished himself as a bacteriologist—a Mr. Dunbar—who remained during the terrible scourge and after it was suppressed was employed to carry out the recommendations made by Prof. Goffke and Dr. Koch, who represented the Imperial government in aiding and advising the local authorities in the struggle to subdue the plague.

Journalistic Blunders.

I do not allude to what are obviously mere misprints, such as when the Morning Post announced at the head of its fashionable intelligence that Lord Palmerston had gone down into Hampshire with a party of friends to shoot peasannts, but I refer to blunders due to crass ignorance of a pretentious order. Perhaps the best instance was when one of the "young lions" of the Daily Telegraph in a leading article enumerated the great masters of Greek sculpture as Phedias, Praxiteles and Milo—ignorant of the fact that Milo is not a sculptor, but an island. The Times was even worse when, mistaking Prussia for Austria, it devoted a whole leader to discussing why Prussia had joined the Zollverein. The Saturday Review once explained at great length that the population might be nourished gratuitously on young lambs, if killed unweaned before they had begun to crop grass, having, therefore, cost nothing to feed. Many other instances will doubtless occur to your readers.—London Notes and Queries.

The Vital Spot of Empire.

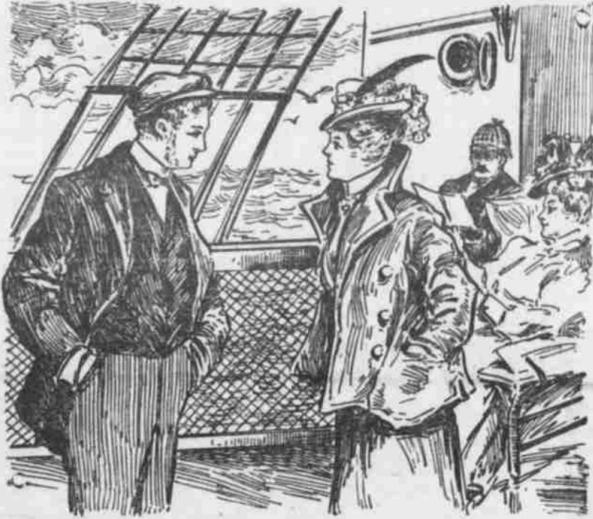
There can be no dispute for a moment as to the immense gravity of the issue raised by any question of the efficiency of the Mediterranean squadron. No matter where our chief fighting fleet may ride, that point, and no other, is the vital spot of empire. It is the very center of our strategic system, and the backbone of our whole defensive organism. If the Mediterranean force were crushed in some swift and stupendous disaster, following instantly upon any unexpected outbreak of war, our entire naval organization, for all ultimate purposes, would be like a watch with a broken mainspring.—London Telegraph.

Lombardy Poplars.

The first Lombardy poplar in America was planted in 1788.

When a woman's voice asks for a man over the telephone, his wife thinks she "trusts" him by calling him to the 'phone, and asking no questions when he is through talking.

If you are not happy when at work, there is little hope for you.



"PERHAPS YOU WILL FEEL MELANCHOLY BY-AND-BY."



MISS ELLEN M. STONE.